

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.

1899

"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.

WHILE examining, recently, some papers preserved by Mr. SPURGEON, we discovered the following rather remarkable prophecy:—"The *Sword and Trowel* will be a powerful spiritual monthly as long as its world-renowned Editor is remembered among men. There is always in it something edifying, something interesting to all lovers of the old gospel; yet all who desire to be in touch with the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and his work, can have their wish gratified at the small cost of threepence a month."

This paragraph was, of course, intended to apply to the peerless Pastor and Editor; but it is worthy of note that the prophet, who framed it, so worded it that it is equally applicable to those who have been called to carry on various portions of his service for the Saviour since he was "called home." He is still "remembered among men," and missed more than ever as the years pass swiftly by, and never was his faithful testimony more needed than it is now. Happily, by the continued publication of his Sermons and Magazine, his noble witness to the truth is continued by means of the printed page, although for nearly eight years the sound of his voice has not been heard among the sons of men; and we know that many, who loved him for his Master's sake, as well as for his own, still consider the *Sword and Trowel* "a powerful spiritual monthly." We hope also that all who read it regularly always find in it "something edifying, something interesting to all lovers of the old gospel." It is the aim of its managers that its contents should merit such a description as that; and they are constantly encouraged by hearing from friends, far or near, that their object is most blessedly attained. If all who agree with them would help to make the Magazine even more widely known, its influence for good might be yet further increased to the glory of Him, for whose honour it was established, and by whose gracious guidance and assistance it has been sustained through the thirty-five years of its existence.

* * * *

The friendly prophet, whose words we have quoted, also said that "all who desire to be in touch with the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and his work, can have their wish gratified at the small cost of threepence a month." Though the circumstances are so greatly altered since this statement was first made, it is just as true now as it was then. Month by month, the Magazine has

recorded the most important meetings held in connection with the Tabernacle, and the College, the Orphanage, the Colportage, and other organizations and agencies more or less closely associated with it, while "The Pastor's Page" has kept our readers informed concerning certain special portions of his labour for the Lord.

In the contribution lists, which Mr. W. Higgs, senior, always described as "the leading article" in the *Sword and Trowel*, the first place during the past year has been assigned to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund; but we trust that, during 1900, that particular list will no longer have to appear, because the whole of the amount needed will have been raised. That result is not nearly achieved yet, for, according to the figures furnished to us by Mr. Ford, the energetic Secretary of the Building Committee, there was still required, on November 15, £4,872 4s. 3d., to complete the total outlay of £44,576 14s. In the letter, conveying this information, it was also stated that "the delay, occasioned by the non-deliveries of iron for the roof, is nearly over. We have received a portion, and the first of the huge trusses was erected this week. The work is now going on faster; the vestries and offices are proceeding towards completion, being roofed and plastered. The seats are being prepared in the shops." As the work progresses, it is necessary for the funds to increase, for the restored building cannot be opened in debt, and the final instalment of the large sum to be expended will not be forthcoming without much liberality and self-denial from many who have already contributed, and generous gifts from others who will wish to have a share in the great effort.

We had intended to present to our readers, as the Frontispiece to the *Sword and Trowel* Volume for 1899, a representation of the interior of the Tabernacle, showing the progress of the rebuilding down to as late a date in November as was possible; but the photographs taken revealed "a maze of scaffold poles," with the outline of the building scarcely visible between them; so we have used, instead, a view which shows how far the restoration had gone some weeks previously, as friends can form from it a better idea of what the appearance of the much-loved house of prayer will be when it is finished.

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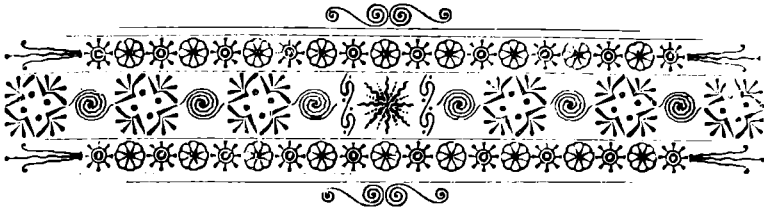
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THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,—PROGRESS OF REBUILDING AFTER THE FIRE.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1899.

Garnestness !

AN ADDRESS TO THE MISSIONARIES OF THE LONDON CITY MISSION, AT THE
DEVOTIONAL MEETING HELD ON TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1ST, 1861,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

MY brethren in the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ, partakers with us in the fellowship of His sufferings, you will suffer the word of exhortation from me this morning, I am sure; and may God the Holy Spirit make it quick and powerful to all our souls, that throughout the coming year we may serve our Master with both our hands, and with all our heart, having the whole of our manhood anointed by the Holy Ghost, and laid as a whole burnt-offering upon the altar of our God!

I think it right to say, before coming to the topic of this morning, that I am sure the Church of God loves you, and has deep sympathy with you. I think I speak the feelings of all who know your office and its trials when I say, in the name of the Church of the Living God, we thank you, and wish you Godspeed. Little can we tell what London would have been without you. If a great moral change has passed over it,—and I am sure there has,—it is owing doubtless to the Christian ministry, but equally as much to your untiring labours from house to house. I scarcely dare to draw a picture of what London would have been without the London City Mission. I am quite certain that, had it not been for this instrumentality, our

ministry would have been utterly powerless, at least in the darker parts of those thickly-populated lanes and alleys where the voice of the minister cannot be heard. We thank you, brethren, for the wisdom which you have displayed; there must have been a great deal of holy prudence and lowliness of spirit in you, or else, composed as you are of all sections of Christians, it would have been impossible for you to have been held together. It must be a very responsible thing indeed to be an officer of this Institution. I have none of the qualifications for such a work as that; I feel it so incumbent upon me to testify to everything that I believe, that, although I can work heartily with all in Christ who differ from me, yet I think I should find it rather difficult to work side by side with those who would frequently have to contradict my opinions. You must be endowed, I think, with a large measure of Christian charity, and the officers must have received that wisdom from above for which our excellent brother just now entreated the Lord in prayer. May this wisdom, this love, and the zeal you have manifested, continue and be increased! God send you, in a sevenfold degree, the unction of the Holy One! May you *know* all things, may you *do* all things, and may you *be* all things to all men, that by *any means* you may win some! Perhaps it is but little of encouragement that the city missionary gets in his labour. It is not good for us often to have *much* encouragement; our Master knows that we generally grow best when we are most pruned, He understands that the knife is one of the best instruments for making His vines fruitful. But I think, nevertheless, we ought to speak some words of holy encouragement to you who have been good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and who have not laboured in vain.

Now I come to the topic of this morning. I have not taken a text, nor have I chosen any didactic subject. I knew to whom I should address myself, and have therefore selected a theme that is practical rather than doctrinal. My subject is to be,—EARNESTNESS; and I shall speak, first, of *its absolute necessity in your office*; next, of *the parts of your office in which it must be most apparent*; then, of *certain things which would damp it*; and, lastly, of *some things which should tend to stimulate it*.

I. First of all, I refer to THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF EARNESTNESS IN YOUR OFFICE.

Dissenting as I do from many of the opinions of that great man of God, Mr. Richard Baxter, I cannot but consider him to be the model minister of Jesus Christ. As a preacher, he had such earnestness that he has been styled the English Demosthenes. Better still, he knew so well "the terror of the Lord," that scarcely could Paul himself have persuaded men with greater earnestness than did Richard Baxter. He knew what it was to have his knees knocking together while he preached to sinners of "the wrath to come." Seldom did he go from his pulpit satisfied with his performances, but he went to his knees to weep and bewail himself because he had not been more earnest with the souls of men. I do not marvel, however, at his earnestness in the pulpit; but what has made me consider him to be the very prince of preachers is the fact that he was equally in earnest in the pastorate. Every house in Kidderminster was visited by Richard Baxter. There

was not a child in the parish whom he had not catechized ; there was not a backslider whom he had not warned ; there was not a reprobate whom he had not addressed with solemn awe. The whole of the inhabitants of the town knew that Baxter considered himself to be the father of the flock ; he was not only the preacher in the pulpit, but he was the pastor in the parish.

I scarcely know by what stress of circumstances the minister's work in London has become divided. I say honestly, from my inmost soul, I do not conceive myself to be guilty of any dereliction of duty because I can take only one part of Baxter's work ; it is utterly impossible that I should take the other part. If I can preach twice in the day here, and there, and everywhere, as an evangelist ; and if I can say that I exhaust myself, and can do no more, I think I cannot plead guilty, if another part of the office is left to others. Throughout London, the pastorate, especially among the Dissenting churches, has, to a large extent, to be left to you, the city missionaries. You do not take Baxter's place in the pulpit, but you do take his place in the houses. I hold him up to you as the very mirror and pattern of a missionary ; going from house to house instructing, in the streets exhorting, under each roof teaching, and personally labouring for the souls of men. But mark, if you were to ask for Baxter's plans of visitation, you might, when you read them over, think them extremely ordinary, and having but little force in them. The power of Baxter lay not in his method, but in his earnestness. There was such a fire burning within him that it all but consumed his bones. He was so passionate for the conversion of men, that he was seldom in good health ; and, like a sword too sharp for its scabbard, his soul cut its way out of his body, and he died full of disease and pain. He would have done no good, he would have been of no service to the Church of Christ, simply as Richard Baxter, if it had not been for Richard Baxter's earnestness. His divinity might have been worthless, his preaching might have been a delusion, his visitation an imposture, if it had not been that his soul was in his work, and the whole man was wherever Baxter was. To you city missionaries, I say, in your office earnestness is above all things necessary. In the ministry, earnestness is of the first importance ; and yet to our shame let it be said, many of the duties of the ministry may be discharged without earnestness. There are men who can hold together a congregation by the force of oratory ; there are some who can enchain the ear, and fascinate the heart, by polished periods and glowing sentences, while they themselves know that they do but play the actor's part, and speak to others what they have never felt themselves. Certainly, a minister without earnestness is the most pitiable of objects ; yet he may have a measure of success. But to you, brethren, this is impossible. You have no field for oratory, you have no opportunity for the exhibition of your powers of eloquence ; yours is downright hard work ; there is nothing of beauty or fascination in it ; and without earnestness, what instrument is left to you ? If you cast away zeal from your service, of what use are you ? Had you not better lay down the name of the office than hold the title if you do not live up to it ?

If, on the other hand, you, as city missionaries, had simply to be the

dispensers of the public alms, earnestness might not be so necessary. If you carried loaves in a basket in one hand, and a well-filled purse in the other hand, the people would welcome you, whether you were earnest or not. It would signify but very little what fire of love there was in your heart ; they would be content with the loaves and the silver, and your mission might be right well fulfilled. But, since you are entirely divorced from opportunities of doing good by these means, how can you hope that the people will receive blessing through you, if your hearts be cold towards them, and indifferent to your holy ministry ? In other offices, something may be done while the heart is cold ; nothing, I grant you, that is acceptable to God, but yet something which looks like success ; but, in your case, there can be nothing at all accomplished unless your whole soul be saturated through and through with the sacred oil, and then be set a-blazing as though you were one mass of light and fire.

Let me ask you now, what can you do when you go out into the street, and rap at the first door, and enter it ? *What excuse have you for entering into an Englishman's house, unless you go there in real earnest ?* As a mere matter of office, you have no right to enter his house ; your office of city missionary does not entitle you to enter that man's house ; your only warrant is, that you feel you have a call from God to tell the inhabitants of that house to escape from the wrath to come ; but if you have not earnestness, there is a clear proof that you have not God's warrant for entering ; you are an intruder into the house, you certainly will not be required there a second time. If you are not in earnest, what will the person say ? "That man has undertaken to call and see me, but I will undertake that he shall not do so." If, however, you are in earnest, you may reasonably hope that the person may say, "However little I may value that man's visits, yet he will call to see me, and he will be unhappy if I do not let him ; so I had better listen to him, and let him come again." I say that your office is an intrusion upon the privacy of an Englishman if you do not carry earnestness into it ; and if you have not this to excuse you, your office will very soon become contemptible in the eyes of those whom you visit.

You, my dear friends, as city missionaries, need earnestness, moreover, *because it is not possible for you to render your account to the Church unless you really serve it with all your might.* There always lies upon you and me what some of the ungodly consider an odium ; they look upon us as being paid servants of the Church. So we are, and we think it no dishonour. The Church does not always give us what our services are worth ; and especially in your case is this true. Doubtless, the Church would do so if she found that the means were ready to her hands, and she ought to do so if it were within her power. But, inasmuch as we are paid servants of the Church, unless we are in earnest, we take money to which we have no right. For me to receive my salary, is robbing the Church unless I serve it with my whole soul ; and it is the same with you. If you do not put your whole heart into your work, you have taken money for services which you have not rendered. The Church does not support you and me that we may be images to look at, but that we may be servants to

labour. We are not maintained that we may go through mere routine, but that we may give our body, soul, and strength to our Master's service, being the better enabled to do so if we are kept from the cares of this life. How, then, I ask, can you render your account to the Church unless you are in earnest ?

But, above all, *what account can you and I render to our God at the last, if we go about our work listlessly and carelessly ?* How shall we stand at the judgment-bar ? How shall we bear to hear it said, "I sent you to perishing sinners, and you sought not to save them. I sent you in the Name of Him that bled, yet you did not weep over the lost. I bade you testify in My Name, and as an ambassador for Christ, to persuade men, but you did not persuade them ; you missed opportunities of doing good ; you passed by seasons when the heart was impressible, and you might have driven home the truth ; and there they are in hell, weeping, and wailing, and gnashing their teeth, thousands out of your district, the sinners that were in the streets, and lanes, and houses where you were called to visit" ? What can you and I say in that day ? What will the unfaithful minister dare to say ? Will not his knees begin to shake through the tremors of an unutterable fear ? Will not a double hell, a hell multiplied in proportion to the number of souls who, by his instrumentality, were damned, seize upon his soul ? Oh ! better would it have been for us that we had never been born than that we should profess to be ministers and missionaries for Christ, and yet not throw our hearts into the work. I implore and beseech each one of you,—and in so doing I lift up my heart to God, that what I ask you to do I may be enabled to do myself,—“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.” Whatsoever God gives you to do, do it as a man would if he knew he should die as soon as it was done, and should have immediately to give an account to God as to how he had done his work. Live each day as though that day were the end of living here, and be prepared to die when each visit is over ; labour as though the putting off of your coat at night should be the signal for the putting on of your shroud ; so shall you live to purpose, and God, even our God shall bless you ; “and that right early.”

II. Now permit me to turn to the second part of my subject, upon which I have somewhat trenched already. THERE ARE PARTS OF YOUR OFFICE WHICH MUST CLAIM EARNESTNESS AT YOUR HANDS.

I have already alluded to one of these, that of *house-to-house visitation*. Let me repeat that your visitation from house to house is an unwarrantable intrusion unless you have a mission from God to enter the houses of the people. The warrant of Heaven allows you to go anywhere ; as the sheriff, with her Majesty's warrant, may enter any house, so may we with the warrant of the King of kings. But you have not that warrant, and you will not have the impudence to think that you have it, unless you are in earnest for the winning of souls to Christ. I suppose that every missionary here would give the same reply to a question I am about to put,—What is the object of your life ? I do not imagine that anyone here would give any other answer than this, “The object of my life is to win souls” I do not

think, my brother, you would be satisfied to say, "My object is to get people to attend the house of God." I think you would not be content to say, "My object is to get children to the Sunday-school." All that would be true; these are incidental objects, and very important; but you would say, "No; my direct and special end in living is to seek the immediate conversion of the souls under my charge." You have not reached the true dignity of your position unless you can say that.

There are many Sunday-school teachers who say that they are teaching in the school that they may prepare the children's minds for the ministry of the Word; but I believe the object of all *true* Sunday-school teaching is *the immediate conversion* of the children, as children. So is it to be with you, brethren; you are not to say, "We are to try to lift these people up to another stage." No; your object is, in the power and energy of the Holy Spirit,—and may God, in His gracious sovereignty, send down that rich anointing upon you,—your object is that these souls may now, through your instrumentality, be converted to God.

I say solemnly, though to some it may seem a hard saying, that, unless souls are converted through you as the instrument, you have lived in vain; unless you personally are, in the hand of God, the means of bringing souls to Christ, you have not answered the end of your being, much less of your office. I can understand a city missionary, who has had but very few spiritual children, labouring for a time in vain; but I cannot understand either minister or missionary being happy while he is not blessed. I can comprehend my preaching, and yet God's withholding the dew of blessing from it; but I could not call myself anything less than a monster if I could preach and be content and happy unless souls were being saved under my ministry. May God seal our mouths in eternal silence sooner than let us preach and be content and happy while souls are being damned! I should look upon it as being a proof of apostasy and reprobation if, as a minister, my heart did not yearn over souls, and "travail in birth" till Christ be formed in them.

Now, since I believe this is your object, I ask,—*What can you do without earnestness?* You may do without Latin and Greek, you may do without learning, you may do without ten thousand things; but you cannot win souls without earnestness. God has blessed many a zealous fool to the salvation of souls; but it would be strange if He blessed a cold-hearted man. The Lord uses very poor instruments to do His work; I have known sinners converted to God, instrumentally, by members of my congregation who could not speak a single sentence grammatically, and who misquoted Scripture at such a rate that I should be frightened to listen to them; but I have seldom seen genuine conversions under any man, however great his ability, or his apparent industry, unless he was full of life and fire. We do want *light*; but, more than all, we want *fire*;—we want to be like John the Baptist, who was a burning as well as a shining light. You must burn your way through this world if you mean to be a soul-winner; if ever you are to do good service for Jesus Christ, it must be by carrying sword and fire before you; "the sword of the Spirit, which

is the Word of God," and the fiery energy of His Divine influences. Without these two things, you may bear the name, but you will never rightly fulfil the office of a missionary or a minister of Christ Jesus.

But, my dear friends, there is another point in which earnestness is especially needed by you, and that is, *in your own private prayers*. The Mission cannot prescribe how many hours you should spend in prayer; but, let me ask,—How many hours a day do you pray? I may not suggest how long you should, but I think we may each ask ourselves, "How long during the past year did I spend upon my knees?" It would be a very instructive task for us all if we were to keep a memorandum book, and put down how long each day we were at prayer; we should be startled to see what a little time we spend on our knees. The Lord doth not reprove us this day for lack of preachings, and teachings, and visitings; but He reproves us because we have bought Him "no sweet cane with money," neither have we filled Him with the fat of our sacrifices in private. I do feel every day that the power of a minister or a missionary must be won upon his knees. I know of a truth that, when I have been at all slack in my supplications, though I may have prepared my sermon as carefully as possible, I have always been powerless in the delivery of it. I can bear my testimony, as a constant preacher of the gospel of Christ, that it is prayer that makes us strong; and it must be so with you, my brother. If you go to your work without prayer, I pity you; but if you can come back from your work without prayer, I not only pity, but I must upbraid you. Shall I see sin in its naked deformity, and not pray to God to cleanse it? Shall I be called every day to walk in the midst of the thick darkness of this city, and not cry to the Sun of righteousness to arise upon it? Can I stand by the bedside of the dying, and offer a prayer there, and not return home to pray for that dying man? If I can, oh! search me, good Lord, and try me, for it may be that, after all, I am only a hypocrite, and that Thy grace is not in me. You who see some of the worst forms of evil, you who come into continual contact with it,—I cannot imagine you ever being of any service if that contact with evil does not drive you to your knees. If you lose earnestness in prayer, if you cease to be much in your closet, you had better resign your office; I am sure you had. Every day you hold it, you add sin to sin; and every hour you continue in it, you do but aggravate your iniquity, and grieve the Holy Spirit. Take heed, lest He should leave you to go to your work alone, and then what will you do?

Again, my dear friends, you particularly need earnestness, I am sure, *in your cottage meetings*. The Mission has a fiction that you are not allowed to preach; but you all do preach. You do not, perhaps, take a text, but you do expound the Scriptures; and it is a distinction without a perceivable difference, as far as I can observe. But your teaching or preaching differs from that of the ministry in this respect; we can command the crowded audience, and it is but honest to say that there is a kind of excitement given to the speaker when the place is well filled, and especially when the building is capacious. I have heard some foolish persons say they believed they could very easily preach if they had three thousand people to listen to them. I only

wish they would try it; they might find that, while there are some advantages in great numbers, there are, on the other hand, some disadvantages. I would not, however, overestimate these; but, when you have a cottage meeting, and there are only four, five, six, or a dozen persons present, and perhaps three of them babies, crying, I cannot conceive of your getting on unless you are in downright earnest. Imagine that you have twenty in your audience, and out of those twenty the major part persons who are utterly unconcerned,—men who have been induced by their wives to come in and listen to you, and who sit all the while as if they wished they could be at the public-house. You speak, you pray, you read the Scriptures, you tell an anecdote, you look round, and wish that man in the corner would become interested, but he will not. You rack your brains to think of something else that you can say. That is excellent practice and most holy practice for you; but, my dear brethren, if you are not all alive, if you have not the determination to discharge your conscience, you will go home the most miserable of men. You lack the enthusiasm of the great assembly; you lack the afflatus of publicity; and if you are not filled with the Holy Spirit, and with fire from on high, you must be wretched in your office, and, I am certain, you must be unsuccessful in it. If you are really in earnest, those men who have not listened to the Word before are likely to prove the best hearers in the world. They are like men whose eyes are just opened; and when they see the stars, how great is their surprise! They are not, as a rule, gospel-hardened sinners that you have to listen to; they are not men who have had the gospel drummed into their ears till they have become deafened by its influence. As they see you earnest, they do not criticize your style, and pull your words to pieces; but, seeing that you mean what you say, they give you a hearing. If you are truly in earnest, God will bless you; He *must* bless you. He never did make a man in earnest to win souls without intending that souls should be won by being really brought by him to Christ.

I must again say that, in all these things in which you, as missionaries are engaged, I can see no hope whatever of blessing for you unless you are terribly in earnest; unless as if life and death, eternity and judgment, were before your eyes, and you were ready to live or to die if you might but win immortal souls. You can write up your journal, and make it look very respectable, and yet do no real good. You may pay your visits, just as a galvanized corpse might be made to go round to the doors; but, in such a case as that, it would be, the more visits, the more sins. You may be commended by the officers of the Society; using all their discernment, they may not be able to detect the lack that the Lord sees. But, oh! my brethren, they cannot cause you to be accepted of your God, and that should be our chief concern. It is little for us to be approved of men; it is little for us to be thought industrious or earnest; the great matter is really to *be* so, and to have the witness in our conscience that, in all sincerity, as in the sight of God, we have served the Lord Jesus Christ, and endeavoured to bring His lost sheep to His fold.

(To be concluded next month.)

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

YOU, my dear readers, must share my pleasure in a tender letter from Texas, concerning my beloved husband and his Standard Life. The writer announces himself as "Special Lecturer on Missions, and Ethics of the Ministry, in the great summer Bible School of Baylor University," and you certainly ought to hear him speak for himself:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Kindly excuse the intrusion, but I cannot resist the impulse to give some faint expression to the feelings of my heart. I have, this moment, finished reading the first volume of the matchless *Autobiography* of that matchless preacher, C. H. SPURGEON. I have from childhood feasted on his writings, and longed for the time when I might journey to London to see and hear him; and I was once so presumptuous as to write to him, while I was in College. When Dr. Broadus left our Seminary, in Louisville, to spend his last summer in England, expecting to meet Mr. Spurgeon before his trip to Mentone, I envied my instructor the joy he was to experience; but he, alas! was not so favoured, for the fatal illness had commenced, and the great man lay on a bed of sore sickness.

"Vol. II. of the *Autobiography* has just appeared in this country, and I am eagerly expecting my copy. We have hundreds of preachers here in training, and it is my purpose, when all the volumes shall have been received, to prepare an explanative illustrated lecture on Mr. Spurgeon's life, for the inspiration of my fellow-labourers. For, when I read the book, my tears flowed so spontaneously, and my heart burned so within me to be a more worthy ambassador of Christ, that I doubt not a true account of his life will urge thousands of brethren to a more earnest and efficient ministry.

"Devoutly praying that God may extend your own useful ministry, of which I have read so much in former memoirs of the great preacher, and congratulating you on being 'blessed among women,' in that you were privileged to be the consort of such a man,

"I am,

"Your fellow-servant in Christ, R. N. B."

* * * * *

Ah, dear friends, most of you know of the deep heart-ache which this month of sad memories brings to me! The swiftly-passing years may mitigate the grievous pain of the wound God's hand gave me, seven years ago, but they cannot heal it;—only the same gracious hand can do that; and it seems to me He hath bound up the sore heart just enough to make life bearable, while His purposes are being unfolded, and the "making whole" will come in His own good time.

I was, indeed, "blessed among women" during my husband's lovely life; but now, in my loneliness, I am sometimes tempted to say, "I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty. Call me not Naomi, call me Mara."

* * * * *

"*I cannot find Christ! Oh, do help me to find Christ!*" Again this pathetic cry has reached my ears, and stirred my heart to tenderest sympathy. I feel a travail of soul, an anguish of longing, for the

deliverance of the poor tried and troubled heart that utters it. And if I, a fellow-sinner, and a fellow-seeker, am thus moved to compassion, what must be the yearning of the Saviour's heart over these weak ones whom Satan has blinded and beguiled with his devices? Oh, that I might have words given me in which to set forth so plainly His ability and willingness to "save to the uttermost," that at least one soul (if it please Him, the one whose distress is so specially laid on my heart,) may know the joy of finding Him in these pages!

"*I cannot find Christ.*" It is such a helpless, hopeless wail;—the more pitiful because so dishonouring to the loving Lord whose testimony concerning Himself is, "I am found of them that *sought Me not*;"—so willing, nay, so anxious, so impatient is He to reveal Himself to those who long for His salvation. "Cannot find Christ?" Why, dear heart, you might as well say you could not find the sun, when its light and warmth and power were flooding your whole material being! But, as the sun's glorious orb is hidden when clouds obscure the sky, so, alas! is Christ the Sun of righteousness too often veiled from sight by the mists and fogs of sin and unbelief which arise from our distrustful hearts. "*Help me to find Christ!*" pleads my poor friend. Alas! I cannot open your eyes; but I can absolutely assure you that, if you will *look*, you will see Him; that, if you will truly seek, you will find. Has He not Himself said so? And is not His least Word perfect truth? Moreover, the power to look is His gift, the will to seek is His Spirit's working; you could do neither without Him. I hope I may not be thought irreverent if I here use a very simple and commonplace illustration which has occurred to me. When I was a young girl, I was greatly amused, whenever visiting my grandparents, at the constant loss and supposed disappearance of their spectacles. "Have you seen my glasses, dear?" grandmother would say; or grandfather would call out, in a distressed tone, "Come here, child, and help me look for my specs; I have been searching for them everywhere." Nine times out of ten, perhaps, the missing articles were all the while comfortably reposing on the most prominent feature of their faces; and this is the point of the simple parable, that *they could not have looked for them*, to any purpose, *if they had not had them on!*

You smile; yes, but I want you to do more than that, and if God will but unveil the rough simile to your understanding, you may yet laugh as Mercy did, when she dreamed her sweet dream in the Palace Beautiful, and saw one with wings coming towards her, who took her by the hand, and said, "Mercy, come after me," leading her up to the very throne of God. "But did I laugh?" she said to Christiana, and her friend made answer, "Laugh! ay, and well you might, to see yourself so well." Oh, that such holy merriment might break forth in your soul at this moment, dear friend, as you recognize how near Christ has been to you all the time, and that you have but to look to Him, and live!

Can you not see that the two cases I have put before you are strangely analogous, though one borders on the ridiculous, while the other touches the sublime? The old man, looking for his glasses by

the aid of the lenses themselves, is a fair representation of your soul looking for Christ through the grace which He has given you for this very purpose. Let this thought be a day-star of hope to your hitherto benighted mind. Cease your weary, restless searching, and be blessedly content to find Jesus nearer than you thought for, and already beginning in you the work which He will surely complete. "The Word (Jesus Christ Himself) is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart;"—believe on Him with thy heart, confess Him with thy mouth, and thou shalt be saved, "for the Scripture saith, WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH ON HIM SHALL NOT BE ASHAMED."

As I am writing this, a letter comes from one whose clear testimony to the grace and love of the dear Lord may perhaps entice another soul to trust Him. Entirely deaf, living quite alone, and having had every earthly prop removed from underneath her, this lonely friend has learned to lean hard on Christ, and stay herself upon her God, and she has found Him all-sufficient to meet and supply every need, both of soul and body. "He seems to take the oversight of all my little concerns," she says; and while writing to me about His loving-kindness to her, her heart is so glad that she must needs sing Christiana's lilting rhyme,—

" Bless'd be the day that I began
A pilgrim for to be;
And blessed also be that man
That thereto movèd me."

"Ah! dear Mrs. Spurgeon," she continues, "'that man' was no other than your beloved husband!"

I can plainly read the secret of her happy Christian life; cannot you, dear friends? It lies in that complete surrender of herself and her will to Jesus, which enables her to say, "*He seems to take the oversight of all my little concerns.*" She has no care,—she has cast it all upon Him, and finds His Word true, that *He careth for her*. Weary and heavy-laden, she has come unto Him, and His sweet promise has been fulfilled, He *has* given her rest. Why, oh, why, dear troubled ones, will you not at this very moment trust such a mighty, present Saviour? S. S.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XII.—BY REV. D. A. DOUDNEY, HATFORD RECTORY, FARINGDON.

A CLERGYMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF AN "ECHO" SERMON FORTY
YEARS AGO.

IN the year 1859, I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach two striking Sermons, on a week-day, out-of-doors, in a lovely country valley. I happened to be staying at Portsmouth, and saw notices posted up that Mr. Spurgeon was to preach on a certain day at Rowland's Castle, near Havant, and that excursion trains would convey passengers thither; so I took a ticket, and went. It was a bright summer's day, and a large congregation assembled. The air was extremely warm, and before the services commenced, it seemed curious to see boys going in and out amongst the people,—who were seated on forms and

chairs and various kinds of seats,—with buckets of water and glasses or cups; and the attention was evidently much appreciated, as some of the people had come a long distance, and they appeared to be very thirsty.

The first service was held in the afternoon, and the second in the evening. The text in the afternoon was, Psalm xxiii. 1: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want;" and the Sermon was a clear and practical exposition of that sweet Psalm. I remember being greatly struck with the manner in which the preacher suited his discourse to his audience. He appeared to be fully aware that they consisted chiefly of country people, and he made use of country similes and country expressions, and alluded to country life, in a way which they could easily understand. I could see some farmers, sitting near me, nudging one another repeatedly, and turning round and smiling at one another, in evident appreciation of Mr. Spurgeon's homely remarks.

The text in the evening was part of the 13th verse of the 51st Psalm: "Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways." I do not possess the excellent memory of the "Octogenarian" whose "Recollections" are given in the October number of the *Sword and Trowel*; and, consequently, I cannot give the exact heads of the discourse; but, if I mistake not, the preacher spoke of the psalmist as being a royal teacher of Christ, and of the great truths of the gospel, in anticipation of the gospel dispensation; and he especially alluded to David's deep personal conviction of sin, as expressed in this Psalm, to his earnest supplication for pardon, to the intense joy which he experienced when that pardon was made known to him, and to his determination to make known the same pardon to others. Then Mr. Spurgeon enlarged upon the gracious invitations of the gospel, as holding out promises of the same pardon and joy to all sin-stricken and seeking souls; and, as he drew towards the close of his Sermon, he made a powerful appeal to his hearers to see that now, in an "accepted time," and in a "day of salvation," they, by the grace of God, personally accepted those invitations, and became possessors of that pardon and joy.

Then a remarkable circumstance occurred. I have mentioned that the valley in which we were assembled was a lovely one. It was surrounded by hills clothed with woods and verdure, and on that evening the atmosphere was perfectly calm and still. The sun, which had been shining brightly all day, was sinking in the West; and the large concourse of people, listening with fixed attention to the earnest pleadings of the young preacher, made altogether a scene which one could not easily forget; but, although Mr. Spurgeon had spoken with considerable force and energy during the day, and used his noble voice so that every one of his auditors must have heard him distinctly, I, for one, had not noticed that there was a remarkable echo at the spot. The preacher, however, had evidently observed it, and he used the fact in a most effective way. When he came to the close of his last appeal, he exclaimed, with great deliberation and impressiveness, "Yea, even Nature herself confirms and repeats these gracious invitations, for she too says, again and again,"—here he raised his

voice to its highest pitch, and shouted with wonderful power the words—"Come,—Come,—COME." And instantly, amidst the breathless silence of the congregation, the words were echoed from the hills around, again and again, until they softly died away in the distance,—“Come,—Come,—Come,—Come,—Come.” A thrill, like an electric shock, passed through the audience, and probably most of those who were present will remember the circumstance as long as they live.

It may be imagined that, as the congregation dispersed, the closing scene formed a general subject of conversation; and perhaps I may venture to mention a little incident which may serve as an illustration of the *indirect* effects of so striking a Sermon. I was at that time an aspirant to the Christian ministry; but I was, I fear, to be numbered then—and, alas! how often since—amongst the timid ones who hesitate to speak in the Master's Name. Emboldened, however, by the young preacher's earnestness and fervour, I ventured, on the homeward journey, to address a fellow-traveller upon the important truths to which we had just been listening,—the “echo” incident forming an easy introduction,—and a memorable conversation followed. My companion was a young man, and he looked extremely ill; he subsequently told me that he was afflicted with a very serious disease, and that several doctors, whom he had consulted, had given him to understand that his days were numbered. I found that he was a believer in the Lord Jesus, but he was a very halting one, and he was greatly harassed with doubts and fears. I was enabled to point him to some reassuring truths, such as the completeness of the Saviour's atonement, the efficacy of His righteousness, and the all-prevailing influence of His intercession, and it seemed as if a new light dawned upon him, and that his doubts and fears were allayed. Whether the effect was permanent, I cannot say, for I never met him again, but the conversation seemed to be like “a word in season,” ordered from above, and certainly it was wholly a result of the “echo” Sermon.

Twenty-seven years afterwards,—namely, in August, 1886,—I had again the pleasure of hearing Mr. Spurgeon. I had an unengaged Sunday in London, and I made my way to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, accompanied by one of my young sons, who was at that time, in his turn, an aspirant to the ministry, and who has since been appointed to an important ministerial charge in Australia. We were shown into a seat somewhat behind and above the pulpit-platform, where we had a full view of the immense congregation,—a most impressive sight. When the revered Pastor entered, and commenced the service, I instantly recognized the same grand voice which I had heard so long before; and, as he proceeded, I observed the same remarkable clearness of enunciation and ready command of language; but there seemed to be, in addition, a mellowness of spirit, and a ripeness of experience, which were not apparent before, and consequently his words seemed to be more weighty than ever, and to go more directly from heart to heart. The text was, Isaiah xxxv. 8: “A highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way

of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." The preacher expounded the words practically under the following heads:—(1) A Public Way; (2) A Plain Way; (3) A Pure Way; and (4) A Protected Way; and he enlarged very forcibly upon those different points. At the close of the Sermon, he briefly mentioned a benevolent object in which he was deeply interested, and which was in want of funds; and he concluded with this simple—but I thought very effective—appeal, "*Will you help me to-day?*" I know, at least, that one heart was touched, and that some purse-strings were loosened.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

HOW A HOLIDAY YIELDS ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TALK CONCLUDED.

RUMOUR hath it that the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle went a-fishing during his holiday. As a matter of fact, he never once handled a rod. Some of his friends did, however, and that with very scant success. The fact is, that the season was over and gone, for that locality. I confess to no slight fondness for the gentle art, but I prefer some sport to a mere exercise of patience. I get plenty of the latter apart from my holidays. By the way, fishing supplies metaphors innumerable concerning gospel work. Our Lord Himself made use of an ever-memorable one. As, however, I did not actually engage in the pastime, I will not give you illustrations from that source. Besides, I have other fish to fry.

Talking of fish reminds me that, as we residents were looking from the window of the reading-room, one "misty" day, at the unloading of the coaches, we espied a basket on the ground marked, URGENT.—ALL ALIVE. My curiosity was roused, so I sallied forth to ascertain the contents of the basket. Sure enough, it was a huge trout, not long caught, but hardly "all alive."

"Urgent" is a fitting label for the cause we serve, and we who are engaged in it must be "all alive." How urgent are the needs of the perishing millions round about us, how urgent the claims of the dear children! "The King's business requires haste." Oh, to be all alive, all aglow,—the ransomed powers all in full swing for Jesus! With so many urgent pressing cases on every hand, we dare not be half-asleep, much less half-dead.

One of my pleasant experiences was a delightful picnic. I am by no means insensible to the charms of a well-laid table, with sparkling glass, and glittering plate, and snowy linen, and tempting viands; but an *al fresco* meal has a pleasure all its own. I need not enter into particulars, brethren. The delightful details are doubtless familiar to you. The freedom and *abandon* of the affair furnish a pleasing contrast to the measure of ceremony to which we are more accustomed. The very mishaps which occasionally occur only serve to provide a spice for the whole. We would not like all our meals to be of such a rough and ready sort, but just by way of variety it is altogether to be desired.

I would not seem to say a word against order, and decorum, and due arrangement in our services and sermons, but I cannot help thinking that a change would be acceptable occasionally. Not that I advocate the modern innovations which appeal only to the senses. There is, however, just a possibility of getting into a rut, and being too stiff and formal.

Some cannot hear to profit unless they sit just where they have sat for thirty years. Some cannot preach unless all is cut *and dried* beforehand. For the majority of services, we can hardly make preparation too careful and elaborate; but, for our own and our hearers' sakes, it may be well to unbend a little sometimes. What is lost in polish may be gained in power. Even a blunder may bring a blessing. Almost anything is better than formality and stiffness. An extempore address may fail to be a literary gem, but it may satisfy the hungry as nothing else can do. Venture on it, brother, now and then. Select the theme with prayerfulness, meditate on it in the same spirit, and then tell out of a full heart the truth of God. This will resemble boiling the kettle, and making the tea, and opening up the packages, all on the spot, without the usual fuss and ceremony, but with more than the usual relish. In either case, let a blessing first be asked.

You are probably aware that Loch Katrine supplies the city of Glasgow with water. Well may London envy Scotland's commercial capital. Our supplies are far too local. We must go to the hills for our streams of living water. Alas! for those who are content with the failing supply of their immediate watershed, in things spiritual. We are not out of danger of a water famine until we are connected with the stream that flows from the throne of God.

“Blessed river, let me ever,
Drink of only thee!”

The spot where the gurgling waters enter the long tunnel is most impressive. What a swish and swirl there is by reason of the pressure! How the refreshing stream seems to long to fulfil its mission! Each drop is struggling with the rest to see which first will be available for its refreshing or its cleansing work. Yet, when once the hurrying waters pass into the conduit, they run silently and calmly to their end. Such blessed rivalry, combined with calm co-operation, should Christian workers know.

Her Majesty the Queen stood on these sluice-gates, and declared these waterworks open, as long ago as 1856. Close by is the Queen's Cottage, built for her accommodation, and there are the chairs in which she and her good Consort sat. Anything pertaining to royalty has a fascination for loyal subjects. How much more should we delight in all that pertains to King Jesus! His every word, His least command, His blest example, and His atoning death,—how can we prize these half enough?

Glasgow has grown amazingly during the last thirty years, so that it has come to pass that one tunnel does not suffice to carry a sufficient number of gallons per hour to the teeming thousands. Another aqueduct is now being driven through the heart of the mountains, and carried over the valleys. I walked a little way down beneath the

dripping arch, but the visit was a short one. I could but pity the labourers who toil in those subterranean passages. How little will the inhabitants of the city consider those who cut the conduit for them! They have but to turn the tap, and pay the rate,—complaining meanwhile may-be that both are too stiff. Let us cherish a little more consideration for those who serve as pioneers. I plead for explorers and inventors, for sappers and miners, for heralds and ambassadors, for village pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and College tutors. We may be forgiven if we hope also that some of our people may yet be led to understand something of what it costs their ministers to convey to them daily the Water of Life. Still,—if they get it, that is the main matter.

In order to meet this extra demand, the dam is being greatly heightened, and the shores of the lake are being cleared of trees and undergrowth. The level will soon be raised several feet. The supply, of course, cannot be increased; only heaven can do that. There is no need for an increase. There is enough and to spare, but means must be employed to conserve it.

We are not straitened in God, but in ourselves. The river of God is full of water. What a deal of holy energy, and divine refreshment, and spiritual gladness we allow to run to waste! Oh, for a faith and love that might heap it up, like the Red Sea billows, till all the avenues and conduits are filled, and all the lower reservoirs are brimming!

It goes without saying that special precautions are in force for maintaining the purity of the lake. How disappointed the tourist was when, having proposed a dip to his companion, he discovered that it was not allowed! The people of Glasgow do not care for *body* in their water. Here and there are notice-boards giving due warning of the pains and penalties incurred by those who defile the clear waters, and at the sluices are many fine strainers to prevent solid substances mingling with the stream. It is all-important to have the fountain-head pure. If that is contaminated, all is wrong. Thus Elisha went to the head of the waters, and cast the salt in there. Oh, to reach young hearts, “while the streams of life are springing”!

Would God that all our Theological Colleges were thus safeguarded! If the tutors are unsound, what will the students be? If the professors do not believe what they teach, or teach not what they believe, (and I know not which of those two evils is the worse,) what hope have we that the taught will be honest-hearted and faithful men? For ourselves, too, there is this lesson. Let us receive nothing into mind and memory which is likely to prove deleterious to others. Oh, keep the heart pure, for it may yet be the reservoir from which a thirsty city hopes to drink!

Of Sundays at Stronachlachar, I cannot tell you much. This one thing I mention. Since my return from the North, a friend has sent me a clipping from a paper, which is entitled,—

“THE TOURISTS’ RIDE TO CHURCH.

“There is no church at Stronachlachar, but there is one at Inversnaid, about four miles distant. The season before last, the hotel proprietor at the former place ran a brake on Sundays to and

from the church without charge. Result: the church was largely patronized by English tourists.

"Last season, however, a coachman's fee was instituted, and it appears that the tourists were not nearly so devout,—preferring to remain where they were. There was a novelty in getting something for nothing in Scotland that appealed to the Southron tourist very strongly."

I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, seeing that I have been there only one season. I only know that the number of church-goers was by no means encouraging. Still, it must be confessed that some people like getting "something for nothing," especially if that "something" concerns religion. I do not find them expecting concerts, and flower shows, and luncheons, and boots, and bonnets for nothing; but, according to them, the churches are "always asking for money." The shame is that they should be reduced to that extremity.

A religion that costs nothing is worth nothing. Thank God for the liberal hearts that are to be found, but what of those who hoard, or spend their money selfishly? What of those who regard not the poor, nor remember the heathen? What of those who starve their minister, and cripple the agencies of the church? The Lord have mercy upon their little miserable stingy souls!

The small steamer that plies on Loch Katrine rejoices in the historic name of *Rob Roy*, and has a portrait of the noted chieftain in all his glory on the window of its companion-way. This smart little craft was built on the Clyde about forty years ago, and is as taut and trim as when she was launched. Of course, hers is an easy lot compared with that of sea-going vessels. She steams to and fro for ten miles twice or thrice a day during only a portion of the year. She encounters strong head-winds and heavy seas at times; but, on the whole, she has a fairly easy billet of it.

Certain of the saints, who pride themselves on their trim appearance and untarnished career, would do well to remember that they have not encountered such storms as others have had to meet. They may have endured sudden squalls and tumultuous waters occasionally, but they have not been out on the angry deep. All honour to the s.s. *Rob Roy* for behaving so well on Loch Katrine; but she would find the wide Atlantic a very different sphere. Methinks, some of us might have foundered if we had had the temptations others have encountered. At all events, we are in no wise entitled to crow over the battered barks which have weathered fiercer storms than we have dreamed of, nor even over those which are towed into port with—

"Strained cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck."

I cannot think that even those that have gone down all standing should have anything but pity from us. Thus also might we have been had not the lines fallen to us in pleasanter places.

It must be admitted, however, that the *Rob Roy* is well built. She has neither worn out, nor rusted out. Anyone who knows a belaying pin from a marling spike can see at a glance that there is some good stuff in her. They used to build well in those days both on land and

sea. Jerry-building is a comparatively new invention. Let us hope it will not last longer than its buildings. What a mistake it is to put poor workmanship into anything, especially when the lives of our fellows are thereby imperilled. *We* must build for eternity, brethren. The *souls* of men are concerned, in our case.

I have admitted that tempests are not unknown on Loch Katrine. Indeed, it is quite surprising how suddenly the calm gives place to storm. It is so on all sheets of water similarly situated. Down the ravines the breezes sweep, and from the high hills they swoop upon the lake below. A few minutes suffice to transform placidity into fury. Here is a charming picture of its peace :—

“ The summer dawn’s reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;
Mildly and soft the Western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirr’d the trees ;
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest ;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys in Fancy’s eye.”

Here also is a striking delineation of its storm from the same master-hand :—

“ The sun is set ;—the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky line of vivid blue
To the deep lake has given ;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen
Swept o’er the lake, then sunk agen.

* * * * *

A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine’s breast
Her billows reared their snowy crest.”

To such changeful humours is the heart of man also subject, and they who are calmest usually, are capable of being profoundly stirred. That character is indeed little worth that is not capable of these extremes. There are such qualities as righteous indignation, sacred jealousy, and holy anger. We sin if we are not angry with sin.

It is quite a common thing on these mountain lakes for boating parties to be in peril. The suddenness of the squall, and often also the inexperience of the amateur navigators lead to narrow escapes ; and, alas ! all too frequently, to terrible disaster. When once the frail skiff, probably overloaded, gets broadside to the waves, and commences to ship water, there is danger enough. The only thing to be done is to keep her “ head on ” to the waves and wind. But just there is the difficulty, and progress is impossible to unskilled or fatigued oarsmen if the gale is stiff. Yet, it is better to make no progress forward than to go to the bottom.

The safest way to meet our difficulties is to face them. We shall be overwhelmed full surely if we fall into the trough of the sea. Steer into the teeth of the gale, and into the eye of the wind, you who hold the tiller, and “ row, brothers, row,” with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together. Every steady stroke tells. See, you are nearly abreast the point. It always blows fiercest at the headland,

but there's shelter soon after rounding it. We need not fear if we have but a few trusty friends to pull with us, and—

“With Christ in the vessel,
We'll smile at the storm.”

The piper who favoured us with specimens of the national music was himself a poor representative of his country. He paced in tattered clothes outside the house while the guests were dining,—the hideous wailings and dronings of his pipe being supposed to serve as an appetizer,—or was it for the contrary purpose? When the dinner was over, the collection was made. Pity for the wretched creature compelled a gift, but I often questioned if it was not the hearer rather than the performer who merited recompense.

It would be unfair to judge the bagpipe and its music by this experience, just as it is unfair to judge Christianity by some of its exponents. So would I prefer to give my verdict on things Divine as I find them in the Book, than as I may happen on distorted representations of them in the lives of mere professors, or poor specimens of saints.

I have not time for an elaborate description of a scene of wondrous beauty I witnessed one evening. It was only the rising of the moon, but the surroundings made it special. Across the lake stands an eminence, by name Mill Tulloch. Around it was a silver aureola, ever widening and brightening. We wondered how long it would be ere the Queen of Night herself appeared. Each moment promised it would be the supreme one. The light was so clear and vivid, surely at the next instant the silver rim would show. Yet still we waited till some grew tired, and left the scene. Others lingered patiently. 'Twas worth the waiting. Presently, a diamond shone with purest ray serene on the very summit of the mount,—the brilliant centre of a circle of radiance, broken only by the black hill itself. But, oh! how quickly the moon rose when once it came into view! One could hardly believe it had been climbing just as swiftly all the time. Soon,—

“The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse.”

As I looked at it again, I heard a voice saying to my soul, “The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.”

You may be sure that I was loth to leave my place of rest, but even holidays must end, and even hotel charges must be met. I had no cause to complain on that account, but I remember hearing two tourists conversing thus, “How did you like such a place, and this and that?” “Oh!” said his companion, “I really don't know which was the best; I enjoyed them all till I came to pay the bill.”

There is always a bill to pay! Oh, that they remembered this who sin as with a cart-ropes. Frivolity, and self-indulgence, and irreligion, drinking, and gambling, and vice, they like them all *till the bill comes in*. Then they grumble amain, though the charge is reasonable enough. We cannot journey away from God without paying the fare thereof.

It was when we were leaving our happy retreat that an incident

occurred which provided me with a preface for my sermon on the following Sunday evening in Exeter Hall, which was reported thus:—“If anyone should ask me for an emblem of what is lasting and enduring, I should point him to what we are wont to call ‘the everlasting hills.’ These are, at least, the best emblem that our poor fading earth provides. If one should ask me for an emblem of what is fleeting and transitory, I should point him to the many-coloured arch that spans the sky when the showers are falling and the sun is shining. Let the rugged rocks stand for what is likely to abide; let the coloured rainbow represent that which is already passing away.

“It happened to me, only the other day, that I saw these two things in close conjunction. We are comparatively accustomed to see the rainbow athwart the sky, or painted on a cloud; it does not so often happen that we see it brightening the brown hills, but so I saw it only a few days since. Some of my fellow-travellers confessed that they had never seen it so before. There, at a single glance, we had an image of the things that abide and remain, and of those that are already flitting and flying past. Let us read the text again: ‘The world passeth away,’—it is a fading rainbow,—‘and the lust thereof,’—it is a many-coloured arch, which depends on the sunshine and the shower, both of which will soon be over. On the other hand, we have this glad declaration, ‘He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.’ Yes, for ever! When yonder craggy hills have crumbled into dust, or been overturned in the general wreck, this man of God, this lover of the Lord, this doer of Jehovah’s will, abides; he continues amid the crash of worlds, and after death he still lives on, basking in the Father’s smile, and rejoicing in the presence of the King.

“This congregation is already divided into these two classes. Some of you are comparable to the rainbow, for you love the world, which is perishing; and you are perishing with it. Others, through the grace of God, are already loving the light and the Word of the Living God, and though we too are dust, and sinful also, yet has there been, by grace, imparted to us a never-dying principle which shall live on for ever and for ever. I want to get some of the rainbow folk on to the Rock to-night; I want to bring some of those who have been content with passing shadows, and with pretty pictures, into the abiding-place, and on to these eternal verities, to which if they cling, they also shall abide for ever.”

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF “AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST,” ETC., ETC.

I.—A GREAT EXPECTATION.

AUNT SARAH and her mother lived in a high red-brick house, and kept a shop where they sold “all sorts.” The village was four very long miles from the nearest market-town, which, in its turn, was countrified enough thirty years ago. When we first asked for Aunt Sarah’s residence, we had come from the much bigger village on the banks of the Thames. The “Lights of London” were in our eyes, so

that, merely to call the lane which led to the village "dark" was a light expression. It was murky dark, pitch dark, dark as Egypt,—any emphasis on superlative darkness that you like. The trees were thick overhead, the clouds thick above the trees. The mud also was thick beneath our feet, and everyone knows that a wet road is darker than a dry one. The lane started on its career close to the corner of the moor where, in the old days, the gallows stood; it plunged at once into awful gloom, only emerging from the shadows to pass a Puritan graveyard, where the grey tombstones shone white by contrast. It reached the village by winding round the base of a bleak down, and by climbing a long way up through a gorge planted thick with trees.

On that first occasion, the darkness depressed us; but, ere long, we made friends with the woods and down, and could find the sheep-tracks on the gloomiest nights. But, then, we groped our way, and were glad to hail the glimmer in the windows of the village inn. The chapel was close by, but its one front window only made a long pale face at us. We toiled on through great stretches of common land, past detached houses and rows of poverty-stricken cottages. Then the road suddenly dipped, and widened out into a larger space where the houses were taller and closer together. Here we enquired for the hostess to whom we had been directed. "There be 'er 'ouse down by the big shaup." So said a passing yokel. We steered for the striking establishment known to the village mind as "the big shaup." There were three miniature "Whiteleys" in the place, and the house at which we halted was one of them. There you could get anything from a bundle of faggots to a case of needles, and from penny dips to "ploughman's pork." Oh, that fat pork! Solid white for many, many inches, and then a vein of pink as a late apology for not being lean. We had been used to London, where pork is called bacon, and, by the fastidious, "ham"; and "ham" in London puts on its best manners, and comes to the breakfast table nicely curled. Yet, after a time, the moorland air gave us an appetite for cold fat pork. It is the fresh air and the "feed" which, when he gets both, turn the pale student of the city into the comely country pastor. He will look "as blue as a bilberry," though, on mountain air alone. There is a certain lady, dear to the readers of this Magazine, who could give out, from her Book Fund correspondence, many a pathetic instance of the privations of village pastors. Of course, there are some in every profession,—we mention this to save our repute,—who can eat as much as Pharaoh's lean kine, and look as well on it. "You don't do no credit to our feedin'," said a country farmer to the writer; "what would you think on us if we didn't get fatter on *your* pasture?"

But these asides must cease. It is not well to fall into a fit of meditation on a doorstep, unless it be your own. Otherwise, you may be suspected of felonious intent. Yet, could we have paused, and looked round, ere we entered our lodging that night, we should have seen the homes of people with whom we were to become intimate,—persons whose lives were to be interwoven with ours till death should break the skein, leaving the thread in the pattern. So was it with the inmates of the house we now entered. Our first impressions of them remain vivid to this day;—a tall old lady, with grey curls arranged after a bygone fashion; and a deformed invalid daughter, also in

grey curls, seated in a huge arm-chair, and spreading cramped hands towards the fire. Both women were in deep mourning; both were awfully solemn and distant. They completely exhausted their power to converse in half-a-dozen sentences. The mother went into her shop. The daughter looked into the fire. The writer was young then, and as befits youth,—and, for the matter of that, age also,—was diffident as to his abilities. Now and then, the sound of a cough reached us. The long years have gathered thick and deadening from that time to this; but we have never heard, through all the years, that heart-breaking cough without knowing what would come of it.

After a time, and when the tension of silence was becoming unbearable, another figure in black stole into the room. Soft of foot, she glided along, a comely figure, with a face which lingers among life's memories, not beautiful as to regularity, but lighted up with large brown eyes which ever sought another's gaze. There was the same "hush" in her manner as with the others, but you felt that this new-comer had cast the bow of hope over the dark cloud of their circumstance, whatever it might be.

"My daughter Sarah," said the mother.

We greeted the brown eyes, and believed at once in their honesty, and felt, there and then, their inspiration. The owner of them put us at our ease, and we were thankful. She talked, and we found that she could teach without seeming to do so,—a gift of no mean order. We began to forget our depression. Then the strange cough came faintly; mother and daughters exchanged looks, and Sarah quietly slipped out. Not a word of explanation was given. When we reached our room, the cough came still to our ear, and upon us there fell the sense of foreboding which seemed to fill the whole house.

The Lord's-day morning dawned. There was no service at the village chapel till the afternoon. A large class of young women had been gathered, mainly through the efforts of the brown-eyed lady to whom we had been introduced the night before. This class we took, and returned at mid-day. The sitting-room had another occupant. A young girl, of about sixteen, sat propped up with pillows in a high arm-chair by the fire. Her black dress contrasted painfully with her white hand veined with blue. Her wan face, we can see again as we write. When she coughed, the elder women held their breath, and looked on with strained faces. She called her nurse, "Aunt Sarah." Three other girls came during the day. Two out of the three were striking-looking, with black hair and the brown eyes of the family. As we look back, now twenty-seven years ago, and see the sisters gathered on that Sunday afternoon, we think how mercifully the future is hidden from our eyes. One was a laughing, playful girl, very different from the two who, demure and hushed, moved about the old house, or hovered near the invalid's arm-chair.

By degrees, we learned the history of this strange family. The husband of the grandmother had been as attractive and as unstable as Reuben. He came of Puritan stock, and he and his fathers kept up their associations with the historic meeting-house in the valley. Though shrewd in business, and a professor of the principles of his ancestors, he allowed bad habits to get the upper hand. He was a splendid boon companion. His vices were fed from the profits of his

business. The consequence was, he died before he was old, leaving some property on which his widow had to thrive as best she could. Three sons and two daughters grew up. One of the latter was a physical wreck. The stay of the home was the animated, matter-of-fact Sarah. The mother was a female relative of Mr. Despondency, and the deformed daughter might have been a half-sister of Mrs. Much-afraid. Sarah knew the Lord; the others either dreaded Him or only knew of Him. Years after, on a dying bed, the grandmother came into the simplicity of faith. The sons, one after another, developed consumption. The youngest died first, then the second, and, last of all, the eldest. The latter was married, and was the father of the young girls. As her sons went from her, the grandmother grew nervous, stiff, and terribly reserved. The nurse, through the long years of illness, was sister Sarah. The brothers died in her arms, and were buried in the Puritan graveyard. With the death of the eldest son, the male branch of the family became extinct. The grandmother of the orphan girls shut up the tragedy within her breast, saying little, but questioning the love of God with almost every breath she drew. The cup of sorrow was not even then full. The young wife of the eldest son in a few years was laid beside her husband. With her dying breath, she committed her four orphan girls to Sarah's care. Thus our heroine became "Aunt Sarah." A rare foster-mother was she to the lonely children.

When we knew Aunt Sarah, she had already reached mature years. She was the adviser of old and young. Girls stole into her room in the evening to get her opinion. On one night in the week, the largest room in the house was filled with young women gathered for Bible study. No tongue of scorn or slander ever wagged against Aunt Sarah. She was above the petty prejudices of the place. When a poor girl got into trouble for the second time, no one would go near her. Aunt Sarah kept her from starving, washed her baby, nursed her back to life, and found her work. When one of the most beautiful daughters of the countryside was deceived by a hypocritical villain, who decamped and left the poor thing to bear her shame, Sarah took her by the hand, and relieved her loneliness.

But much of the church activity of this devoted woman was subsequent to the time when the wan young niece sat in the arm-chair before the fire on that October Sunday. No wonder that, at that period, the grandmother's face looked haunted, and that even the calm features of Aunt Sarah were tightly drawn. Those women had seen Death come in relentlessly so often; they had seen the home emptied of its sons, and now they drew their breath as they listened anew to the dread cough, and saw what they could not hinder,—the fair young life siezed by the hydra of disease.

We draw near to the time that we have had in our mind since we put the sub-title to our paper. There came a morning further on in the fall,—one of those quiet days when the sun breaks through the mists at mid-day, when the fog floats off in wreaths leaving widths of soothing sky, deep blue and softened pink, brooding over earth's children. The hedges blushed to see the sun again. The limbs of the trees showed through transparent yellow robes. It was one of those

days when Nature's decline looks deceptive in its loveliness, when the wind kisses the leaves which soon it will tear from the tree.

The November sunlight shone upon the houses opposite, and the glow from thence stole over young Sarah's room. The beautifully blue sky filled all the window space. We sat by the girl's side, but she hardly noticed us as she lay, waxen as a lily, with hands as white as the sheet on which they rested.

"What are your thoughts, child?" we asked, at length.

"I'm looking forward," she faintly whispered.

"Looking forward to see Alice?"

"No," she answered.

"Is Jennie coming on Sunday?"

"I don't know," was the languid reply.

"Well, come, you are looking forward to Christmas!"

"No, I am not;" she said, with a little more animation.

"What is your expectation, girlie?" we asked.

She raised herself on her elbow, and supported her head on her poor thin arm. Then, gazing at us with eyes in which shone a wonderful light, she said, in eager jerks,— "I'm . . . looking . . . forward . . . to . . . seeing . . . Jesus!"

This was her great expectation; could there be a better?

When we came down, a month afterwards, the expectation had been fulfilled.

"Let me lie in your arms, Aunt Sarah," she said, late one night.

Her foster-mother lifted the wasted frame, and gathered the dead brother's child to her heart. There she lay till even gentler hands out of the unseen carried upward the spirit, and she rested,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

On the Saturday night, the child lay white in her coffin in the room next to ours. We again heard her great expectation; we again saw her eyes filled with the wonderful light. Her calm confidence, her eager outlook, shamed us. Had we as much desire? Were we as ready? Years of London life rose up, and a great dread overshadowed us. We opened our New Testament at 1 John i. 7: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin." We sank upon our knees, and buried our head upon the Word. We thought of Daniel Rowland's cry, "Make thou no exception where God makes none." We took courage, and believed again for abundance of pardon through the atoning sacrifice. Then we slept in peace.

"And the next day was the Sabbath." We laid the body of the child in the Puritan graveyard. Around were the memorials of the blessed dead. Then we walked back with the next eldest girl, Jennie; and, as we walked, we drew from her the confession of a new-found faith. And from that hour, till a then far distant other, when our heart almost stood still, and our eyes grew dark, Jennie's life and ours knew strange comminglings.

Long years have come and gone since that early Winter's day; but the child's expectation is as fresh as the snowdrops which blossom every year when the snow melts from off the graves in the village churchyard.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

LXI.—PASTOR DAVID HENRY MOORE, OF VERNON CHAPEL,
KING’S CROSS.



SAILOR, tanner, fireman, city missionary, evangelist, pastor;—such has been the chequered but ever-upward career of the subject of this sketch.

DAVID HENRY MOORE was born in Bermondsey, on May 1st, 1861, and is, therefore, well under middle life. He is the son of a pious mother, who still lives to thank God at the sight of her son's usefulness. As a child, however, he gave no early indication of any desire to know her Saviour. He was often a wild and wayward boy. Young Moore attended the Sunday-school of Green Walk Mission, Bermondsey, held in the old Concert Hall, before Haddon Hall was built. There he received, through Divine grace, strong religious impressions, which, however, did not result in any permanent change of life, although he believes they were never entirely erased from his mind.

At the age of fourteen, our friend went to sea in a small coasting vessel. After sailing in her for three months, he had a dispute with the mate, and left the vessel at Plymouth.

The details of his departure were characteristic of the energetic

youth,—cutting open the side of his bed, he emptied the contents into the sea, put his clothes into the empty tick, and arrived in London with half-a-crown in his pocket, much to the dismay of his poor mother! In June, 1875, he joined the Royal Navy; was sent to the training ship *Fisgard*, at Greenwich, and was finally drafted to H.M.S. *Boscawen*, at Portland. After three years' training, he sailed in the flag-ship *Euryalus* for the East India station.

He had, by this time, given up all profession of religion, although his mother's letters, and the remembrance of the former strivings of the Holy Spirit with him, raised serious thoughts at times. One night, he sprang from his hammock, and prayed earnestly for salvation. He resolved that, upon landing at Bombay, he would attend the religious services held by some missionary. The conversion of a shipmate at Malta also revived serious impressions, especially when the young convert knelt by his side, and prayed for his conversion. At the Methodist Episcopal Chapel at Bombay, he heard from the lips of a devoted American missionary, named Shreaves, "The old, old story." The preacher pointed to Christ as God's ark of safety for every individual soul, and then and there the sin-burdened sailor found joy and peace in believing in Jesus. Between his conversion and his leaving a seafaring life, the most stirring incident was the saving of a shipmate from drowning. He had fallen from the "top" into the sea, and Moore jumped over, and rescued him. For this, he received a medal from the Royal Humane Society, and this remains in his possession as a prized memento of his sailor days.

In 1882, our friend returned from India, and purchased his discharge from the Navy. He first went to work on shore in the tannery of Messrs. S. Barrow & Bros., in Bermondsey. After about five months there, he obtained an appointment in the Fire Brigade. Two other events of great importance to our brother occurred in the same year. On August 6th, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Wells, who had long been a useful Christian worker, and who, as his wife, has proved a true help-meet to him in all his upward course. The other noteworthy event was his baptism at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He joined the church there, and did much useful work in connection with Green Walk Mission. As a fireman, he was present on duty at the burning of the Alhambra Theatre, and at the great fire in Wood Street. He often had narrow escapes from falling débris. God had still more important work for the spared life in the future. Several times, his mates met with death, while he was preserved. He saved a woman from a burning building in the Kennington Road, and a man at Battersea.

During his life at sea after conversion, and while in secular employment on shore, God had used our brother to the winning of souls for Jesus; and it was strongly laid upon Mr. Moore's heart to give himself up wholly to the work of the Lord. Accordingly, in 1887, on Mr. Spurgeon's advice, he entered the London City Mission. He attended the lectures, in connection with that Society, on Christian Evidences and Doctrines, and came out, in the examination that followed, *second* in the first subject, and *third* in the other. His first district as a city missionary was Princes Street, Deptford, where he

laboured for seventeen months with much blessing. After a while, he hired a little room next to a large public-house in Grove Street; and, as he had no workers, he started an open-air service outside the public-house *alone*. The first sign of encouragement he received at that meeting was the gift of a penny from a woman, who had been listening! When he went from that district, he left a congregation which filled the two rooms which had taken the place of the one, and a number of converted persons with whom God had rewarded his labours.

The Mission Committee transferred him to the Orange Street District, Boro', and there again the blessing of God rested on his efforts. The beautiful new Shaftesbury Hall had been erected in that district, and our brother soon had his hands full of holy, happy work in gospel services, visitation, Sunday-school, open-air meetings, soup kitchen, &c.

Still, with all the blessing God had given to his labours as city missionary, Mr. Moore desired a larger sphere of usefulness. He had attended the evening classes at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and received much benefit from them. Having completed two years of very happy work in the L.C.M., he saw Pastor C. H. Spurgeon for the second time upon the subject of entering the Pastors' College; and he was admitted as a student in January, 1890. There he spent three of the happiest years of his life. The late beloved President treated our brother with a kindness and generosity which stirred his heart to use his opportunities to the best of his ability. Mr. Moore writes of Mr. Spurgeon, "He was like a father to me." Three months after entering College, he became student-pastor at Mitcham. A faded piece of newspaper cutting, in the possession of our friend, states, "The Mitcham Baptist Church has been provided with a baptistery. A baptism, which we suppose has never before been witnessed in Mitcham, took place on Thursday evening. The pastor, Rev. D. H. Moore, baptized three ladies in the presence of a good congregation." Eighteen months of work there resulted in a considerably increased church, and a number of conversions to God.

In 1891, Mr. Moore accepted an invitation to the Barking Baptist Church. He did not wish to leave Mitcham, but told the Lord that, if He wanted him to go, would He give him six conversions during the Sunday and Monday when he was to supply at Barking! Before he left, on the Monday night, he had pointed the sixth one to the Saviour! Our brother went to Barking assured that the Lord had called him to that sphere of service. The membership of the church rose, during his pastorate, from about 100 to nearly 270. A new chapel was erected, during his pastorate, at the cost of £2,900, the greater portion of which was paid off while he was at Barking. A small cause was started at East Ham, through the efforts of our brother and his members, which soon grew into a self-supporting church, now having a membership of over 300 under the pastorate of Mr. Sloan.

In 1896, Pastor Moore accepted a call from the church meeting in Vernon Chapel, King's Cross. The leadings of God appeared to be very clear in taking this step; and that the friends at Vernon were not mistaken in this belief is now abundantly evident, for the blessing

of God has come richly upon the work during the new pastorate. Prayer-meetings quickly increased in attendance; between 200 and 300 now gather round the mercy-seat on Monday evenings. Mr. Moore found the names of 407 members upon the books. Since that time, there have been large additions; 108 being baptized in two years. At the pastor's second anniversary, in September, 1898, the membership was reported as 530. Since our brother went to Vernon, the church has opened a mission-station in the Caledonian Road; it has also engaged a deaconess from the Baptist Deaconess Home, Doughty Street. There are two Christian Endeavour Societies, which number over 200 members. Mr. Moore has, on Sunday evening, a congregation of about 1,000. Although Vernon Chapel is situated in a working-class neighbourhood, the Sunday offerings average over £10. There is a good missionary spirit in the church, and last year over £70 was raised for the Indian Famine Fund. One of the members of the church is preparing for missionary work, and a son of one of the officers hopes soon to enter the Pastors' College.

If anyone shall ask the secret which explains our brother's onward progress from the Navy to the Baptist ministry, and from one sphere of usefulness to another still larger, the question could not be answered in any single sentence. Perhaps we should mention first that grace of *humility* with which the blessed Spirit has endowed him. Andrew Murray calls humility "the seed-plot of all the other graces." It is impossible to be more than a few minutes in our friend's company without perceiving some signs in him of that "meekness and gentleness" which were in his Master. A chorus which he has lately made popular in Vernon is an illustration of this fact,—

"Channels only, blessed Master!

But with all Thy wondrous power

Flowing through us, Thou canst use us

Every day and every hour."

We would mention, next, *the natural gifts* which God has given him: great energy of character, physical strength, the ability to acquire and retain information, a large supply of "mother wit", much fluency of speech, and a loving, gentle disposition almost womanly in its tenderness. But the chief sources of his usefulness lie far deeper. He is *passionately attached to his Master*, and you feel that the "Bless His Name!" which often leaps from his lips at the mention of Jesus, is heartfelt in its intensity. Nor should we complete the answer without referring to the high value he sets on all the teaching to be found in the Word *concerning the Spirit*. While the love of Jesus is the motive-principle of his life, the power of the Holy Spirit is his reliance for strength and wisdom. He sympathizes with Mr. Reader Harris in his efforts to spread through the churches a longing for the Spirit's influence in sanctification of life and power for service. We are not certain that Pastor Moore would endorse every expression that falls from the pen of the founder of the Pentecostal League; but they are one in heart in desiring for God's people in our day a fresh endowment of holiness and power. May the subject of this sketch, and all who read it, receive anew, and repeatedly, the Heavenly fire! Amen.

WILLIAM OLNEY.

The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. II.*

REVIEWS IN SECULAR PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

"The account given in this volume of the first six years of Mr. Spurgeon's great London reputation confirms the impression that his own utterance would suggest, that the true estimate of his character and preaching lies midway between the extremes of which specimens are given. He had, undoubtedly, great oratorical gifts, a powerful voice that no exertion could impair, a copious flow of language, humorous, descriptive, or denunciatory as occasion required, and a knack of homely and telling illustration. . . . The effect of his ministry upon the fortunes, numerical and financial, of the Baptist community, is strikingly illustrated by the statistics here quoted. Spurgeon caught and kept the ear of the masses as few preachers have done. . . . No one ever doubted his moral purity; nor are the charges of self-seeking and money-making, sometimes brought against him, upheld by facts. His preaching, it is true, produced enormous sums; but by far the greater proportion of the money thus raised was devoted to religious and charitable objects, and his private life was simple and unostentatious. We learn from the records of his courtship and early married life that he was a devoted lover and an affectionate husband; and he seems to have possessed a great gift for conciliating and retaining friendship."—*The Times*.

"The new volume of Mr. Spurgeon's *Autobiography* embraces the period from 1854—1860, and tells the story of the young Baptist minister's rise from comparative obscurity to his proud position as the most popular preacher of his day. More private and intimate matters are treated by Mrs. Spurgeon in pursuance of the method observed in the previous volume, which is that of supplementing the material furnished by her husband's diary, correspondence, and other records, with an occasional interpolated chapter where it appears needful to give continuity and completeness to the narrative. Thus it is that the opening chapters, which tell of Mr. Spurgeon's courtship and marriage, are from the pen of the editor herself, who on such matters must needs speak with authority. It is a pretty love idyll, as here told with unaffected simplicity and frankness. . . . The later pages of this interesting volume are largely occupied with details of the plans for the erection of the Metropolitan Tabernacle at Newington Butts, which, after being for so many years inseparably associated with Mr. Spurgeon's fame, was destroyed by fire in April last."—*The Daily News*.

"The period with which the second volume of Mr. Spurgeon's 'Life' deals is comparatively brief, but it was one of great happenings in his career. . . . Naturally, the most interesting part of this volume is the three chapters in which 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage,' are related by Mrs. Spurgeon. The story is told with much literary grace and fine feeling. . . . The volume is one of great interest for the many thousands who are capable of being interested in the career of the remarkable preacher."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

"Mrs. Spurgeon proves herself to be a most graceful and eloquent wielder of the biographical pen. The task to her must have been a painful one, but she has not hesitated to reveal the inner every-day life of her famous husband. The most beautiful feature of the book is the domestic interior

* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by HIS WIFE, and his Private Secretary. Vol. II. 1854—1860. 384 pages. Demy 4to. With 59 Illustrations, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all booksellers.

to which Mrs. Spurgeon introduces us. It is good to know that the man whose eloquence moved thousands to tears and enthusiasm, and who thundered forth, in that marvellous voice of his, fiery denunciations of unrepentant sinners, was in his own home all that was humble, gentle, and tender."—*The Evening News*.

Without any appreciable loss of time, the second instalment of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* has appeared. Like its predecessor, the volume is compiled from the great preacher's diary and letters, and by those who knew him best,—his wife and private secretary. It covers six critical years in Mr. Spurgeon's public career,—1854 to 1860,—when his reputation as a master of popular appeal was extending by leaps and bounds. It proves that, at the outset, many good men, even in Nonconformity, stood aloof from 'the boy preacher,' who, in the oratorical sense, had suddenly taken London by storm. . . . Spurgeon was mercilessly assailed with pen and pencil in the public journals, and his motives as well as his manners were openly questioned. It soon became apparent, however, that the young preacher, whose good humour was as conspicuous as his common sense, was in dead earnest, and was not to be turned aside or even moved a hair's breadth from his work, by the scorn of people who dismissed him as a pulpit mountebank or an unctuous charlatan. The world at length recognized that the man was as true and single-hearted as he was fearless and outspoken; and, as the years went on, it was not so much Spurgeon's oratorical gift, remarkable and brilliant as that was, which made itself felt, as the beauty of his character and the unselfishness of his life. Interwoven with the story of her husband's struggles, as told with characteristic humour and racy vigour in his own letters and papers, Mrs. Spurgeon describes, with naïve simplicity and womanly charm, the incidents which marked the young preacher's courtship. . . . The circumstances which attended the building of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at a cost of nearly thirty thousand pounds, are related with much minuteness, and the narrative forms an impressive chapter in the annals of religious enthusiasm. Mr. Ruskin was one of the earliest men of intellectual rank to recognize the genius of Mr. Spurgeon, and the close intimacy which existed, at least for a time, between two men who differed so greatly, fills not the least fascinating page of the present volume. . . . Much of the popularity of Mr. Spurgeon sprang from the recognition by a worldly age that an unworlly man had arisen in its midst. This impression was the more remarkable when we remember that the preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was a fellow of infinite wit, absolutely devoid of pretension, and as destitute of austerity of habit as of moroseness of temper. There are many illustrations in the volume, quite a number of racy anecdotes, and not a few characteristic letters, dealing with the deeper aspects of religion, and in other respects almost too intimate for quotation."—*The Standard*.

"'You may write my life across the sky; I have nothing to conceal;' was Spurgeon's proud and pardonable boast; and Mrs. Spurgeon uses this as her excuse for telling their love-story in the second volume of his *Autobiography*. It is an excuse which avails her, for in the story, as she tells it, there is much that interests, and even charms us. . . . Some of the love-letters that passed between them are given, and they display a zeal for the discussion of holier topics than those which occupy the attention of more mundane lovers. . . . The chief value, however, of this volume is in the account of Spurgeon the preacher, the mere boy of twenty-one, who brought all London to Exeter Hall, to be thrilled by his eloquence, and to pass from mockery to admiration. His triumph was all the greater in that it was achieved in the face of cruel calumny and unjust depreciation. . . . He proved himself a true orator, and his English was the English of the Bunyan he knew and loved so well. Strong, pregnant phrases, pure Saxon

diction, and lucidity in exposition, were the distinguishing graces of his style. But greater than the orator was the man himself. And Spurgeon was emphatically a man,—straightforward, plain-spoken, sincere, and of an honesty none could question. . . . On the whole, the second volume of this remarkable *Autobiography* is more interesting, more diverting, and better arranged than the former one, and it faithfully reveals a great and notable personality.”—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

“The second volume of Mr. Spurgeon’s ‘Life’ only takes us from 1854 to 1860; but that, from an autobiographical point of view, was the most important and attractive period in his career, and therefore likely to make the best reading. It tells of the rapid rise of the young Baptist minister from obscurity until, at the age of twenty-two years, he was the most popular preacher of his day. It tells, too, of his love, courtship, and marriage; and the three chapters devoted to these sacred topics will probably be the most intimately interesting of any of the others in all the four volumes which go to make up the *Autobiography*. . . . Mrs. Spurgeon unlocks her heart of all these memories with a pathetic frankness, and writes them down with no mean literary skill. . . . Altogether, the volume is full of exceptional interest for Mr. Spurgeon’s numberless admirers.”—*The Publishers’ Circular*.

“The week has been a quiet one in the publishing world, and my desk has been comparatively free from new arrivals. But there has been one notable volume issued,—the second of *C. H. Spurgeon’s Autobiography*,—and there now lie before me the love-letters of Spurgeon, which repay in interest a lengthened perusal. The story of the courtship is charmingly told by Mrs. Spurgeon.”—*The Weekly Sun*.

“In the second volume of the *Autobiography* of the world-famous Baptist preacher, though his own fresh and forcible account of his life and doings between the years 1854 and 1860 will be read as eagerly as ever, the most lively interest will be aroused in the chapters by Mrs. Spurgeon on the courtship and marriage of herself and her husband. Very tenderly and gracefully has she performed her task, and most beautiful is the contrast presented to us between the fiery preacher moving tens of thousands with his oratory in public, and the quiet, even-tempered, loving husband and father in his own home. . . . They were married on January 8th, 1856, and none will read this loving record of their wedded days without feeling that theirs was indeed a marriage made in Heaven. Mrs. Spurgeon also touches on a matter on which she naturally felt strongly; namely, the journalistic attacks upon her husband in the early sixties. He was accused of eccentricities that never existed, was rated and caricatured as a worldling and a fraud, too often, alas! by ministers and those who should have been his supporters. All these things Mrs. Spurgeon has kept, and now they stand published as permanent examples of the folly of prejudice and hasty judgment. . . . The book throughout is a worthy companion to the first volume, which is saying much, and the whole work promises to be one that not only Mr. Spurgeon’s admirers cannot afford to be without, but that will appeal to all sections of the community by the force and human interest of its pages.”—*Lloyd’s Weekly News*.

“The new volume is quite as interesting as the first, and much of it will be read with eagerness even by people who may have had little in common with the great Baptist preacher. It opens with the story of his courtship and marriage, which is told with a fulness and frankness that must surely satisfy the most ardent of his admirers. But everything about Spurgeon is being narrated in this work on a colossal scale. No surprise need, therefore, be felt that the light of day is being let in upon a period of his

life which the majority of biographers incline to touch on with considerable reserve. Yet fully as the subject of Spurgeon's love and marriage is dealt with, it will be read with an avidity which will not assuredly be aroused by some other parts of the present volume,—those, for instance, relating to the circumstances under which he fought his way into popularity. Some people, and not least perhaps in Scotland, appear to have acted very foolishly at the time The volume is full of interest, and has special claims on Spurgeon's Scottish admirers as containing the popular preacher's impressions of his first visits to this side of the Tweed."—*The Scotsman*.

"The second volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* carries the story from 1854 to 1860. In some respects, these were the most interesting years of the great preacher's life. It was the period of early fame, when admirers and critics abounded, when the voice of calumny and slander was the loudest. The higher qualities of Spurgeon's character were put to a severe test in those days. They stood the test well. The broad, deep, solid humanity of the preacher refused to be spoiled either by the eulogy or the detraction to which he was subjected. His was too virile an intellect to be unduly influenced by the sweetness of praise or the bitterness of blame. Probably he himself would not put the matter in that way. He believed himself to be sustained in all things by the Divine Master whom he served. We are not going to quarrel with that; at the same time, it is not out of place to emphasize the attractiveness and the beauty of the more human side of Spurgeon's character. There was not the slightest trace of the smug and oily self-righteousness of the priest about him. He was a manly, healthy-minded, unaffected Christian minister, relying on no professional priestly tricks for influence, but simply speaking the truth that was in him with reverence and earnestness as a man to men. He might have amassed a handsome fortune, had he chosen, and died as wealthy as a bishop. Money, however, had no charms for him; it no sooner came than it was devoted to some of the religious and philanthropic institutions which he had established. Spurgeon was too great a man to be a money-grabber. This and other similar traits of character endeared him in the sight of thousands of people to whom his style of preaching and complexion of theology would not have appealed. Even had he not been a great religious leader, Spurgeon would have been a fine, a massive, a magnificent character.

"Perhaps the two most important events narrated in this volume are the finding of a life-partner and the establishment of a religious home. Mrs. Spurgeon tells the tale of their courtship with great tenderness and due restraint We cannot tell the story here, but never was there a better example of 'they lived happy ever after.' Mrs. Spurgeon was a valuable helpmate to her husband; without her assistance, it is doubtful whether he would have been able to cope with the enormous work he got through. . . . As we said of the first volume of the *Autobiography*, the second is 'brimful of human interest; there is not a dull page in the whole volume.' We may be told by conventional critics that the work violates the conventional rules of biographic literature. Who cares about conventional rules? All great books are above convention, and they defy rules. Spurgeon was and is an immense moral force, and no man can come in contact with him as he is depicted in these pages without deriving moral and intellectual benefit. The *Autobiography* does not appeal merely to Spurgeon's followers in theology. It will fascinate all who are capable of appreciating a strong, loyal, and beautiful character. Even judged from the standpoint of human interest, the work must be accorded a high position in contemporary literature. In these days of tricky sacerdotalism and morbid semi-paganism, it is refreshing to peruse a healthy, breezy, invigorating work like *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*."—*The Nottingham Daily Express*.

A Street Scene in Kairouan.



WHEN speaking of the vision to the prophet Habakkuk (chap. ii. 2), the Lord said:—"Write..., make it plain..., that he may run that readeth it;"—**N**OR that he who runs may read, *but* that he who reads may run,—that the message, entering by the eye, may reach the mind, and move the whole man to action. I would that such might be the case with this picture of *Rue Saussier, Kairouan*.

I stood at the end of this street, lately, as day was breaking, and listened to the Moslem crier as he welcomed the light. His voice rang out sweetly on the still air:—"God is great! Praise God! Worship God!" The

words are true and beautiful, but contrast sadly with the sins of the people. For instance, amid a crowd of men, we were trying to drive home the need all have of a Saviour, when one of them spoke up, and asserted that he was absolutely sinless, he had never committed even *one* sin, and his heart was as white as milk. Nothing could move him from this declaration, but when he came in to be treated, behold, he was fresh from gross sin! Then the rest laughed at him, but no one seemed shocked either at his lying or his immorality. Quite recently, a woman proclaimed her absolute sinlessness and purity; and the next minute, thrusting her hands through her thick tresses, she confessed that the lies she told were as many as the hairs of her head. "God makes us sin," shouted a man; "it is written on our foreheads, and we *must*."

The Medical Mission (where we have had over 800 visits during the month) holds aloft the gospel light, but the moral shadows are deep around us, even as are the physical shadows in the picture. Indeed, in every Moslem, his whole mental and spiritual nature seems dislocated. Let me illustrate this by one of my patients. Here he sits, nursing his injured arm, which hangs powerless by his side, and the deformed shoulder tells its tale of a fall. Both he and his friends are helpless to do anything; yet, rightly understood, how simple the remedy,—a steady drawing away of the arm from its wrong position, a gentle turn, the bone slips into its *right* place, and all is well. So, spiritually, Moslems are fallen men,—ignorant alike of the Written and the Living Word of God,—forcibly drawn by precept and example to the Koran and Mohammed,—a wrong direction indeed. Who, then, in this New Year will join us in our efforts to draw them from the wrong, and turn them unto the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent?

Look, dear friend, once again at the picture, and notice those boys gazing so earnestly towards you. Cannot you almost hear them say, "Come over into North Africa, and help us"? When the Lord asks, "Who will go for us, and whom shall I send?" let your answer be, "Here am I, send *me*."

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Rebuilding the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

ON *Monday evening, December 19*, the male members again met in the College Conference Hall, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, to receive a further report from the Rebuilding Committee. The first item was the announcement that the **LARGE NEW HALL** would (D.V.) be opened for Divine service on *January 1, 1899*, thus providing accommodation for nearly 2,000 worshippers. The seven tenders for the large structure ranged from £36,399 to £33,240, the last-named being from Messrs. Higgs & Hill, Limited. The amount being so much higher than the Committee expected, they reduced it to £32,550. The mention of the firm that had sent the lowest tender was received with loud and long-continued applause, which was renewed at the following clause:—"They make no secret of the intense satisfaction they feel at the prospect of the whole of the rebuilding being carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. Wm. Higgs, whose devotion to the Church is only equalled by that of his late respected father, who built the original Metropolitan Tabernacle."

The adoption of the report was moved by the Pastor, seconded by Deacon Frank Thompson, and without any discussion was *carried unanimously*. The whole scheme, including this contract for £32,550, will cost £44,576 14s. After allowing for the amount received for insurance, and the contributions to date, *there will still be required* £16,000. The raising of this large sum will necessitate great generosity on the part of the Tabernacle Church and congregation, and their friends and sympathizers throughout the whole world. All donations should be addressed to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.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.

Vol. XLIV. of the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* will (D.V.) be published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster early in the New Year, price seven shillings. One special feature of this volume is the introduction of some of MR. SPURGEON'S very early discourses into the regular weekly issue. Some readers who were and still remain great admirers of the beloved preacher expressed the wish to have a selection from the sermons delivered during his first years in London; so, once a month, during 1898, their wishes have been realized.

The experiment has been very greatly appreciated, and therefore will (D.V.) be continued. It is exceedingly interesting to notice how little difference there is between the utterances of 1855 and 1883; in the doctrines proclaimed, there is no difference at all. The Romans, in their mythology, foolishly spoke of Minerva as having leaped from the head of Jupiter fully armed; but C. H. Spurgeon was in truth divinely equipped for his great life-work from the very beginning of his marvellous ministry.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll—one of the keenest critics in this critical age,—recently wrote:—"Spurgeon's sermons are invariably worth buying, and the man who has a set of them possesses a very good theological library." The "set" now comprises forty-four substantial volumes, containing 2,602 discourses: will every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* see that his or her minister is, if possible, the possessor of this "very good theological library"? We constantly hear of preachers who regularly read the sermons for their own spiritual edification, and as an inspiration for service. If more of their brethren would do likewise, their congregations would share the blessing with them, sinners would be saved, saints would be edified, and God would be glorified. All this is just what Mr. Spurgeon himself ever desired.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have made a timely addition to their Twelve Sermons' Series by the issue of *Twelve Sermons on Ritualism*, by C. H. SPURGEON (cloth, one shilling). If these are scattered broadcast wherever the deadly heresies of Romanism and Ritualism are rampant, many poor deluded souls may be rescued from the snare of the fowler, and be brought into gospel liberty.

Just too late for notice in our December issue, we received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, 71, Coleman Street, E.C., specimens of their *Christmas and New Year Cards, Calendars, and Toy Books*. The catalogue for the present season fills a volume of 208 pages, and describes a variety of choice art productions sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious taste, and to meet the requirements of all classes of purchasers. A Calendar which will be first favourite with our readers is the one entitled, "*Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver*," with choice sayings of C. H. SPURGEON (1s.); other special ones are *Fair Heroines* (1s.), *The Glory of the Year* (2s.), and *The Lucky Pig* (1s.), an amusing novelty for children. The youngsters will also be delighted with the shilling linen Toy Books, *Ten Little Kittens*, and *Nursery Rhymes*; while there are many more both at higher and lower prices. If friends have not yet purchased their New Year Cards, they may safely be recommended to make a selection from those issued by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, who are evidently determined to retain the premier position as fine art publishers.

We rejoice to see that Pastor FRANK H. WHITE has issued the eighth edition of his very valuable work, *Christ in the Tabernacle*. (Partridge and Co.) The volume, elegantly bound in leather, gilt, and illustrated by twelve exquisite Chromo-lithographs, is published at 5s., and is well worth that amount; but Mr. White

tells us that he will gladly supply the book at 3s. for gifts if application is addressed to him at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill, London, W. Every preacher, teacher, and Bible student should be familiar with the spiritual meaning of the Tabernacle and its offerings, and our brother is fully qualified to act as their guide and instructor; his volume would make a most charming New Year's present for a friend.

Another volume, containing the work of "one of our own men," and which has a specially pathetic interest, is entitled, *Talks with the Children, and a Sermon on Flowers*, by the late Rev. W. AGER WICKS, edited, with a brief biographical sketch, by his brother, Rev. Henry J. Wicks, Cirencester, of whom the book may be obtained at 1s. net. There are nine "Talks," a portrait of our "promoted" friend, and views of the three chapels where he ministered at Moulton, Ross, and Birmingham. It would be a graceful act if every minister in the College Association would secure at least one copy, and thus help those dear to our brother who are left to mourn his loss.

More *Annuals* have reached us since our last notice. Mr. Bullock's handsome volume, *The Fireside* (7s. 6d.), and the smaller though equally welcome *Hand and Heart* (2s.), have come from "Home Words" Office. Our Church friends ought to value, and no doubt do value, such earnest Evangelical literature, and Nonconformists need not fear to read all that is so pleasantly presented in these pages.

The Silver Link (Sunday School Union) costs a silver florin, and is good value for the money. There is much in the volume both to interest and instruct the youthful readers for whom it is intended. *The Guide* (London: William Mackenzie; and Glasgow: William Love;) contains another year's numbers of a monthly magazine for young men which must be helpful to all who will carefully and prayerfully study its varied contents.

Vol. XIX. of *Our Own Magazine*, the organ of the Children's Special Service Mission (13A, Warwick Lane), is worthy to take its place with its eighteen predecessors. Full of gospel truth, told in language that children can understand, and plentifully illustrated by pictures and anecdotes, this two-shilling volume would make a good present for any boy or girl.

The Baptist Almanack for 1899, published by Messrs. Robert Banks and Son at 2d. and 4d., contains much useful denominational and general information specially interesting to London Baptists, but also helpful to a far wider constituency. There are tinted portraits of two of "our own men," Pastors Sydney J. Jones and E. Roberts, with brief sketches of their lives and work. There is need of further corrections in the various lists to make them really reliable.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons have issued a *New Series of Teachers' Bibles*, at prices ranging from 4s. 6d. to 35s. 6d., and containing the Old and New Testaments, beautifully printed from new, bold type, and the *Illustrated Bible Treasury* (edited by Dr. WILLIAM WRIGHT) which we very heartily commended on its appearance two years ago. With this is also included the *Combined Concordance*, in which at a glance can be seen the variations between the Authorized and Revised Versions, together with a Dictionary of Proper Names, a Subject-Index, and a Concordance proper. This information being printed on the same page, in varied type, will be a great saving of time to busy teachers and preachers. Lastly, the new *Indexed Bible Atlas*, containing the results of the latest surveys and identifications, will enable the student to familiarize himself with all that can be known concerning the geography of Scripture. Notwithstanding the comprehensive contents of this volume, they are comprised in a book of handy size, and any teacher who possesses it will really have quite a little library of Biblical literature, produced in Messrs. Nelson and Sons' usual admirable style.

Newman Hall. An Autobiography.
Cassell and Co. (12s. 6d.)

THE frontispiece of this volume is a life-like portrait of the author, the only other illustration is a view of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, the scene of his later ministry. The rest of the 383 pages are filled with an interesting, chatty account of many of the religious and political movements of the last eighty years, and the men and women who took part in them. Such a long and busy life as Newman Hall's naturally gathered into itself much out of other lives with which it was brought in contact, and the record of how their careers were more or less interwoven with his own is here given in a plain, unadorned narrative. Perhaps the three most notable men mentioned in the volume are W. E. Gladstone, John Bright, and C. H. Spurgeon, all of whom held a high place in the writer's esteem. The tribute to Mr. Spurgeon is a truly noble one.

A Life Record. By SARAH ROBINSON.
Nisbet and Co.

ONE of the most fascinating and thrilling life-stories that ever was written. There is not a dull page, nor even a dull sentence, from the Preface to the very end. Miss Robinson's work among the soldiers was of the most romantic and effectual kind, and almost reads like an up-to-date page of the Acts of the Apostles; we are glad to see that she is returning to Portsmouth to take the active oversight of it again. The vastly improved moral condition of the army is largely due to her efforts and those of her colleagues in this noble gospel work, the effects of which will only be fully known in eternity.

Across India at the Dawn of the 20th Century. By LUCY E. GUINNESS.
Religious Tract Society.

A BOOK that must greatly help forward the work of foreign missions everywhere, but especially in India. The illustrations almost equal the number of pages, and many of them are of a singularly striking character, but not more so than the letterpress. Miss Guinness has a most fascinating

style of writing; but, far more important, she has a sacred passion for souls, and the love of Christ constrains her to plead the cause of the brethren with an earnestness that will take no denial. She has turned to grand account her recent visit to our Indian empire; now let all who can, help in circulating her book, and in praying for its success in the very highest sense of the word. Its price in paper boards is 3s. 6d., and in cloth boards, 5s.

Comfort and Counsel for Every Day from the Writings of Elizabeth Rundle Charles. By Two of her Friends, with a Preface by BASIL CHAMPEYNS. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family* wrote fifty works, and this neat birthday-book contains extracts from thirty-seven of them. There is not much that is very striking in the collection, but the volume would form an acceptable present for any of the numerous admirers of Mrs. Rundle Charles. Its price is 3s. 6d.

The Queen of the Home. By LUCY H. YATES. Religious Tract Society.

THE household is here conceived of as a miniature kingdom, with the wife as the queen-mother of it. It is a kind of idyllic picture of the good woman in Proverbs xxxi., drawn with a firm hand and a kindly, sensible heart. Faithful husbands should see that their queens have a copy by way of stirring up their minds in wise remembrance, and also to guard them from the assaults or pitfalls of modern Amazons. It costs only a shilling.

Uncrowned Queens. By Mrs. CHARLOTTE SKINNER. Partridge and Co.

LIKE former works by the gifted authoress, this little book consists of a series of chapters descriptive of the Women of the Bible, and is worthy of wide circulation. Mrs. Skinner writes as only a woman can or dares to write of her sex; knowing as she does their weaknesses as well as their virtues, her reflections deserve consideration. We have been charmed by these character sketches, so incisive, discriminating, and gracious.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. send us five *New Year Addresses*, at one penny each,—*From Desert to Harp*, by SOPHIA M. NUGENT; *Channel-Beds, not Pitchers*, by Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.; “*Ye are even My Witnesses*,” by Rev. C. A. FOX, B.A.; *Wealth out of Want*, by Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A.; and *An Ancient Truth Applied to Modern Life*, by Rev. MARCUS RAINSFORD. We have put them in the order of our preference, although none of them appear to us to reach the high level of some past years' issues. Mr. Moore's address is marred (at least for Baptists) by his reference to infant sprinkling; but in Mr. Marcus Rainsford's there is a paragraph which is simply astounding. He says:—“If I am told that the Eternal God took the guilt of the human race, and laid it on the holiest, the purest, the most spotless and beneficent being that ever took the form of man, and then crushed that innocent one, for me the guilty, I shrink not from saying that I would turn away from such a God, as I would from an unjust tyrant.” Has the writer never read Isaiah liii. 6? To us, that verse contains the very essence of “the glorious gospel of the blessed God;” and there are many other passages in the Scriptures which teach the same doctrine.

Sunlit Spray from the Billows of Life.

By Mrs. M. A. CHAPLIN. William Wileman.

MANY friends who possess Mrs. Chaplin's previous volume, *Chimes for the Times*, will be glad to see that she has issued a second series of her poems and verses (1s. and 2s. net). In these 109 pages, there is abundant evidence that the writer's love for the old faith remains unshaken, and there is the same ringing note of warning concerning Romanism, Ritualism, and Down-grade-ism, as in the former book. Mrs. Chaplin's portrait forms the frontispiece to the volume, and in the lines entitled, “*Life on a Farm*,” she says,—

“The singer here
Is a working farmer's wife.”

We wish the book a large sale.

Heroines of the Faith. By FRANK MUNDELL. Sunday School Union.

AN eighteen-penny illustrated book that ought to be in every Sunday-school library in the kingdom, and in every Protestant home. Mr. Mundell has briefly sketched some of the noble women who were martyred by Pagans and Papists, and our children ought to be familiar with all such sad but true tales. One of the best ways to bring to nought the plotting of Romanists and Ritualists in the present day, is to let the light of history show what awful results followed from their doctrines in the past. The Papacy is unchanged in its principles, and if it should once more be in power in England, the martyr fires would blaze as brightly as ever. Let Britons take care that they never again become the slaves of the Pope and his myrmidons.

Fire Ships, Fire Works, and Fire Brands. By W. STANLEY MARTIN. William Wileman.

THE Spanish Armada, Guy Fawkes, and the Romanists and Ritualists of the present day, are described under the three F's which appear in the title of this shilling book. We should like to know that this most timely volume had found a place in every home in the United Kingdom, for it is just such Protestant literature as this which will drive old Giant Pope and his allies out of our beloved land. We are glad to see that the author's work, to which this is a sequel,—*The Story of Some Famous Bonfires*,—has reached its fourth edition.

At the Gates of the Morning. By DORA M. JONES. Charles H. Kelly.

THIS half-crown book should be at once placed in every Sunday-school library, and, if possible, in every home where the English language is spoken. It contains a thrilling story of the times of Henry VIII. and Queen Mary. If our young folk are made familiar with the dark deeds of Romanists in the past, there will be the less fear of Britain being again crushed beneath the iron heel of the Papacy.

The Sunday School Union sends us a well-written historical story,—*The Splendid Stranger*, by ROBERT LEIGHTON (2s.),—in which the incidents clustering around the Battle of Sedgemoor are wrought into a tale in which Daniel Foe (or Defoe), Judge Jeffreys, and the Duke of Monmouth are among the principal characters introduced to the readers. Of course, there is a love-story woven into the narrative.

Two brightly-bound ninepenny story-books, also from the Sunday School Union,—*Nelly's Work*, by E. CHILTON, and *Four Little People*, by ADA J. GRAVES,—show how children can be the means of brightening the lives of the aged and the poor.

Stories of Alpine Adventure. By FRANK MUNDELL. Sunday School Union.

A WORTHY addition to the Adventure Series, narrating in vivid fashion many notable Alpine ascents and accidents. We notice that the death of Captain Arkwright, in 1866, is recorded here, but there is no mention of the recent recovery of his body, nor of the still more remarkable instance of glacier preservation of the dead which Mrs. Spurgeon has so graphically described in Vol. II. of her dear husband's *Autobiography*.

A Western Waif. By "OLD CORNISH." London: Partridge and Co. Manchester: "Onward" Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street. (1s. 6d.)

A CAPITAL Cornish Methodist story of a baby rescued from a wreck, brought up by a godly poor woman, and discovered in a very romantic fashion by his aristocratic grandfather.

His Big Opportunity. By AMY LE FEUVRE. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANOTHER of the unique series of stories about children by the author of "*Probable Sons*." Each one that is written seems to be more pathetic than all that have gone before, and all have the golden thread of the gospel running through them. No one, we should think, can read *His*

Big Opportunity without being the better for it, and we are sorry for anyone who can get to the end of it without shedding tears. The book is appropriately illustrated, and is published at 2s.

The Young Reporter. By WILLIAM DRYSDALE. Andrew Melrose.

ONE of the brightest and liveliest stories we have ever read. If it is not true, it ought to be. We have followed "the young reporter" with intensest interest, and feel that we should like to grasp the hand of the front-rank newspaper man in New York who was honoured with a banquet at Delmonico's, where, in compliment to his Temperance principles, no wine glasses appeared. Mr. Drysdale is no relation of Dr. Dry-as-dust; we hope he will soon write another book equal to this three-and-sixpenny one, and that Mr. Melrose will pass it on to us as soon as it is published.

Stories of Bible Nations. By EDITH RALPH. Sunday School Union.

TEACHERS and senior scholars who wish to know more than the Bible reveals concerning Egypt, Chaldea, and Assyria, will find in this two-shilling volume many side-lights upon the Scriptural narrative. Much care appears to have been taken in collecting and condensing the needful material for the book, which is adorned with twenty-two appropriate illustrations.

How to Gain the Eye of the Young.

Blackboard Illustrations, Object Lessons, Outlines, etc. By Rev. JOHN MITCHELL. Partridge & Co.

THOSE who "gain the eye" will also gain the ear and the attention of the young folk, and will be most likely to win their heart. These Addresses, with designs for the blackboard, show how this may be done. The Outlines can also be used without the blackboard. Those who have to address our lads and lasses will find this volume very helpful; the author has done his work well.

A Letter for You, and other Readings for Mothers' Meetings. By J. M. K. Religious Tract Society.

THESE addresses are well adapted to the purpose for which they are intended. They are simple and Scriptural, and therefore will prove satisfying to the soul. Those who conduct Mothers' Meetings, and who feel their need of ready-made prayers, will find some most devout petitions at the close of each address. We do not believe in the use of forms of prayer; but there may be cases in which the breathings of another gracious soul are as helpful to prayer as the sacred songs of the poet are to praise. We cordially commend this volume to our readers; it is published at 2s.

Midland Sketches. By W. J. GORDON. Religious Tract Society.

A GREAT deal of information concerning some of our Midland towns, and their staple trades, is given in these sketches. They make up a most interesting volume, and will go far towards the enlightenment of those who have strange notions with regard to the central counties of England, and those who have little idea of the great part in our national industries that is performed by machinery. This book should have a wide circulation; its price is 1s. 6d.

From the "Onward" Publishing Office, Manchester, we have received Nos. 2 and 3 of Temperance Science Lessons—*Physiology*, by W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S., and *The Band of Hope Teacher*, by W. CHANDOS WILSON. The former is published at 6d., the latter at 3d., and both are full of useful material for Band of Hope and Temperance workers and speakers.

Health at Home. Practical papers on subjects of Health. By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. Second series. Religious Tract Society.

THOUGH costing only eighteenpence, this little volume is worth its weight in gold. It gives the results of great professional skill and experience, on many health topics, in brief, simple directions that can be practised by

all if they will. How much misery would be spared, and how much happiness known, if these instructions were observed, it is impossible to tell. All who care for the poor should buy a copy, and master its contents; and the conductors of Mothers' Meetings should read them a chapter week by week. We should like to hear that it had been scattered by thousands, as only good, and great good, would result thereby.

Bird Minstrels; their Ways and Wanderings; and other Papers. By Rev. R. CORLETT COWELL. Robert Culley.

AN interesting little volume, consisting of original Nature sketches and reviews of books on Arctic travel. The work would have been more acceptable, in our opinion, if Mr. Cowell had omitted the reviews. The Nature papers are delightful reading, full of the careful records of the acute observer, rendered with literary charm. A healthy book to give to boys and girls, and to men and women, too, that their knowledge of the great Creator's works may be deepened.

Insect Lives as Told by Themselves. By EDWARD SIMPSON. Religious Tract Society.

JUST fancy how education must have spread in the insect world when beetles, whirligigs, ladybirds, earwigs, crickets, cockroaches, moths, worms, thrips, wasps, cuckoo-spits, water boatmen, gnats, dragon and other flies, and even fleas can relate their own history, tell the Latin names of the families to which they belong, and even quote long passages from Professor Huxley, Mr. Gosse, and other writers whose aid they have sought in the compilation of their autobiographies! Our boys and girls ought to learn Natural History when it can be acquired in such a fascinating fashion as this, and they cannot read the book without being again and again reminded of the great Creator's care for even the least of the creatures He has formed. There are many admirable illustrations in the volume, and its price is 1s. 6d.

Notes.

C. H. SPURGEON'S STANDARD LIFE.—In addition to the second instalment of extracts from reviews of Vol. II., included in the present number of the Magazine, we have received some most pleasing testimonies to the value of the first volume of the *Autobiography*. The more closely that portion of the monumental "Life" is examined, the more accurate ideas will the reader obtain of the first twenty years of C. H. Spurgeon's earthly career. A literary friend, of no mean repute, writes:—"To my mind, the first volume of the *Autobiography* is a gold mine. The chapters on Conversion, Baptism, Waterbeach, and Arrival in London, are helpful in the extreme. I have heard carping ministerial critics say, 'All appeared before in some form or other.' [N.B.—This is not true, for a very large portion had never before been published in any form.—ED.] To me, it is all fresh, not as to fact, but as to charm, like an old rose tree that is never anything but sweet. I have read Paxton Hood's *Dark Sayings on a Harp* over a hundred times; and if I live, I hope to read those chapters in the *Autobiography* as many and more times. The testimony of a true conversion is one of the best of Bible commentaries."

Another friend, who is one of our highest authorities in literary matters, writes:—"Congratulations on all your work, especially on the spiritual experiences of the first volume of the *Autobiography*. These, evidently culled from many sources, are wonderfully put together, and are full of marrow and fatness."

Professor Everett, who was Mr. Spurgeon's colleague as tutor at Newmarket, kindly supplied for Vol. I. all available information concerning those early days; but he greatly regretted that a number of letters written to him by Mr. Spurgeon from Colchester, Cambridge, and London, had mysteriously disappeared for more than forty years. Happily, the precious packet has been discovered, and the letters have been placed at Mrs. Spurgeon's disposal. In sending them, Professor Everett wrote:—"They certainly form excellent autobiographical material, and I am more pleased than I can express at their unexpected resurrection. . . . I have looked carefully through your Vol. I. with great interest. I think you have built up your materials very judiciously, if I may venture to express an opinion."

A foreigner, who understands English, and who is purchasing the volumes of the Standard Life as they are published, writes to Mrs. Spurgeon concerning them:—"I cannot state my heart's feelings to you, only I am sure I will appreciate the books from now until I lie on my dying bed, so much good has the first volume done me already,

and I know they will all do so. Not only do I enjoy the *Autobiography*, but all the works of C.H.S. Last year, I sent to you for the book, *Around the Wicket Gate*. Three weeks ago, I told one of my friends to read it through, and think over what he read. He did so, and afterwards he said to me, 'I never in my life read a more true and pointed book; *I have, through it, found my Redeemer.*' Dear Mrs. Spurgeon, rejoice that your beloved husband is still being blessed; his words are as living embers to a sinful heart."

Just as these "Notes" were being compiled, a letter came from a clergyman who had recently purchased Vol. II., and who wrote:—"My eyes have gushed with tears afresh and afresh as I have been reading the first third of it, and my heart shot up an earnest prayer that the book may be 'blessed to the nation.' I long for it to be read far and wide, particularly by ministers of all denominations and their families. It is delicious and thrilling to learn more fully and in detail of Mr. Spurgeon's thorough whole-heartedness, and earnestness, and complete self-devotion in the cause of his Master and of souls."

The writer turns his wishes into a practical form by sending a guinea, with a request that the two volumes should be forwarded to a neighbouring clergyman. There are many "ministers of all denominations" who would welcome most heartily a similar present; perhaps some of our readers will adopt this plan of wishing their pastors "A Happy New Year."

Friends of the glorified Pastor are "gathering home" one by one. We can but briefly mention Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, "the mother of a thousand missionaries," many of whom reached Heaven before her;—Dr. H. L. Wayland, of Philadelphia, best known as for many years the Editor of *The National Baptist*;—and Mr. John Neal, a native of Winslow, who greatly helped the Baptist church in that town, and who, for many years, from his business in the Edgware Road, presented the clocks for new chapels, one of the latest being given to Bexhill. May the Lord graciously comfort all who have lost their loved ones, and raise up other faithful servants to fill the places of those whom He has called to Himself!

Mr. Frank Cockrem, the Secretary of the Open Air Mission, asks us to mention that he has prepared a new Pictorial Lecture, entitled, "Figures of the True;" or, "The Gospel in Pictures." It is illustrated by six large oil-paintings of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, shown in dioramic form by means of special apparatus for illuminating them. Terms and all particulars can be

obtained by application to Mr. Cockrem, 11, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Lord Kinnaird sends us an article upon the Ten Weeks' School for Bible Study, to be conducted in several centres by Professor W. W. White, by the invitation of the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., and the British College Christian Union. Our pages are too crowded to permit the insertion of the paper, but we may note that the lectures are to commence on January 16, and that the object of the "School" is (1) To secure a more comprehensive and thorough knowledge of the Bible, (2) to suggest the best methods of Bible study, and (3) to stimulate to further study. Concerning Professor White, we are told that (1) he is himself a deeply-enthusiastic, believing student of the Bible, (2) he possesses the power, in a remarkable degree, of interesting his audience, and (3) he has studied the Bible, and has had years of practical experience in lecturing upon it, first as Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature in Xenia Theological Seminary, U.S.A., then as Professor in Mr. Moody's Bible Institute at Chicago, and, lastly, during the past two years, among the young men of India under the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. All further information can be obtained of L. Meager, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W.

On *Wednesday evening, December 7*, the usual monthly meeting of THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the College Conference Hall, which was well filled. Our old friend, Capt. George Clarke, from the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, delivered with much force and power his lecture entitled, "A Troublesome Cabin Passenger." The meeting was as successful as any held for some time; several new members were enrolled on the Society's books, and some pledges were taken. The audience was so pleased with the lecture that the Captain was asked to come again at no distant date.

The visitation committee, formed some two or three months ago, is already doing good work, which has had encouraging results. Any friend or member of the Society, desiring to be visited, or knowing anyone who might be helped by a visit, will secure a ready response to any application addressed to the Secretary of the Society at the College.

COLLEGE.—The following pastoral changes have recently occurred:—Mr. H. E. Barrell, who returned from Bombay, has settled at Ceylon Place, Eastbourne; Mr. D. C. Chapman has removed from Yalding to Sweet Turf, Netherton, Dudley; Mr. J. J. Ellis, from Manchester, to Cotton Street, Poplar; and Mr. H. Clark, from Sydney, New South Wales, to Perth, Tasmania.

Our readers are probably aware that Mr. J. Manton Smith has been quite laid aside,

suffering from a poisoned foot. We are very sorry to learn, just as these "Notes" are being printed, that he has been obliged to be removed to a Surgical Home, that his foot may be amputated as the only hope of saving his life. Prayer is earnestly asked on our brother's behalf, and any *practical* expression of sympathy with him and his family in this time of trial will be gratefully received by Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Mr. William Olney sends us the following paragraph, which appropriately follows his account of Mr. Moore's work at Barking, printed on a previous page:—

"Mr. Sloan has been labouring at East Ham with much blessing. The cause is a new one, and has grown in a comparatively short time into a church of over 300 members. The friends have rightly determined upon erecting a much-needed chapel, as the public hall, in which the Sabbath services are held, is expensive and inconvenient. A suitable site has been secured, and on *Monday, December 12*, a public meeting was held, in the small building in which the church originally met, to raise funds for the new undertaking. Mr. W. Olney presided, and Revs. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., W. Stevenson, and the pastor spoke. A remarkable spirit of generosity was manifested; and the friends present gave, or promised to bring in shortly, the sum of £276! As the members are very far from wealthy, this grand result is a gracious evidence of the blessing upon our Brother Sloan's ministry, and should be an example and inspiration to other churches. If any readers of the *Sword and Trowel* are inclined to help this worthy church to erect its new sanctuary, their gifts will be gratefully received by Pastor R. Sloan, 'Dabey,' Browning Road, Manor Park, E."

The *annual meeting* of the Pastors' College, held at the Stockwell Orphanage, on *Thursday evening, November 24*, was a most successful gathering, recalling in many respects some of the notable anniversaries of former years. The President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, occupied the chair; and, after prayer by Pastor W. Williams, spoke in a joyous, hopeful tone concerning the present position and future prospects of the College. He said that the arduous and responsible task, to which he had been so unexpectedly called, grew gladder as the years rolled by; and, looking round upon the whole work of the College, he could say, "All is well." Applications for admission continued to be very numerous; and although many of the candidates had to be declined, he was glad that such a large number of earnest Christian young men felt constrained to offer themselves for the ministry of the Word. Pastor Charles Spurgeon, the Vice-President, confirmed his brother's report concerning the prosperity of the College, and referred to the special service

rendered by many of "our own men" as pioneers, or in resuscitating weak churches, or filling important vacancies as they occur.

Professor Hackney spoke as the representative of the tutors, and he bore very high testimony to the students now in the Institution, and to the progress he had witnessed even during the three months he had been back at the College. He was followed by two of the students, Messrs. Elder and Beer, who very ably sustained the reputation of "our Alma Mater." At the close of Mr. Elder's address, the President said that their friend was greatly desirous of going out as a missionary to South America at the end of his College course, and he would be very glad if the necessary funds for his support should be forthcoming. Pastor Sydney J. Jones, of the East London Tabernacle, delivered an able address founded upon the words in Ezra v. 16:—"Since that time even until now hath it been in building, and yet it is not finished."

In the course of the evening, there was some singing by a number of little orphan girls, and by the students' choir; Brother W. J. Mayers also sang twice; but, instead of speaking, he made way for Pastor Archibald G. Brown, whose bright, happy, impromptu reminiscences of the College as it was thirty-five years ago made a fitting climax to a very memorable meeting, which was closed with prayer by Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., and the singing of the College anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross."

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan choir have had a successful series of meetings at Fembury, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Bexhill, Hastings, Eastbourne, Portsmouth (Lake Road), Southsea (Elm Grove), Portsea (Kent Street), and Crawley. Heartiest thanks are accorded to all in each of the places visited who helped to make the tour a prosperous one. Engagements in or near London will probably fill up to the end of January, when the choir expects to go to Lancashire and the North of Ireland. If friends on the line of route can arrange for a meeting in aid of the Orphanage, will they kindly write at once to Mr. Charlesworth?

The orphans' festivities will (D.V.) be in progress just as this Magazine reaches

many of our readers, so our report of the proceedings must be postponed till our next number, which will contain the long lists of contributions received at Stockwell from December 8 to January 14.

The last Lord's-day in January will be observed in many places as the C. H. SPURGEON MEMORIAL SABBATH, when special offerings will be given to the Institution which was so very dear to him.

COLPORTAGE.—During the past month, the Secretary has been visiting Districts in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, endeavouring to awaken revived interest in the Colportage work. Mr. E. Garrett, our colporteur at Axbridge, has diligently and successfully laboured in and around the Cheddar Valley for over a quarter of a century. At Thornbury, Mr. C. G. Hicks has worked as our representative for more than twelve years; he is held in much esteem all around the neighbourhood. Meetings were arranged by Rev. A. O. Moore at Olveston, Tytherington, and Thornbury, and the Secretary took part each evening. In the London District, he has also advocated the interests of the Association at further meetings in Ealing and Hounslow, arranged by our colporteur, Mr. Henry Mears.

Mr. G. Willstead, who labours at Chard, has recently conducted a mission at Killingington, and the pastor reports good gatherings, several conversions, and awakened interest in his church.

Our new Districts at Uphill and Frant are now fairly at work, and we hope next month to report the opening of other Districts. We are most desirous that the New Year may witness a "Forward Movement" in Colportage work, and a baptism of the Holy Spirit upon each locality. Will the many steadfast lovers of the Institutions founded by C. H. Spurgeon all rally to our help, and share with us both in prayer for extension of our work, and, by their kind subscriptions, in enabling the Committee to advance? All communications and contributions should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Haddon Hall:—November 16, two.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from November 7th to December 7th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	6,074	2	10				
Mr. Lyon	5	0	0	"A church-member"	1	0	0
Mr. E. S. Brown and Rev. R. Spurgeon				Mrs. Marion Caven	1	0	0
(Bengal)	1	13	0	Pastor H. Clark, Tasmania	1	0	0
Pastor W. Gillard	1	0	0	Contributions from New Park Road, Brixton Hill, per Pastor Wallace			
Mr. A. Lawes	1	0	0	Pettman	22	8	0
Subscriptions from members and congregation, Gildencroft Chapel, Norwich, per Pastor T. Bullimore	3	3	0	Mr. W. Munnington	100	0	0
				Collection at Abbey Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. E. Stone	32	15	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Mrs. Corbett	2	0	0	Anon.	1	5	0				
Mr. John Cave	2	2	0	Sums under £1	2	15	0				
Readers of <i>South African Baptist</i> , per Pastor E. Baker	2	6	0	Miss E. Church				25	0	0	
Messrs. Middleton and Easten	10	0	0	Miss A. Cowles					0	5	0
Young Men's Bible-class, City Road, Bristol, per Mr. G. F. Coles	1	12	0	Miss Harrad					2	16	0
Subscriptions from a few friends at Croham Road Baptist Chapel, Croydon, per Pastor A. J. Reid	1	0	0	Mr. F. Crickett					1	8	0
Mrs. Winsor	1	8	6	Mrs. A. Strong					1	3	6
Proceeds of lecture by Pastor T. Spurgeon at Rushden	9	0	0	Miss Yewen					0	8	6
From C.E. Society, Bildeston, per Pastor E. T. Beckett	1	5	0	Miss Steere					0	4	10
Contributions from Beechen Grove Baptist Church, Watford, per Rev. J. Stuart	31	15	0	Miss M. Pilgrim					0	11	6
A grateful reader of <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Stunell					1	1	0
A Glasgow friend, per Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0	Mr. M. Powell					3	5	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Syston, per Pastor W. Maynard	1	0	0	Nurse Ballantyne					1	0	0
Readers of <i>The British Weekly</i>	8	15	6	Miss Tulley					3	0	0
Mrs. McConnell	2	0	0	Miss E. Lambe					1	0	0
Messrs. E. J. Parker & Co.	1	1	0	Mr. Street					1	13	6
From Lincolnshire	5	0	0	Mrs. Nash							
Tabernacle gate boxes	3	13	6	Mr. and Mrs. Nash	100	0	0				
Amounts under £1	6	17	0	Mr. W. Vinson, sen.	25	0	0				
Collecting cards:—				J. E.	20	0	0				
Mr. S. Blake	0	9	0	Mr. R. Higgs	5	0	0				
Miss J. Gibson	1	10	0	Mr. W. Jones	3	3	0				
Mrs. McGee	0	14	0	Miss E. Higgs	5	0	0				
Miss A. Lawrence	0	12	6	Mrs. Rogers	5	0	0				
Mr. G. P. Johnston:—				Mr. and Mrs. Vinson	10	0	0				
Mr. J. Anderson	1	0	0	Ivy Nash	5	0	0				
Mr. John Pearce	10	0	0	W. R.	5	0	0				
Nobody	1	0	0	M. Pillman	1	1	0				
J. and B. W.	2	0	0	Mr. A. Vinson	3	3	0				
Mr. T. Johnston	1	0	0	Mr. E. Sharp	1	1	0				
Mr. E. Edgley	1	0	0	Mr. W. Cook	1	1	0				
Mr. F. W. Bennett	1	0	0	J. H.	2	2	0				
An old friend	1	0	0	T. S.	2	2	0				
Mr. H. A. Short	1	0	0	H. B.	1	0	0				
Gladys Johnston	1	0	0	A breakfast-table collection	2	12	0				
Ellen E. Johnston	1	0	0	Mr. Geo. Creasey	1	1	0				
				Mrs. Creasey	1	1	0				
				Miss Creasey	1	1	0				
				Miss E. Creasey	1	1	0				
				Mr. Henry Knee	1	1	0				
								2	2	10	0
								£6,537	3	8	

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 7th to December 7th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	1	0	0	Mrs. McConnell	1	0	0
Per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1	10	0	Mrs. Rainbow	0	11	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0	Miss E. Kirtley	2	10	0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	1	1	0	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. B. J. Greenwood	5	0	0	Mrs. C. Dawson, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Pastor W. Holyoak	0	6	0	Part Collection, per Pastor J. J. Knight	1	0	0
Mr. J. Robinson	1	1	0	Mr. J. C. Wadland	3	10	0
Executors of the late Mr. Wm. Rice	180	0	0	Messrs. W. Wayne and Son	5	0	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Glade-try, per Pastor G. P. Edwards	0	9	10	Mr. P. Davies, per Mrs. James Withers	0	10	0
Mr. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6
Miss E. Ireland	1	0	0	Mr. H. O. Serpell	3	3	0
Collection at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, per Pastor H. E. Stone	5	3	0	Proceeds of Annual Meeting, including Collection, £23 5 0	52	3	6
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0				
Pastor J. Mitchell Cox	0	10	6				
Mr. Elsbury	0	5	0				
					£239	7	4

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 7th to December 7th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.	Per Mrs. T. Spurgeon:—	£	s.	d.		
Per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1	0	0	Anon.	2	0	0		
H. Mcs.	0	6	0	Mr. R. F. Elder	0	5	0		
Miss E. Ireland	0	10	0						
							2	5	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—							Collected by Miss A. Brown	0	12	0
Anonymous ...	3	0	0				Collected by Miss Davis	0	4	4
For Christ's sake ...	0	5	0				Collected by Miss O. Taylor	0	5	2
				3	5	0	Collected by Miss Wollacott	0	19	4
Collected by Miss Ratcliff ...											
Collected by Miss Perkins ...											
Collected by Miss Ross ...											
									£10	1	3

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 8th to December 7th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Mr. J. Lamont ...	5	0	0	Mr. S. R. White ...	0	2	6
A friend in Texas, per Miss C. Smith	5	0	0	Mr. Vickery ...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	10	0	Mr. Stewart ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Saunders ...	0	12	6	Young Men's Bible-class, Westbourne			
Collected by Miss J. Potter ...	0	5	0	Grove Chapel, Bayswater, per Mr.			
Mr. J. Slater ...	1	1	0	W. Elsey ...	0	19	0
Mr. E. E. Gowing ...	1	10	0	Collected by Miss H. E. Sampson ...	0	4	0
Mr. F. Flanders ...	1	0	0	E. I. B. ...	1	0	0
A reader of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	0	10	0	Mr. H. Bell ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Crumpton ...	1	0	0	B. L., Newark ...	0	5	0
Miss Adams and friends ...	0	9	0	Mr. J. Johnson ...	0	3	0
Mr. J. Wickham ...	0	5	0	Miss E. Francis ...	0	1	0
Collected by Miss M. H. Sharp ...	5	5	0	Mrs. J. Simpson ...	0	5	0
Miss S. Green ...	0	5	0	Miss Green ...	10	0	0
Mr. T. Birch ...	0	7	8	Mrs. E. B. Reid ...	0	4	0
Postal order, Hatton Garden ...	0	2	6	M. A. G. ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. R. Adams ...	0	5	0	The Guardians of Hemel Hempstead			
Mrs. E. Perrins ...	0	4	0	Union (towards the maintenance of			
Collected by Master R. Bridgland	0	1	8	an orphan boy) ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cadwaladr ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Clydesdale ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Rix ...	0	2	6	A debtor ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner ...	2	2	0	Harvest thanksgiving service, Corton			
E. E. ...	5	0	0	Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. T. Few ...	1	1	0
Miss M. M. Fergusson ...	1	6	0	St. John's Green Sunday-school, Col-			
Collected by Miss Pullen ...	0	2	7	chester, per Mr. F. Baker ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Lee ...	0	12	0	Mrs. A. Hughes ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Meredith ...	0	10	8	Collected by Master A. Smith ...	1	10	0
Anon., Kingeton Blount ...	0	2	6	Mr. P. Lamont ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Solomon ...	2	10	0	Mr. J. Dowding ...	2	0	0
Miss Jones, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Enderby ...	0	2	0
Mr. W. Ward ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Watt ...	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Bedwell ...	0	1	0	Mr. B. Stallwood ...	0	3	0
A widow, Worktop ...	0	3	0	Mrs. Groves ...	0	2	2
Dugdale Street Sunday-school, Cam-				Mr. Jas. Wilson ...	0	10	0
berwell, per Mr. Brown ...	0	17	7	Mrs. Luckhurst ...	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Brown ...	1	1	0	Mr. H. Clark ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson ...	0	3	0	Mrs. W. S. Jones ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Caine ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Burr ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Toovey ...	0	5	6	Miss Watts ...	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens ...	0	11	4	W. A. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Michael ...	0	10	0	A commercial traveller ...	25	0	0
Miss Michael ...	0	10	0	Pleasant Wednesday evening, Notting-			
Mr. W. S. Cowell ...	1	1	0	ham, per Rev. L. C. Parkinson ...	1	11	7
Mr. A. Cowell ...	1	1	0	Miss E. S. White ...	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Smith ...	0	7	8	Mr. Pewtress's Bible-class, Lee Chapel			
A tenth ...	0	2	0	Sunday-school ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Jackson ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Batten ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. J. Veitch (for the maintenance				Mrs. McConnell ...	1	0	0
of an orphan boy for a year)	20	0	0	Mr. Charles Churchill ...	5	0	0
Mr. A. W. Anden ...	0	5	0	Mr. T. D. Adams ...	2	0	0
Orphan boy's card.—E. Voysey ...	0	10	6	Mr. Frank F. Dorgett ...	2	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Weldon ...	5	5	0	Mrs. Geo. Cowan ...	1	0	0
W. J. ...	0	2	0	Miss L. M. Pittman ...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Collins ...	1	10	0	Mr. J. H. Earnshaw ...	0	7	0
Mr. F. Duffell ...	1	1	0	Mrs. M. Fergusson ...	3	0	0
Two sisters ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Price ...	0	7	3
Collected by Miss Strickland ...	0	16	0	Mrs. L. Cox ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Roe ...	2	15	0	Miss M. E. Jenkins ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins ...	1	15	6	Mrs. Wilby ...	5	0	0
Mr. D. Hawkins ...	1	1	0	Miss E. Kirtley ...	2	10	0
Mrs. Walker ...	2	2	0	Miss E. Kirtley ...	0	3	2
Mrs. C. Heasman ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. Wm. Andrew ...	0	2	0
W. J. S. ...	1	10	0	A friend ...	0	5	2
S. M. P. ...	0	5	0	Mr. T. G. Green ...	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. B. Hardie ...	0	8	0	Collected by Miss Blayney ...	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. E. Myhill	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. A. T. Biggs	0	5	2
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Anonymous	10	0	0
Y. I.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Tebby	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Diaper	0	10	0
	11	7	0
Mr. John Cameron	40	0	0
Mr. H. R. Parker	2	2	0
Mrs. O. Clover	1	0	0
Miss Pinkstone	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin	1	0	0
Mr. J. Kearry	0	10	0
Mrs. E. W. Winter per Messrs. P. & A.	1	1	0
Miss Walton	0	2	6
Mr. R. B. Hindley	0	3	0
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0
Mrs. Garrett	5	0	0
Mrs. and the Misses Lowe	2	0	0
Mrs. Rennard	1	0	0
Mr. S. H. Perriam	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Dugan	7	7	0
Mr. Wm. Church, jun.	0	5	0
Mr. Best	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Osborn	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Hinton	2	9	0
Mrs. Hinton	5	0	0
Miss Armistead	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Rainbow	1	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Andrew Fergus	350	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Wm. Rice	180	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Wm. Appleton	900	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. M. A. Hewitt	5	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0
P. O. Derby	0	2	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. E. P. Collier	1	0	0
Mrs. S. J. Collier	1	0	0
Mr. F. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. C. B. Stevens	0	10	6
Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0
Mr. T. Wells	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Miss Anderson's box	0	2	6
	4	10	6
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
Miss Belton... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. Jones	1	1	0
Miss Amy S.	1	0	0
The Misses C.	0	5	0
	3	6	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Trinity Presbyterian Church, Bromley	10	0	0
Camberwell Congregational Church			
Band of Hope	2	2	0
Werter Road Chapel, Putney	7	3	0
Sale of Programmes, Surbiton... ..	0	8	2
Bexhill	7	0	0
Lewes	20	0	9
Christmas Festivities Fund:—			
Mrs. Anderson	0	10	0
Miss P. White	0	2	6
Mr. A. Storr	0	10	0
Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mrs. A. D. Chappell, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	0	2	6
Mr. James Wilson	0	5	0
Master F. R. Linsell	0	2	0
Mr. H. Seaton	1	1	0
S. B. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Shearman	2	2	0
Miss L. Bibby	0	3	0
Mr. E. E. Myhill	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bibby	0	5	0
H. E. S.	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Allmey	0	2	6
Mrs. Tice	0	11	0
Miss Best	0	5	0
Received at Collectors' Meeting, November 8th:—			
Collecting Boxes:—	£	s.	d.
Albert, Master T.	0	2	0
Allen, Miss	1	4	0
Angus, Mrs.	0	5	10
Barnden, Mrs.	0	16	2
Beaven, Mrs.	0	13	3
Belben, Miss	0	2	9
Bingham, Mrs.	0	7	1
Bliss, Miss	0	5	11
Boswell, Mrs.	0	11	0
Boys, Mr. W.	0	6	9
Brewer, The Misses A. & E.	0	14	2
Brotherwood, Miss L.	0	7	5
Burgess, The Misses A. and E.	0	8	0
Burn, Mr. S.	0	4	3
Butler, Mrs.	1	3	8
Butt, Miss M.	0	3	3
Bradbury, Miss	0	3	1
Cairns, Miss M.	0	10	6
Carpenter, Miss	0	3	6
Carter, Miss... ..	1	1	5
Chiswell, Mrs.	0	6	4
Colley, Mr.	1	0	4
Crowder, Mrs.	0	15	10
Darby, Mrs... ..	3	9	
Dennish, Mr. A.	0	8	5
Dixon, Master J.	0	1	7
Dobbs, Mrs... ..	0	12	5
Dolling, Master P.	0	12	10
Eastcott, Miss	0	1	5
Field, Mrs. E.	0	3	4
Fisher, Mr. H. F.	1	10	9
Gale, Mr. F. T.	0	12	5
Goodwin, Miss	0	3	6
George, Master E... ..	0	5	1
Grant, Miss	0	10	2
Grimes, Mrs.	0	4	0
Harrald, Miss	1	1	8
Hart, Mrs.	0	1	11
Haseiden, Miss D.	0	8	8
Hazzard, Master E.	0	2	8
Hazzard, Master G.	0	1	11
Helier, Mrs. A.	1	13	4
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	6	3
Hobbs, Miss E.	0	8	1
Horn, Miss N.	0	3	1
Howard, Mrs.	0	6	6
Howells, Miss	0	13	11
Jeal, Mrs.	0	2	3
Jewhurst, Miss	0	8	11
Lee, Mrs.	0	1	2
Lott, Miss	0	1	7
Luckhurst, Mrs.	0	9	0
Madder, Mrs.	0	2	8
Mallison, Mrs.	0	5	2
Mason, Miss... ..	0	3	10
May, Miss A.	0	7	2
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	0
Montagu, Mrs.	0	12	4
Moore, Mrs... ..	0	4	2
Moore, Miss... ..	0	1	9
Morgan, Miss	0	1	0
Newton, Mrs.	0	1	7
Oldrieve, Miss	0	14	3
Palmer, Mrs.	0	7	4
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	5	0
Parker, Master H... ..	0	1	10
Payn, Miss... ..	0	6	9
Pearson, Master F.	0	2	1
Pegg, Mrs.	0	4	9
Perrin, Miss E. M... ..	0	4	6
Plummer, Miss N... ..	0	7	9
Price, Master S.	0	2	9
Przeman, Miss	0	2	6
Proudfoot, Miss	0	9	11

	£	s.	d.
Reynolds, Miss	0	5	6
Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett	0	5	9
Roper, Mrs.	0	6	7
Russell, Mr.	0	3	9
Silley, Mrs.	0	9	0
Smith, Mrs.	0	2	5
Smith, Master F.	0	1	6
Smith, Mr. F.	0	5	7
Smith, Mr. B.	0	14	1
Stiff, Miss S.	0	11	11
Sutton, Mr. T.	0	4	11
Swan, Mrs.	0	2	7
Taylor, Miss H.	0	3	2
Tier, Mrs.	0	15	11
Thompson, Master A. E. ...	0	2	7
Thorn, Master E.	0	4	6
Years, Mrs.	0	10	0
Victoria Baths, Peckham ..	0	14	1
Ville, Mrs.	0	4	7
Vincent, Mrs. W.	0	11	10
Vivian, Miss E.	0	1	7
Weeks, Miss	0	7	2
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	2	8
Willins, Miss L.	0	2	5
Willoughby, Miss	0	4	3
Wilmott, Mrs.	0	6	9
Wren, Mrs.	0	5	8
Wright, Mr. H.	0	9	4
Young, Mrs.	0	2	5
Young, Master	0	1	5

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Boxes under 1s.	0	6	6			
Odd farthings and halfpence	0	4	6			
						39 8 0
<i>Collecting Books:—</i>						
Alderton, Miss	0	12	0			
Barrett, Mr. H.	3	3	0			
Broughton, Mrs.	0	7	0			
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	9	0			
Butt, Miss D.	0	4	6			
Coleman, Mrs.	0	7	6			
Everett, Miss A.	2	17	0			
Howes, Mr. C.	0	8	0			
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0			
Noble, Mrs. C.	0	6	0			
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	3	10	0			
Whitehead, Master A.	0	6	6			
						13 10 8
<i>Donations:—</i>						
Bishop, Mrs.	0	2	3			
Charles, Miss F. B.	0	5	0			
Chivers, Mr. W.	5	0	0			
Dykes, Mrs. W.	1	0	0			
Hall, Mr. Jas.	5	0	0			
Hasetine, Miss N. (farthing fund)	0	3	6			
Collected at doors	0	10	0			
						12 0 9
						£1,322 11 2

List of Presents from November 8th to December 7th, 1898.—Provisions:—28 lbs. Prunes, 28 lbs. Raisins, Mr. H. V. Moss; 1 Sheep weighing 144 lbs., Mr. W. J. Graham; 3 large Cakes, Miss Dawson; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 bag Potatoes, Mr. F. F. Norman; 1 lb. Spice, 4 lbs. Tea, 7½ lbs. Bacon, 2 lbs. Cocoa, 8 lbs. Moist Sugar, 8 lbs. Loaf Sugar, 2 lbs. mixed Peel, 6 lbs. Currants, 6 lbs. Raisins, Mr. A. Tilley; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. Attlee; ¼ sack Flour, Mr. C. P. Clover.

Boys' CLOTHING:—1 Shirt, Mrs. R. C. Overbury; 6 Articles, Miss Baker; 25 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew and friends; 1 Overcoat, 1 Coat, 2 Vests, 1 pair Trousers, Mrs. Mann; 2 Shirts, Mrs. Wilson.

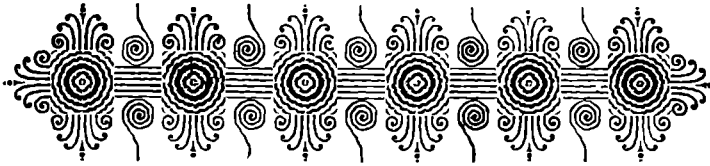
GIRLS' CLOTHING:—2 Articles, Mrs. R. C. Overbury; 24 Articles, Mrs. E. Proctor; 8 Articles, Miss Passmore; 11 Articles, Miss Baker; 16 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 5 Articles, Mrs. E. B. Reid; 18 Articles, Miss Torr; 25 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew and friends; 13 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 18 Articles, Miss M. A. Harris.

GENERAL:—1 Quilt, Mrs. R. C. Overbury; 1 parcel Odds and Ends, Mrs. Davis; 1 Shawl, Anon.; Breadwaine; 2 Scrap Books, a number of Books and Toys, Miss Dawson; 200 "Bible Searching" Almanacs, Mrs. E. F. Gedge; 1 Wool Ball, Miss Baker; a quantity of Toys and Books, Miss M. A. Harris; 2 boxes Artificial Flowers, Mr. S. Amery; 12 yards Flannel and a few Cards, Miss Torr; 1 volume "The Animal World," 2 Magazines, The Clapham and Stockwell Band of Mercy; 8 tons Coal, Mr. R. K. Juniper.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 8th to December 7th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>				Bourton-on-the-Water, per Mr. J. Reynolds	10	0	0
Muldon, per Pastor O. T. Gooding ...	3	15	0	Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7	10	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0	Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association ...	50	0	0				£246 17 6
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Mofat ...	10	0	0	<i>General Fund:—</i>			
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0	0	With a widow's prayers	0	1	0
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Gurney	10	0	0	Mr. T. H. Olney	5	0	0
Axbridge, per Mr. C. Burcham:—				Mr. Charles Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. John Lawrence	2	0	0	Mr. A. Hagger	0	1	0
Mrs. Tanner	2	0	0	Mr. R. J. Masters	0	10	6
Mrs. R. Clark	2	0	0	Mr. T. Mullis	0	10	0
Mr. Herbert Bobbett	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	1	1	0
Mr. Sidney Hill	0	10	0	Miss Sadler	0	5	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	12	6	Mr. Joseph Passmore	2	2	0
Mr. Samuel Pumphrey	0	10	0	Mr. Arthur Pearce	0	10	0
Mrs. Brooks	0	5	0	Mr. H. Mears, proceeds of public meeting at Ealing	1	6	3
Mrs. Willins	0	5	0	Mrs. M. E. Ranney	0	2	6
Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0	Mr. S. F. Catterson	0	10	0
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	10	0	0	Mr. B. I. Greenwood	2	2	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0	Mr. Thos. Harris	5	0	0
Thornbury, per Rev. A. O. Moore	19	0	0				
Hudleigh, per Rev. W. F. Durant	10	0	0				
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler ...	11	5	0				



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

FEBRUARY, 1899.


Earnestness !

AN ADDRESS TO THE MISSIONARIES OF THE LONDON CITY MISSION, AT THE
DEVOTIONAL MEETING HELD ON TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1ST, 1861.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

(Concluded from page 8.)

III. OW I purpose to spend a few minutes in marking
THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE HINDRANCES AND DRAWBACKS
TO YOUR EARNESTNESS.

One of the first of these is *habit*. "Habit?" say you, "can holy and religious habits ever become antagonistic to zeal?" Yes; my experience teaches me so. I frequently catch myself, when reading the Scriptures for my own private devotion, looking at the verses to see what sort of texts they will make; and I must confess that, when in private prayer, pleading my own case before God, I feel a very strong influence which would carry me off at a tangent to pray as a minister rather than as a man. One of the sternest difficulties of my Christian experience is to keep my own vineyard watered while I am busy watering the vineyards of others. Do you remember how you felt when you first went out as a young missionary? Was there not something specially solemn about your first round of visits? I should not wonder but that you rose very early that morning to have more time than usual for prayer. Perhaps you did not succeed to your own satisfaction, the first time; do you recollect that hallowed uneasiness which you felt, that sacred anxiety within, because you could not

succeed as you wished to do? *Brothers, do you feel that now?* If not, why do you not? There is certainly as good ground for it as ever there was. The fact is, that good habit has helped to strangle the other good things, and you will have continually to struggle against this influence, or else you will become like the blind horse going round and round in the mill; and may God deliver you from that! I would go to the next sermon that I shall preach with as holy a trembling, with as entire a dependence upon the help of the Holy Spirit, as I did when, as a lad of sixteen, I stood up to address an assembly. But it is difficult always to feel like that; one begins to think, "I have preached so many times, I shall not break down now." Perhaps such thoughts may not really cross your mind, or, if they do, they fly over so swiftly that you do not perceive them, yet they leave their impression. Unless we look very carefully to ourselves, we may come to perform every religious duty as an automaton might, or like a machine that is wound up, or like the toys which our children have, which only need a certain quantity of sand at the top, and they run on until they run down. Now, above all things, we must struggle and strive against this spirit. I hate ministerialism, yet I often find it creeping upon me. One gets inside a pulpit, and begins to feel that he is not as other men are; but I like, if I can, to preach as a sinner to sinners; as one saved by grace to tell the love which Christ had towards me, the chief of sinners, and "less than the least of all saints." I do not doubt that, as soon as you get out your little book to take with you, you feel like a missionary, and not simply like a sinner saved by grace. But, I pray you, do not feel like a missionary; feel like a sinner who has been washed in the precious blood of Jesus. You will never do good if you go to your work *ex officio*, you must go to it *ex animo*; not because of your office, but because of your soul being in it, because your heart yearns toward sinners, because you must have them saved. Strive not against any habits that are good; but against that evil tendency which, somehow or other, Satan, who is exceedingly crafty, manages to cast over our very best habits.

Some of you have, perhaps, to contend with another great damper to your zeal, namely, *being yoked with cold-hearted persons in your labour*. I can conceive that it must be a very heavy drawback to a city missionary to have for his District Superintendent a person who does not go forward with him heartily in the work of Jesus Christ. Let us not suppose that there are many such, but there may be some. If, when you think there is an opening for a Ragged-school, or when you feel that some other agency might be undertaken with the greatest possible hope of success, cold water be at once thrown upon your proposal, you cannot help feeling in your heart an exceeding heaviness, and you go to your knees before God, wishing that you could meet with someone who would run as swiftly as you want to run, and help you as you desire to be helped. I am afraid that I am myself sometimes guilty in this respect. I have great pleasure in having associated with me one or two excellent missionaries. If I do not always give them so cordial a shake of the hand, or quite so sweet a smile, as they might wish, they know that it is only through forgetfulness, and not from any want of sympathy with them in their work.

If I had an assembly of ministers here who were the Superintendents, I would say to them, "Always give the missionary a kind word; and if you cannot go with him in all his plans, yet, at any rate, go with him as far as ever you can."

You have, too, in your district, no doubt, to come into contact with *queer Christian people who do not appreciate you and your work*. They think that your office is an innovation; or, if they have not that foolish notion, they look upon you as an intruder into their preserves. Now, my dear brethren, you are not children, you are not mere boys, to be checked and hindered by any folk of that sort. You do not expect to serve Christ earnestly, without meeting with rebuffs, do you? If you do, you will be bitterly mistaken. Let me assure you that, in the Church of Christ, any man who is more earnest than his fellows will at the first meet with greater opposition from professing Christians than from worldlings. Let him, however, but persevere; let him bear that holy trial and ordeal which God has ordained in order that he may be qualified to take his place among the heroes of the Christian Church; and then true Christians will be his best friends. So will you find it, my brethren; if there are any Christians who chide you, and seek to hold you back, if you do but persevere, these very men will be your chief helpers. You have but to overcome their timidity, or their caution, or their prudence; you cannot do this by despising them, or by ridiculing them; but only by stern, sacred perseverance. You shall thus lead even the most timid of the Lord's soldiers to feel that, where some can march to victory, they must dare to follow, that the blessing of God may be enjoyed by them as it is by you. We wish for you the heartiest co-operation of all ministers of Christ; and I pray that all of us who are called to be District Superintendents may have your most earnest prayers, that we may be your helpers and not your hinderers in the work.

No doubt there is one other thing which more than any that I have mentioned will tend to quench your zeal, and that is, *an apparent want of success*. You have set your mind, perhaps, on the conversion of such-and-such a person; his case is specially laid on your heart. You do all that is within your power, yet the man appears to become more hardened than he was before. There is a lane or alley into which you desire to throw a little gospel light; but it seems as if the people are determined that you shall not come into their houses, for they shut the door in your face. You invent a great many plans to get in; you put a tract under the door, or through the window; yet you cannot gain admittance. I have heard of one brother who went from door to door, and shouted a gospel text through the key-hole; that was not at all a bad thing to do. Perhaps you have done it, yet all your efforts appear to be in vain; like waves that dash upon a rock, they are broken into spray, and so return to you. Let me again remind you that I am not speaking merely to men, but to *Christian men*; and shall you and I ever be discouraged, and give up our work, because we see no immediate success? We will be troubled if we do not see it, but we will not be discouraged. My brethren, how long did Jesus Christ woo us before He won our hearts? How many times, in the ministry of the Word, did He knock at the door of our

heart before it was opened? And when it was opened for Him to come in, what was it but His own almighty grace that forced an entrance into that heart which was close shut up, like Jericho, against Him? If then, we have tried the patience of the King of kings, if we have grieved the Holy Spirit, it is a very simple matter that our patience should be tried, and that we should be grieved. Let us also remember that, the longer we are seeking to win a soul, the more precious it will be to us when at last we obtain it. The more we shall have to tug and toil to get this diamond out of the mine, the more brilliantly shall it shine in our crown when Christ the Judge shall come and honour His people with Himself. Therefore let not any of these things put us back; but, rather, whenever we meet with peculiar difficulty, let us hear the voice of God saying to us, "Here is a case, Christian labourer, for redoubled zeal. Here is a high mountain, and there is need that thou shouldst be the more persevering in climbing it." Is there a river in thy way? Then thou must with lusty arms stem the forceful current. The more difficulties we meet with, the more need is there that we should put the whole of our manhood into the work. Instead of obstacles being arguments against earnestness, they should be the very sternest pleas for earnestness. I have now preached the gospel for seven years in London; and I was compelled to say, the other Sunday, that I was something like Jacob, who served seven years for Rachel, but obtained Leah instead. I meant, that there were some of my congregation who I had hoped would be saved, I had always looked upon them as being seals to my ministry by-and-by; but, after seven years of earnest entreaty, they are still unsaved, though the Lord has given me many others in the place of them. It may be so with you, my brethren; just where you thought your instrumentality would not fail, it will be least successful; and, probably, the man whom you gave up as hopeless, will be the very person who shall fulfil the desire of your heart, and cause you to believe yet more fully in the power of the gospel, seeing that it was able to save such an one as he was. Be not discouraged, then, by an apparent want of success, but still maintain your earnestness and zeal at white heat.

IV. I fear lest I should weary you, and therefore I will close by giving you SOME ENCOURAGEMENTS TO YOUR ZEAL. There are many reasons why our zeal and earnestness should become more intense than ever they were. I need scarcely mention them, except to recapitulate what you already know, and thus to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance.

Brethren, we must be earnest, *because we are ourselves so greatly in debt to the rich, free, and sovereign grace of God.* Let us recollect, this morning, that first hour when our sins were forgiven; it is still fresh and vivid upon at least some of our memories, I hope it is upon all. We remember when the burden fell from off our backs, when we saw the wounds of Christ, and knew ourselves to be His. Oh, that blessed morning!—that blessed morning! What earnest preachers we should have made if we could have been put into a pulpit there and then! What house-to-house visitors we should have been if we could have been sent at that very moment to go and tell to all the families around

what Christ had done for us! Yet then, brethren, we were only in debt to Christ for one item; but now the list is so long that we cannot measure it, and do we love Him less now than we did then? When He had forgiven all our iniquities, we loved Him; and now that He has been pleased also to heal all our diseases, to redeem our life from destruction, and to crown us with lovingkindness and tender mercies, and to satisfy our mouth with good things, so that our youth is renewed like the eagle's, shall we love Him less? God forbid! Yet I question, brethren, whether any of us do go to our work now as we should have done on the day of our conversion. Come, now, recall the place where you once were; think of the horrible pit and the miry clay whence you have been brought up. Think also of where you now are; put your foot firmly down upon the Rock of ages, and rejoice that you are safe in Christ. Look at your covering now; you are arrayed in His righteousness. Look at your sustentation now; you are fed with the Bread from Heaven, and are made to drink, spiritually, of the blood of Christ. Think of your end, and of all that has been provided for you in the mansions of the blessed, in the land of the hereafter. And will not these things make you feel that you are immeasurably in debt to Christ, that you are debtors to Him over head and ears? Oh, what do we not owe Thee, Thou precious Christ of God? If we could give our bodies to be burned, if this flesh could be torn piecemeal from our bones, and be eaten of dogs, it would be but a small sacrifice to offer to Thee. Could we even give up Heaven for Thee; could we be kept out of glory for ages to preach, and teach, and suffer for Thee, we might well be content, and think it two Heavens to lose Heaven for a while if we might but the better show our love for Thee. If there be a man among you who is not in debt to Christ, this plea can have no power with him. If you are not washed in the blood of Christ, if you are hoping to be saved by your own merits, or your own strength, you have no call to be in earnest, there is no need that you should give your hearty service to Jesus Christ; but I feel persuaded that there is not such a man amongst you; therefore, spend and be spent each one of you in your whole-hearted service for your Redeemer; and the Lord Jehovah will accept your sacrifice through Jesus Christ, the great High Priest!

As a further reason for earnestness, let me say, brethren, *except we are in earnest, our souls can never be in sympathy with the soul of our Lord Jesus Christ.* I see Him now, standing on the brow of the hill, and looking down upon the doomed city of Jerusalem. He sees the gilded roof of the Temple, and the thickly-peopled streets; He foresees the total destruction of that city, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth;" in vision, He beholds her streets crimsoned with gore, and her Temple already in flames; and what does He say? Does He stand there, callous and dry-eyed, feeling that all this is predestinated, and must come to pass? No; Christ knew the awful destiny of Jerusalem, and therefore He wept over it. From His eyes the scalding torrents ran adown His cheeks, they cut furrows for themselves; but His very soul burst out in the passionate lament, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children

together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Now, if your heart does not feel like that, it is not in harmony with the heart of Jesus Christ. There must be the same weepings, the same longings, the same yearnings, or else we have not had fellowship with Christ in the great end and aim of His incarnation,—the salvation of the souls of men. Tell me not of your communings in your closets, tell me not of your raptures and your ecstasies, when your soul has been like the chariots of Ammi-nadib; these things are blessed if they are coupled with the other; but unless you have fellowship with Christ in labour, fellowship with Him in perseverance, fellowship with Him in suffering, I care not for your ecstasies or your reveries, they are hollow and deceitful things. If you have dwelt with Christ, and worked with Christ, then I do not marvel that, sometimes, you feast with Christ when He feedeth among the lilies, and that, in choice moments, you can say, "His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me." Oh, let the crucified One stand before each one of us this morning! I think I see Him, as He looks at me, and says, "I gave My blood to save sinners; wilt thou not give thy life, too?" And if I feel faint and weary, methinks He puts His hand upon me, and He says, "Son of man, I have set thee to speak unto this multitude, for I have much people in this city; be strong, and fear not; by My wounds, I charge thee, be thou faithful unto death." By the wounds of Jesus, I charge you, brethren, by His agony and bloody sweat, by His cross and passion, by His precious death and burial, by His glorious resurrection and ascension, in His Name I charge you, be ye faithful unto death, and ye shall inherit the crown of life.

What other reasons do I need to give? I must draw to a close, but ere I do so, I must give just this one. "*Fellow-labourers for Christ, we ought to be earnest when we think of our noble comrades.*" It is often useful to us to read some good biography. When I read the Journal of Wesley, or the Life of George Whitefield, I always find there is an influence attending the reading, only second to reading the Scriptures themselves; they are not so Divine, but yet they are, to a less degree, very invigorating to my spirit. Think of some who were once in your own ranks, whom God has greatly blessed and rendered highly honourable. The City Mission does not lack its heroes. I take it that, when the Church above sings of the noble army of martyrs, and the goodly fellowship of the apostles, there must be put into her song a note of praise for that glorious company of city missionaries who have ascended to God, and who now adore Him before the throne. I do think that *you*, with your toils, sometimes with your poverty,—but ye are rich,—with your various rebuffs and persevering labours for souls, with your midnight watchings, with your frequent trials, are worthy to stand in the very front rank of the army of Christ. You think not so of yourselves; you are willing to be the servants of servants, that you may thus be honoured and blessed by your Master. I charge you, by the names of those saints of God who have suffered in the holy cause of Jesus Christ, by all the men and women who, in devotedness, have given up their whole substance and their time to

Christ, be ye worthy of this glorious cause. Runners in the Heavenly race, open your eyes, and look at the glorious assembly that surrounds you; see ye not the great cloud of witnesses? If ever ye were men, "play the man" before such spectators. When such spirits look on, will you not lay aside every weight, and run with endurance the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith? If, at the old Olympic and Isthmian games, men thought they must strain every nerve and muscle because Greece looked on, what shall we say to you, when the world looks on, and the Church looks on, and hell looks on, and Heaven looks on? By all these, the spectators of your warfare, fight bravely, and win the crown, through the grace of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

That crown is the last argument for zeal and earnestness. I could not help weeping while we sang, just now, that hymn about our glorious appearance before God. There may be some missionaries here to-day to whom a message which I gave last night to my own congregation may be applicable:—"They did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year." It may probably be said, concerning some of you, "This year ye shalt eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan." There are some among us here this morning who, in all probability, will not be here this day twelvemonths; I think we might contend which of us it should be to go first. It were a sweet boon, a blessed benison of Heaven, to be allowed to take the reward so soon. It will be so with some of us. Do not trouble yourselves so much about that sickness in your family; you will not have to see that sickness many months, for you will be where the inhabitants are no more sick. Be not desponding, because you have not seen all the fruit of your labours that you could wish; your Master may say to you, this year, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

"The way may be rough, but it cannot be long;
So smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song."

Some of you, too, my brethren, are fathers in Christ; you are veterans in this army. Well you, perhaps, may hope that the conflict shall be the sooner ended. God cheer you at the last, yea, and cheer you now, by that splendid prospect of eternal bliss which lies before the servant of Christ! Is it true, can it be possible, that I shall be near and like my God? Shall this head ever wear a crown? Shall I ever be fellow with the angels, and co-worshipper with cherubim and seraphim? Jesus, Master, shall I see Thee face to face, and lie emparadised in Thy bosom? Then God forbid that I should ever think of these light afflictions, which are but for a moment! Save me, Lord, from ever degrading my spirit by being bowed by these temporary trials, these momentary difficulties, when an eternal Heaven, and a bliss unspeakable are my reward. Come, brethren, it is but a narrow stream which rolls before you; then ford it, for Canaan lies beyond. Think not that you have many difficulties; when you set them side by side with what you are to win, they are not worth calling difficulties. What are the battle and the fighting when we think of the splendour of the victory? For, when we shall ride with Christ, triumphant, through the streets of Heaven, we shall forget the scars of battle, and

the garments rolled in blood; and I think then, instead of wishing that we had had fewer trials and fewer difficulties, we shall, if it were lawful, even wish that we had lived a more arduous life of toil, that we had suffered more, that we might be the more glorified with Christ. We are really glorified with Him when we are called to stand side by side and foot to foot with Him, and to have fellowship with Him in His labours and His sufferings.

The blessing of the Lord God, the God of Israel, rest on you, my brethren! The Lord anoint you this day with fresh oil! You remind me of the gathering of the apostles on the day of Pentecost. Come, Thou mighty rushing Wind, and fill this house! Ye cloven tongues of fire, descend and rest upon us! With that tongue of fire, and that Divine breath of life in us, may you and I, and each of us, go out this day and all our days to labour for Christ, plucking sinners out of the midst of the fire, and so honouring the Name of Him whose love is our joy, whose presence is our comfort, and whose breast shall be our Heaven! God bless you, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

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

I HAVE heard from one of our country pastors of a very interesting case of conversion, in which the Lord—as He has so often done before,—made use of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. A gentleman from Cornwall took lodgings in a Devonshire village, hoping to succeed in that pathetic quest after health which entices so many sufferers from their home. He had been brought up in the Church of England, and had lived mostly with a fox-hunting clergyman, who was more fond of pleasure than of preaching; consequently, the Bible was cast aside, and all faith in religion or its professed exponents was given up, if indeed it had ever existed. He lodged at the house of a member of the Baptist church in the village, and, whenever the pastor called, flatly refused to see him.

One day, however, some two years after his arrival in the place, the visitor was permitted to enter. He saw a sorry sight. The poor man was wasted to a mere skeleton, yet he sat there surrounded by sporting papers, and all his talk was about horses, races, etc. The pastor saw it would be unwise to say anything then about the Master; and, after a few minutes' chat, took his leave, promising to call again. He had made a favourable impression, however, for the man said, "Well, I wish I had let Mr. B—— come in before; he understands all about horses, but if he had talked religion to me, he should never have come in again." A second visit proved as unfruitful as the first, except that it produced an invitation to dinner some day. This was in due time accepted, and while at the table the gentleman said, "Let me see, Mr. B——, you belong to the Baptists, and they are an offshoot of the Wesleyans, are they not?" The pastor quickly took out his Bible, and opening it at the third chapter of Matthew's Gospel, asked him to read the first six verses. This he did, and then said, "Dear me, what a fool I have been all my life, not to have known better! Why, you date right back to Christ!" From that night, the Lord began to

work in his heart, and in a few weeks the betting and sporting papers were given up, the Bible was brought out, and for the first time in his life he read a Sermon. It was one of dear Mr. Spurgeon's, and he was soon asking for more; so a volume was lent to him, and he perused it with deep interest and much profit. There was no talk about horses now, but his delight was to speak of the loving-kindness of the Lord, and read and mark those passages of the Sermons from which he derived the greatest benefit. He lived for a little while, and then peacefully passed away, rejoicing in Christ.

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Once again I must ask the forbearance of my friends in the matter of the Annual Report of the Book Fund. At the present time, it seems impossible for me to write it. The third volume of "The Standard Life" is engrossing much of my time, and the hundred and one responsibilities and services which are always clamouring for my attention, do not lessen their petitions because of this extra claim upon me.

So I thought I would just tell you of my difficulty, and trust you to give me an extension of time without grudging. The Book Fund has, by God's blessing, emerged from its painful state of destitution, and is now fairly on its way again to prosperity. The latter part of last year, the Lord inclined so many hearts to help me that the collapse, which might have been possible, was resolved into a very respectable balance on the right side of the ledger! For this I am very thankful;—it is always an anxious time with me at ebb tide, though for four-and-twenty years the waters of God's goodness have returned in their due season, and covered all my needs. Oh, for a more quiet, restful faith,—that "perfect peace" which ought to be the possession of all those whose minds are stayed on God!

I have glad news for everyone interested in the translation of the precious Sermons. The Esthonian copies are printed, and published, and paid for! I am hoping to give the details in next month's Magazine; but, meanwhile, will dear readers praise and *pray*? The censor is vanquished by the power of Him who hears and answers prayer.

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I read somewhere, the other day, that "friends could not grow cold towards us, unless the dear Lord, for some wise purpose, permitted them to do so." This seed-thought dropped into ground prepared for it, and has taken deep root in my heart, to my great comfort and joy. It is a sorrowful experience to watch the gradual alienation of those whose affection we had believed in and rested on, confident that it was very tender and true. At first, we are like persons rudely awakened from a deep sleep; we are bewildered and astonished, unable to grasp the meaning of our strange position. Then, as the fact forces itself upon our growing consciousness, comes the pain, the grief, the bitterness of finding that, having leaned upon a broken reed, it has pierced the

hand which trusted it! It may be, we have not the slightest clue to the reason of our friends' change towards us; we have not intentionally grieved or offended them; yet, when we meet, a shadow has fallen, there is an absence of the loving freedom which characterized our past converse, and an impalpable *something* has come between us which intercepts the sweet warm glow of friendship, once so dear and cheering to our hearts. Perhaps we ought to ask the question kindly, "What is amiss, my friend?" But the "something" freezes our lips as well as our love, and we subside into a silence which deepens and increases as the years roll on, and which may never again be broken by the voice of *real* affection.

You say, "But can such a trial as this be indeed the Lord's will for us?" Truly, it can; and the starting-point of this paragraph leads definitely to such a conclusion. What then? Well, the only safe and happy way is to put aside all fretting and worrying, and "take it to the Lord in prayer," and then leave the matter in His hands, assured that He will, in His own time, either set it right, or show us why He does not do so. It all depends on *what is best for us*. Perhaps He saw that we were leaning more on our friends than on Himself; and, since "He is a jealous God," He proves His love for us in not allowing our heart to stray from Him to any earthly source of strength and comfort. I went through some such painful experience, a very short time after my beloved was taken from me. Many friends gathered round me when I came home, stricken and desolate; they seemed to sympathize, and I thought they would be my loving helpers for life,—for *his* sake, if not for my own. But one by one they grew cold and distant, (thank God, there were some gracious exceptions,) I saw them rarely and more rarely, and I had then and there to learn the lesson of *absolute* dependence upon God. I am not sure that it is perfectly learned even yet; but He has been, oh! so gentle and patient with me, and I *do* know more of His tender lovingkindness than I did before, and am enabled to rest more practically and continuously on that precious promise with which Moses encouraged Joshua, "*He* will be with thee, *He* will not fail thee."

Mr. Andrew Murray has some choice words on this subject, and I introduce a few of them here, hoping they may prove God's own message to some troubled souls, turning their mourning into music, and their tears into the diamonds of patience and praise. "There is almost nothing," he says, "harder to bear than injustice from our fellow-men. It is not only the loss or pain, there is the feeling of humiliation and unfairness; and the consciousness of our rights asserts itself. In what our fellow-creatures do to us, it is not easy at once to perceive the will of God, who thus allows us to be tried, to see if we have truly taken Christ as our Example. Christian! would you have strength to suffer wrong in the spirit in which Christ suffered it? *Then accustom yourself, in everything that happens, to recognize the hand and will of God.* This lesson is of more consequence than you think. Whether it be some great wrong that is done you, or some little offence that you meet with in daily life, before you fix your thoughts on the person who did it, be still and remember,—*God allows me to*

come into this trouble to see if I shall glorify Him in it. This trial, be it the greatest or least, is allowed by God, and is His will concerning me. Let me first see and submit to God's will in it; then, in the rest of soul which this gives, I shall receive wisdom to know how to behave in it. With the eye turned from man to God, suffering wrong is not so hard as it seems."

S. S.

Neither Dead nor Dying.

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

THE Text Union, we are very happy to say, has not ceased to exist, as so many friends and correspondents appear to have imagined. A word of explanation, however, will be acceptable to many readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* who seem to have been looking for some intimation from us. Finding that a very large number of our members procure the Almanack locally, and that a still larger number do not seem sufficiently interested in the Text Union to spend an extra penny in writing for a New Year's Almanack, we have judged that it would be a sinful waste of the Lord's money to spend it merely upon printing and postage. Out of a membership of close upon 20,000, we discover that, upon an average, only one in every ten communicates with us, and that an even smaller number render financial aid to the work, so that the generous minority is finding funds for the postage, envelopes, and circulars to be sent to the indifferent majority. This is the reason why we have refrained from sending out the usual letter and its accompaniments, and have chosen to leave it to those who are really benefited by the Text Union to apply to us for Almanacks for 1899, and re-fills for their Calendar Cases.

We rejoice to be able to record the fact that there are very many hundreds who daily live upon the Text, and we are constantly in receipt of letters testifying to the spiritual good which these sweet portions bring to their hearts. We are by no means discouraged in the work, for our reward has been far greater than we anticipated, in the bright testimony borne by so many to the usefulness of the Text Bond; and as we are no believers in numbers being the criterion of success, we prefer the Union to pass through this sifting process, so that we may definitely know who are the *bond fide* members. We venture to suggest that, if all saw their way to secure the Text Calendar Cases (1s., 9d., and 6d.,) which contain the Texts for twelve months printed upon six cards,—only obtainable of Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E.,—a means of constant communication year by year would be maintained, and the fact of re-fills being needed, and applied for, would constitute a renewal of membership.

Commending our beloved Text Union to the blessing of God, and the increased interest of our members, we wish all the best prosperity throughout the New Year.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

CONCERNING THE NEW TABERNACLE.

ON the 19th of December last, the "men members" of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Baptist Church met to receive the second Report of the Rebuilding Committee. Mr. Ford, the untiring Secretary, on behalf of the Committee, reported that the first stage had been successfully arrived at,—the Lower Hall was virtually complete. January 1 was announced as the opening day, and the praise note of "Ebenezer," sounded by the Report, was echoed by all the hearers. Then followed a description of the Hall, and a meed of well-deserved praise to architects, builders, and surveyor. The news that was perhaps most eagerly awaited was that concerning the contract for the main building. Let me here quote several paragraphs:—

"The specification of the work for the restoration of the main building has been prepared with great care, and the Committee have spent much time in conference with the architects over the details of the scheme. Arrangements were made with seven large building firms to compete. The tenders were returnable at the offices of the architects, Messrs. Searle and Hayes, No. 66, Ludgate Hill, on Thursday last, at 11 a.m. These tenders were opened in the presence of the respective representatives of the competing firms and the Building Committee. The following is the order in which the offers stand, commencing with the highest:—Messrs. Dove Bros., £36,399; G. H. & A. Bywaters & Sons, £36,190; Ashby & Horner, £35,886; Hall, Beddall & Co., £35,333; Foster & Dicksee, £35,000; Colls & Sons, £34,490; and Higgs & Hill, Limited, £33,240.

"The Committee would have placed the contract with either of the firms just mentioned, had the figures occurred in different rotation, having ample evidence of their ability to carry out the work. At the same time, they make no secret of the intense satisfaction they feel at the prospect of the whole of the rebuilding being carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. Wm. Higgs, whose devotion to the Church is only equalled by that of his late respected father, who built the original Metropolitan Tabernacle.

"It was anticipated that the cost would greatly exceed that of the first building, as materials and labour have been advanced in price enormously during the long interval that has intervened, and the present Building Acts require more expensive methods of construction than was usual in the old days. The estimates, however, are higher than the Committee expected. Since the receipt of the tenders, the specification has again been carefully overhauled with a view to making economies, and the Committee see their way to expunge sundry items, which, although they would have been useful additions, are not indispensable. With these alterations, the cost of this portion of the work will be about £32,550, and it is proposed to complete the contract with Messrs. Higgs & Hill, Limited, forthwith.

"It was the intention of the Committee to propose the purchase of the freehold cottages at the rear of the Tabernacle, and adjacent to Jubilee House, and upon this site to erect a building. As, however, the estimates for the other work are found to be so large, the Committee do not feel justified in making this suggestion, but hold the matter in reserve until it is discovered whether the support that is received will warrant such an expenditure."*

"The cost of the whole scheme is estimated to be as follows:—Shoring up walls after fire, clearing site, and surveyor's commission on insurance,

* The italics are mine.—T. S.

£558 4s. ; amounts allowed to Societies for loss of stock, &c., £102 10s. ; estimated cost of Basement Hall, with temporary Vestries and fittings, including heating, electric light, and certain other works forming part of superstructure, and for new drains, £7,866 ; Contract for superstructure (after certain deductions), including lighting and heating, and architects' charges, &c., £32,550 ; furniture and fittings, £3,500 ; total, £44,576 14s.

"After allowing for the amount received for insurance, and subscriptions to date, there will still be required about £16,000, which is a large sum to raise, and will require a bold effort, prompted by the sanctified ingenuity of a loving people. That the Church will rise to this sacred occasion, the Committee have no shadow of doubt. Having put their hand to the work, they are not likely to hesitate or look back. The Committee appeal with confidence to the whole Church of Christ in Great Britain and in the lands across the seas. The Metropolitan Tabernacle has been the spiritual home of Christians of every denomination, and the loving influence of its glorified founder has reached to every part of the civilized world. The hearts of tens of thousands of God's people beat in unison with the Tabernacle Church, and they have but to hear of the need to send the help asked for."

This Report was unanimously adopted, and a resolution pledging the Church to loving co-operation was passed enthusiastically. It ran thus :—"We, the male members of the Church, in special meeting assembled, having learned that the task of restoring the burned Tabernacle is heavier and more expensive than was anticipated, take this opportunity of assuring the Pastors and Officers of our earnest support in this emergency ; and we promise to do all that we can, by prayer and influence, to help in the attainment of this God-given purpose." Was not that enough to strengthen a Building Committee's hands, and to cheer the hearts of all concerned ?

No tongue or pen can tell the great delight we know in returning to what a praying brother calls "the dear old House at Home." We have had right good times at the College and at the Orphanage, but it is just delightful to be all together again. What sacred joy filled every breast on January 1 ! There was no need to wish one another "A Happy New Year." I do not remember ever seeing a gladder throng,—unless, indeed, it was on the following Sunday, when we felt, if possible, still more at home. Best of all, the Lord graciously manifested Himself to His happy people.

Everybody seems delighted with the Hall. It really looks as if there are to be no grumblers and fault finders at all. Fancy that ! I think that everyone sees that it was very difficult to effect striking improvements, but that they have been accomplished. We find that considerably over 2,000 people can be accommodated, and that *they can all hear*. The fears entertained by some, as to the acoustics, have proved groundless. In this, we greatly rejoice, for "faith cometh by hearing."

And now the upper structure is to be proceeded with. The building is in good hands, and will proceed as quickly as possible. "When will it be opened ?" dozens have asked me. Ah ! that is more than I can tell. It will be safest to allow eighteen months. Meanwhile, we have to collect £16,000 ;—nay, £20,000, if possible, for I, for one, am very loth to relinquish what I judge to be a most desirable addition at the rear, the more so as it is principally for the advantage

of the dear little ones. It has already been declared that no debt can be tolerated,—not even “the uttermost farthing.”

I have no doubt that all we need will be forthcoming by the time the structure is complete! The memory of my dear father is so fresh and fragrant, the loyalty of the present members is so conspicuous, and the sympathy of all classes is so unmistakable, that there is no room to fear. At the same time, I do not fail to realize that the gathering of it means *sustained enthusiasm, hard work, and much self-denial*. Maybe, the Lord will incline the hearts of some of the wealthier of His stewards to help us liberally; but the bulk will come to us in comparatively small amounts. Only let all who have received benefit through C. H. Spurgeon's words and works send a token of gratitude, and even the larger sum will be speedily reached. This I earnestly ask each reader to do, forthwith.

It is more than a joy to us to have the practical sympathy of my beloved mother. She speaks for herself on another page. Not content with promising generous monetary aid, she consents to hold a reception, so that friends may bring their gifts to her on the historic spot, or post them to her at the Tabernacle. This is a splendid idea! The Lord support her, and reward her! Those two hours, from 3 till 5, on *Wednesday, February 8th*, will be red-letter hours at Newington Butts; and even when “the elect lady” has had to retire from the scene, we hope to prolong the joy, for the Pastors and their wives will continue the reception till 9 o'clock.

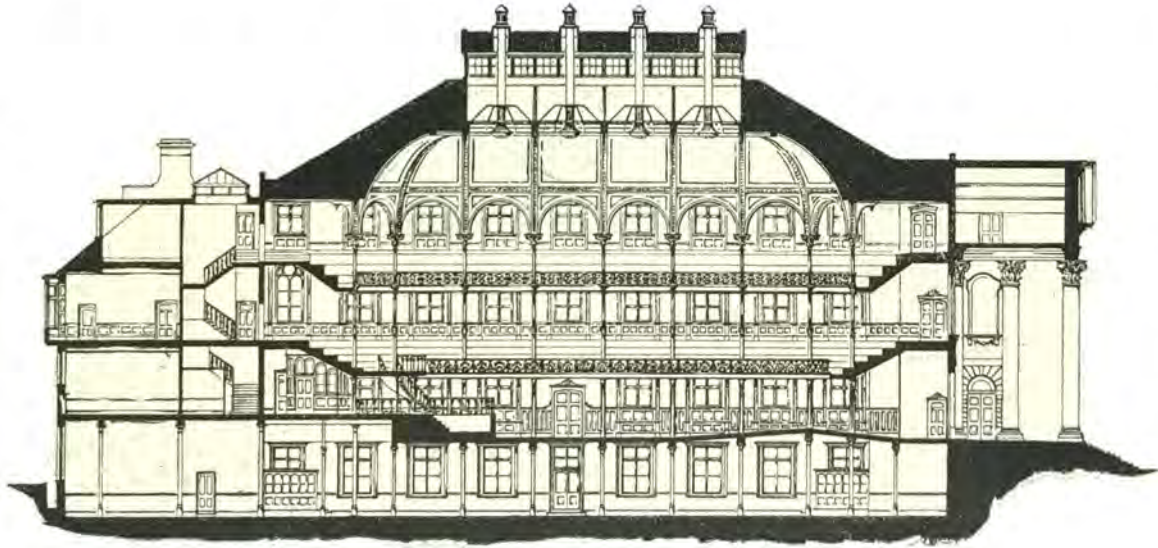
It will be seen, from the accompanying plan, that the interior of the new Tabernacle will be very similar to that of the hallowed edifice which we have lost. This is well. It will, however, be more compact; the length being somewhat lessened. A story has reached me, of a dear old saint in the country, who declares that the “restaurant” is to be brought further out. This is true of the *rostrum*, to which, I presume, he referred. Let us hope that it will prove a restaurant, whence gospel viands will be freely dispensed for the refreshment of the Lord's weary inheritance.

It only remains to be said that the spiritual and material interests of the Church itself are being graciously maintained during this season of stress. The Lord is manifestly with us, and we believe that we shall yet see greater things.

Thus have I laid the case before our friends. My daily prayer is that the silver and the gold may flow in. They *are* flowing steadily from all parts of the earth,—from missionaries and native converts; from ministers and members of all denominations, including not a few Anglicans; from aged folk, for “auld lang syne,” and from little children because of what their fathers have told them of the days of yore; from the well-to-do in good-sized cheques, and from the very poor, as witness a gift of £3 2s. 8d. from the flower-girls of London! I can only pray, “Lord, touch the hearts of thousands more to help us rear a second Tabernacle to the glory of Thy Name, and in loving memory of the mighty man of God who passed to his reward seven years ago!” Let every reader say, “Amen!”

"Be strong and of good courage, and do it: fear not, nor be dismayed: for the LORD God, even my God, will be with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the LORD."—1 Chron. xxviii. 20.

"Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it."—Psalm cxxvii. 1.



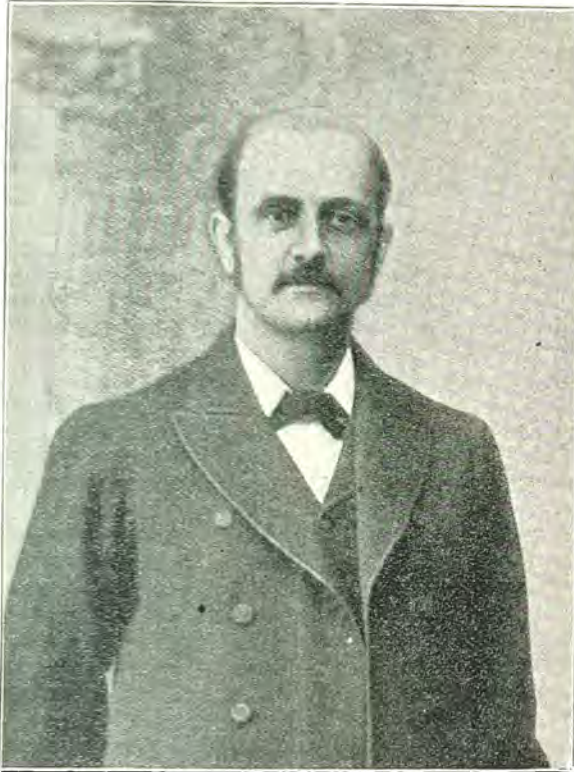
SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

£16,000 STILL REQUIRED!

"I will raise up his ruins, and I will build it as in the days of old."—Amos ix. 11.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

LXII.—PASTOR W. T. SOPER, OF STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



PASTOR W. T. SOPER was born of Baptist parents, in 1856. He is one of four brothers, who all became Baptists. Three of the four also became Baptist ministers, and two of them passed through the Pastors' College. The oldest brother, who did not enter the settled ministry, very frequently preaches, and is now a deacon of East Street Baptist Church, Southampton. The youngest brother laboured first in Brazil, then in Birmingham, and afterwards at Greendale, New Zealand, where he finished his course, and entered into rest, in June, 1898. The other brother (J. A. Soper) is now pastor at Ballarat, Victoria, Australia.

The subject of the present sketch, Pastor W. T. Soper, was converted, at the age of sixteen, among the Wesleyans, whose Sunday-school and services he attended because the nearest Baptist Chapel was miles away. After his conversion, he was convinced, through reading the New Testament, that the baptism (by immersion) of believers was according to God's Word, and he was therefore baptized by Pastor E Osborne, at Southampton. It was his wish to remain

with the Wesleyans; but conversations and discussions, which naturally arose whenever infants were sprinkled in the Wesleyan Chapel, changed the feelings of his former friends towards him, and he took that fact as evidence that the Lord would have him cast in his lot with the Baptists, which he did by joining the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Osborne.

After having preached in and around Southampton for several years, the Lord put within his heart the desire to enter the ministry. For some time, he hesitated, because Baptist ministers had to preach three times each week to the same people; and he half wished, when he felt it his duty to give himself up to the work of preaching, that he had remained among the Wesleyans, as their ministers were not called upon to make so many sermons! But God silenced that fear by reminding him that what He called a man to do He would enable him to do. There were further obstacles, in the matter of giving up business to enter College, and in other ways; but God removed them all one by one. An application for admission to the Pastors' College soon brought a kind and loving invitation from Mr. Spurgeon, and our brother began his student career in August, 1879.

At the close of his three years' course in College, Mr. Soper settled at Hatherleigh, in North Devon, where he spent four-and-a-half years of very happy pastoral life. His acquaintance with Mr. Spurgeon, gained through being one of his students, convinced him that there was no truer, kinder, braver man on earth, and no more faithful servant of God, than the peerless President. Mr. Soper is always glad to avow his undying love for the very name of Mr. Spurgeon. When he refused to join the Baptist Union, because of the "Downgradeism" tolerated in it, that refusal was not simply because Mr. Spurgeon had left the Union; but such was his confidence in his loved leader, that, if it had been a matter of following Mr. Spurgeon, he would have felt quite safe in doing it. As Pastor A. G. Brown once said, so says Pastor W. T. Soper, "I vote C. H. Spurgeon for ever."

At Hatherleigh, our friend found a second Baptist Church, which had met in another building in the same little town for years, having been formed through some personal quarrel, and not through any doctrinal difference. Before leaving the place, he had the joy of seeing the split closed up, and most of the members back in the old church. There were interesting mission chapels connected with the Hatherleigh cause;—one at Inwardleigh, supported by staunch Nonconformist farmers, who would not go to church because their tithes did, or to please the parson. There was another mission station at Sheepwash, five miles from Hatherleigh. As there was no baptistery in the Sheepwash Chapel, the brave Baptists there borrowed a carpenter's shop for the use of the male candidates, and his house for the females, and had their baptisms in the open river. The service was always the occasion of a great public gathering; sometimes, as many as a thousand people would assemble. Some spoke of the service as "Sheep-dipping at Sheepwash," and they were thanked for the compliment, because dipping is the true meaning of the word

baptizing, and Baptists see that it is Scriptural to baptize only those who are the Lord's sheep. A happy memory of our brother's work at Hatherleigh is that some of the converts during his ministry there form to-day part of the very backbone of that church.

Twelve years ago, Mr. Soper received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, John Street, Stroud, in which town he still labours, though not in connection with the same church. The written call from Stroud seemed to indicate that the members wanted a minister who would faithfully preach the gospel, and live and labour for the glory of God in the salvation of souls; but he had not been long in his new charge before he discovered that there were certain practices, approved by others, with which he could not think it right for him to be identified. At a Band of Hope meeting, a number of young men and women acted, in very theatrical fashion, a piece called "The Old Maids' Working Meeting." At the next meeting of the Sunday-school teachers, who were responsible for the conduct of the Band of Hope, the pastor protested against the acting, but a majority of the teachers voted in favour of it. The "quarterly open meetings" of the "Young Men's Mutual" were also a cause of grief to Mr. Soper, because unconverted people were called in to play instruments, and to take other parts in the programme, while professing Christians sang *comic songs*, after the pastor had opened the meeting with prayer! His protests only aroused opposition on the part of some in the church, and a greater determination to carry on the worldly entertainments. He therefore laid the whole matter before Mr. Spurgeon, who was always such a kind and wise father to his men in their church troubles. In reply, the dear President wrote:—"I agree with Mr. Brown that it is no business of the Church of Christ to provide entertainments of any sort . . . Things are going from bad to worse in most places, and we must put on the brakes;—but this is to be done wisely with a people who seem at this time given over to the delusion that with such nonsense God is well pleased . . . Be ready to do anything rather than become the patron of music-hall and theatre religion."

Towards the end of his seventh year, Mr. Soper called a special church-meeting, but the members in favour of "The Devil's Mission of Amusement" (as Pastor A. G. Brown calls entertainments in the Christian Church) hunted up their friends, and secured a majority of some thirteen to vote for retaining the amusements. After this vote was taken, the pastor said he regarded that result as a clear indication that he should leave the church as soon as God opened the way for him to remove. He preached for several churches "with a view," but found them given to the very things against which he had protested.

Then the Lord impressed upon him that he should stand by his protest in the town where he had made it, and not just fire a few shots, and then run away. He was soon confirmed in his conviction that this impression was given to him by God, for eight friends offered to join with him if he would come out and recommence his ministry in Stroud, in a nice, disused Unitarian chapel, which could

be rented. He came out, trusting in God; his like-minded wife seconded him in the stand he had taken; and some forty members of the church, who also had grieved over the entertainments, came out with him. Before he made his decision, he knew of only eight who were willing to support their convictions by their conduct; the actual coming out revealed that there were forty. Now, for five years, our brother has been privileged to labour in the gospel with a people who have no desire for the amusements of the unconverted; the Lord has saved a goodly number of those who have attended the services; there are ninety names on the church-roll; and although there is no minister's house, and rent has to be paid for the chapel, all the needs of the work have been supplied.

Quite recently, a Congregational Church in Stroud had a bazaar to raise funds for repairs and renovation of the chapel. The newspaper report told of "graceful waltzes, operatic music, entertainments on a large scale, and a Breach of Promise case acted out in fine pantomime fashion." As all spiritually-minded Christians know, there is a sad need, all over the land, for emphasizing the Scriptural distinction between the church and the world. What has happened in Stroud is only one illustration of a wide-spread evil; and, in seeking to battle against it, Pastor W. T. Soper will be grateful for the fervent prayers of all who read this account, and who desire the power of the Spirit to attend the preaching of the Word, and all efforts to carry on the Lord's own work in the Lord's own way.—J. W. H.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XIII.—BY J. KEITH-MACINTYRE, ROSALIE, QUEENSLAND.

I HEARD Mr. Spurgeon preach once, and once only; and that once has ever proved one of my most pleasant and most cherished memories. It was in the City Hall, Glasgow, some thirty-eight years ago. Not a few of my countrymen had been led to believe that his utterances were "uncanny", and that he might turn out to be nothing more than an eccentric, ephemeral, theological quack. Some of the Glasgow ministers, when announcing from their pulpits that he would preach in the City Hall on the following Lord's-day, safeguarded the intimation by saying they were unacquainted with him, but had read sensational accounts of him in the London newspapers. One minister, in speaking of Mr. Spurgeon's advent, said, "He enjoys the reputation of being a young, rising preacher, who is making a great stir in London. I know little or nothing about him, excepting that he is a pronounced Calvinist; and, of course, *that's* in his favour!" And in Scotland so it was.

An immense crowd of people flocked to the City Hall to hear "the young phenomenon." The crush at the doors was something extraordinary; but I succeeded in being the second person to get in. There was a magnificent organ in the hall; but, as Mr. Spurgeon had peculiar views as to the orthodoxy of a "kist o' whistles" leading the musical department of a religious service, the big instrument had to "haud its tongue." This circumstance, of itself, favourably impressed the audience; for Scottish congregations in those days (whatever they

may be now) were dead against musical instruments being used in churches.

Mr. Spurgeon made his appearance on the platform, followed by a precentor. Although he was some years my senior, I thought him a very young man to preach before such a big audience. We a' glowered at him; for he was certainly uncommon. His hair, like a band, lay flat across his white, broad brow. His face was very white, unrelieved by a big, white tie (for he did not don the black tie in those days). Putting down the big Bible which he had carried on to the platform, he took up a psalm-book, and in a voice which electrified us by its sweet, musical, clarion-like ring, he exclaimed, "Let us worship God, by singing to His praise the Hundredth Psalm!" The precentor then, in old fashion, struck his tuning-fork against his knee, "to catch the richt pitch." Mr. Spurgeon recited the whole Psalm; and his recital was one of the finest displays of elocution to which I have ever listened, especially his rendering of the third verse,—

"O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach, with joy, His courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do !"

His reading of the Psalm accentuated its beauties, and afforded a striking illustration that the Word of God—in prose or verse—can be set off with grander effect than even the sublimest passages of Shakespeare. His recital of the Psalm familiarized him to his audience at once. But Mr. Spurgeon had something better than magnificent elocutionary power. He was blessed with a holy magnetism which pervaded the vast audience, and which made us feel that he was a young "man sent from God." The precentor, standing beside the preacher, again sounded his tuning-fork, whereupon the immense audience rolled out the Old Hundredth in a manner that I shall never forget. Gang tae Scotland, if ye want tae hear Auld Hunder' sung in "orthodox" fashion! Mr. Spurgeon joined with all his heart and voice in the singing, but was so moved, during the volume of praise that ascended to the Christian's God, that several times he paused, the tears streaming down his face the while. Then, when he read the chapter, we felt that a man of God was reading the Word of God.

The close of his opening prayer, however, sounded somewhat novel, for he finished with the words, "And now the prayer of Spurgeon, the son of Spurgeon, is ended!" But such-like peculiarities largely disappeared with the early days of his ministry.

His text—as he then worded it—was: "This is the grace of God, wherein we stand." He made four divisions, devoting about fifteen minutes to each. His voice and words fell like an inspiration upon the congregation. Had an angel from Heaven been addressing us, we could not have listened more attentively. But I think that "the old, old story," told by a ransomed soul, in the power of the Spirit, is even more sweet than if sung by an unfallen angel. There is such a thing as the youthfulness of holiness. Does it not come o'er us like a breeze from Paradise during seasons of special blessing? We

realized the rejuvenating presence of the power from above. We were young again, whatever our years; for a wave of happiness came upon us. What Mr. Spurgeon said, many years afterwards, in relation to the simple utterances of George Müller, of Bristol, when at Mentone with him, fittingly describes the feeling which we had towards himself, viz., "Behind his words was a man; and behind the man was God!"

Tyndall gave us the inestimable treasure of a Bible in simple English. Spurgeon interpreted the English Bible in simple English. The common people "understand" him. Striking and epigrammatic were his utterances on that occasion. One of them was, "You might as well endeavour to go to America on a piece of grey paper as try to go to Heaven by your own works." He delighted to magnify the free, sovereign, unmerited grace of God: "the grace wherein he stood." Looking back upon that hallowed day of *audd lang syne*, his Sermon, instead of appearing like a shadowy thing, is as fresh as if it had been uttered yesterday. He realized that he had a message, that the message was from God; and he spoke as an oracle of God. That one Sermon endeared him to the folk o' Glesca. Shortly subsequent, it was difficult to find buildings large enough to accommodate the multitudes that flocked to hear Spurgeon's students, especially T. W. Medhurst.

I may here parenthetically remark that, since the first two or three of Spurgeon's students appeared in public, very many parts of the world have much benefited by the army of preachers trained in the Pastors' College. Many of these brethren have come to the forefront as preachers; and most of them are to be found in the vanguard of Christian enterprises. Not to go outside Queensland, we find that a large percentage of our Baptist ministers hail from the atmosphere of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and College, amongst whom we may mention our respected President, the Rev. F. G. Buckingham; our able and ubiquitous Secretary, the Rev. W. Higlett; the Revs. Chas. Boyall, John Glover, W. Page, A. G. Weller, E. R. Makin, and last, but not least, the Rev. William Whale, of the Brisbane City Tabernacle, who has the reputation—and justly, too,—of being one of the very ablest and most powerful preachers in the Southern Hemisphere.

It is not every Elijah who has an Elisha as his successor. No pulpit caterer nor university professor can put his hand on any preacher who can, in all respects, fill the place which C. H. Spurgeon has vacated. Thomas Spurgeon, however, is no unworthy son of his father. His preaching powers are not only appreciated and effective, but give promise of further expansion. If the son feels conscious of the greater personality and natural gifts of his mighty predecessor, he can at least be as mighty in the power of his father's God; and nothing but the Spirit's power can permanently hold together the vast congregation bequeathed to him and his co-pastor. May the Metropolitan Tabernacle, when rebuilt, excel in glory—the glory of God—its former blessedness; and may many a soul, looking back upon its seasons of Divine refreshment, yet exclaim, "We have thought of Thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple!"

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

II.—JENNIE'S LOVE-STORY.

ON one side of our only street stood the little low-roofed cottage of the village shoemaker. Almost opposite, there lived a little lass with lustrous brown eyes and dark hair. Her pale face, regular features, and solemn gait marked her out from the rosy, romping rustics of her sex. A demure slip of a girl, whom early initiation in sorrow had made sedate;—a girl who held her tongue,—which is, of course, uncommon; but a maid also whose eyes were eloquent, which is not uncommon; one who would have blushed to know that she had power to stir the hearts of others by her eyes.

On the sunny side of the way dwelt the shoemaker, with his wife and son. This devotee at Crispin's shrine was not a saint. He lived long enough to become one, though he would have deprecated the title,—which surely was as it should be. Those who pose as the "unco' guid", and use pious phraseology profusely, are apt to pall on one. A consecration of the whites of the eyes is not convincing. When Crispin, as we will call him, became a truly converted man, he was reticent, both as to his virtues and as to his past vices, though he was always ready to speak with becoming reverence of the grace which gave him the one, and saved him from the other. But he was never of those who store up the "duds" of their evil doings, and spread them before the public eye with an air of fondness for their former rags.

When we first knew this worker in leather, he was one of the worst in a wicked place. He was as tough as the material of his craft, grisly as a bear, and surly as a kenneled dog. He kept his best manners for the public-house, and his worst for home. He was the family grindstone on which the wife sharpened her tongue. The boy between them grew up laconic. He could put very shortly his opinion of most people. His mother was wont to describe his father in concise terms; the father could as forcibly put the failings of his spouse. The son learned from both. Parents often find out this simple fact too late. As a matter of course, the shoemaker's home was not a Heaven below. It was rather the other way about. Crispin and his wife would have been quite out of the running for the Dunmow fitch.

The maid with the brown eyes pitied the shoemaker's son. So did many more. She, however, pitied him with a difference; but the boy was blind to the compassion of the girl. Her demureness hid her depth. She *was* deep;—not crafty, but as a well is deep from whence you draw in drought the cooling draught.

The boy grew up with a mighty bent for books. The old sot loved his son, but for many a year he loved his liquor as well. Yet the father and his lad were seldom apart when the former was presentable. They were both adepts at Adam's occupation, so, when they wished to prove their liking for the village pastor, they would take his garden

in hand, and show him how it should be done. From the garden the youth found his way to the study. The minister's library was unpretending in the extreme, but it had attractions for this embryo student. There the lad would sit by the hour, without a thought for the lass who was growing taller a few doors off. Why learning and feather should so often go together, we cannot stay to determine. No doubt a prize essay could be written on the subject, and enterprising newspapers are welcome to the idea; it is our sole property.

Like so many of his craft, Crispin was a man of great natural ability. He soon saw that his son took after him, at least in this. The old man would chuckle as the boy gave a shrewd answer to some posing question, and his rugged features would relax into a smile as the lad got his leave to follow the preacher into his "den."

Crispin and his son were a strange-looking pair at this period. The youth was tall and ungainly, with clothes that were too short for him. The father was over six feet high, with the bearing of an old soldier. His face was as seamed as the trunk of a tree, but there was a tough strength about the man, and, at times, a kindness of eye, which led one to think that, under all his roughness, there was yet a heart which could be touched. And so it proved after a long, long wait. Meantime, the girl who lived opposite grew in stature and beauty, but she ceased not to pity the long lad in the short jacket.

While the petty life of the village went on its monotonous way, the two young people passed through those years where more than looks and length are developed. The teens are the pillars which support the designing school of life. The lad found his ambition, and fed it with fuel gathered from the girl's eyes. He would be something, and she should see it! The pastor's garden came in for more attention than it was worth, but the path through it led to the study, and that was the lad's goal. Yes, he would rise by learning! She came of a proud stock, and the old grandmother watched him furtively. The girl had property. Magic word! No waster's son need walk her way. So he squared his shoulders, did the youth, and vowed that he would be her equal, and prove to her grim keeper the right to a better title. Old Crispin smiled one of his rare smiles, and his outbreaks ceased to follow on each other's heels. He began to watch with a kindling of his grey eye the maiden opposite, and he got so far as to say "Jennie" softly. The young couple understood one another, though they seemed but casual acquaintances, and they both knew that the grim old drunkard had divined their secret.

But one day the fiend came back, and brought with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself. The lightning out of heaven was cursed with uplifted fist. The ditch became a bed. A wild old man rushed into the house of God, with his shirt-sleeves turned up, his hat on the back of his head, and his leathern apron round him. Crispin's climax came in a desperate fit of delirium, a fall outside some devil's den, and a broken jaw. The wife, in her trouble, fled to the Saviour, and entered, as a very backward scholar, the school of "the Meek and Lowly in Heart." The son went away moodily in the

night of his father's madness, and opened the lid of the village well. No human being was near the would-be-suicide, yet he heard a voice, "Do thyself no harm. The Lord hath need of thee." The young man threw himself by the side of the well, buried his face in the wet grass, and cried for mercy and light. How long he struggled, he could not tell; but the voice had spoken to his very soul. He had heard his call out of the unseen. He stole home at last, going past the house where Aunt Sarah and her niece Jennie continued instant in prayer.

If there were a blacker sinner than usual about, under the possession of the devil, you would be sure to find Aunt Sarah on her knees for him. You might expect, before long, that man's repentance, and you might hope for his conversion. It was so in this case. From that hour, things in Crispin's home and heart began to mend. After such a storm, the sky did not clear suddenly. There were many doubtful days, but the two over the road prayed on,—the one because she cared for the sinner for the Saviour's sake, the other because she loved the sinner's son for his own sake; and who shall say that God did not smile on both the prayers?

Whatever the lad and the lass really felt, they kept the expression of it from each other and from their friends. And yet all the while it was an open secret.

The youth left the village for London. One night in the Autumn, some years after Jennie's sister had uttered her great expectation, the young pastor was returning from a visit to the City. At a bend of the country lane, he overtook a girl of seventeen, walking home in the deepening twilight.

"Why, Jennie, what brings you here?" was the cry.

"I thought I should see you returning," she replied, simply. Then, opening her brown eyes full upon the young preacher,—and though it was getting dark, he could see the expression in them, aye, and can recall it as if it were yesterday,—she added, "Wallace has gone." It was the first time she had spoken the boy's name.

The pastor said, "I think I understand, Jennie," and from that hour there were four in the secret. But the pastor hastened to turn the topic, and, of course, his present readers commend him for doing so. He led Jennie to talk on another confidence given, as they two walked back from the Puritan graveyard after the burial of her sister. The theme then was the birth of her young love, not for the youth, but for the Christ of God.

* * * *

A square-built village meeting-house stands amid the graves of the former fathers of the church. Some of the worthies of other times lie immediately under the benediction of the great elms, which chant the seasons over them, and sing matins and evensong every day. The little chapel was a strangely-constructed place. The baptistery was in the middle of the building. Some pews needed to be removed each time the ordinance was administered.

It was at the end of harvest. A great crowd had gathered from the villages round. In the gallery was a lad from the rector's school.

He would be well-known in after years as a missionary of Jesus Christ in Dark Africa. On this night he was to hear the call. In the area sat Wallace and Jennie ready to confess their faith together. The young fellow's ability was already the talk of the countryside. When he stepped forward to go down into the water, the heart of the lad in the gallery gave a great leap. So, through the obedience of one, did another feel himself set apart.

The girl, who had so early pitied the boy, walked home with her companion in baptism, a betrothed maiden. But the grandmother remained unreconciled, for the girl was her dead son's child, and came in for a share in the small inheritance.

* * * *

We feel inclined to linger over the boy's first appearance as a preacher. A godly farmer had run up a chapel of rubble and flints in a wayside hamlet. It was there, on the night of his son's first sermon, that old Crispin gave his heart to God.

There was no lack of enthusiasm in those days, for the village churches on those spurs of the Chilterns were so many beacons for the Truth.

Again we can see a crowd on a Lord's-day eve, gathered where cross-roads meet. A youth stands upon a heap of stones, and speaks with power. He will preach in mighty cities yet, amid the flutter of the fans of a warmer clime.

But all these pictures we must turn to the wall, and we must follow our brown-eyed Jennie over a wild wide moor of misconstruction and heartache ere she reaches at last the land of promise.

* * * *

The boy went to College, and the girl stayed at home. The man crossed the sea, and the woman waited full of faith. The rill of village life rippled at her feet, but her heart was over the great waters. The village gossips said he would come back, and fetch Jennie; but, as the months and years went by, they whispered other things. And Jennie grew pale and still, but patient as she ever was. Yet she believed that the country girl still held the heart of the rising preacher. But the grandmother, soured with sorrows, spoke of the absent with bitter scorn. Some malicious pen sped these sayings over leagues of land and sea, and they struck the young man, as poisoned arrows, while he walked in a strange land. Then letters to Jennie ceased, and all was still.

The village droned in the sunshine. The adult population, save the sick and old, were out in the hayfields. A letter had brought us back to the old spot. The grandmother was dying; and, before she went, she wanted to make things straight. Jennie was now the nurse, for Aunt Sarah had left for the town. A tall sad woman was Jennie, with great longing eyes. We heard the scruples of the departing, and promised to do what we could. The old lady lingered, and softened, and at last she went where no more harm can be done. Crispin had died in the winter in the darkness of the doubtful time. But he died in faith; and, what was far more important, he died in *the* faith. Suffering had made Jennie more sedate than ever. She

was the mainstay of the work at the village chapel, as her Aunt Sarah had been before her. So she passed the days in doing good, seeking thus to forget the undoing of her love.

* * * *

On a morning late in the Summer, a young man alighted from the mail train which stopped at the Junction at the time of the grey dawn. The traveller did not call a cab; but, leaving his luggage in charge, he wrapped himself in a rug, and reclined in the waiting-room chairs. He seemed restless, and avoided conversation and explanations. Altogether a strange visitor, one would think.

When folk began to stir, and milk-carts with their cans went clinking by, and household cats awoke at the hopeful sound; when the white smoke of newly-lighted fires commenced to creep across the face of morning, and make the first shadows on the brow of day;—when boys began to call the early news, the traveller left his uneasy resting-place, and went into the streets. He had a slip of paper to which he now and then referred as he asked his way. It was a very unusual hour to receive visitors, and when he reached the house he wanted, he hesitated, and, instead of knocking, he sat down on a stone kerb. Evidently he was among the unexpected. There are thousands of such about at all hours. At last, mustering courage, he rang a bell, and then—well, after waiting what seemed an age, he was face to face with Aunt Sarah!

Later that day, a message was sent to Jennie. It ran:—"Wallace has come back. Wants to see you."

There was a stir in the village one sunny morning. The gossips were at their doors; everyone of them, to the third and fourth generation. The lad had returned for his love. He had not married the many heiresses chosen for him by the prophets. But the gossips had a good time, for their aprons came freely into use. There were few dry eyes as the pair drove by. Crispin and the stern old dame slept under the turf that day, but there were some who saw the lad and the lass leave who remembered the tragedy of the earlier time.

So the girl, who pitied the boy, went over the sea with him, and the Manse was made glad with Jennie's eyes and Jennie's babes.

The years came and went. The elms sighed and sobbed, and sang the varying seasons. The turf grew green and even over the graves of the once well-known.

One early Autumn night, when the smoke was settling heavily over the town, a foreign wire arrived:—"Jennie passed away this morning. Tell Aunt Sarah.—Wallace." The task was hard, but that brave soul had met Death before. And when she heard, she reverted to that Autumn, years before, when the other sister had uttered her great expectation.

So the lad at last sighed for the lass, and she was not, for God had taken her.

But all this was in the years long past, and we feel sadly old as we tell the tale.

“Not of Works.”

“**I** *WOULD* be glad to stay in prison all my life if by so doing I could but be forgiven.”—The words fell from the lips of a prisoner, a young man, whose hands, conversation, and general appearance, all proclaimed him of superior birth and attainments. He was speaking to a fellow-prisoner of about the same age and stamp as himself. The two worked in the same gang,—for both were sentenced to hard labour,—and on rare occasions found an opportunity of conversing with each other. Both had profited by their incarceration, and the ministrations of the chaplain had not been without good effect. The prisoner, with whom we are concerned, had committed a criminal offence of a very serious nature; there was no excuse for him, and his sentence was justly heavy. But the twelve months’ hard labour—almost killing as it was to him,—was little enough punishment compared with the stings of conscience which momentarily pierced him to the heart. His crime against man became as nothing in the light of his sin against God. The writer of the 51st Psalm never felt his transgression against the Eternal more acutely than did this poor guilty sinner. “I never saw a man so cut up,” said the fellow-prisoner before-mentioned upon his release, to the writer, “he seemed utterly beside himself. Penal servitude for life would have had no terrors for him if only he might be forgiven at the end.”

I have tried, but failed, to get into communication with this remorseful one, that I might tell him of a pardon to be had on easier terms than those he proposed. I should like to teach him the truth that is often sung in our evangelistic services,—

“Working will not save me!
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings, too,
Cannot form my soul anew:
Working will not save me.

“Jesus wept and died for me;
Jesus suffered on the tree:
Jesus waits to make me free;
He alone can save me!

“Faith in Christ will save me!
Let me trust Thy gracious Son,
Trust the work that He has done;
To His arms, Lord, help me run:
Faith in Christ will save me!”

Forgiveness of sin is “not of works, lest any man should boast;” but is the free gift of God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and may be appropriated by every truly repentant and believing sinner. Let the reader know that God’s grace and mercy are magnified in the salvation of the chief of sinners, and that Jesus is “able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”

CHARLES STANLEY.

The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. II.*

ADDITIONAL REVIEWS IN RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

"The first three chapters of this second portion of the story of Mr. Spurgeon's life have for their subject 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage.' We think most readers will feel that Mrs. Spurgeon has done excellently, though her task was uncommonly delicate and difficult. She has written with restraint, and yet has revealed her happy secret in sufficient measure to make manifest that, in the most intimate relationship of life, Mr. Spurgeon was the same true, noble Great-heart he ever showed himself to be in the open ways of public life. . . . No one will wonder that Mrs. Spurgeon tells her happy tale with a tempered but glowing gladness. It would be no small honour to any woman to be able, through long and strenuous years, to give to such a husband the human love and companionship which abundantly satisfied his heart. . . .

"We venture to think that few chapters in the whole history of the Church of Christ will prove more remarkable than that which tells the story of Mr. Spurgeon's printed Sermons, and of God's working through them. A very interesting contribution to this marvellous history is given in this volume, but for the whole we shall have to wait until the Great Day. . . .

"In putting down this volume, two convictions are strong within us. The first is, that no mistake has been made. It was long debated, we have reason to believe, how and by whom this record of Mr. Spurgeon's great career should be prepared. We cannot be too thankful for the decision that was come to. By those who knew him best, an utterly true, frank, sincere, and beautiful transcript is being furnished of the character and career of one who will never cease to interest the Church of Christ as long as the world stands. The second feeling of which we are conscious is, that the roots of Mr. Spurgeon's greatness and usefulness were spread wide and deep in his *heart*, rather than in his intellect, remarkable as that was. This, too, was the impression left by personal intercourse with him."—*The Life of Faith*.

"The most interesting chapters are those on 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage,' which tell the story of the way in which the popular young preacher proposed and was accepted, and how he was happily married to Miss Susannah Thompson, with whom he lived rare years of joy. The volume contains the story of his life during the eventful period from 1854 to 1860. . . . These were the years when the preacher's fame was in everybody's mouth, and, naturally, there is plenty to tell about them. . . . The work is very well and tenderly done, and the volume will be read with thankful delight by a great multitude of readers."—*The Sunday School Times*.

"Those who welcomed the first volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* have anxiously awaited the publication of the second volume. At length it is issued, and in point of form and contents admirably matches its handsome predecessor. The illustrations are numerous, and in some cases of historic importance. Here we get glimpses of notabilities of bygone days, and interior and other views of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, recently, alas! destroyed by fire. The opening chapters of the volume deal with

* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by His Wife, and his Private Secretary. Vol. II. 1854—1860. 384 pages, Demy 4to. With 59 Illustrations, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all Booksellers.

'Love, Courtship, and Marriage,' and are largely filled with matter that has the charm of novelty as well as the fragrance of affection and devotion. Of course this is from the pen of Mrs. Spurgeon, who makes it abundantly clear that, both as a lover and a husband, C. H. Spurgeon's rule always was—Christ and His service first; all else subservient to Him. . . . Dealing with the words and works, aspirations and undertakings, of a great man, the volume is of surpassing interest from beginning to end. All preachers of the gospel will find its pages profitable as well as entertaining."—*The Christian*.

"The myriads who are thanking God for Spurgeon's Sermons and other works, as well as those who knew him personally, will eagerly welcome this further instalment of his *Autobiography*."—*The Rock*.

"*Mr. Spurgeon's Autobiography* grows in interest, and the second volume, which is just published, makes engrossing reading. Unquestionably, however, general interest will culminate in the first part of the book, where the *Autobiography* proper gives place to the story of the great preacher's courtship and marriage, told by Mrs. Spurgeon herself. We can understand the delicacy which made her shrink at first from the thought of laying bare to the world the details of a romance as pure and winsome as the pages of literature afford; but everyone must be thankful that she has felt, to use her own words, *compelled* to do so, and, unlocking her heart, to pour out its 'choicest treasures.' It is a story that will be read with sympathy by thousands, and respectfully by everybody; and wherever it is read, it cannot fail to touch the heart to finer issues. . . . All the world knows that their wedded life was one continuous love-story. It is given to few, perhaps, to have a married life so free from jarring notes. Through evil report and good, in the comparatively humble circumstances of their early married life, and the wealthy surroundings of later years, they remained the constant lovers who had plighted their troth in the old-fashioned garden. We have given the love-story at length, because it contains the chief human interest of the volume, but it is only a small portion of a book which, as a picture of the religious life of the period, no less than as the history of the greatest preacher of the century, is of absorbing interest. There have been many 'Lives' of Mr. Spurgeon since he died, but none of his admirers can afford to neglect this book. Its price will be prohibitive to some; but to those who can afford it, it will be half-a-guinea well invested, and it should be in every church library throughout the kingdom."—*The Sunday School Chronicle*.

"We have just received the second of the four volumes of which the Life of C. H. Spurgeon is to consist. The manifold commendation of the first part of this great work may all be repeated about the second. The opening chapters are concerned with Spurgeon's 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage.' The story is told by Mrs. Spurgeon with much literary grace and fine feeling."—*Christian Endeavour*.

"Volumes I. and II. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* are now published. They are a wonderful narrative of the early life and experiences of the great preacher. Almost every page contains some thrilling experience or beautiful incident in the life of the man whose whole ministerial career was a psalm of intense devotion and quaint utterance. So far as it goes, the work is profoundly interesting, and all lovers of Spurgeon literature will be proud to include in their libraries the handsome volumes which give in sympathetic and glowing terms the story of Mr. Spurgeon's life and labours. . . . The illustrations give peculiar interest to the *Autobiography*, and add greatly to the beauty of volumes which are gems of typographic printing and handsome binding. . . . The second volume will be found to

equal, if not surpass, the first in interesting details of the life of one of the greatest preachers of his time. The remarkable completeness of the work as it proceeds is one of its distinguishing features. The opening chapters of this second volume are written by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, and deal with the 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage' of herself and her beloved. It is an attractive theme, and only Mrs. Spurgeon herself could so interestingly have narrated the details of this happy period of their lives."—*The Primitive Methodist*.

"The second volume of the Life of C. H. Spurgeon is, upon the whole, no less engrossing than its predecessor. Though without material so astonishing as the story of his early days, this volume nevertheless has a very definite interest of its own. The period covered is one of the most remarkable in the whole of a very striking career. Covering the years between 1854 and 1860, it shows the young recruit from rural Dissent in the process of rising to the unique position which he occupied in English Nonconformity. The Exeter Hall services of 1855 were, to many, the first signs that a great preacher and a new spiritual power had risen up in England. The same fervid eloquence which had filled New Park Street Chapel also filled Exeter Hall to overflowing. Then came the catastrophe at the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, which some were eager to turn against the preacher; and then the plans for the great Tabernacle at Newington. In these years of Mr. Spurgeon's advance, the paragraphist, the caricaturist, and even the leisured people who wrote letters to *The Times* were busy drawing contrasts between the success of the young Nonconformist's eloquence and the comparative deadness of the services of the Church. . . . Perhaps, for some readers, the characteristic part of this volume will be its story of the young preacher's courtship and marriage. He sought a wife amongst his own community, and found one whose devotion to him partly finds its expression in this very work. . . . The volume is freely illustrated. Churchmen will not mind the old cartoons at the expense of the Church: those days are behind us."—*The Record*.

ADDITIONAL REVIEWS IN SECULAR NEWSPAPERS.

"No man of modern times—at least, no preacher—has made a deeper impression upon the religious life of the country, or aroused more universal interest amongst the English-speaking race, than the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and the people can be counted by tens of thousands who are pleased to learn anything of the inner life and history of the popular Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church. The elegant volume we have before us—the second of Mr. Spurgeon's *Autobiography*, edited by his wife,—or rather, widow,—will therefore be perused with deepest interest. The work has been compiled from Mr. Spurgeon's diary, letters, and records, with here and there a chapter by the devoted editor, than whom no one is better fitted to undertake the task,—a task that is being performed with great judgment, and no little literary skill, as well as charming grace. In the opening chapters, Mrs. Spurgeon tells of their 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage,' and it is done most admirably. . . . Mrs. Spurgeon gives many interesting reminiscences of those early days, and rather humorously tells the story of how Mr. Spurgeon took his sweetheart to a certain service, and, there, was so pre-occupied with the discourse he was about to deliver, that he forgot all about her, and left her to take care of herself as best she could. . . . There are a couple of chapters on their 'Early Wedded Life,' of which Mrs. Spurgeon gives many deeply interesting and even pathetic peeps. . . .

"As is well known, Mr. Spurgeon was for a long time the subject of much ill-natured criticism and slander in the press, and it seems he made a collection of extracts which are preserved in a book on which he inscribed, *Facts, Fiction, and Facetiæ*.' . . . These attacks for a time had a dis-

couraging effect upon the young preacher, but this gradually wore off, and he ceased to regard what was said respecting him, going on steadily with the work he felt he was called to do. A number of these extracts are quoted in the volume, and viewing them in the light of the high estimation in which Mr. Spurgeon was afterwards held, they are really amusing, and afford an illustration of the mistaken opinions even good people will permit their prejudice to indulge in, as well as of the little value that is to be placed upon the expressions of some writers, who allow a desire to be smart to get the better of their judgment. . . . The book, which is published by Passmore and Alabaster, and is in quarto form, is beautifully got up, and contains many illustrations, including a dozen different likenesses of Mr. Spurgeon, and some of the best of the caricatures of the great preacher in the early days of his career."—*The Hull News*.

"The second volume of the *Autobiography* of the great popular preacher of the nineteenth century is even more interesting than the first. It is so for two reasons,—first, it carries the story of Mr. Spurgeon's life through its most troublous and exciting period; and, secondly, a larger proportion of the text is written by Mrs. Spurgeon. The first three chapters—over thirty large pages—have 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage' as their subject, and are entirely the work of Mrs. Spurgeon. Very beautiful they are, too, for they disclose his singularly pure, perfect, lasting affection, and an ideal state of mutual understanding and helpfulness.

"A considerable part of the volume is taken up by the ferocious attacks in the press on the young minister during his first years in London. Some readers will think that too much space is allowed to these scandalous examples of bitter semi-Christian backbiting; but we think a good purpose is served by clearly showing how so single-minded, unselfish, and faithful a preacher as Mr. Spurgeon was subjected to the malignant hate of those who differed a little from his doctrines and methods, and were hugely jealous of his popular success. Read now, after a lapse of more than forty years, when all the truth about Mr. Spurgeon is known, some of these attacks by his brother-divines, old men who ought to have welcomed his co-operation, are absolutely devilish in their subtlety and hate. The press was as bad as the pulpit in resenting the intrusion of a new instrument for good; and we are sorry to see that one of the nastiest and most lying articles of the period was published in *The Sheffield Independent*. . . .

"The volume has a large number of illustrations,—nearly sixty,—representing Mr. Spurgeon's life in all its phases, public and domestic. Throughout, the singular consistency of his character and beliefs is made most impressively apparent. This *Autobiography*, when finished, will be an adequate literary memorial of one of the most pure-hearted men of the century. It is only by reading, as we can read here, of the bitterness of his early trials that we can realize the completeness of the triumph of a consistent life patiently pursued."—*The Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*.

"The second volume has appeared of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, which Mrs. Spurgeon and his private secretary have prepared from the deceased preacher's diary, letters, and records. This instalment is of very great interest, for, in addition to revealing the secrets of the love, courtship, and marriage of two devoted persons,—a delicate task, which Mrs. Spurgeon has performed with good taste and sound judgment, making due allowance for her peculiar position,—Mr. Spurgeon's progress in influence and fame as a preacher is set forth, and also the dark side of the shield represented by his many detractors, and their calumnies and sneers showered upon him at the outset of his wonderful Evangelical career. . . . Several of his letters to his wife, written from time to time, are given, all attesting the fervour of his affection for her, and their mutual trust and confidence."—*The Leeds Mercury*.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Annual Church-meeting.

THE new hall was crowded on *Wednesday evening, January 18*, for the annual church-meeting. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and he was well supported by his fellow church-officers; but Mr. Thomas Olney, the senior deacon and treasurer, had caught cold, and so was prevented from being present. This was the subject of general regret, especially as the meeting was held the night before his seventieth birthday, of which particular notice was intended to be taken. The proceedings throughout the evening were characterized by the utmost harmony and heartiness, and gratitude for the past was happily blended with hopefulness concerning the future.

After prayer by Pastor C. B. Sawday, and the singing of the Doxology in anticipation of the blessing to be realized during the meeting, the statistics for the past year were presented. They were as follows:—Increase—by baptism, 85; by transfer from other churches, 30; by profession, having been previously baptized, 12; total, 127: Decrease—by dismission to other churches, 81; by joining other churches without letters, 25; withdrawn from at their own request, 4; for non-attendance, 29; for conduct inconsistent with their profession, 2; and deaths, 52; total, 193:—leaving now upon the church-roll, 4,146 names.

The Pastor was suffering so severely from a cold in his throat that he was able only to speak briefly; but he congratulated the members upon the fact that the statistical report was of a more cheering character than during the previous two or three years. The leakage was becoming “small by degrees, and beautifully less;” and there was hope, when once the corner had been turned, that they would hear of larger additions and of increase through the greater outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Looking back over 1898, the Pastor said that it had been a year of mercy; or, as Mr. Sawday expressed it in his prayer, “our web has been woven with mercy and with judgment.” The great sorrow which came upon us unawares, like a bolt from the blue, has proved a blessing in disguise, for it has driven all of us nearer to our God; and if, at the end of the year, we are greyer than when we commenced it, thank God we are gladder, too. After gratefully mentioning the kindness and faithfulness of both officers and members during the time of stress and strain,—with a special note of thankfulness for the generosity displayed in connection with the Birthday Fund, which had amounted to £735 3s., and had enabled all liabilities to be met, and a balance to be left in hand on every branch of the church’s work,—the Pastor concluded his address with a loving testimony to the great help which he had received all through the year from Brother Sawday, while those who had worshipped at the College would gladly bear witness to the blessings derived from his colleague’s ministry while the church had been temporarily divided into two congregations.

The church accounts were read by Mr. William Olney, and adopted by the members, with the request that Mr. Thomas H. Olney would continue in the office of treasurer during the ensuing year; and the following resolution was unanimously and enthusiastically carried:—“That, with deep gratitude, we acknowledge the lovingkindness of the Lord in enabling our beloved deacon and treasurer, Mr. Thomas H. Olney, to render eminent and long-continued service to our church; we heartily congratulate him on having so nearly reached the seventieth anniversary of the day of his birth; and we assure him of our earnest hope and fervent prayers that he may for many years be spared to live and labour among us, and to see the continued prosperity of the church.”

In addition to the usual resolution, adopting the accounts of the Pastors’ College, and pledging the church to continued and increased support of the Institution during the ensuing year, the following special resolutions were

passed with the unanimity and heartiness which had been so manifest all through the evening:—

“The members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, in annual meeting assembled, send to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon a hearty assurance of their sympathy and esteem; they greatly rejoice that she is spared to carry on her tender ministries, and they pray that these may long continue to be full of the favour of the Lord; they hear with great delight and gratitude of the willing aid she is about to render in connection with the Rebuilding Fund, and they hereby assure her of a loving welcome and of a liberal response to her appeal and effort.”

“The church desires to acknowledge the goodness of God in bringing it so happily into the occupation of the spacious lower hall of the new Tabernacle, and gratefully acknowledges its indebtedness to the Orphanage and to the College for the accommodation and welcome during its time of homelessness; having learned that the task of rebuilding the burned Tabernacle is heavier and more expensive than was anticipated, it takes this opportunity of assuring the Pastors and officers of its earnest support in this emergency, and promises to do all it can, by prayer and influence, to help in the attainment of this God-given purpose.”

The latter portion of the above resolution had been carried at the male members' meeting, but it was thought advisable to submit all of it to the whole church. The speeches of the brethren who addressed the large assembly were full of brightness and cheerfulness, and although no attempt was made to minimize the great task before the officers and members, it was pointed out that, if all would do their share, other friends would render substantial aid, and the total amount required would be forthcoming before the new building would be completed. Will not every reader of the *Sword and Trowel* help in attaining this most desirable object?

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.

More *Annals* have arrived since our last issue, and all of them deserve cordial commendation. From Drummond's Tract Dépôt, Stirling, have come the yearly volumes of *The British Messenger*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, and *Good News*. They are all and always good alike; full of the gospel, simply and faithfully told, and suitably illustrated, they cannot be too widely circulated.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have sent us Vol. XV. of *Biblewomen and Nurses*, the Record of the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission. This excellent institution is highly favoured in having as its literary advocate Miss Lizzie Alldridge, who contributed to our pages last year, and who has kindly furnished us with another article which we hope will appear in an early number. Her graphic accounts of the work of the Bible-

women and Nurses, and of the districts in which they labour, make this volume intensely interesting, and the whole book must be a great help to the Christlike service of which it speaks.

From the Open-Air Mission, 11, Adam Street, Strand, we have received the New Year Message to the members and friends of the Mission, —*Led in Triumph*, by Pastor W. FULLER GOOCH. It is a powerful Scriptural exposition and application of 2 Cor. ii. 14 (R.V.), which should be widely circulated; the price of it is one penny, or six shillings per 100.

Pastor E. W. Tarbox, Honorary Secretary of the Home Counties Baptist Association, sends us *A New and Easy Catechism for use in Baptist Schools and Families*. It is in three

sections,—(1) Evangelical Doctrines; (2) Free Church Principles; and (3) Christian Ordinances. There are 104 questions and answers, many of them with Scriptural references appended, and the whole are worthy of very hearty commendation. If our young people are to be retained, they must be taught the truths most surely believed among us; and this Catechism will be of great assistance in securing that end. It can be obtained, price one penny, or 5s. 9d. per 100, of Mr. Tarbox, Netherwood, Epsom Road, Guildford, Surrey.

N.B.—This booklet must not be confounded with the curious compromise issued under the auspices of the Free Church Council. We advise all our readers to procure *The Christian Pictorial* for January 12 and 19, and to carefully note the trenchant criticism of that Catechism published by Pastor David Davies, of Brighton.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons have published a new and cheaper edition (3s. 6d.) of Bishop RYLE's admirable volume on *The Christian Leaders of the Last Century*. Though first issued thirty years ago, when the author was Vicar of Stradbroke, the work is not at all out of date, and has a distinct message for present-day readers. The "Christian leaders" described are George Whitefield, John Wesley, William Grimshaw, William Romaine, Daniel Rowlands, John Berridge, Henry Venn, James Hervey, Augustus Toplady, Walker of Truro, and Fletcher of Madeley;—truly, a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude, whose light still continues to illumine our own and other lands.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have issued a new and enlarged edition—forming the fourth—of *Beneath the Banner*, by F. J. CROSS. (1s. and 2s.) Children can gain from it a good idea of the principal events in many notable lives. The new biographical sketches include the Princess Alice, Mr. Moody, Miss Havergal, and Dr. Arnold, and there are several additional illustrations.

Last year, we commended Mr. WILLIAM THOMSON'S pamphlets on

The Christian's Calling, Keeping, and Abiding, published at Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling; we are glad to see that they are now bound together in a small gilt-edged volume at a shilling. It would make a most appropriate present for young Christians, and older ones might read it with profit.

The Study of the Types. By ADA R. HABERSHON. Morgan and Scott.

A VOLUME that will well repay the most careful reading again and again. Miss Habershon has in this work laid all Bible-students under deep obligation, and has rendered eminent service to "the cause of God and truth." Many who have long studied the typology of Scripture will here find much that is fresh and helpful, while those who have not yet begun the fascinating study will be introduced to a veritable mine of spiritual wealth. A most valuable chapter on "Reasons for Studying the Types" concludes thus:—"The 'higher criticism' and the study of the types cannot go together; for no one who has learnt the spiritual teaching of the Old Testament pictures would believe, or try to prove, that the Bible was not what it claimed to be." We commend the volume with the utmost heartiness.

Christ Foreshown. Short chapters on the Golden Types of the Messiah. By Rev. R. J. G. BIRD, D.D. Elliot Stock.

THERE is a sweet savour of devout love to Christ permeating all these short chapters. The types of the Messiah here treated are neither fanciful nor forced; and though little is said that is new or profound, all is intensely spiritual and Scriptural. Devotional help rather than critical skill is aimed at, and with striking success. Many a keen-eyed teacher or preacher would find here a series of *outlines* for addresses or sermons, which could be filled in to great usefulness. Such men as our author are the salt in the midst of a Romanising Establishment, and we wish them all blessing, though we regret the bad

company they elect to keep by remaining therein.

Types of the Way. Elliot Stock.

TEN outlines of gospel addresses that will be helpful to some busy Christian worker who wants to tell "the old, old story" in the words of the Book.

Jesus Christ and His Surroundings. By Rev. NORMAN L. WALKER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a very rare thing,—a fresh topic treated with great freshness. The commonplace, almost mouldy platitude, is conspicuous by its utter absence. Many have dealt with the outward features of our Lord's earthly life; but none, that we know of, have shown how He met, and used, His surroundings to teach, help, and save men. This volume is full of suggestions, and will richly reward the preacher who carefully reads and notes the contents.

We are sorry to have to mark one blemish, the reference to children being included in *the membership of the Church* before possessing personal faith in the Saviour. Even with this spot on its brightness of Scripture teaching, it is still a noteworthy and precious volume.

"*Our Blest Redeemer.*" The Story of His Life Told for Little Children. By KATE THOMPSON SIZER. Charles H. Kelly.

AN attempt to simplify the Gospel narrative, and, to our mind, not a successful one. It may suit Methodist households, but the introduction of baby sprinkling, for which there is no warrant in the New Testament, will disqualify the book for admission into Baptist families. It is abundantly illustrated, and is cheap at a shilling.

The Commandments of Jesus. By R. F. HORTON, D.D. Isbister and Co.

A VOLUME that is intensely characteristic of the author,—abounding in spiritual insight, and the power to make clear and attractive the teaching of the Lord Jesus, and yet clinging to an exposition of Baptism that is positively infantile in its unreason-

ableness, and utterly without even the semblance of Scriptural authority. It would be amusing if it were not sad to see the miserable shifts to which learned and godly men are put to explain themselves, the moment they leave the plain teaching of the Saviour upon this solemn, instructive, beautiful ordinance. We are actually told here that, "As to Baptism, we can hardly say that Jesus enjoined it as a command. He rather assumed it as a practice, which He took over from John the Baptist"!! This, too, in face of Matthew xxviii. 19, 20, where the very word "commanded" is used! But for this corrupting blemish, we have the heartiest opinion of the great teaching value of this quickening and suggestive book.

In the Day of the Cross. By Rev. W. M. CLOW, B.D. Sands and Co.

SERMONS confined to the subjects—persons and events,—that clustered round the last day of our Saviour's life. There is nothing that is very startling or novel about them, but they are chaste, scholarly, devout studies, permeated with Evangelical faith and fervour. The very restraint they evidence, hints at power; the preacher has not put all his goods in the window. For devotional reading, and bare hints at a series of addresses, the book will be welcomed by many.

"*Blessed are Ye.*" Talks on the Beatitudes. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Sunday School Union.

THIS charming booklet needs no praise of ours to secure a wide welcome. Yet we honestly believe it to be the very best that Mr. Meyer has ever published. There is a depth of wisdom, a ripeness of soul-experience, that give it special value; and these are put into such condensed form that you have the finest gold in the nugget, and not in the beaten leaf. It is a book as strong as sweet, as invigorating as pleasant to read, and such a blend is only too rare. We shall be much surprised if this volume does not have a phenomenal sale and enthusiastic welcome from the whole Church of true believers.

The Father's Hand. By Rev. A. PHILIP, M.A. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

UNLESS we are utterly deceived, this is one of the finest and freshest sets of Bible-studies that has been produced for a long, long time. To a fagged reviewer, it came like a burst of sunlight on a drear November day. The topics are so dewy in novelty, and treated with such felicity and fertility of suggestion and illustration, that they command both interest and delight. There are evidences of a loving admiration of Dr. Stanford's beautiful sermonizing, all through the volume; and an unconscious reproduction of many of his elements of thought and style. Lucid, beautiful, full of literary and artistic allusion, and, above all, abounding in suggestion, these sermons are a veritable gold mine for open-eyed preachers, and will enrich and stimulate the godly of all creeds and classes. We rejoice, "as one that findeth great spoil," and hasten to share the find with others. Get it, read it, pray over it, and it will be a well of refreshing to you, whoever you are.

Visions of Sin. By J. H. MOULTON, M.A. Charles H. Kelly.

A LITTLE book on an inexhaustible subject. The sad fruit of sin's working, in human hearts and lives, is here set forth in Scripture instances, and with much of descriptive and practical power. An admirable handbook to give to young disciples, or indeed to the oldest saint, to warn against the devil's seductive wiles and snares.

Depth and Power of the Christian Faith. By Rev. A. HOYLE. Charles H. Kelly.

ANOTHER of the excellent "Wesley Guild Library Series." Mainly addressed to young men and women, these sermons have a message for all who desire the cultivation of the Christian life. Breezy, manful, strong in exposition and appeal, they will be sure to secure a large audience, and must do much good if carefully pondered and applied. The one paper on "Hereditry and Sin"

is worth the price charged for this little volume, so clear and insistent is it upon individual responsibility for sin.

Table Talk with Young Men. By Rev. W. J. DAWSON. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHATEVER Mr. Dawson writes is sure to be robust, breezy, and literary in quality. He knows how to make print *live*. These racy talks to young men finely embody these things, and on the whole may be heartily commended to their careful pondering. Of some of his opinions we are not sure, but even these he rather puts for examination than asserts as truth. But for the wise conduct of life, with a lofty standard of righteousness, we know few books of equal value to this. It is up-to-date to its very last paragraph, and will attract many to read on this account alone. May it be a messenger of much blessing to many of the youths of to-day,—the men of to-morrow!

Merry and Wise. Talks with School-girls. By Rev. G. EVERARD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

AN altogether delightful little volume. The addresses to school-girls will compel attention by their bright, gossipy, anecdotic form. There is not even a sleepy syllable; the talks are as all-alive as most school-girls are, quite as merry, and more wise.

Mr. Everard, too, is full of desire for the salvation of his young readers, and this is manifest all through the book. We hope it will sell by thousands, and bring a rich harvest of blessing to many.

Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies. By L. M. GIBSON, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN its own line of things, the most compact manual yet produced. Whether such a ready-made thinking-machine is likely to help the development either of original ideas or strong convictions, is a very moot point; but granted the need of such a book, this is one of the very best that could be provided.

Dying to Self. By WILLIAM LAW.
Notes by Rev. ANDREW MURRAY.
Nisbet and Co.

ANOTHER of those miniature selections from the great mystic, which Dr. Whyte urgently desired to see reprinted. The dialogue form of this production will militate against its popularity; but, once past this, the matter will richly repay the reader. The keen perception of motive, and searching of the soul by the Spirit, are powerfully present here, and will be valued by all who desire "truth in the inward parts."

Methods of Self-culture. By Rev. J. H. CLAPPERTON, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A GEM of a book. Small in bulk, but rich in quality. Packed with sense and spirituality in every sentence; and made withal so illustrative and interesting that it compels reading. Thirty in number, these diamond talks might well be used as daily readings for a month; but keen-eyed teachers and preachers could find there the germs of lessons and sermons, too.

Footsteps to Peace. By W. WELBY PRYER. George Stoneman.

THERE is some precious truth in this little book, but we are not enamoured with it as a whole. We are not sure that the author is right in assuming that the second vessel the potter made of the clay that was marred was smaller and less elaborate than the first.

We believe that God's second creation is quite equal to the first. He blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning. He has "turned the curse into a blessing." The second Adam was superior to the first. The restoration of Israel will be as life from the dead. The Paradise of the Revelation surpasses in splendour the Eden of Genesis. The revolving of the potter's wheel has confused many people. We fear that these footsteps, instead of conducting to peace, may cause unrest. Christ is our peace, and to all who believe,—

"The blood of Jesus whispers peace within."

Musings for Quiet Hours. By G. S. BARRETT, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

BRIEF devotional papers, which have appeared in *The Sunday at Home*, and are here reprinted as a small pocket volume. They are neither deep nor original, but gracious and soothing; meant, not to delight the mind, but mainly to comfort the heart. To the Christian compelled to be indoors, or the sufferer lying in pain, these papers will come with much gentle solace; and, as such, have a very precious ministry.

The Joy of Service. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANOTHER of the charming series of talks on Divine things that have made Dr. Miller's name a household word among Christians of all denominations. There is the same lucid exposition, beautiful illustration, and poetic touch which first caught the admiring notice of his readers, and which still commands their delighted reading. Few volumes are so suitable as these for gift-books between Christian friends; and this latest is equal to its forerunners. Get it and see; and you will agree with us.

Words of Strength and Cheer. Gathered from the writings of PHILLIPS BROOKS. By MAY COCHRANE. R. D. Dickinson.

To those who have always enjoyed the published works of Phillips Brooks,—and they are legion,—these extracts will come with great acceptance. An enthusiastic Churchman, he was yet of such large heart and broad sympathies that men of every creed found in his teachings stimulus and help. His very breadth was a peril, *seeming* to make him careless of all definite teaching; but it was not really so. The living Christ was the centre of his theology, preaching, and life; and this determined his view of things practical. In this compact volume, the principles of the gospel are mainly applied to the worker and the sufferer, and always with much wisdom and helpfulness. It deserves to be largely sold and read.

Household Prayers for Use in Family Worship. With a plan of Daily Bible-readings. By W. G. BLAIRIE, D.D. Sunday School Union.

ON the whole, a very good specimen of written and prepared prayers. Occasionally the language is stilted and official, but generally it is expressive of the real needs of the heart and life. Such books are poor substitutes for the free and spontaneous offering of prayer; but, as a substitute, this will rank with most of its class.

Short Chapters on Genesis, Adapted for Use at Family Prayer. By Mrs. G. E. MORTON. London: Partridge and Co. Bristol: Mack and Co.

GENESIS has received strange treatment at the hands of the critics; here it is regarded as the Word of God, as it really is. We are told, in the Preface:—"No attempt has been made to advance original ideas or fanciful theories," and after carefully reading the book, we can certify that there is nothing in it of the doubt-breeding order;—nothing is here said of "the legend of creation" or of "Abraham's mistake." The Scriptural narrative is treated as real history and matter of fact. The old-fashioned faith of the author is quite refreshing. The 112 chapters are brief, and designedly so, as they are intended for use at family devotions. The book may not suit learned divines, though it would be well if some of them possessed the faith herein evidenced. It is a work calculated to instruct and establish the ordinary believer; its pages abound with quotations from reliable authors. We very gladly commend it to our readers.

Our Daily Homily. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Vol. II. 1 *Samuel*—*Job*. Vol. III. *Psalms*—*Canticles*. Vol. IV. *Isaiah*—*Malachi*. Morgan and Scott.

WE cordially commended Vol. I. of this *Daily Homily* when it first appeared, and we as heartily welcome Vols. II., III., and IV. These daily portions, though short, are for the

most part suggestive, and on all of them there is the smell of Lebanon.

The Lord will Reign. By W. W. FEREDAY. *Irvingism and the Gifts of the Holy Ghost.* By D. M. PANTON. Alfred Holness.

TWO booklets by one publisher, but widely contrasted in their theme and temper. The first is a daring and dogmatic interpretation of modern events as fulfilling ancient prophecies; the latter, a calm and dispassionate refutation of the boasted miraculous gifts and tongues of the Irvingite Church.

Of the first, we are far from being convinced as to its soundness. Prophecy and its interpretation is the happy hunting-ground of every harmless lunatic who believes he "is the man, and wisdom will die with him." Mr. Fereday may be the sanest man alive, but he should learn to say "may be," and not be so positive where others, who were quite as learned and good, have blundered.

Of the latter, we greatly value its calm examination of a fevered period in Christian history, and commend it to all who are in danger of similar fanaticism.

Shall All be Saved? Answered from Scripture itself. By JOHN FORBES, LL.D., D.D. Aberdeen: John Rae Smith. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS small pamphlet has too great a reach to be disposed of in a summary fashion. The criticisms on the obscure and much-debated passages in the third and fourth chapters of Peter's first Epistle seem to us exceedingly good, being both grammatically exact and otherwise sound. But we cannot follow the author in the speculative trend of the remaining matter, seeing that his Apocalyptic interpretations are undoubtedly not only novel, but hazardous. To make "the great tribulation" of Rev. vii. an *infernal* one, is a tremendous leap—shall we say, in the dark, or what? In our judgment, the learned author bases his conclusion, if not upon assumption, at all events on data so singularly construed as to be uniquely his own.

History of the Carr Crofts Baptist Church, Armley, Leeds. By W. SUMNER, Pastor. Hanson and Oak, Armley, Leeds.

AN interesting and concise account of the formation and progress of this Yorkshire Baptist community. It is well that the records of our churches should, if possible, be preserved, that future generations may know something of the struggles and successes of our age, and the character of the saints of this century. Our Brother Sumner has done his work well, and has produced a very readable little volume.

The History of the Orkney Baptist Churches. By Rev. H. HARCUS. Ayr: David Hourston.

A SIMPLE story of sublime faithfulness to personal conviction, showing how a few resolute men and women can found and maintain a church even against tremendous odds, if they be Divinely-sustained. Scotch Baptists must be as hardy as Scotch firs, or they would have been swallowed up long since; but here they live to tell the tale of their upholding, and a deeply-interesting tale it is.

John Bunyan, the Glorious Dreamer. By LINA ORMAN COOPER. Sunday School Union.

SUCH a book well deserves a place in the "Splendid Lives Series." Mrs. Cooper has been connected with Bedford for twenty years, and for fifteen of those years has read aloud *The Pilgrim's Progress* nearly every Lord's-day evening, so the task of writing this sketch of the immortal dreamer has been to her a labour of love.

John Stoughton, D.D. A Short Record of a Long Life. By HIS DAUGHTER. Hodder and Stoughton.

A FEW years ago, Dr. Stoughton himself published his *Recollections of a Long Life*. The present volume is supplemental to that work; and, "as far as possible, avoids any mention of the circumstances and characters there described." Mrs. King Lewis

has lovingly sketched her father as he appeared to his children and his dearest personal friends, and has recorded in an interesting fashion the chief events of his long and notable career. One reason why the book should have a specially large circulation is that the London Missionary Society will directly benefit from every copy that is sold.

Light on the Weary Path. A Continuation of "Rifted Clouds," the Life-story of Bella Cooke. Edited by Rev. JOSEPH PULLMAN, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a record indeed, far more interesting than it is possible for any novel to be. The volume is full of striking coincidences, answers to prayer, and Divine interpositions. God has greatly honoured the faith of this afflicted saint, and out of weakness she has been made strong to testify to the faithfulness and the lovingkindness of the Lord. No description can do justice to this beautiful record; it is self-humbling, God-glorifying, faith-strengthening, soul-rejoicing. It will cheer and illumine many who are now travelling "the weary path."

Hiram Golf's Religion; or, The Shoemaker by the Grace of God. By GEORGE H. HEPWORTH. R. D. Dickinson.

HIRAM GOLF bears a great resemblance to our old friend Dan'el Quorm, and, like him, belonged to the aristocracy of the awl. Hiram was a man of striking individuality; a deep thinker, keen-witted, and tender-hearted. He was well versed in spiritual things, and lived beneath their power. Like all such characters, he was self-assertive and somewhat garrulous; but his quaintness and evident goodness disarm criticism. His influence upon his neighbours and upon the young minister who settled at Woodbine was most powerful and salutary.

We are not surprised that this little book has reached its 29th thousand; when it has attained its 100th thousand, we hope its circulation will still go on increasing.

St. Kilda, and Psalms of Life. By W. J. MILLER. Elliot Stock.

POEMS, with much of lyric skill, fine thought, and devotional feeling. We fear they will not bring either gold or fame to their writer, but they will convey both instruction and pleasure to all who read with mind open and feelings pure.

A Methodist Doctor of ye Olden Time. By A. LINCOLN. Robert Culley.

A GOSSIPY, garrulous story written specially for boys, but by no means only for them. Some of the anecdotes are overflowing with humour, and others decidedly queer; but all of them are both interesting and healthy. An after-dinner book that will not scold you, even should you nod.

Ronald Muir's Temptation. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depôt.

A SIMPLE Scotch story illustrating the familiar saying, "Honesty is the best policy." It is written specially for boys, and must do good to any who read it.

Wilt thou be Made Whole? By G. McDUGALL. Hull: J. Franks.

ANOTHER of those wild, unbalanced teachings, of the faith-healing school, that unsettle the confidence of Christians, and causes the ungodly rightly to mock at the fanatical perverters of the truth of the gospel.

The recent disclosures about Christian Science healing—the aristocratic twin-sister of the ordinary faith-healer,—have opened many eyes to the wild delusions of these misguided men and women, and should be the best antidote to their blasphemous follies. The best way to kill the evil is to leave it severely alone.

The Pastor as an Evangelist. By Rev. VALLANCE C. COOK. "Joyful News" Book Depôt, Rochdale and London.

THIS paper laments the lack of conversions, and is an urgent plea with pastors so to preach the gospel that they may be clear of the blood of souls, and that sinners may be left

without excuse. It is a solemn and timely appeal.

The Practice of Confession in the Church of England. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Fourth Edition, Revised. T. Fisher Unwin.

A PAMPHLET that ought to be carefully studied by all who are in danger of being snared by the growing Sacerdotalism in the Church of England. The "confessional" is not merely a filthy abomination, but the stronghold of priestly arrogance and tyranny over the people. Here its deadly and deadening influence is exposed in a strikingly calm and convincing fashion. The pamphlet ought to be in every true Protestant's hands.

An Oxford Tract for the Times. Three Addresses. By Revs. LAWRENCE G. CARTER, JAMES CAVE, and FORBES JACKSON, M.A. Oxford: Allen and Co.

THIS "tract for the times" is the kind of thing that is needed by the times. The Church, the Priesthood, and the Ordinances of the New Testament have been sadly perverted, and many have been turned out of the way by the false teaching concerning them; we have some hope that, the worse things get, the sooner will come the reckoning day; and the remedy, though drastic, will be applied, and the Romanizers will be driven to their own place.

Our Church in Peril. A Divided House; or, Facing Both Ways. By CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Office.

THE Church of England is, doubtless, in peril; but we are thankful that the Church of Christ is not in danger. The Church as established by law is in great peril, for it is sadly divided; and the sooner Disestablishment takes place, the better for that Church and for true religion. Once it was its proud boast that the Church of England was the bulwark of Protestantism; alas! it has become the hotbed of Jesuitism and Romanism.

Across Three Oceans and Through Many Lands with Pen and Camera.
By FRED. REYNOLDS. Charles H. Kelly.

A TRAVELLER'S tales that might have been improved if more pains had been taken in telling them. As the book is intended for a school prize, it ought to have been accurate. Still, doubtless many a young reader will be interested in the author's accounts of foreign parts and people, and in the many illustrations with which the work is embellished.

Songs of Faith and Hope and Love.
By MARY BERTHA BRADFIELD.
Charles H. Kelly.

THOUGH not of the highest order, these "songs" will doubtless find readers and admirers. They are not all of equal merit; and some of them

gave promise of even better work in the future.

Seventy Sermon Outlines. By Rev. HENRY WOODCOCK. Primitive Methodist and Wesleyan Book-rooms.

THERE is much material in this volume which will be very helpful to lay preachers and others. The author testifies that he has been greatly encouraged by letters of appreciation which he has received from many pastors concerning his first series of outlines. We passed that volume on to an earnest local preacher, who declared that he found it most useful. This series is an improvement on the first, although there are a few printer's errors which more careful revision might have corrected.

Notes.

We are glad to note the commencement of the third year's weekly issue of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's sermons, published by Messrs. A. H. Stockwell & Co., 17, Paternoster Row. Many friends regularly read the printed discourses of both father and son, and we shall be happy to hear that their number is greatly increased. We see that the publishers can still supply the volume entitled, *Light and Love*,—containing twenty of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's sermons,—at 2s. post free.

Another of our old comrades—Mr. J. L. Keys—was "called home" on January 7. It is nearly forty-five years ago that he first made Mr. Spurgeon's acquaintance at the memorable service at Tring which is so graphically described in Vol. II. of "The Standard Life." In 1863, he joined the Tabernacle Church, and entered the Pastors' College, and some four years later came into still closer connection with the beloved President as his amanuensis and literary assistant,—a position which he held until his chief was promoted to the higher service of the upper sanctuary. In the Preface to *The Treasury of David*, Mr. Spurgeon made special mention of the labours of Mr. Keys in visiting the British Museum and various libraries to collect extracts from the works of all writers upon the Psalms which might prove worthy of inclusion in *The Treasury*; and all the dear Pastor's publications for a quarter of a century passed through the hands of his faithful secretary. Our brother was also for a time pastor of the church at Whitstable, and afterwards at Lewin Road, Streatham, and he was associated with the

early efforts to establish a Baptist cause at Wimbledon. January 31, 1892, was a dark day to Mr. Keys,—as to tens of thousands of others,—for he then lost his best earthly friend. The last seven years have been more or less a time of struggle and sorrow, and failing health, and we can only rejoice that now he has entered into rest. We lovingly sympathize with his widow and five fatherless children, and pray the Lord to comfort and bless them all.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon conducted the funeral on January 13 at Tooting Cemetery, where Mr. Keys' son—another of "our own men"—was buried in 1889.

The operation that our Brother J. Manton Smith had to undergo proved to be even more serious than we anticipated when we wrote last month's "Note." His left leg had to be amputated above the knee: but, terrible as such a trial was, it may prove to be a great blessing by removing the diabetic trouble from which he has suffered during the past few years. We cannot yet be quite sure that this will be the case, so prayer still needs to be offered on his behalf. We are glad to know that there has been a generous response to the appeal issued by Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Fullerton, and that Mr. Smith will thus be relieved from financial anxiety during the time that must necessarily elapse before he can resume his work.

THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—On *Wednesday evening, January 11*, the monthly meeting was held in the College Conference Hall. Though

it was a wet night, there was a large audience, some having probably been attracted by the announcement of an address by a lady.—Dr. Annie McCall, of Clapham. All who came were well repaid, for there was much both to interest and instruct in the speaker's testimony concerning the benefits of total abstinence. Several of her hearers gave practical proof of their convictions upon the subject by signing the pledge at the close of the meeting.

COLLEGE.—Four students have become pastors since our last notice appeared:—Mr. F. Burnett, at Fakenham, Norfolk; Mr. C. H. Clapp, at Horsham, Sussex; Mr. B. S. Morris, at Sherborne, Dorsetshire; and Mr. W. G. Scroggie, at Leytonstone Road, E.

Mr. T. S. Burros is removing, from Driffild, to Cottage Green, Camberwell; and Mr. W. W. Wilks, from Alnwick, to Cinderford, Gloucestershire. Mr. R. Smathers, late of Whitchurch, has gone to Eye, Suffolk; and Mr. A. V. G. Chandler, of Abbey Street, Bermuda, is sailing for Caversham, New Zealand.

Mr. John Clark has gone, from Bass River, to Westchester Station, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia; and Mr. J. G. Potteris going, from Agra, to Kalka, near Simla, in Northern India.

ORPHANAGE.—*Christmas Festivities.*—All the arrangements maintained the well-known traditions of former years. The President and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, several other members of the Board of Trustees, and a goodly company of visitors, were more than interested spectators of the feast; and they assisted the members of the Staff in their efforts to supply every guest with the good things provided by the loving gifts of hosts of friends. During the brief service of silent memory, which always precedes the Christmas dinner at the Orphanage, the Head-master mentioned the names of some who have passed away, and of others who were not able to join the happy party at Stockwell. Silver watches were presented to the premier boy and girl by Dr. Soper and Mrs. James Hall respectively; and a writing-desk, given by the President, was presented by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon as a consolation prize to the boy who was an equal favourite with the one who obtained the majority of votes securing the silver watch. Was there ever more vigorous shouting than was heard as the old boys filed into the hall with the plum puddings, and when cheers were called for the donors of the new shillings and all the other good things which made up the fare for the Christmas dinner of 1898?

On the first Wednesday in the New Year, the children entertained their friends to tea, and a right royal gathering it was. It would be difficult to say who were most happy,—the children who played the hosts,

the mothers and brothers and sisters who were the guests, or the members of the Staff who were the servitors. It was, indeed, a very joyous time for all concerned; and the gratitude of all hearts was resolved into a psalm of thanksgiving. The New Year's collecting cards brought in by the friends of the children proved a very welcome thankoffering, for which the Managers are thankful.

According to annual custom, the children, together with the Sunday-school teachers and the officers of the Institution, assembled in the Memorial Hall on Lord's-day afternoon, January 3, when a very interesting address was given by Rev. H. Woffindin, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Tulse Hill. A collection was taken at the close for Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission in Sousse, Tunisia.

The Cambridge Auxiliary promises to be of great service to the Institution. A series of meetings in the surrounding villages, attended by Mr. Iverson and the bell-ringers, revealed the wide-spread interest in the Tabernacle and its many branches of work, and especially in the Orphanage. Such an example is worthy of imitation, and we are anxious to know which towns will follow such a splendid lead.

COLPORTEGE.—During the past month, a new District has been opened at Edenbridge, Kent, under the superintendence of Rev. R. Hill Powell. The colporteur has started upon his work under promising circumstances, and we trust he has a most successful future before him. A further new District is in prospect at Cheam, under the auspices of the Home Counties Baptist Association,—particulars of which we hope to announce next month.

The Secretary had the pleasure of handing to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, upon his arrival at the New Tabernacle Hall on Lord's-day, January 1, a third cheque for fifty guineas as a New Year's greeting from the colporteurs towards the Tabernacle Restoration Fund.

In the various Districts, our agents are taking up the work of 1899 with renewed interest, and we are anticipating a year of progress, prosperity, and revived spiritual success. We have quite a number of candidates awaiting appointment as colporteurs, and we are anxiously hoping for guarantors to come forward, that new localities may be opened up; and we are also praying for enlarged funds to enable the Association to fill every vacancy that shall present itself. Contributions to the General Fund are greatly needed, and will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Haddon Hall:—December 22, one; Christmas-day, three.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1898, to January 14th, 1899.

	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged	6,587	3 8	Friends in Scotland, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	5	0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Osborn ...	1	1 0	Mr. J. Duncan ...	1	10 0
Mr. J. Leaver ...	1	1 0	Mr. E. Faulkner ...	1	1 0
Mr. Mendham ...	1	0 0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association Tabernacle Restoration Fund (3rd instalment)...	52	10 0
Week-night collection at Albemarle Chapel, Scarborough, per Pastor R. Wood ...	3	6 0	Mr. C. A. Miner ...	50	0 0
A well-wisher ...	1	0 0	Miss Keys ...	1	0 0
Contribution from East Ham Baptist Church, per Pastor R. Sloan ...	2	2 0	Miss E. Swain ...	5	0 0
Miss Haines ...	1	0 0	Mr. E. S. Best, per Mr. G. C. Heard ...	1	0 0
Collection at Princes Risboro' Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. H. Markham ...	1	10 0	Miss A. Pearson, per Mr. G. C. Heard Trustees' interest on Fire Insurance Deposits to December 31st, 1898 ...	229	12 10
Collections at Golcar Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. Hirst ...	10	4 4	Mr. Bydave'll's class at Denmark Place Institute ...	1	1 0
Mr. H. Gudarth, Senekal, Orange Free State ...	5	0 0	A. H. (In box at College) ...	30	0 0
Proceeds of sale of albums, "Pictorial Recollections of the Metropolitan Tabernacle," 9 copies ...	18	18 0	Proceeds of sale of photos of ruins, taken by Mr. A. W. Lovell ...	1	10 0
Present students of Pastors' College... Rev. A. Billington (Congo) ...	10	17 0	Mr. Frank Burgess ...	2	2 0
Deposit interest ...	7	8 4	Mr. George Foss, Natal, per Mr. S. G. Phipson ...	5	0 0
Mrs. Oldfield ...	2	2 0	Mr. C. F. Aldis ...	1	1 0
Professor A. McCaig, B.A., LL.D. ...	10	0 0	Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> ...	9	4 8
Miss Sarah Belford ...	2	0 0	The Countess Mary Sievers, per Miss F. M. Harrald (25 Roubles) ...	2	12 10
M. K. ...	4	0 0	Mr. John Line ...	5	0 0
Collected at Surrey Square Mission, per Mr. C. A. Pavey ...	10	5 0	Mrs. Roger ...	5	0 0
Collection at Havelock English Baptist Chapel, Agra, per Rev. D. Jones ...	2	10 0	Pastor A. W. Payne ...	1	0 0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:			In loving memory of C. H. Spurgeon ...	1	0 0
Mrs. Foster, per Mr. G. Graham ...	1	5 0	Mr. R. W. Madhurst ...	2	2 0
Mrs. Wright ...	1	0 0	Further proceeds of private sale of work, per Miss Butcher ...	10	5 0
A. Z. ...	1	0 0	A. B. ...	10	0 0
Amounts under £1 ...	0	17 6	Mr. S. Gregory ...	5	0 0
	4	2 6	Collected by Pastor Alexander Corbet, Bournemouth, including £5 from Mrs. Garside ...	9	0 0
Collection from Evangelists' Training-class, Pastors' College ...	3	3 0	Miss Edith Higgs (China) ...	20	0 0
Mrs. and Miss Johnson ...	2	0 0	Mr. Carl P. Bickel (Hamburg) ...	10	0 0
Sunday evening collection at Baptist Chapel, Queen's Road, Dalston, per Pastor R. M. Snelgrove ...	3	11 0	Mrs. Rodway ...	5	0 0
Executors of the late Mr. J. Fisher ...	20	3 3	Collection at Chipping Norton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor E. G. Lovell ...	3	11 0
Mrs. T. Wood, per Pastor F. Thompson Anon ...	3	0 0	Mrs. M. E. Rayner, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	1	1 0
Collection at Merstham Baptist Chapel, per Mr. D. R. Smith ...	1	15 0	H. K. ...	10	0 0
Members of the Flower Girls' Christian Mission ...	8	2 8	Boxes at Tabernacle gates	2	0 0
Mr. J. A. Groome ...	1	0 0	Amounts under £1 ...	15	9 0
Mr. Damant and family ...	1	12 6	Collecting Cards:—		
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins ...	5	0 0	Master B. Broomfield ...	0	16 0
"Anonymous" ...	5	0 0	Miss L. Buawell ...	5	0 0
Mr. W. E. J. Taylor ...	1	1 0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff ...	1	2 0
Contributions from Golden Lane and Hoxton Mission Church, per Mr. W. J. Orsman, J.P. ...	5	5 0	Miss S. J. Johnson ...	0	14 7
President and members of Men's Bible-class, South Street, Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	10 0	Miss E. E. Jones ...	4	0 0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Billesdon, per Pastor J. B. Field ...	1	10 0	Mrs. H. Fitt ...	0	15 0
Collected by Miss Watson ...	1	0 0	Mr. G. T. Stevens ...	2	12 0
Mr. and Mrs. Ellery ...	2	0 0	Miss E. Nicholson ...	1	0 0
Congo Balolo missionaries, per Mr. Lower ...	1	0 0	Miss M. Roberts ...	1	1 1
Contributions from Honor Oak Baptist Church, per Pastor M. Cumming ...	3	8 0	Miss Fairey ...	0	11 6
Mr. F. E. Smith ...	20	0 0	Mr. Spreadbury ...	10	10 0
Mr. Colin Fraser ...	1	0 0	Mr. Chas. Noble ...	1	0 0
Mr. John Bridson (Auckland, N.Z.) ...	1	0 0	Mrs. Chas. Noble ...	0	16 0
Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie (Auckland, N.Z.) ...	1	0 0	Mrs. F. Wisney ...	0	4 0
The Misses Davis, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	1	0 0	Miss A. Waite ...	2	1 0
Mr. F. Fisher ...	25	0 0	Miss E. Davis ...	1	3 6
			Miss C. E. Higgs ...	21	16 6
			Miss Elliott ...	0	16 9
			Miss Harrald ...	1	2 0
			Mrs. C. J. Reddall ...	2	15 0
			Mr. E. May ...	1	5 0
			Miss M. E. Whyte ...	1	1 0
			Miss A. Groser ...	1	18 0
			Mrs. W. Elsbury ...	2	2 0
			Mrs. J. Turner ...	1	7 0
			A friend ...	2	2 0
			Mrs. M. Pilgrim ...	0	12 0
			Mrs. A. Laing ...	0	13 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Miss H. Rigby	0	4	0	0	0		
Mrs. Knott	2	0	0	0	0		
Mr. Jos. Ely	1	1	0	0	0		
Mrs. E. Ely	1	10	0	0	0		
Pastor C. A. Ingram	1	5	6	0	0		
Miss A. Neale	1	1	0	0	0		
Miss C. Judd	0	6	6	0	0		
Pastor T. H. Smith	0	8	0	0	0		
Mrs. H. Turner	0	7	6	0	0		
Miss Smith	0	12	0	0	0		
Miss Durrant	2	0	0	0	0		
				Collecting Boxes:—					
				Mr. T. Cooper	0	9	5
				Miss Weeks	0	3	7
				Mrs. E. P. Hill	0	8	4
				Mrs. Dyer	0	5	5
				Miss Blackman	0	14	9
				Mr. Eaton	0	6	9
				Miss C. Radford	0	4	9
				Mrs. Bullivant	0	6	6
				<hr/>					
				£7,425 4 5					

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1898, to January 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Contribution from Catford Hill Chapel, per Pastor W. J. N. Vanstone	2	15	9	Collection at Salters' Hall Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. A. Savage	2	4	1
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	0	0	Mrs. E. M. Plumb	0	5	0
Mr. G. Osborne Neal	2	2	0	H. K.	10	0	0
Rev. A. Billington (Congo)	5	0	0	Mr. W. Fitcher	1	0	0
M. H. B. S.	0	10	0	Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
Pastor F. Durbin	0	5	0	Mr. E. Falkner	1	1	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	5	0	Mr. J. Brewer	3	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. H. Donkin	1	0	0	Rev. E. J. Beediff	0	2	6
"Dear Granny"	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			
S. E. 601	0	2	0	Jan. 1	5	16	6
Mr. R. Snelling	10	0	0	" 8	8	13	3
Mr. B. W. Medhurst	2	2	0	" 15	2	1	3
Collection at Peckham Park Road Chapel, per Pastor F. James	3	4	3	<hr/>			
Mr. E. Brazil	2	0	0	16 11 0			
				<hr/>			
				£68 0 7			

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1898, to January 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birth- day Fund	20	0	0	C. E., 1897-8...	0	3	3
Per Mrs. T. Spurgeon:				L. E., 1897-8...	0	4	0
Mr. E. Johnson	1	1	0	Mr. R. Brazil	2	0	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	1	1	0	Students of Pastors' College, per Mr. Morris	4	2	4
Mr. Russell	0	10	0	For Christ's sake, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Pastor J. Dickie	0	10	0	North Finchley Baptist Sunday-school Collecting Boxes, per Pastor J. J. Bristow	15	0	0
Mr. Seaton	0	10	0	<hr/>			
				£46 12 7			
Mr. Percy	0	10	0				
Mrs. Horn	0	10	0				
H. McS.	0	6	0				

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1898, to January 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Bessie	10	10	0	W. P. Maraisburg	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Stiff	2	0	0	Miss Macduff	2	2	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Mrs. Mummy	2	2	0
Miss Irvine	0	1	0	Mr. Hickisson, sen.	1	0	0
Mrs. Keillar	0	3	0	J. L.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Beere	1	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Holloway	1	0	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	5	0	Mr. H. Evans	0	5	0
Mrs. Conway (in memory of her late dear husband)	10	0	0	Sixpence per week	1	6	0
Miss R. E. Taylor	1	0	0	Miss A. H. Morris	0	1	0
Miss J. Stewart	0	10	0	Miss F. Manning	0	18	0
Mrs. and Miss Rouse	0	2	6	Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
Mr. W. Price	0	10	0	The Misses A. J. and E. Gould	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Tullis	2	10	0	The Misses Cunningham	2	2	0
Mrs. Latta	1	0	0	Young Men's Bible-class, Belle Isle Mission, per Mr. Hearn	2	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	0	0	Mrs. M. Palmer	1	0	0
Mr. T. F. Brook	10	0	0	Mr. J. Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. A. G. Robins	5	0	0	Mr. L. Atkinson	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss K. Dale	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. H. Clark	0	6	0
Miss L. N. Furner	0	5	0	Mrs. H. C. Marshall	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Jefferys	0	5	0	Mr. W. Willett	0	10	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. S. Hoyles	0	6	0
Miss E. Randell	0	1	6	Postal order, Leith	0	10	0
Miss Bowler	0	2	6	Miss Fort	1	1	0
Per Miss A. Thatcher:—				Mrs. Neathercoat	0	4	0
Mrs. Mannington (Hastings)	0	5	0	Mrs. Fisher	0	5	0
Mrs. Mannington (Isfield)	0	5	0	Mrs. Daintree	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Mannington	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Brightman	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Caffyn	0	5	0	Rev. A. Sturge	0	10	6
Miss Porter	0	2	6	Mr. J. Spencer	0	3	0
Mrs. Guy	0	2	6	Mr. T. D. Ransford	5	0	0
Mrs. Thatcher	0	2	6	Mr. W. S. Hardy	1	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	0	2	6	Mr. Samuel Sharp	3	0	0
Master Faulconer	0	1	0	Mr. E. J. Upward	5	5	0
Miss Thatcher	0	2	6	Mr. J. Harris	1	1	0
			1 13 6	Mr. S. Cornborough	5	0	0
Miss L. A. Millen	0	10	0	Mr. J. E. Gaunt	5	0	0
Mr. James Clark	61	0	0	Mr. E. Laphorn	2	2	0
Mrs. M. E. Poulter	1	1	0	Mr. Bettinson	1	0	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	2	0	J. B. C.	1	10	0
Mrs. R. Davies	2	0	0	Mr. Shipton	10	0	0
Mrs. Hassell	1	1	0	Mr. J. Plumbridge	3	3	0
Mrs. F. Boulton	1	1	0	Mr. A. Hutton	1	0	0
Miss Green	1	0	0	Mr. W. B. Wearing	1	0	0
Mrs. H. E. A. Jensen	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2	0	0
Miss Bates	0	5	0	Mr. F. Arthur	1	5	6
Mrs. E. Davies	0	5	0	Mr. Drummond Grant	1	0	0
Fillebrook Junior Society Christian				Mr. John Lewis	2	2	0
Endeavour	0	6	0	Collected at Watchnight Service, Penge			
Miss Harding	0	1	0	Tabernacle, December 31st, 1897,			
Mrs. R. Maidment	0	4	0	per Mr. A. N. Chew	4	2	6
Mrs. C. Field	0	1	6	Mr. H. B. Ferne, per Mr. J. A. Spurgeon			
Collected by Mrs. Blake	0	13	11	Mrs. Jefferys	1	1	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	0	0	Miss H. Wood	1	1	0
Mrs. Southwell	0	5	0	Mr. J. Baxter	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Windmill	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Suter	1	1	0
Miss E. Jackson	0	10	0	Sir Jas. Colquhoun, Bart.	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Hardy	1	1	0	Miss Cousin	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Hogg	1	1	0	Mr. J. S. K. Moes	2	0	0
Master Johnnie Burt	0	10	0	Mr. W. Hawkins	5	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Reeves-Hughes	0	10	0	Mrs. S. A. Biddle	2	2	0
Mr. Jno. Lane	0	5	0	Mundesley Mission Sunday-school,			
Miss L. A. Scott	0	5	0	per Mr. T. L. Wakelin	1	10	0
Mrs. Southernwood	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Parry	1	0	0
A. W., Doncaster	0	5	0	Mrs. Page	2	0	0
Mrs. Dunn	0	2	6	Messrs. Watney & Co., Ltd.	1	1	0
Miss Seivwright	0	2	6	Mr. T. Church	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hillier	0	2	0	Mrs. M. A. Seale	1	0	0
Mrs. E. W. Bell	1	0	0	Bible-classes, Talbot Tabernacle, Bays-			
Mrs. A. Alston	1	1	0	water, per S. J. B. B.	1	1	0
Miss H. McKelvie	1	0	0	Mr. John Barnes	1	10	0
Mrs. A. Jones	1	0	0	Messrs. Thos. and John Peake	2	0	0
Miss F. Hail	0	5	0	Mr. John Cave	1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Denne	0	5	0	Mr. B. C. Forder	1	5	0
Mrs. E. Mackie	0	10	0	Mrs. C. R. Curtis	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson	5	0	0	Collected at Sunday Evening services,			
Mr. E. West	2	2	0	Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth, per			
Mrs. A. Gould	1	0	0	Miss S. Robinson	5	7	4
Mr. Jas. Scott	1	0	0	Mrs. A. Aston	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Belyse	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Reid Sharnan	1	10	0
Mr. W. T. Flew	0	10	0	Mr. James Fear	1	1	0
Mrs. E. J. Barnes	0	10	0	Miss R. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. N. Mizen	0	8	6	Mrs. Conder	1	0	0
Mrs. Ridley	1	0	0	Mr. George Cox	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Norton	1	0	0	Miss E. Spurgin	5	0	0
Mr. F. Hoy	1	0	0	Mr. Munford	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Nicholl	1	0	0	Mr. J. Hart	1	10	0
Young lady tract-distributors (per				Mr. Thos. Harris, J.P.	3	0	0
Mrs. T. Frohock)	0	17	0	Col. R. Parry-Nisbet	2	0	0
Mrs. T. Frohock	0	5	0	Mr. S. Hampton	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sloan	0	5	0	Mr. E. F. Brook	3	3	0
Miss J. Stevens	0	10	0	Mrs. G. J. Otter	5	0	0
Mr. T. Bush	0	10	0	Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Miss O. E. Selfe	0	10	0	Mr. Arthur Cave	0	10	6
Stamps, Hastings	0	1	0	Mr. Jas. Hill	2	0	0
Stamps, Chipping Norton	0	1	0	Miss Eville	1	1	0
Mr. Blake	0	10	0	Mr. T. Stocker	5	0	0
Mrs. Boutton	0	10	0	Miss Spencer	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Davis	0	2	6				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. H. A. Harverson	2	0	0	Miss E. L. Tarver	0	3	0
Mr. T. Hooley	1	1	0	Miss Wells	0	11	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson ...	1	6	6	Mrs. Bickle	0	5	0
Mr. C. Voysey	2	0	0	Mrs. A. L. Larkam	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Pullum	1	1	0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Laver	2	0	0	Miss Browne	0	10	0
Mr. J. Goodchild	1	0	0	Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0
Mrs. Shilson	0	5	0	Mrs. Tilcock	0	5	0
Miss Mathew	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker ...	0	16	0
Miss M. Gartshorn	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Stewart	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Bland	0	3	0
Mr. W. M. Clow	0	5	0	Miss F. E. Sippetts	0	5	0
Miss Bovy	0	3	0	Mr. J. W. Wright	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bakewell	0	3	6	Mr. J. Niblett	0	5	0
Mrs. D. A. Herschell	0	10	0	Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Stamps, Aberdeen	0	1	0	Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
E. L. F.	0	5	0	Collected by Miss N. Burcher ...	0	3	6
E. S.	0	1	0	Miss S. Cabban	0	5	0
Miss E. Keylock	0	2	6	Mr. W. B. Mortimer	0	10	0
A country minister	0	5	0	Postal order, Nuneaton	0	2	6
Mr. E. A. Sainsbury	0	7	6	Mr. J. Dawson	0	2	6
Miss A. Mackereth	0	2	0	Miss L. E. Knight	0	10	0
Miss E. Stokes	0	4	0	Mrs. S. Dales	0	5	0
Mrs. S. E. Goslin	0	2	6	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Mr. E. Sykes	0	5	0	Miss Hayball	0	2	0
M. W.	0	8	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Penning ...	0	6	0
Mrs. Bossingham	0	5	0	Mrs. Hawkes	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rowsell	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. Wood	0	3	6
Mrs. A. Spear	0	5	0	Victoria Street Baptist Sunday-school,			
Miss Gregg	0	1	0	Galashiels, per Mr. J. Lamb Thomp-			
Mr. T. Bowler	0	5	0	son	0	16	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0	Mr. J. Mortimer	0	15	0
Mrs. E. Sear	0	10	0	Mr. G. W. Camps	0	2	6
Roise's money box	0	6	0	Miss M. Fraser	0	3	0
			0 16 0	Mr. W. J. Billing	0	5	0
Mr. D. Binnie	0	5	0	Mrs. S. K. Hullett	0	10	0
R. and M. P.	0	4	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	10	0	Miss M. Holbrook	0	15	0
Mrs. M. A. Chesworth	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Higgins	0	5	0
Miss R. Cane	1	0	0	Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons ...	1	0	0
Mr. Clarke	0	5	0	Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
J. G. G.	0	5	0	Mr. Geo. Tolley	0	10	0
Mr. H. Higbed	0	5	0	Mrs. Ironside	1	0	0
Miss Pick	0	5	0	Mr. J. O'Gram	1	0	0
Old Iron, Tatenhill	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Parkinson ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cameron	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Short	0	3	6
Mrs. W. Harris	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Pierce	0	12	0
S. M. F.	0	5	0	Mrs. Kilborn	0	5	0
Mrs. E. H. Williams	0	5	0	Miss Kilborn	0	5	0
Mr. H. H. Dove	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Pepperdene	0	2	6
Mr. W. Parry	0	5	0	Mrs. J. F. Mills	0	1	6
Mr. Jas. Hooker	0	5	0	Miss A. Marshall	0	5	0
P. O., Colchester	0	3	0	Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	10	0
Mrs. Barefoot	0	5	0	Mrs. O. J. Porter	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Grout	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Dunbar	0	5	0
Mrs. J. East	0	10	0	Mrs. Vague	0	3	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0	Rev. H. and Mrs. Vince	0	10	0
Mr. W. Wiles	0	2	6	Mrs. Zuber	0	2	6
Mr. J. Miller	0	2	6	Mrs. Grout	0	3	0
Mrs. Bowden	0	5	0	Mr. G. Taylor	0	10	0
Collected by Miss D. Morris	0	8	4	Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. B. M. Johnson ...	0	18	0	Collected by Miss K. M. Sivers ...	0	11	0
Mrs. M. A. Melhuish	0	5	0	Mothers' Meeting, Garland Street Bap-			
Mr. E. Stewart	0	2	6	tist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, per			
Mrs. L. Marshall	0	1	0	Pastor S. J. Baker	0	5	6
Deacons of Withington Congregational				Mr. T. Cottam, J.P.	1	0	0
Church, per Mr. Vaughan	0	10	6	Miss P. Francis	1	0	0
Mr. A. Davis	0	5	0	Mrs. Hooper	0	10	0
Mr. J. R. Read	0	5	0	Miss K. Butler	0	14	0
H. H. K.	1	0	0	Mrs. Barrat	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Caris-				Mr. R. Wilkinson	0	10	0
brooke Church, per Mr. E. Edwards ...	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Toller	0	5	0
J., Hamilton	0	2	6	The Misses Charles	0	2	6
Mrs. Gardiner	1	0	0	Mr. L. Clayton	0	10	0
Per F. R. T. :-				Mrs. Cartwright	0	5	0
Mr. S. Pewtress	0	5	0	The Misses Wade and Keates, and			
Mrs. Keen	0	5	0	schoolfellows	0	12	0
			0 10 0	Postal order, Kingston	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Deacon	0	3	6	Mrs. Creasey	0	10	0
Mr. W. Miggins	1	0	0	Children of Carrow Sunday-schools,			
Mrs. Dodwell, sen.	0	10	6	Norwich, per Mr. W. Reeder ...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Lees	1	1	0	Mrs. M. Skeet	0	2	6
Mr. H. T. Trevanion	2	0	0	Mr. J. Hillier	0	3	0
Mrs. and the Misses Kemp	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. L. Powell	0	5	2
Mrs. Wheeler	5	0	0	Mrs. J. Williams	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Ellison	1	0	0	Mrs. Banyard	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Murphy	2	0	0	Miss M. A. Hardy	0	4	0
Mr. Wm. Dunn	1	5	0	Mrs. and Miss Sharpington	1	0	0
Collected at Children's Services, Metro-				Mrs. J. Everett	0	5	0
politan Tabernacle Almshouses, per				Mrs. G. Bantick	0	2	6
Mr. G. H. Cook	1	5	0	Miss E. M. L. Roberts	0	10	0
Mr. E. Crick	1	1	0	Woodford Baptist Sunday-school, per			
S. B. Ltd.	2	2	0	Mr. W. French	0	12	6
Miss Biddell	1	1	0	Collected by Miss M. Beament	0	5	6
Mrs. M. Rogers	1	14	0	Collected by Master R. T. Jackman	0	11	0
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0	Mrs. W. Chffe	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Inglis	1	1	0	Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Hunter	3	16	0	Rev. E. Evans	0	5	0
Messrs. E. Edgley and Co.'s Coals'				Mrs. Lister	0	10	0
box	1	6	6	Mr. T. W. Lister	0	10	0
Mrs. Chudley	1	1	0	Mr. G. Sturrock	1	0	0
Collected by Miss J. Darling	0	3	8	Mr. A. Middleton	1	0	0
One who loves the children	0	10	0	Stamps, Waterford	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Milne	0	2	0
Postal order, Perth	0	5	0	Mrs. Cornwall	0	10	0
Mr. J. Harris	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Plummer	0	2	6
Miss Bartlett	0	10	0	Mr. H. P. West	1	0	0
Mr. H. Emeny	0	10	0	The Misses K. and F. Pearson	0	5	0
Mrs. M. E. True	0	10	0	Mr. R. Casburn	0	10	0
Mr. Hutchinson	0	5	0	Mr. J. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. J. Briggs	0	5	0	Miss E. Grant	0	10	0
Miss B. Thomson	0	10	0	J. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Francis	0	5	0	Mr. T. Rowe-Thomas	0	10	6
Mr. Sholto Steed	0	10	0	Pastor W. W. Blockside	0	5	0
Mrs. Uridge	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hay	0	3	0
Mrs. B. M. Harrison	0	10	0	Mr. J. Simarson	0	5	0
A. O., Croydon	0	1	6	Mrs. Rice and family	0	7	0
Mrs. E. S. Best	0	5	0	Mrs. Garside	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Bradley	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Walker	1	0	0
Stamps, Bognor	0	0	6	Collected by Mrs. Gregory	1	0	0
Mr. T. Weir... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. H. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Heritage	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Mott	2	0	0
Mr. A. G. Beeton	0	2	6	Per Mrs. Mott:—			
Collected by Mrs. E. Powell	0	13	4	Mrs. Davies... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. L. Wood	0	10	0	Miss Hugger	0	10	0
Nestorian	0	5	0	Mr. D. Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Pound	0	5	0	A friend of the little ones	4	0	0
One drop in the ocean	0	10	0				
Miss M. Munro	0	10	0				
Mr. R. E. Whitehead	0	5	0	Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Miss M. M. Hodges	0	10	6	Pastor S. T. Williams	0	10	0
Beta	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Cousins	0	15	0
Mr. J. Hardy	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Burleigh	0	6	0
Faith	0	3	0	Mr. E. Potter	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Page	0	11	0	Mr. C. Stockdale	0	5	0
Mrs. Willis	0	10	0	Mr. T. Ackland	0	5	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0	Mrs. Oliver	0	10	0
Rev. W. J. Mayers	0	5	0	B. O.	0	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Withers	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Perryman... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Henderson	0	2	0	Mr. W. H. Warner	0	10	0
Mr. Kent	0	5	6	Masters. A. and E. Mills... ..	0	4	0
Postal order, Ludgate Circus	0	2	6	Mrs. Everett and son	0	10	0
Mr. E. C. Messeder	0	10	0	Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0	Mr. J. S. Mack	1	0	0
Mr. W. Blott	10	0	0	Mr. J. Beaty	0	2	6
Messrs. Wills and Packham, Ltd.	5	0	0	Mrs. Gilmour	0	2	6
Messrs. Sharratt and Newth	8	0	0	Miss Brown... ..	0	2	6
Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0	Mr. J. B. Near	0	2	6
Mr. W. Riddel	2	10	0	Mrs. Jackson	0	2	6
Mrs. Cockburn	2	0	0	Mrs. Clover	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Walker	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Jelley	0	10	0
Mr. T. H. Woodson	2	2	0	Mrs. J. Dickerson	0	2	0
Mrs. Johnson	1	0	0	Mr. Frederick Cook	5	5	0
Mrs. E. Gregory	2	0	0	Mr. W. F. Godbey... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Sims	1	10	0	T. T., Newport	1	1	0
E. and F. L.	8	7	10	Mr. J. Clark	1	5	0
Mrs. E. Collins	0	2	6	Little Melton Mission Sunday-school,			
Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard	1	0	0	per Mr. R. Carr	1	10	0
Mr. J. Wakefield	1	0	0	Mr. J. Barber	0	10	0
Mrs. Polts	0	1	0	Mr. Henry Hill	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Manton	0	2	0	Mrs. Wood, per Pastor F. Thompson... ..	3	0	0
Miss A. M. Richards	0	4	0	Mr. J. B. Stott	1	0	0
				Mr. J. Farrow	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. W. Cowper	1	0	0
Mr. D. Boyd	1	0	0
T. A. L. H.	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Wale	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Marsh	2	12	6
Mr. F. Gamman	2	2	0
Mr. Alex. Law	6	0	0
Mr. W. Baddon	3	0	0
Mrs. L. M. Llewellyn	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Blant	2	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Beaver	1	1	0
Mr. J. McIlroy	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Hayes	0	6	0
Mr. C. Chaplin	0	10	0
Mrs. Bolland and friends	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Watson	0	5	0
Mrs. Elford	0	12	6
Mrs. J. Jones	0	10	6
For the Orphanage	0	10	0
Mr. R. Adcock	0	10	0
Mrs. Sanders	0	2	6
G. Clapham Junction	0	5	0
A cheerful giver	0	2	6
Mr. R. Paterson	0	8	0
H. J., Cardiff	0	2	6
Mr. A. Watson	0	10	6
Miss Hardiman	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. P. S. Wigney	0	13	8
Mrs. J. Warren	0	5	6
Stamps, Swindon	0	0	3
Mrs. Cross	0	2	0
Stamps	0	0	6
Stamps, Dumbarton	0	2	0
Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0
Postal order, Beckenham	0	2	0
Rev. J. Cockram	0	2	6
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	5	0
Miss E. M. Scott	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown	0	8	0
Mr. W. Squib	0	10	6
Mr. J. Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. Short	0	8	0
Miss B. Parkes	0	10	0
Walton-on-Thames	0	5	0
Miss M. Lang	0	5	0
Mr. F. Bevan	0	10	0
A working-man	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Carter	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Langman	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Bentley	0	2	6
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bazley	0	10	0
Mr. I. Austin	0	5	0
Postal order, Wycombe	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Gardner	0	10	0
Mr. H. Day	0	3	6
Mr. W. White	0	1	0
Arran	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Bell	0	5	0
Mrs. Lambert	0	2	6
Mr. J. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. J. Van Toll	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Lugg	0	2	0
Postal order, Folkestone	0	2	6
Postal order, Portsmouth	0	10	0
Mrs. Howard	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Morris	0	5	0
Miss Pilcher	0	2	6
Mrs. Allen	0	3	0
Per Mr. R. Giles—			
Sunday dinner-table box	0	16	9
In lieu of Christmas cards	0	5	0
In memory of Bertie	0	10	0
in memory of Bertie's mother	0	10	0
Wallington Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Simmonds	2	1	9
Per Miss A. Duckett:—			
Collected in Bible-class	1	10	0
Miss Duckett	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Bagster	1	1	0
Mr. S. Jarvis	1	1	0
A few friends at Downs Chapel, Clapton, per Mr. W. Payne	3	19	0
Mr. J. Storey	2	0	0
Mr. W. Jackson	3	0	0
Mr. W. Somerville	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. S. Church	2	18	0
Mr. M. Stroud	2	2	0
Miss C. Thomson	1	0	0
Postal order, Cowes	0	5	0
Postal order, Felixstowe	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Eldridge	0	5	0
Mrs. W. J. Cousins	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Grounds	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Moore	0	4	6
Mr. G. Fryer	0	1	0
Mrs. Buckland	0	10	0
Stamps, Redditch	0	1	0
Miss B. Bissett	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Weir	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Britcher	0	10	0
Anon.	0	2	0
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	2	6
Box at Orphanage gates and office box	2	1	6
Mr. W. Spencer	0	7	6
Miss E. Farnfield	0	7	0
Rev. W. Jenkins	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Powell	0	6	6
Miss E. Kewer	0	10	6
Mr. S. Priddy	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Finlay	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Pilgrim	0	10	0
Mrs. M. E. Coastle	0	2	0
Mr. D. Gunter	0	5	0
Rev. S. R. Young	0	5	0
Miss A. Hitchcock	0	3	9
Mr. A. Stace	0	10	0
Mr. W. Davies	0	10	0
Miss J. Chapman	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kay	0	3	6
Mr. F. Rees	0	2	6
Wishaw Baptist Sunday-school Teachers, per Mr. T. Prentice, jun.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Salmond	0	5	0
Miss E. Macnicoll	1	0	0
Mrs. Harris	0	2	6
A thankoffering from Miss M. Wright	0	10	0
S. G. A.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Hood	0	1	5
Mr. J. H. Mills	0	4	0
Mrs. Dowling	0	4	0
Miss F. Semark	0	10	6
Mrs. A. Jarvis	0	2	6
M. J. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Rice	0	10	0
Miss S. Carvey	1	1	0
Putton Mission Sunday-school, per			
Mr. S. J. Fowler	0	5	0
Mr. P. B. Robertson	0	3	0
Miss Wood	0	6	0
Mr. W. Kemp	0	5	0
Miss E. R. Simmons	0	6	0
Mrs. E. Sheppard, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	2	6
Sympathy, Birdsall	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Richardson	0	5	0
Messrs. D. Campbell & Co.	0	10	0
Saltash Y.P.S.C.E., per Miss Downe	0	10	0
Stamps, Welwyn	0	1	0
Master F. Miller	0	2	0
Mr. J. F. Ford	1	0	0
Mr. W. W. Wiley	0	5	0
Mrs. Drummond	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Burnett	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Older	0	18	5
Mr. H. Wudle	0	4	6
Mr. J. Charters	0	1	0
Mr. J. South	0	12	0
Mr. G. B. Wakham	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Medway	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Per Pastor E. Spurrier:—						
G. C. ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. Blaxell ...	0	10	0			
Mr. A. Blaxell ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Arnold ...	2	0	0			
Pastor E. Spurrier ...	0	5	0			
				4	0	0
Miss D. Gordon ...	1	3	0			
Mr. E. Goodman ...	1	3	0			
Battersea Chapel Sunday-schools, per						
Mr. G. Rowley ...	1	1	0			
Mr. G. S. Stowe ...	5	0	0			
Collected by Mrs. Nelson ...	3	3	6			
Collected by Miss Wilson ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. A. Barnard ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. M. A. Wilmshurst ...	0	1	0			
Mrs. R. H. Smart ...	0	10	0			
Duns ...	0	5	0			
Miss S. A. Harrison ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. E. E. Heatley ...	0	5	0			
Mr. and Mrs. G. King ...	0	5	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Weekes ...	0	10	0			
The Misses F. and J. Weekes ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. A. Gunter ...	0	5	0			
P. O., Chiseldon ...	0	2	6			
Miss Mathew ...	0	2	6			
"In memoriam" ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. E. Todd ...	0	5	0			
East Marsh, Grimsby ...	0	1	0			
Mrs. E. Wilnot ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Keddie ...	0	12	0			
Miss Vowles ...	0	10	0			
Mr. D. Macintyre ...	0	5	0			
Girls' class, Otley Sunday-school, per						
the Misses Barker ...	0	8	0			
Boys' class, Otley Sunday-school, per						
Mr. G. Dennett ...	0	6	0			
Per Pastor W. Sexton:—						
Collected by Mr. Page ...	1	1	10			
Collected by Miss Daft ...	0	5	0			
Collected by Master G. R. Shaw ...	1	4	0			
				2	10	10
Collected by Miss A. Westmore ...	0	14	0			
P. O., Hayle ...	0	2	6			
Mr. R. David ...	0	5	0			
Mr. T. W. Benson ...	0	4	0			
Mrs. E. M. Green ...	0	2	6			
Mrs. Spence ...	0	2	6			
Mrs. W. Pritchard ...	0	5	0			
Mr. Geo. Brown ...	0	10	0			
A sympathizer, Glasgow ...	0	10	0			
In memory of J. H. ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Beall ...	0	3	0			
Mr. R. Stowe ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. J. Youens ...	0	10	6			
Mr. M. Merry ...	0	5	0			
Miss G. Sellers ...	0	5	0			
Mrs. Sutherland ...	0	2	6			
The Misses Hoag ...	0	2	6			
Mr. J. Taylor ...	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Myatt's Sunday-school class ...	0	11	0			
Mr. C. E. Fox (for the maintenance of						
three orphans for a year) ...	50	0	0			
Mr. F. D. Collen ...	10	10	0			
Mr. A. Briscoe ...	3	0	0			
Mrs. S. A. Mitchell ...	1	0	0			
Mr. R. Mather ...	1	0	0			
Mr. A. Ross ...	1	1	0			
Mrs. Higgs ...	1	1	0			
Miss Sadler ...	0	10	0			
Miss A. M. Sadler ...	0	10	0			
Mr. Funnell ...	0	4	0			
M. H. B. S. ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. A. Kelly ...	1	1	0			
Miss Sadler ...	0	10	0			
Miss M. Sadler ...	0	10	0			
Miss F. Cook ...	0	5	0			
Mr. J. F. Aldridge ...	1	10	0			
Mr. J. S. Bracher ...	1	1	0			
Mrs. Orr White ...	5	0	0			
Mr. A. J. White ...	1	0	0			

	£	s.	d.
A reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i> ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Pope Froste, M.A. ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Brewer ...	5	5	0
Mrs. W. Piper ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. S. Girdlestone ...	1	3	0
Mr. E. Martell ...	3	0	0
Mr. E. C. Bowtell ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Calder ...	25	0	0
Employees of Messrs. Southall Bros.			
and Barclay, per Mr. C. E. Naish ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood ...	0	10	0
Pastor A. G. Haaste ...	0	2	6
P. J. ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Bedford ...	0	2	6
Mr. Joseph Buswell ...	0	5	0
Miss Ferguson ...	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Bolton ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Foxwell ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Hendrie ...	0	10	0
Mrs. S. James ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Yates ...	0	10	6
Mr. H. A. Hall ...	0	2	6
Mr. R. Howitt ...	0	3	8
Mr. W. Heywood ...	0	7	0
Postal order, Bulth ...	0	5	0
Miss R. Daniell ...	0	5	0
M. A. C. ...	0	5	0
One who loves God's children ...	0	2	0
Mr. A. Carman ...	0	1	6
A friend ...	0	3	3
Hamilton Baptist Chapel Sunday-			
school, per Mr. W. Carré Chrystal ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Bush ...	0	1	8
Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0
Half-year's Interest on £5,000 Deben-			
ture Bonds, Cory Bros. & Co., Ltd. ...	120	16	8
Miss Kemp ...	0	2	6
Postal order, Southwell ...	0	3	6
Mr. A. J. Burt ...	0	7	6
Townley Street Mission, Walworth, per			
Mr. A. H. Tomkins ...	0	14	0
Postal order, Ilkestone ...	0	2	0
Mrs. M. A. Eaton ...	0	5	0
Rev. J. and Mrs. Dodwell ...	0	5	0
Miss A. Prentice ...	0	2	6
Baptist Sunday-school, Helensburgh,			
per Mr. W. Thompson ...	0	16	0
S. K., Pewsey ...	0	10	0
Miss Camps ...	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Farnell's Bible-class, Brank-			
some Baptist Chapel ...	0	6	6
Mrs. J. M. Hutton ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Clark ...	0	5	0
Mrs. and the Misses Thompson ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Jones ...	0	4	2
Mr. J. Burgin ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. R. Baber ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. F. R. Freeman ...	0	13	0
A token of gratitude for the use of the			
Memorial Hall for Sabbath services,			
from a church-member ...	5	0	0
Belfast ...	5	0	0
Carol singers, per Mr. C. E. Bennett ...	5	9	6
Mr. W. McLaren ...	5	0	0
Mr. G. F. Gold-pink ...	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Bawtree ...	1	1	0
Mr. F. Flanders ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. Huntley ...	1	1	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. E. Harvey ...	0	10	6
Miss Mackrell ...	0	10	0
	1	0	6
Mr. Jas. Scott ...	2	2	0
Miss Poate ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Iremonger ...	1	1	0
Messrs. Francis Nicholls, White, & Co.	1	1	0
Mr. John Jackson ...	3	0	0
Collected by Master A. Knight ...	1	11	0
Mr. W. G. Wilkins ...	1	1	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> ...	3	8	6
Collected by Mr. G. F. Smith ...	6	14	3

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. C. L. Kaufmann	5	5	0	Valindre Baptist Chapel, per Rev.			
Collected by Miss A. E. Hill	1	0	7	W. G. Mansfield	0	14	0
Mr. O. Trelease	0	5	0	Treasurer, Metropolitan Tabernacle (in			
Capt. C. Trelease	1	0	0	re Sunday services held in Memorial			
Mrs. M. Wild	0	2	6	Hall)	150	0	0
Mr. D. Ball	0	3	0	Miss L. Dawes	0	2	6
Mr. T. Davis	0	4	0	Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0
Miss G. Hall	0	5	0	G. D., A-sh-ton-under-Lyne	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	0	18	6	South Tottenham	0	2	6
Mrs. Williams	0	2	6	Mr. C. J. Woodrow	1	1	0
Mr. F. Rochester	0	5	0	Mrs. Bazster	2	2	0
Mr. G. Baker	0	10	0	Miss Hewlett	0	5	6
Mr. G. Barnes	0	2	6	Miss Bilcher	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. Damant	0	7	6	Mrs. Harvey	0	2	6
A. B. K.	0	10	0	Mrs J. George	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. H. Gardner	1	0	0	S. T. Edinburgh	0	4	0
Shirley Baptist Chapel Sunday-school,				Mr. S. A. Cousens	0	1	6
per Mr. H. Webster	0	11	0	Mr. W. W. P. Williams	3	0	0
Collected by Master C. Eveleigh	0	7	6	Mrs. E. Mills	5	0	0
Mrs. Adcock	0	8	8	Mr. T. J. Ball	1	0	0
Mr. James Robertson	0	15	0	Miss Gilbert	0	2	6
Mr. J. Ballantine	0	5	0	T. L.	1	0	0
E. C. E.	0	2	0	Mr. R. W. Medland	2	2	0
Mr. R. M. George	0	5	0	Mr. R. Stallwood	0	3	0
Mrs. A. Sluce	0	7	6	Mrs. M. Clarke	0	2	0
Hirst Sunday-school class, per Mr. W.				Hardway Baptist Sunday-school, per			
Andrew	0	5	0	Mr. R. Gamblin	0	18	0
Mrs. H. Goodif	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Mason	1	1	2
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	12	0	Ledburn Baptist Chapel, per Mr. H.			
Mrs. Ellis	0	3	0	Varney	1	0	0
Miss S. C. Greenlees	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Rogers	2	0	0
Mrs. S. Harris and friends	0	10	0	Mrs. W. Biggs	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. T. Rossiter, at				Mrs. H. Lake	0	4	0
Brockley Baptist Chapel	8	17	0	Miss M. McEwing	2	0	0
Miss Scoles	1	1	0	Miss M. H. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. C. Pinnell	2	0	0	Mr. Jas. Millard	0	5	0
Mr. J. E. Perraton	2	0	0	C. F. F.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Hudd	0	10	0	Houston Free Church Sabbath-school,			
Mrs. G. Hodges	0	2	6	per Mr. J. Mackay, jun.	0	10	0
Mr. S. Pearce	0	12	0	Moiety of collections, week of prayer,			
Postal order, Goswell Road	0	2	6	Teignmouth, per Pastor S. J. Thorpe	0	7	1
Mr. J. Kempton	0	5	0	Mr. Simplin's Bible-class, Lansdowne			
Mrs. Talbot	0	5	0	Chapel, Bournemouth	1	0	0
Mr. W. Dyer	0	5	0	Watch-night service, Baptist Chapel,			
Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson	0	12	6	Paignton, per Pastor W. F. Price	0	9	0
Mr. R. Sissons	0	3	0	Mrs. S. F. Clements	2	2	0
Miss L. Rogers	0	2	6	Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	0	2	0
Mrs. J. Scott	2	0	0	Mr. D. J. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. D. Saunders	0	1	0	Mr. A. Jungling	2	0	0
Miss J. Allan	0	3	0	Miss F. Perkins	0	10	0
Dear Granny	1	0	0	Mr. H. Holt	1	0	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0	Mr. A. Saville	0	5	0
The Misses Evans and Odell	0	12	0	Mr. W. Barritt	0	10	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0	Mr. W. Potter	1	1	0
Mrs. E. A. Millar	0	5	0	B. N.	1	1	0
Collected by Miss J. Permaine	0	18	0	Mr. J. Gavet	0	10	0
Watch-night service, Woodville Road,				Mrs. E. Illman	0	3	6
Cardiff, per Mr. W. Morris	1	0	0	Mrs. E. M. Plumb	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lister	1	1	0	Mrs. Standen	0	2	6
Mr. D. T. Davies	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Davis	0	6	0
Mrs. Davies	0	10	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Lossiemouth,			
Miss M. N. Davies	0	5	0	per Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. C. Martin	0	7	6	Mrs. E. Yallop	1	0	0
Mr. H. Purcell	0	5	0	Mr. J. Webb	0	6	0
Parsons Heath Sunday-school, per Mr.				Shaftesbury Mission Hall Sunday-			
H. Letch	0	16	3	school, per Mr. J. Blackman	0	11	0
Mr. H. Letch	0	10	0	Messrs. F. Foulger and Co.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Letch	0	5	0	Mr. L. W. Barton	1	0	0
Postal order, Newington	0	10	0	Mrs. Spooner	1	1	0
Mr. J. Beckett	1	1	0	C. S.	0	10	0
The Misses F. and L. King	0	7	0	Mrs. E. Doughty	0	10	0
Watch-night service, Northcote Baptist				Miss F. Haynes	0	10	6
Chapel, Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor				Collected by Miss F. Turner	0	15	0
W. Lawrence Tweedie	0	7	6	The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan	1	0	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Lewis	2	2	0
Cotswold	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Cole	1	2	0
Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P.	2	2	0	Miss S. Robinson	5	0	0
Mr. William Ronald	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gorringe	5	0	0
Mr. William Phillips	1	0	0	Collected at barn services, per Mr.			
Ellesmere Port	0	2	6	E. J. Gorringe	2	6	0
Mr. J. Luckham	0	10	6	Mr. T. Butcher	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Dunlop	2	0	0	Mrs. M. Brake	1	0	0
Mr. S. F. Hurnard	1	0	0	Mrs. Burdekin	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Barnes	0	10	0	Mrs. B. Veall	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Jefferies	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Workman	0	10	0
Mrs. E. H. Walton	0	3	0	Mr. G. T. Clarke	0	10	6
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	—			Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	0	1	0
Miss Ollard	0	2	6	Miss R. Hockin	0	4	6
Mr. C. Foster	0	5	0	Stamps, Bridport	0	2	0
Mrs. Nagle	1	0	0	Mrs. Harvey	0	5	0
Mr. T. Underhill	1	1	0	Mrs. J. Goldsworthy	0	2	6
Master Stanley Long	0	10	0	Mrs. and Miss Lang	0	7	6
Mr. G. H. Biddlecombe	0	10	6	Mrs. Gibb, sen.	0	2	6
A friend from Beaford	5	0	0	"Tunbridge Wells"	1	0	0
	8	9	0	A widow's mite	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	Miss Marr	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Andrews	0	5	0	Miss Jackson	0	1	0
Mrs. Leaver	0	5	0	A. B. C.	0	2	6
M. A., Barnard Castle	0	2	0	Mrs. H. C. Brown	0	4	0
Mrs. Van Rijn	0	10	0	Mr. H. Alexander	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Trueman	0	5	8	Miss Clout	0	5	0
Mr. E. Sowter	5	0	0	Mr. W. A. Nathan	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. Andrew Fergus	83	9	0	Mrs. E. Roberts	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. John Fisher	25	0	0	Mr. W. Vincent	0	5	0
Trustees of the Delmar Charitable Trust, per Mr. Henry Verden	5	5	0	Miss Keetch	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. H. Downie	18	0	0	Mr. W. B. Hardy	0	10	0
Executors of the late Miss Timms	60	0	0	Mr. Samuel Sharp	2	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir	—			Mr. Bettinson	1	0	0
Pembury	10	7	6	Mr. A. Hutton	0	5	0
Portsea	3	3	0	Mr. W. H. Wilcox	2	2	0
Hastings and St. Leonards	20	10	0	Mrs. Whittle	1	0	0
Eastbourne	12	19	2	Mrs. H. Crowley	2	0	0
East Hill Chapel, Wandsworth	14	14	3	Mrs. Lane	2	0	0
Crawley	9	0	0	Mrs. Jefferis	1	0	0
Christ Church, Westminster, P.S.A.	1	0	9	A friend	0	5	0
Tunbridge Wells	10	8	10	Miss N. Stocker	2	0	0
Southsea	10	12	7	Mrs. Page	2	0	0
King's Own Mission, per Mr. O. L. Heatley	1	1	0	Dr. J. A. Dunbar	1	1	0
Kenyon Baptist Chapel	2	2	0	Mrs. T. Garnar	2	2	0
Lambeth Workhouse (per Miss Higgs)	0	10	0	Mrs. Cook	2	0	0
Mr. Z. Spiers (Camberwell)	3	12	6	Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0
Park Chapel Guild, Camden Town	3	7	6	Miss R. Smith	1	1	0
RouPELL Park Chapel, Tulse Hill, per Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0	Mrs. Conder	0	5	0
Mount Zion Chapel Sunday-school, White Lion Street	8	0	0	Mr. Geo. Cox	0	5	0
Orphan Boys' Cards (as per list)	61	5	7	Mr. Chas. Churchill	5	0	0
Orphan Girls' Cards (as per list)	40	3	10	Mrs. E. H. Edwards	2	0	0
Christmas Festivities Fund	—			Mr. Mumford	1	0	0
Bessie	5	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Stiff	1	0	0	Mr. B. Phillips	1	0	0
Mrs. J. R. Haywood	1	0	0	Mr. Arthur Cave	0	10	6
Miss Gregory	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Cooch	1	1	0
Mrs. Warriner	0	2	0	Messrs. Geo. T. Cox & Sons, Ltd.	2	2	0
Mrs. G. Howes	0	10	0	Mr. F. W. Trotman	1	1	0
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0	Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Miss M. Bashall	5	0	0	Mr. F. Fisher	2	10	0
Mrs. E. Warmington	1	1	0	Mrs. Royce	1	1	0
Miss R. L. Thompson	1	0	0	A country minister	0	2	6
An old friend	0	3	0	Mr. T. Stringer	0	3	6
Mrs. E. Clover	0	5	0	Mrs. C. Stopford	1	0	0
Miss Sheppard and friend	0	6	0	Miss Gregg	0	0	6
Mr. T. Skelham	0	2	6	Mrs. Wilshe	0	5	0
Miss Swift	0	10	0	Mrs. D. Sharpe	0	2	6
Miss L. M. Walker	0	5	0	Miss Larcombe	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Trowel	0	2	0	Mr. W. Wiles	0	2	6
A worker	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Bedwin	0	5	0
Mr. E. Vincent	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Martin	0	2	6
Endymion	0	10	0	Mr. W. Markram	0	2	6
Miss Watts	0	5	0	Miss Slader	0	2	6
Mrs. E. W. Lock	0	5	0	Mr. F. Patterson	0	6	0
Mrs. B. Fox	0	5	0	Mr. J. Grant	0	5	0
Anon.	0	15	0	Mr. J. Miller	0	2	6
Mrs. C. H. Gibson	1	0	0	Miss Beddome	0	2	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0	Mrs. Guthrie	1	0	0
Mrs. E. W. Bell	2	0	0	Mrs. Barrett	0	10	0
Miss F. Hall	0	5	0	Oliver	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Denne	0	5	0	Mrs. Billing and family	0	8	0
				B. J. T.	0	5	0
				Stamps, Slough	0	0	6
				Mr. C. F. Alldis	0	5	0
				Mrs. M. A. Melhuish	0	5	0
				Mr. R. Stewart	0	2	6
				Miss Wells	0	2	6

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bickle	0	5	0	Mr. E. Frisby	3	3	0
Mrs. A. L. Larkam	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Painton...	0	1	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0	Mr. G. W. Skeats	0	5	0
Miss Brown	0	10	0	Mrs. G. Colyer	0	2	6
Per Miss Tarrant:—					Mrs. Fakeley and family...	0	10	6
Friends at Woolwich	0	5	0	Mr. Welman	0	15	0	
Mrs. Rogers... ..	0	1	0	Mrs. Lees	0	5	0	
Miss Tarrant	0	1	0	Mr. J. West...	1	0	0	
		0	7	0	Mrs. Broom	0	5	0
Mrs. Grange	0	5	0	Mrs. Pierce	0	2	6
Mrs. Pleasant	0	10	6	Mrs. Hensley	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cutler	0	10	6	Mrs. Trotter and Miss Stapleton	...	0	5	0
Rev. J. F. Linn	0	2	6	Miss Attfield	0	5	0
Mr. Durrant	1	0	0	M. A. L.	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Roberts	0	2	6	Mr. W. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Loveland	0	10	0	Mrs. Sheet	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Crees	1	0	0	Mr. G. B. Vanheson	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Phillips	0	10	0	Miss A. Bridgeman	0	10	0
Madam Bodda	0	3	0	Mr. D. Macpherson	0	2	6
The Misses Speh	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Walker	0	5	0
Postal order, Peckham	1	0	0	Mr. T. H. Woodeson	0	4	0
Postal order, Wimbledon	0	5	0	Mr. J. C. Smith	1	10	0
Mr. D. Parkins	0	5	0	Mrs. Tutton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Emery	0	1	0	Postal order, Pangbourne	0	5	0
Mr. S. Coles...	0	10	6	Mr. E. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. Hawkes	0	10	0	In memoriam, M. L. M.	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Wood	0	2	6	S. M.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Le Quesne	0	10	0	Orphan	0	2	0
Mr. J. Lambrick	0	10	0	Mr. N. H. Saker	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Porter	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Pocock	0	3	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	2	6	Mrs. Hertzell and Mrs. Mallison	...	0	2	0
Mr. C. Scruby	0	2	6	Mr. J. Riley...	0	1	0
The Misses Rowland	0	5	0	Mr. F. Prior	0	5	0
Mr. J. Foulkes	0	5	0	Mr. E. P. Woodeson	0	5	0
Miss A. Davies	0	3	0	A reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	...	0	2	0
Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	6	Mr. J. Ollington	0	5	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	2	6	H. M. F.	0	2	6
Miss M. Fraser	0	2	9	Master E. and Miss M. Barritt	...	0	1	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0	Mrs. E. Sneezby	0	5	0
Mr. H. Hurrell	0	2	7	St. Helen's	0	1	0
Mr. J. Warren	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Butcher	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Smith	0	10	0	Mr. Bromage	0	5	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	6	Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clow	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Willmott	0	5	0
Mrs. Ward	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Louch	0	1	0
Mr. H. Stevenson	1	1	0	Mrs. W. Pagman	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Toller	0	5	0	Mr. A. Drayson	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Bush	0	10	0	Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	1	3
Master E. Knight	0	2	0	Mr. E. Garrett	0	2	0
Mr. C. Hooper	0	10	0	Mrs. Rice and family	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones	1	0	0	Mr. E. T. Stone	0	2	6
Miss A. Baker	0	2	6	Mr. F. Higgs	2	2	0
Miss Scarf	0	1	0	Mr. J. Filley	0	5	0
Mrs. O. Nock	0	5	0	An Ealing friend	0	10	6
Baptist Sunday-school, Waterbeach,					Miss E. Swain	0	10	0
per Miss Mason	0	7	0	Master B. Clare	0	5	0
Mr. F. Errey	1	0	0	Miss Proudfoot	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	0	5	0	Mr. H. Hadden	0	2	6
Mr. I. J. Carter	0	5	0	Mrs. Barrow	0	5	0
The Misses Horton	0	10	0	Mrs. Wilson	0	8	0
Miss M. Turnbull	0	5	0	Mr. P. Exton	0	10	0
Miss Moree, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	...	0	2	0	Mr. W. F. Godbey...	0	5	0
Mr. O. Clabon	1	0	0	Mr. J. Barber	0	2	6
Mrs. Beed	0	10	0	A friend at Costers' Hall	...	0	8	6
Mr. and Mrs. Lee	0	5	0	Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	...	14	0	0
Mrs. C. May...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Macbeth	1	0	0
Mrs. A. J. Wallace	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	1	0	0
Mrs. Ives	0	5	0	Postal order, Bedhampton	...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Kite	0	5	0	Mr. J. McKroy	0	5	0
Mr. G. Tingey	1	0	0	Mr. E. Brouard	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Brierley	0	2	0	Mr. J. Stevens	0	10	0
Miss M. Payne	0	2	6	Mr. G. Shepherd	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Speed	0	5	0	Mrs. Mumford	0	2	0
Mr. Renshaw and Mrs. McLaren	...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Moore	0	2	6
Mr. L. Clayton	0	5	0	Mrs. H. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Creasey	0	5	0	Collected by Miss R. Patten	...	0	5	6
Sittingbourne Baptist Tabernacle Sun-					Collected by Miss Fox	0	3	6
day-school, per Mr. H. Tacker	2	2	0	Mrs. E. Straw	0	5	0
Mr. E. Davis	0	10	0	Mrs. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. F. T. Tucker	1	1	0	Mrs. Short	0	2	0
Mr. P. Barlow	1	1	0	Mrs. A. E. Franklin	0	2	6

F. S., 5s 6d; Burton, A., 3s 6d; Beazley, H., 7s; Brand, A., £1 1s 2d; Beckett, P., 5s; Bradley, F., 6s; Baggaley, J., 10s 6d; Barrow, J., 2s 1d; Blakeley, F., £1 14s; Curtis, J., £1 1s; Chapman, D., £1 1s; Cooper, B., 4s 7d; Clayton, T., 19s; Cracknell, E., 5s 9d; Clark, S., 2s 6d; Durrant, H., 4s; Day, C. W., 5s; Darby, R., 5s; Dubensky, E., 3s 7d; Davies, W., 1s 6d; Daniels, M., 6s; Edwards, C., 8s; Everett, E. L., 2s; Elkins, S., 7s 6d; Elding, A. C., £1 18s; Fuller, W. J., £1 1s; Floyd, T., 14s; French, S., 2s 6d; Garton, F., 4s 6d; Goodyear, P., 4s; Goodwin, W., 18s 9d; Golds, W., 18s; Gallop, C., 10s; Huggett, F., 10s 6d; Halsall, J., 10s 6d; Hyne, F. G., £1 1s; Holland, A., 3s 6d; Heritage, W., 3s 9d; Hunt, E., 5s; Harris, F., 6s; Jago, S., 9s 1d; Jifkins, W., 17s 7d; Jones, T., £1 1s; Johnson, A. S., 16s; King, F., 7s 6d; Kirkpatrick, W., 14s; Locke, S., 4s; Lindars, A., 1s; Lowe, H., 17s; Laslett, L., 9s 6d; Levi, V., 4s; Leak, A., 6s; Maddes, F., 2s 6d; Martin, C. G., 3s; Noble, A., £1 1s; Nobbs, W., 16s; Ollett, A., 6s; Preston, V., 15s; Parron, W., 15s 6d; Pepler, L., 6s 7d; Patient, T., £1 1s; Prichard, D., 3s 3d; Pearce, L., 3s 3d; Pearce, T., 3s 3d; Page, J., £1 1s; Partridge, G., 16s 6d; Platt, A., 4s; Peters, G., 9s; Rogers, H., 8s 2d; Rooksby, F., £1 1s; Sheath, F., 5s; Slade, H., 6s; Sharp, L. N., 10s; Swain, F., 15s 9d; Swan, B., 6s; Stradwick, F., 10s 5d; Simmonds, G., £1; Shaw, W., 3s 3d; Smith, S., 2s 6d; Smith, W. A., £1 1s; Stannard, W., 7s 6d; Stark, C., 10s; Tarrant, H., £1 1s; Temple, A., 12s; Tansley, H., 12s; Trinder, G. D., 1s 6d; Talbot, H., 6s; Utton, A. J., 4s; Upton, W., 13s; Varney, A. W., 3s 6d; Voysey, E., 10s; Vercoe, H., 7s; Viney, P., 2s 6d; Witney, T., 10s; Wilby, B., 16s 6d; White, F., £1 1s; Wyard, J., £1 5s; Whitfield, J., 2s; Wratt, E. F., 6s; Williams, E., 14s; Warburton, C., 2s; Williamson, A., 2s; Wyatt, A., £1 1s; Whybrew, H., £1 10s 9d; Walker, T., 5s; Woods, W., 6s; Weston, H., 3s 6d; Wickens, G., 5s.—Total, £61 5s 7d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Ayling, A., 1s 6d; Ashton, K., 10s 6d; Atkin, M., 14s; Atfield, F., 8s 9d; Ayres, E., 4s; Birch, K., 2s; Barten, E., 3s; Brooking, F. and N., 12s; Buhicrosan, U., 5s; Bental, B., 2s; Birch, A., 12s; Bradford, E., 5s; Bishop, L., 2s 6d; Bennett, N., 7s 4d; Crispin, M., 15s 7d; Cory, C., 5s; Corke, H., 5s; Civil, E., 6s 5d; Cracknell, H., 6s 4d; Cleaver, H., 1s; Carnell, L., 6s; Cobb, L., 2s 7d; Coombes, L., 7s 6d; Cooper, K., 4s; Dines, E., 1s; Day, N., 3s 6d; Enson, E., 2s 6d; Ebdon, M., 14s 4d; Evans, N., £1 1s; Evenden, M., 3s; Finch, D., 10s 8d; Friend, M., £1 1s; Fleetwood, B., 6s; Fletcher, G., 5s 6d; Fielding, B., 2s; Fernley, O., 2s 6d; Figgins, E., 1s; Grover, K., 5s; Glover, V., £1 1s; Geldart, C., 3s; Gouyn, M., 5s 2d; Gouyn, E., 4s 7d; Gosling, E., 1s; Haylock, F., £1 6s 2d; Hull, D., 5s 6d; Harper, A., 1s 4d; Holland, F., £1 2s; Halls, M., 8s 6d; Hicks, S., 1s; Hollins, L., 5s; Jones, K. and D., 16s; Jeffries, L., 5s; Jervis, L., 10s 6d; Kimber, A., 5s; Lockett, M., £1 3s; Lacey, M., 2s; Munday, J., 6d; Mudge, F., 2s 9d; Montford, G., 6s 9d; Martin, N., £1 1s; Moorcroft, E., 2s; Mitchell, K., 13s 8d; Myers, F., 2s 6d; Mohan, M., 2s; Nichols, M., 4s; Nutt, M., 6s 7d; Norris, F., 6s; Palmer, E., 2s 6d; Plumley, W., 8s 6d; Page, E., 4s 11d; Ploveright, G., 2s 6d; Porter, I., 12s 6d; Petty, V., 5s; Peake, C., 2s 6d; Pain, E., 6s 2d; Puplett, M., 3s; Platt, O., 4s; Roseblade, L., 10s; Reis, E., 2s 6d; Rawle, E., £1 1s; Robinson, E., 2s 1d; Rawlings, B., 9s 6d; Roynance, M., £1 3s; Ruffell, A., 4s 1d; Saltmarsh, E., 6s; Smythe, I., £1 1s; Senyard, E., 3s 2d; Spurgin, G., 2s; Sadder, M., 1s; Spencer, G., 7s 4d; Smith, L., 1s 6d; Stickland, F., 5s 4d; Siggins, W., 8s; Suffell, M., 3s 6d; Smith, C., 18s; Tutt, M., 3s 2d; Vaughan, N., 2s 6d; Woodward, M., 12s; Weeks, M., 5s; Wallace, E., 2s 10s; Worsley, F., 5s; Woolley, A., 9d; White, M., 7s 8d; Williamson, M., 2s 8d; Wright, G., 6s; Wilson, A., 2s; Wicks, R., 3s 2d; Williams, L., 1s; Waldron, N., 6s; Winfield, L., 15s; Wilkins, E., £1 1s.—Total, £49 3s 10d.

List of Presents from December 9th, 1898, to January 14th, 1899.—Provisions:—3 boxes Raisins, 2 boxes Currants, 42 lbs. Sugar, 14 lbs. mixed Peel, 1 lb. mixed Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 40 Oranges, Mr. E. Sparrow; 1 cwt. Eureka Flour, Mr. W. A. Coombs; 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf; 1 case Oranges, 1 sack Flour, Mrs. H. G. Atward; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. H. Collins; 4 case Oranges, Mr. Newman; 25 lbs. Tea, 2 cases Currants, Butler's Wharf, Limited; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. M. Goddard; 47 lbs. Honey, Mr. J. G. Godwin; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Taylor; 20 lbs. mixed Sweets, Miss N. Cheal; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 5 cwt. Jam, Messrs. Chivers and Sons; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 20 dozen bottles Ginger Beer, Messrs. Maueham and Co.; 1 cwt. Sweets, Mr. James Pascall; 3 cases broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 1 Fowl, Mrs. Henderson; 14 lbs. fairy Cakes, Mrs. J. Holder; 56 lbs. Mince-meat, 24 lbs. Marmalade, 36 lbs. Jam, Mr. E. Morgan; 15 bushels Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 2 barrels Apples, Mr. Samuel Perry; 24 Oz. Hearts, and a quantity Suet, Mr. Stephen West; 1 Pig (69 lbs.), Mr. T. S. Prie; 46 lbs. Beef, Mr. Thos. Round; 1 box containing Butter Scotch and Almond for each child, Mrs. E. Pullum; 2 bags Potatoes and Turnips, Mr. H. Steed; 2 packets Tea, 1 Cake, Mrs. Blant; 12 lbs. Tea, Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong; 2 sacks Flour, Messrs. Owen, Clover, and Son; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 Fowls, 10 lbs. Cake, for the Infirmary, Mrs. E. Barraha.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—59 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 pair Boots, M. A. H.; 6 pairs Socks, Mrs. M. Corbyn; 7 Shirts, the Spurgeon Orphanage Sewing Circle, Brighton Road Chapel, South Croydon, per Miss Pollard; 12 pairs Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 2 Shirts, Mrs. Moon; 100 yards Broad Cloth, and 5½ yards Narrow Cloth, Messrs. Henry Fisher and Co.; 14 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Gregory; 17 Articles, Mrs. George Jones; 3 Shirts, M. D., per Mrs. Davies; 4 pairs Socks, Mrs. J. White; 6 Shirts, Mrs. Perrin; 6 Shirts, Miss E. Morris; 1 Shirt, 1 Scarf, Mrs. Kitching; 22 Shirts, the Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 1 pair Socks, 2 Scarves, Miss Hunter; 2 Caps, the Uckfield Baptist Y.P.S.C.W., per Miss A. Peckham; 1 Hat, Mrs. Howard; 2 Shirts, the Christian Inasmuch Society, South Croydon, per Miss K. A. Taylor; 39 pairs Boys' Boots and Slippers, Mr. R. Spink; 1 pair Boots, Mrs. M. J. Warren; 7 dozen Ties, 1½ dozen Collars, 16 Wraps, Mrs. F. Upton; 4 Articles, M. S. Blant; 6 Night Shirts, 6 Day Shirts, Christian Inasmuch Society, Baptist Tabernacle, Tunbridge Wells, per Mrs. F. Bognell; 1 Suit, Mr. John Lewis.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—42 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 36½ yards Material, 16 Articles, 4 pairs Gloves, Mrs. M. Corbyn; 106 Articles, the Spurgeon Orphanage Sewing Circle, Brighton Road Chapel, South Croydon, per Miss Pollard; 3 Skirts, Miss Harris; 30 Articles, Mrs. George Jones; 2 Articles, M. D., per Mrs. Davies; 6 pairs Cuffs, 12 yards Flannellette, Mrs. J. White; 73 Articles, the Young Women's Bible-class, West Croydon Baptist Chapel, per Miss J. Chandler; 6 Scarves, Miss E. Morris; 5 Articles, Mrs. Kitching; 1 parcel Clothing, Mrs. A. Cross; 23 Articles, Miss Iva Mellor; 52 Articles, the Young Ladies' Working Society, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, Hants, per Mrs. Aylett; 7 Articles, Mrs. A. E. Ayers; 1 pair Stockings, Miss G. Gunner; 21 Articles, Miss Hunter; 24 Articles, Mrs. M. Gardiner; 8 Articles, the Uckfield Baptist

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

Statement of Receipts from December 8th, 1898, to January 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Wright	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	0 10 6
Mrs. Rainbow	1 0 0	A friend from Bedford	5 0 0
Mrs. Pilgrim	0 9 0	Mr. A. H. West	0 5 6
A. Z.	1 0 0	"Phebe"	0 10 6
Mrs. Thatcher	0 2 6	A sailor	0 10 0
Miss A. Thatcher	0 2 6	In loving remembrance of I. S. H. ...	2 0 0
Mrs. Nagle	1 1 0	Jessie Taylor	0 10 0
Mrs. C. Roberts	5 0 0	Mrs. Murray	0 2 6
The Misses Davis	0 10 0		
Mrs. Downing	1 1 0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>	
Mrs. Gregory	1 0 0	A reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i> , for	
Mrs. Perrin	1 1 0	<i>Spanish sermons</i>	0 3 0
1 Cor. xvi. 2... ..	0 10 0	Miss Cubitt	0 7 0
Mrs. Davis	0 10 0	"For Christ's sake," for <i>Spanish se-</i>	
Mr. W. J. Sparks	0 4 0	<i>mons</i>	0 5 0
A poor widow, per Mr. T. Footitt ...	0 1 0	1 Cor. xvi. 2... ..	0 5 0
Mr. George Ranson	0 14 8	Mrs. Allison	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie, per Pastor Thos.		Mr. A. H. West, for <i>Spanish sermons</i> ...	0 5 0
Spurgeon	1 0 0	Mrs. F. G. S.	10 10 0
A thankoffering, from South Australia,			
for Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, "Be-			
lieving to See"	5 0 0		
			£42 12 8

Beulah Baptist Chapel Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from December 8th, 1898, to January 14th, 1899.

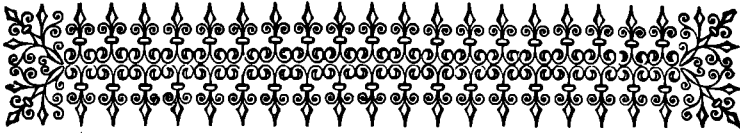
£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Amount previously acknowledged ...	114 6 3	Miss A. H. Morris... ..	1 0 0
Mrs. Rainbow	0 5 0	A Scotchwoman, in her 80th year ...	0 4 0
The Misses Davis	0 10 0	A constant reader of the <i>Sword and</i>	
Mrs. Downing	1 1 0	<i>Trowel</i>	1 0 0
Mrs. Gregory	1 0 0	Mrs. Allen	0 2 6
Mr. William Moir	1 0 0	"Homeward bound"	5 0 0
Mrs. Dupont	0 10 6		
Miss Hodges	1 0 0		
Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	1 0 0		
			£127 19 3

Special Notice.—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel MANSE Fund, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

MARCH, 1899

Spiritual Springtime.

A SERMON, PREACHED AT SURREY CHAPEL, ON THURSDAY EVENING,
APRIL 4TH, 1867, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”—Song of Solomon ii. 10—13.



W HENEVER the springtime arrives, we have a new proof of the faithfulness of God to His ancient covenant, in which He said, “While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.” Let us accept this as a pledge that God will be equally true to all His other promises, and that, especially, will He be found faithful to His great covenant of grace. Did you imagine, in the depth of winter, that the springtime would never come? When the snow was lying deep upon the ground, did despondency say that summer would never return? When the swallows were all gone, and the sere leaves of autumn had melted back into mother earth, did you then think that the trees would never again bud and blossom, and that there would never be a season of fruit-bearing again? If you did think so, your unbelief has received a gracious rebuke; and you now perceive that God is faithful, for the springtime *has* returned.

Learn the same lesson, dear friends, about your spiritual life,—the little world within you. There must be both seedtime and harvest there. There must be both summer and winter within your soul as well as in the outer world. We read, in the first chapter of Genesis, that “the evening and the morning were the first day,” and that “the evening and the morning were the second day,” and so on.

There were no days, even in that Paradise, without their evenings and their mornings; and, certainly, since the Fall, no Christian's day has been all brightness; there must be darkness as well as light to make it complete. But your worst sorrows must come to an end. The severest winter yields to the genial influence of spring, and the sharpest troubles will at last give place to consolation. When the tide runs out, it keeps on ebbing for hours; but at last it turns; and so, even if you go on growing poorer and poorer, there must come a time when your poverty shall be stayed; or if you have been long sick, health may yet be recovered; and if it never be recovered in this world, yet there is a land the inhabitant whereof shall never say, "I am sick." Be of good comfort, then, poor mourner! Take heart of hope as you see God governing the clouds, and believe that thy very worst seasons must have an end, and that thy severest afflictions will at last result in producing in thee the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

But, further, dear friends, the coming of spring is all the more welcome to us because of the sharp winter which preceded it. Sometimes, when we have had very mild winters, we have scarcely known when the spring came back, and hardly cared about it; but if our bodies have been pinched with extreme cold, how glad we are when, at last, the winter disappears, and the April showers begin to prepare the way for the sweet May flowers! And, in like manner, all the joys we are yet to have will be increased by the troubles which we are now enduring. Depend upon it, one of the happiest experiences of human existence is just after a long season of trouble and pain. Why, it is almost worth while to be sick for the sake of the enjoyment that a man has when health is restored to him. It is worth while to go through "a sea of troubles" for the peace and rest which the heart gets when at last it outrides the waves, and casts anchor in the harbour. Nothing can so make your joys shine as having passed through deep sorrows to reach them. Your past afflictions will be like the black foil which the jeweller sometimes puts at the back of the diamond to make the brilliant appear the brighter; your former troubles shall only increase the brightness of your coming joy.

Yet, once again, the happiness of the springtime is increased by the fact that it is prophetic of something better yet to come,—namely, the summer. Solomon tells us, in our text, that "the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell;"—that is to say, there were prophecies of a vintage, there were signs of fruit-bearing and of a coming harvest. We should not be so thankful for the spring but that we can foresee that the blossoms will become fruit, and that the green blade will become the full corn in the ear, and afterwards the golden grain which shall provide bread for the multitudes. And, in a similar fashion, what a sweet mercy it is when our present joys are known by us to be foretastes of greater delights that are yet to come! The worldling's joy may well be unsatisfactory, because it will die with him, and he with it, and he will then enter upon his eternal misery; but the Christian's joy has this charm about it, that it is but the porch of something better, the vestibule of a glory and an immortality which shall know no measure

nor end. If to-day we rejoice in the love of Christ, in the Better Land we shall rejoice in it in a still higher style. If to-day we have fellowship with God's people, and find it delightful to worship in the house of prayer, our delight shall go on swelling, and in due time we shall come to "the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in Heaven." So that, our present joy, being but the earnest of "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," is, like the spring, prophetic of a brighter and a richer summer.

Let us then be thankful,—thankful, if we have just escaped from trouble, that the past will but help to make the present all the sweeter; thankful, if we are now in trouble, that it will not last for ever; thankful, if we are now in the midst of enjoyment, that we have not to leave it, except to mount to something better, from the nether to the upper springs, from the feasts of love on earth to the feasts of bliss in glory.

With this introduction, I call your attention to the great fact that, as there are springtimes in the outer world, so there are spring seasons in the Church of Christ as a whole, and in the heart of each individual believer; and I will talk upon that subject in this fashion.

I. First, I will say a little about REVIVAL SEASONS IN THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN GENERAL,—THEIR SIGNS AND THEIR DUTIES.

There are times, in the Christian Church, when it is just like winter. The ministry seems to be fruitless, like the trees when stripped of their leaves, and bound in the bands of frost and snow. Then the Christian workers almost cease to labour, just as the farmer cannot drive his plough when the earth is frozen hard as iron. There are no joyous songs heard in the sanctuary; but, instead thereof, many groans, like the howling winds of winter which take the place of the sweet melodies of the birds of summer. Then there is desolation even in the hearts of the godly; those who love the Church hang their harps upon the willows, feeling as if they were in a strange land, where they could not sing the songs of Zion. But, by-and-by, there come "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters of penitence flow. He speaks the Word, and the chains of indifference and of sloth are melted, even as the ice is thawed in the returning warmth of springtime. The Church revives, songs of joy and gladness are again heard in her midst, and it is once more said, "The Lord hath done great things for His people."

The first season of this kind that we read of as happening to the Church after the days of our Lord was *at Pentecost*. It was a short but a very sharp winter which the Church had when her Lord lay buried in the grave. How troubled all the disciples were! They thought that He was the Messiah who would deliver Israel, but He had been crucified and slain, and buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa. That winter was but short,—it lasted only three days,—but it was very sharp. The hearts of the disciples were greatly troubled through their unbelief, and their forgetfulness of the Lord's plain teaching concerning His resurrection. But, the third day, He rose from the dead. He appeared to many of them; he walked and talked

with them again and again at intervals for forty days, and then He ascended into Heaven. After ten more days, the Church's winter was past, and the rain of her tearful sorrow was over and gone. Having waited for the appointed time, they met with one accord in one place, and then the promised blessing came. You remember that day of Pentecost, when the flowers appeared upon the earth. Young converts, like fresh flowerets blossoming from amidst the dark, dreary soil of Judaism, were seen by thousands on that memorable day. Then were there songs of gladness heard in the midst of the Church, for "the time of the singing of birds" had come. The Holy Spirit, the Divine Dove, descended and rested upon the chosen ones. "The voice of the turtle" was heard in the land; the gospel turtledove notes, full of goodwill and peace to man, were heard by Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia. All over the land, the voice of pardoning blood and redeeming mercy was soon heard, and unto the uttermost ends of the earth the gospel was proclaimed. Then came the fruit of the Spirit. The fig tree put forth her green figs. The Church was full of all sorts of holy graces and sanctified affections. Christ Himself walked with His Church, and she rose up, and went forth with her Beloved, and held the sweetest and dearest fellowship with Him. Oh, those were blessed days,—those days that saw the ingathering of the first-fruits that followed the day of Pentecost! We often sigh for them, and wish that the like would come to us. We may have them; nay, we may have better days than those if we have but faith enough. The Spirit is given, and the Lord's arm is not shortened that He cannot save. Let us hope, and pray, and trust that such a time of singing of birds may yet come to us.

You who know the early history of the Christian Church will recollect how, centuries after that blessed period, a long winter fell upon the Church. She had forgotten her first love, and yielded herself up to the fascinations of anti-Christ, and that period of time which we commonly call "The Dark Ages" passed heavily over the Church's head. God was not glorified. Souls were not saved. The saints did not adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour;—the true saints did, but there were so few of them, and many of those who were called "saints" were but mock saints, and knew not the truth. But, in God's good time, there came the spring-like season of the *Reformation*. In answer to the prayers of a few hidden ones amidst the valleys of the Alps, and in the wilds of Bohemia, the Spirit was again manifested in the midst of the Church. There rose up certain preachers and teachers, such as John Huss and Jerome of Prague. These were followed by others more eminent still, such as Luther, and Zwingli, and Calvin. Many lands seemed, on a sudden, to have received light from Heaven. The time of flowers came again. Once more, the gospel was preached; that same gospel, which had stirred the world before, began to have a similar influence upon human minds. Again the plants, that had been like the bulbs of the daffodil and the crocus, hidden deep down in the mire, suddenly sent up their green shoots and their golden flowers, and all over the Continent, and in this our own country, the time had come for the flowers to appear upon the earth. Many learned to love and trust the Saviour, and rejoiced to

bear testimony to His saving grace. Then came also the time of the singing of birds. Luther translated the Psalms, and the German ploughman sang them as he drove his horse down the furrow. It was said that, all over England, if you met three men, you might be sure that one out of the three was a disciple of Wycliffe and a singer of Psalms. They called them "Lollards" because of their singing; and, as the brightest singing of birds is usually an intimation that springtime has come, so the revival of Christian Psalmody seems to be one indication of a revival of religion. Then indeed was "the voice of the turtle" heard again in the land. The gospel sounded forth sweetly and clearly, and the power of the Holy Spirit was again felt in the comforting of the Lord's people, and in the conversion of multitudes of souls.

I might remind you of a third period, which will never be forgotten in the history of the Christian Church, that is to say, *the days of Whitefield and Wesley*. And here, in Surrey Chapel, it is well to speak of those days, for when Whitefield fell asleep, the man who chiefly bore the standard of truth was Rowland Hill, and it was through such men as Romaine, at St. Ann's, on the other side of the road, and of Rowland Hill here, and others too numerous for me now to mention, that the Lord was pleased to visit His Church, which had fallen either into dull orthodoxy,—orthodoxy without life,—or else into heterodoxy full of decorous rottenness. All over the land, the Church of England was asleep in the dark, and the Dissenters were asleep in the light; and that was the only difference between the two. Taking the ministers as a whole, they were dumb dogs that could not bark;—greedy dogs that could never have enough given to them upon which to slumber! But those men of whom I have spoken, touched by God's Spirit, once more proclaimed the gospel, and just as the whole earth feels the influence of spring, or, as the psalmist says of the sun, "There is nothing hid from the heat thereof," so was it with the whole land, nothing was hidden from the heat of gospel truth. Conversions were numerous, and again the songs of Zion were heard in every street. It is wonderful how, in Mr. Wesley's time, the use of hymn-books increased; and almost all those who became great preachers constantly advocated the singing of the praises of the Lord. Blessed be God, some of us think that we have not quite lost the influence of that glorious time yet; and I trust that the holy fire, which then was kindled, still lingers on the altars of God's sanctuaries, and that it shall never go out. The time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in our land.

In thus describing these three great seasons of revival, I have told you the signs of them; but now I want to remind you that *there are always certain duties peculiar to certain seasons*. The duty of the Christian, in revival seasons, is plainly pointed out in our text. Christ, as the Heavenly Bridegroom, there says to His spouse, "Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away." Whenever there is a true revival of religion, every genuine Christian should arise, and gird himself to serve his Master with double diligence. If he has been at all slothful before, he must not be so now. The old proverb says, "Make hay while the sun shines;" and we may turn that proverb to good account in the

Christian Church. Try to do all the good you can when God the Holy Spirit is busy among the people. When there is a spirit of hearing, then preach with all your might. When the people seem to have a desire to know the gospel, do not let them remain ignorant of it. Now that the wind is favourable, crowd on your canvas. Seize every opportunity you can to help on the good cause. The miller knows that he cannot make his mill go whenever he likes; he is dependent upon the wind; so, when the wind blows, he takes care to grind his grist, and so must you do. You cannot command the Spirit of God to come when you please; but when He is abroad in the world in His mighty power, and there is a stir among the people, recollect that passage in Old Testament history: "Let it be, when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself, for then shall the Lord go out before thee." So, when you hear that God is putting forth His power, and He gives you even the slightest indication of it, then with might and main seek to serve Him.

But specially note that the text says, "Arise, My love, My fair one, *and come away.*" During revival seasons, Christians should endeavour in a very special sense to walk in distinct separation from the world. I find that, when grace is not actively at work in the Church, Christians are more apt to become conformed to the world; but, as soon as ever their spiritual life and vigour are restored to them, they become Nonconformists to the world, they take up the cross, and go outside the camp with their Lord. And you Christians, who live in these happy days, which I trust are in some measure seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, do seek after a high standard of spirituality! Strive to attain an eminent degree of usefulness, and hear your Beloved say to you, "Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away." Now that the floods are out, God grant that the gardens of our souls may all be watered! Now that the sun shines, may it shine into our faces; may we have our full share of its genial influence! Grant, O God, that none of Thy people may be slow to serve Thee when Thine arm is made bare!

I might, in connection with this remark, venture to ask the members of the church especially under my care to make this a particular time for pleading with God for His blessing because of the immense numbers of persons who are willing each Sabbath day to listen to my voice in the proclamation of the truth. Now it is, when the flowers appear upon the earth, and there is a time of the singing of birds,—it is *now*, if ever in all your life, that you should be much in prayer seeking a blessing from the Most High. Let this be the earnest, continued cry of us all,—

"Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers!
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours."

Thus much about revivals in the Church of Christ as a whole; but now I turn with pleasure to the second point.

(To be concluded next month.)

Please Pass the Honey.

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

THE example of Samson should be imitated by all the members of the Text Union. It is recorded that, when he found honey in the carcass of the lion, "he took thereof in his hands, and went on eating;" and, furthermore, he "came to his father and mother, and he gave them, and they did eat."

Here we have a personal enjoyment passed on to others without being lessened. Having tasted the honey, he continued to regale himself with its sweetness; and, in like manner, those who have really derived profit from the daily use of the Texts, should "go on eating." Such a good thing as the Text Bond should never cease to be a means of spiritual nourishment to those who have once adopted it, and they should continue the practice of storing the memory and heart with its daily messages which are "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

This is also the best way of recommending it to others, as it was in the case of Samson, who not merely introduced it to his father and mother by telling them of it, but actually "took thereof in his hands," going on eating it as he brought it. The Word of God in you will be its own invitation and attraction; for no life, sweetened by this means, can be other than winsome and winning. Present to your nearest and dearest friends the precious results of grace, and truths that have proved sweetness itself to you, and you shall increase your own delight in eating, by seeing the pleasure of others as they also partake of the banquet with you.

The Almanack can hardly be compared to the carcass of the young lion that Samson slew; but, certainly, many readers have found within it "a swarm of bees and honey;" and the Text Calendar Cases (1s., 9d., and 6d.), which contain the Texts for twelve months, make capital beehives, which can be placed on wall, or shelf, or desk, so as to be readily available for daily use. They can be procured *only* of Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E. By an annual application for re-fills (2d., post free), communication will be maintained, and a renewal of membership constituted.

Will *you*, dear reader, join our ranks if you have not already done so, and thus begin to feast upon the honey? Then, while passing on some of the blessing to others, it may be said of you as of Samson, "he went on eating."

The membership card and Almanack, which will prove not only a handful but a heartful of sweetness, will be sent post free for five half-penny stamps. Thus it is possible for every reader of the *Sword and Trowel* to become the possessor of a spiritual apiary, in which will be found a year's store of Scriptural honey. Those who are already members of the Text Union can obtain the new Almanack, year by year, through all booksellers, or direct from myself for three half-penny stamps. It is needful to repeat even this simple notice, as some friends do not appear to have clearly understood it.

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

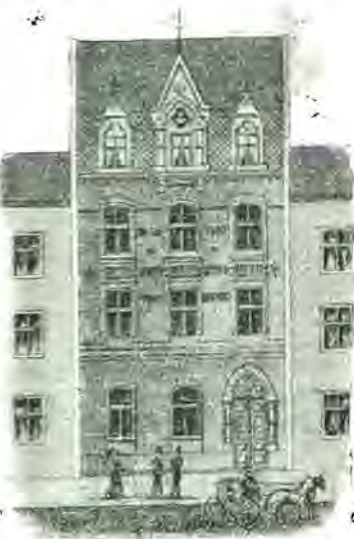
THE printing and publishing of the Esthonian Sermons is a great triumph of faith for our friend, Mr. Frey. I know he has had this work laid on his heart for a long time, for it was in 1896 that he first wrote to me concerning it. He had been to a Baptist Conference in the city of Reval, in Esthonia, and his spirit was stirred within him to give Christ's gospel to the people. "The nation is a small one," he then said, "numbering about 1,500,000 persons; they are of Mongolian descent, and speak their own special language. Will you enable us to give them dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons to read in their own tongue? Some of their ministers are willing to translate without fee or reward, and up to the present time *the people know nothing of such blessed literature.*"

This last sentence decided the matter, so far as I was concerned, and I said, "Yes, get on with the work as fast as you can." So two discourses were translated, and prepared for printing; but three years have gone by since then, for the dreaded censor of the Russian press would not pass them, and there was nothing we could do but wait on the Lord, and make supplication unto our God. This, however, as we have often before found, is the safest and surest way of overcoming an enemy, as well as of obtaining the desire of our heart, and the answer has come in God's own time, which is always the best.

Mr. Frey is a man of few words, but of many good works. He briefly announces to me the fulfilment of our long-delayed plans thus:—"I have the pleasure to send you, by book post, the first two of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons translated into Esthonian. Each Sermon is published in 3,000 copies." That is all;—but, dear friends, what possibilities of salvation and blessing for poor lost sinners are suggested by the thought that these six thousand messengers of mercy may find six thousand hearts opened to receive them!

If we had faith enough to ask believingly for such a mighty favour, it would be done unto us! There is no doubt that our gracious God *will* use these Sermons to bring souls to the Saviour, but we must pray for it. It pleases Him to be entreated of us; but how strangely

backward we are to avail ourselves of so wondrous a privilege!



The Lettish Sermons, as usual, are prospering in a remarkable

manner. Two more issues, of 6,000 copies each, are announced in the same letter which tells of the Esthonian success, and Mr. Frey says there were so many begging for them, so many Lutheran pastors desiring to distribute them, that he felt he could do no less than have double the usual number of copies printed. Thanks to your generous support of the funds "For General Use and Sermon Translation," I was able to pay the rather large bill of £22 with comfort and exceeding gratitude to God.

Mr. Frey has sent me a view of the building in Riga where the Lettish and Esthonian Sermons are printed, so I have had it reproduced, on the preceding page, with the earnest desire that all who look upon it will plead for a rich blessing to rest upon every one of dear Mr. Spurgeon's discourses that is issued from that place.

* * * *

Since writing the above paragraphs, a most delightful surprise has come to me in the form of a little *book*, in the Esthonian language, which proves to be a translation of *All of Grace*. A most unlooked-for blessing this!

Some friends in Esthonia have given the money to print 6,000 copies, and every care has been taken to have a good translation made, though I am informed that the language is not yet perfectly developed, nor the rules of the grammar definitely fixed. But the plain gospel is there, and the Lord can save souls without grammar! "Looking at your collection of this book in various tongues," says the kind friend who sent me this copy, "your heart must rejoice to see your dear husband's writings spreading more and more, healing many wounds, and bringing light and deliverance to many souls. An old Esthonian woman, whom I met the other day, was quite delighted with a chapter in *All of Grace*, and exclaimed, 'It exactly hits my case.' I am very glad to tell you also that the Finnish translation of this same book has a steady circulation."

See, dear readers, how quickly praise has followed on the footsteps of prayer! "God bless dear Mr. Spurgeon's writings to the people of Esthonia!" was the cry of my heart, and the little book brought the message, "*He has done it.*" "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy Name."

* * * *

I have also heard some cheering news of the Telugu translations, for which I praise God. Writing from Coonoor, Mr. McLaurin says:—"I want to report progress in giving the dear Pastor's works to the Telugus. We have issued two more of his Sermons, 'Only Trust Him,' and 'Come, all things are Ready.' We have printed 3,000 copies of each, and are selling them at a merely nominal rate, one-sixth of the cost of printing." This "selling" of the Sermons is a curious necessity in India, for I am told that the natives would neither value nor receive the pamphlets if offered freely,—they would cast them away as worthless *because* given. Alas! how many, not in India only, but in England, similarly treat the offer of "free grace and dying love," and "rather starve than come."

Mr. McLaurin continues:—"We have also collected thirty-one daily portions out of *The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith*, translated them into Telugu, entitled them 'A Garland of Promises,' and printed 1,000 copies of them, chiefly for our pastors, teachers, and Bible-women. Some day, if the Lord will, we hope to have the whole of the book translated for the people."

Great expectations of God's blessing on these efforts thrill my heart as I thank Him for leading us thus far, and I have with much joy sent a third grant of £5 from the Translation Fund in response to the concluding paragraph of Mr. McLaurin's letter, which runs thus:—"If you feel inclined by the Heavenly Father to help us again, we shall be grateful for a remittance at your convenience."

* * * *

Slowly, but surely, beloved Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons are making their way in China's million-peopled land. Two or three facts have come to my knowledge lately, which lead me to hope that a great future of usefulness is likely to be permitted to them there.

A lady, whose daughter is a missionary in one of the chief cities of China, sends every week "one of those incomparable Sermons," and not long since she was rewarded by a piece of good news concerning them, which she hastened to pass on "to cheer dear Mrs. Spurgeon's heart." It seems that No. 1,234, entitled, "The Final Separation," has made a great impression on the friends at the Mission where the daughter is located, and also on the native teacher, a Christian, who at once set to work to translate it into Chinese characters, and deliver it at the Mission Chapel to an audience of Chinese men and women. If this good example were extensively followed, I believe it would be blessed in a marvellous degree, for the power in the Sermons is not of man, but of God.

"One of our own men," while doing pioneering work in China, tells of two incidents connected with these discourses which are well worth recording here. He says:—"I was taking a very long and trying overland journey in one of the tea-growing districts, and after days and days of mountainous travel, with the poorest of native food, and a good deal of fever induced by the hardships of the way, I and my party of native helpers came at length to a Mission-station, where we hoped to find some co-workers. But they were away, and other disappointments and perplexities attended us just then. The library was *very* limited, but, up on a shelf, we discovered a big bundle of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons! Seizing them, as those who had 'found great spoil,' we commenced reading them, and cheered and encouraged ourselves with them during the rest of the toilsome journey. Still further South, in a purely native station, we found odd leaves of the Sermons posted on the palisade; and spending the Lord's-day there, we stood around, and read most helpful bits here and there from the walls of this Chinese house."

Was not this a lovely instance of God's gracious care for the spiritual needs of His servants? As the explorers in Arctic regions, and the Alpine climbers, leave provisions in cairns and huts for those

who may pass that way, and be in need of them, so here were stores of comfort, sustenance, and stimulus laid up and waiting for the desponding travellers, just where they were most required; and, moreover, where their discovery gave the greatest cause for gratitude to the Giver of all good things.

For many years, the Book Fund has furnished the China Inland Mission with a hundred monthly parts of the Sermons; these are kindly forwarded to the different stations, and I am anticipating the time when they shall be freely translated, and a great blessing shall follow their distribution.

S. S.

The Palace Beautiful.*

III.—ITS NATURE, GOVERNMENT, AND MAINTENANCE.

BY PASTOR CHARLES WELTON, MORLEY, YORKSHIRE.

A CHRISTIAN church is a company of saints, united to each other by mutual voluntary consent, governed by a pastor, or pastors,—the ruling and teaching elders,—and served by deacons (Phil. i. 1);—a society of redeemed souls, who accept Christ as their Head, the Bible as their law, whose revenue is the people's freewill offerings, which are the result of love to Christ and His cause. Perhaps no more beautiful description of a Christian church can be found than the one in 1 Peter ii. 5: "a spiritual house,"—its origin spiritual, its Head spiritual, its members spiritual, its officers spiritual, its laws spiritual, its ends spiritual; which ends should be accomplished by spiritual means. Thus we see that, in New Testament times, the Church was not State-formed, nor State-endowed, nor State-controlled. No; in those happy days, while her virgin robe was unstained, and her radiant crown undimmed, she was free from the hampering entanglements and worldly alliances which have so deformed and weakened her in these latter days.

Going back to this first century model, the Free Churches of this and other lands claim the right to preach and practise the truths which, in the early part of the Christian era, brought forth those golden harvests that waved in summer loveliness wherever the glorious gospel was proclaimed and Christian churches were formed. These societies, strong in the strength of their risen and exalted Lord, became numerous and powerful in spite of the combined and bitter opposition of Pagan and anti-Christian governments; their early success being, in a measure, traceable to the fact that definite provision was made for the care and oversight of "God's heritage." Thus, while in a very real sense every Christian is his brother's keeper, and all the saints are alike "kings and priests unto God," still, the great Head of the Church has given to that Divinely ordained institution chosen men, who are to rule and shepherdize it. This seems to be the plain teaching of Acts xx. 28, where Paul, in speaking

* The previous articles in this series appeared in the *Sword and Trowel* for September and October, 1898; the concluding one will (D.V.) be published next month.

to the elders of the Church at Ephesus, says, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." Happy the people that have pastors who preside over the flock with loving care, feed it with gospel pasturage, guide it in paths of righteousness, and exercise a vigilant supervision over its spiritual well-being,—men of great shepherdly hearts, who can lead the sheep into green pastures, and gather the tired lambs, and carry them in their bosoms! Such men will joyfully look upon Christ as the chief Shepherd, and all the members of the church as God's clergy,—the charge allotted to them by the Lord. (1 Peter v. 3. R.V.)

It need scarcely be said here that the office-bearers in the early Church formed no hierarchy, no sacred priestly order, surrounded by special privileges and raised to a superior rank; but were called to and fitted for their office by God, and then chosen by their fellow-members to become the helpers of their faith and joy; and, as such, were loved and supported for their work's sake. The fact that these things are to some extent forgotten by us, may account for the restlessness and love of change which are all too prevalent among churches and pastors to-day, and are working sad havoc in many places. In some cases, before a pastor has been settled two years, he is casting wooing glances at some other church, thus largely unfitting himself for effective service in his present sphere, by preventing the tightening of those bonds of love and confidence which are so essential to solid and abiding work. Why, if we believe God has placed us where we are, should we not labour on without thought of change till He opens for us another door? As things now go, once the work begins to slacken in the matter of declared results, some restless spirits in the church conclude that a change in the ministry has become an absolute necessity. Would that our friends could see that this is by no means the only alternative! Let such persons again grip the hand of the pastor as warmly as they did during the first few months of his ministry among them; and, above all, let them pray for him as earnestly as they once did. It is not many years ago since the following incident took place in one of our churches.

There was no little dissatisfaction respecting the sermons of the pastor, and the usual whisperings and lamentations could be heard among a portion of the members; however, there was found in the church one poor wise woman, and she by her wisdom delivered the church from its peril. Thus it happened. She had heard the complaints, she felt them to be justified in a measure, and was disposed to join in them; but, before doing so, she resolved that, for Christ's sake, for the church's sake, and for her own sake, she would spend one week in honest earnest prayer for her pastor. On the following Sabbath morning, she was in her pew earlier than usual, and again her heart was lifted up for a blessing on the services of the day. What a blessing she received that morning! What liberty the preacher had, what unction, what lifting up of Christ, and what expressions of appreciation! And, among the rest, this mother in Israel hastened to greet him while, with flushed face, and tear-filled eyes, she clasped

the good man's hand, and said, "*Ah, sir! it pays to pray for the pastor.*" Are things in "a low state" in the church of which the reader is a member? Try what a season of prayer will do; and do not fear to say a cheering word to the preacher when the Lord blesses you through his ministry. It is wonderful what a little thing will gladden a weary heart. A friend, well known and greatly loved by the writer, received the following compliment slowly uttered, "Well, Harry, my lad, I *think* I've heard many a *worse* sermon than that thou preached this afternoon." Even this very doubtful compliment cheered the lad in his early preaching efforts.

As we pass on to another phase of the subject, let us breathe the prayer,—

"May every pastor from above
Be now inspired with zeal and love,
To watch Thy fold, to feed Thy sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep."

Church-meetings should be seasons of holy fellowship, but this can only be so when everything is "done decently and in order." Too much attention cannot be paid to this matter in those churches which accept the form of congregational government so clearly taught in the New Testament, where each church is represented as managing its own affairs, and in which every member had an equal share, while all sought to carry into effect the laws of the great "Master of assemblies." To avoid lawlessness, the business of each meeting should be carefully and prayerfully prepared by the pastor and deacons; and there should be, as far as possible, unanimity at the "deacons' meeting." This every wise pastor will seek. We have more than once allowed business to wait a while rather than force a matter upon the church about which the *diaconate* was divided. Only the business on the agenda should be transacted. Of course, any member has the privilege of giving notice of motion for the next meeting; but the officers of the church have the right of discretionary powers in respect to any such notice. It is of the utmost importance that all who speak in the gatherings of a church should stand while doing so, and always address the president of the meeting (usually, the pastor). On no account should members be allowed to talk *at* each other. These may seem trivial matters; but the neglect of them has been disastrous to many a church, and ruinous to hundreds of pastors. To something like rigid adherence to these simple regulations, we attribute the fact that, during a ministry extending over more than thirty years, we have not had half-a-dozen "stormy church-meetings," though there has always been the fullest and freest expression of opinion. Would that all our people could see that it is to the interest of the churches to uphold the rightful and lawful authority of pastors and deacons; then should we see "Zion, the city of our solemnities, . . . a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. . . . For the Lord is our Law-giver, the Lord is our King." (Isaiah xxxiii. 20-22.)

Now concerning the deacons. Why does the reader smile at the

mention of deacons? Surely, this is no laughing matter. True, there are in this office domineering men who, by their ignorance and crotchets, harass the church, and hamper the pastor; but, taking them as a whole, they are a noble class of men, ornaments to the church, and the glory of Christ, the majority of whom use the office well. From the day when "the whole multitude of the disciples" chose "seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, and wisdom," to fill this office, down to the present time, deacons have rendered a splendid service to the Church of God. Never let it be forgotten that the first on the roll of deacons became a martyr; and, in many of our rural churches, as well as those in the larger towns and cities, some of the Church's most valiant sons are found in the diaconate, through whose liberality and fidelity "the Word of God has increased, and the number of the disciples multiplied." In this matter, however, as in many others, failure has appeared when the plain teachings of God's Word have been disregarded in choosing men to fill this office. We have the qualifications of a deacon fully stated in Acts vi. and 1 Tim. iii., from which we gather that they must be men of undoubted personal piety, consistent piety, pre-eminent piety, piety which is accompanied by robust faith, dauntless courage, Christlike love, and godly zeal. There must also be business ability and sound common sense. To use the language of the inspired Word, they must be "men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, and wisdom." No wonder that, in churches where these qualifications are ignored, and "the best available men" are selected, the office should be abused. Only as we give these qualifications a practical embodiment in our church polity, can we expect Zion to flourish in peace and beauty under the friendly shade of wise and godly office-bearers. No man should be elected on the ground of his affluence. Here, all personal considerations should be avoided, and wealth and rank and social influence must bow before the higher qualities of moral, spiritual, and mental fitness. The first deacons were chosen by the whole Church, probably by a kind of ballot, as in the case of Matthias, and then solemnly set apart by prayer.

The record is silent as to the length of time they were to serve. We strongly object to a time limit, and the annual or triennial contests which introduce worldly and disturbing elements among the brotherhood. Our best churches owe their position, at least in part, to the fact that there have been few changes among those who have served as pastors and deacons. Should a deacon at any time prove unfaithful or incompetent, the church has the power, and should have the courage, to remove him from office, as in the case of a pastor. However, such extreme measures will rarely be required when the Scriptural rule is followed in their election, and where prayerful confidence exists between the pastor and his fellow-helpers.

We cannot close this section without expressing our own indebtedness to the Almighty Spirit for the prudence and piety of many of the deacons with whom we have laboured; especially those of our first pastorate. "Pray about it, and sleep over it," was the advice often given us by one of them, when we intimated our intention to deal with matters that seemed to need prompt action; and many

difficulties were overcome by the young pastor "praying about them, and sleeping over them." Then there was good old Deacon Boud, the peace-maker, and the man of stately prayers. Why, it was no unusual thing for the dear man to pray on, in the vestry, altogether oblivious of the fact that the hour for commencing the service had struck; and more than once have we left him on his knees, pleading with the Lord for a blessing on the work and worship of the day, and not till the service had well advanced was his ruddy and happy face seen at the front door of the chapel. It is long since this beloved servant of Christ and the church "fell on sleep," but his memory is still fragrant, while, in the person of his son, the pulpit of Penge Tabernacle is all the richer to-day for the prayers of Deacon Boud. The Lord send more such men into the churches! They shall animosities between pastors and deacons be buried in the gladness of closer friendships. "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." In that day, God shall sway His kingly sceptre over prayerful and prosperous churches, from which the mere official shall have disappeared for ever.

Going once more to the early Church for a final lesson, we find the members giving both themselves and their goods to the Lord and His cause. Voluntarily, they gave their substance for the support of the Church's work, using their wealth as a sacred trust, the widow bringing her mite, and the rich man his gold to the Lord's treasury. This mode of giving is still binding on all who call Christ "Master," and should be proportionate to the means with which God has entrusted them. The practice of *Weekly Offerings* is certainly the most Scriptural; but great care must be taken not to spell weekly with an *a*. Let the offering spring from the spontaneous gratitude of a love-burdened heart; then it will be by plan, and not on impulse. Praying and giving are put side by side in the gospel (Matt. vii.), and giving is the more Godlike of the two, for God never prays, but He is always giving. As to the measure of giving, each must decide, solely under the guidance of the revealed will of Christ, and the influence of thankful love to his redeeming Lord. We find that Jacob *began* by promising to God a tenth; and Zacchæus by bestowing upon the poor the half of his goods; but, whatever the proportion may be, we must always remember that "it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not," "for God loveth a cheerful giver," and "the liberal soul shall be made fat."

In what has thus been stated respecting the nature, government, and maintenance of the Church of Christ, we should be deeply pained if any concluded that we had forgotten the absolute importance of supernatural power to work in all, and through all, for the good of this suffering world and the glory of God.

We shudder at the thought of the modern scepticism, which fritters away the atonement, and questions the Godhead and miracles of Christ, and sneers at the precious truth of Divine influence, the need of which we feel more and more every day, knowing as we do that, without the empowering presence of the Holy Spirit, the best organization and the most earnest efforts must result in disastrous failure.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

ALL ABOUT "THE RECEPTION."

SHEETS of driving rain almost obscured the Crystal Palace from our gaze as my dear mother, Mr. William Higgs, and the writer drove along the ridge of Beulah Hill *en route* for Newington Butts, about 2.20 on the afternoon of *Wednesday, February 8, 1899*. We ourselves were snug enough, but what of those whom we had hoped to see at the Reception? How could they venture out in such a storm? We did not lack for themes of conversation. To one of us, at least, Norwood, and Brixton, and Kennington presented some novel features, for the last few years have wrought many changes,—the cable cars, the Bon Marché, the Electric Railway Stations, &c., &c. We all had a good look at 7, St. Ann's Terrace, Brixton Road, the house from which Miss Thompson used to walk to Sydenham, on certain never-to-be-forgotten afternoons, that she might meet "somebody" at the Crystal Fountain. (See *Autobiography*, Vol. II. Chapter xxxv.) Of these and many other things we spake; but, if I mistake not, the event to which we hastened was in our minds meanwhile. At last we turned into Dante Road, and soon drew rein at Jubilee House.

After slipping into the New Hall to see that all was ready, to give a few instructions to the eager throng, and to warn them (unavailingly, I fear,) of pickpockets, it was my privilege to escort my dear mother, during a kindly lull in the storm, into the vestry, there to receive heartiest greetings from brother Charles, and the officers of the church; and thence, almost on the stroke of 3, to lead her to the flower-decked platform. What a cheering and clapping then took place! A goodly company was present even then, for "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." The scene was bright indeed. The Hall is too new to bear any traces of London grime; moreover, it was beautifully decorated—especially as to the platform—by our good friend, Mr. Searle (of Searle and Hayes, the Tabernacle architects); the choice flowers, in which lilies of the valley predominated, (appropriately so, for does not Susanna signify lily?) made us forget the wintry blast; and the electric light more than compensated for the lack of sunshine. It was Queen's weather inside the Hall, whatever it may have been without.

The cheers of the people were responded to by quite a vigorous salute, and never was a joyful waving of the hand more heartily appreciated. That same hand put a promise for £250 into mine; and when a verse of "Let us with a gladsome mind," had been sung, and her two sons had offered their gifts, we settled down to business. Already some £1,300 or £1,400 had come in by post, so that was a nice little nest-egg. Was it not fitting that, amongst the earlier donors, should be the esteemed treasurer of the church, Mr. T. H. Olney, and our good friend and deacon, Mr. Wm. Higgs? Each of these enriched the fund with a cheque for £500.

Gradually, we got into working order, and the long queue began to file past the chair. Never have I seen folk so eager to give. The

atmosphere grew sultry in the crowded corner; but patience had her perfect work, and almost everybody got a shake of the hand in time. For two hours, the procession ceased not, save for two very brief intervals which could not be denied to her on whom the unwonted task was sure to tell. During those two hours, no less than 783 separate gifts were handed in, so that the donors must have been greeted at the rate of nearly seven per minute. I was too fully occupied, welcoming friends and passing purses, &c., to the four busy secretaries behind me, to hear much of what was said. Moreover, I was obliged



THE PLATFORM AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

to steel myself somewhat in order to play the part of a special constable with the well-known watchword, "Move on, if you please." Nevertheless, some found opportunity for a hurried word, and there were always extra greetings for the children. Even the special constable's hard heart was softened then! Oh, and it was good to hear snatches of precious memories, and grateful thanks for help from dear mother's articles in the *Sword and Trowel* "You led me to the baptismal pool," said not a few, and the text then given is treasured

still; and quite a number said to her, "I saw you married." Some of the orphans from Stockwell were particularly welcome, so was Mr. J. E. Passmore with a "record" collecting card amounting to £730; no less so was the poor member whose sixpence meant no little sacrifice. ALL were welcome, not to mother only, but to Him for whose sake the gifts were offered.

Someone had thoughtfully provided a scoring-board, and a deal of interest that board aroused. The figures were constantly being changed; and when £5,000 was shown, we could not forbear pausing to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Just as the clock indicated the hour of five, the last of that batch of donors ascended the rostrum. The score stood at £5,680! Then my dear brother, who had stood on my mother's right hand, making himself generally useful, congratulated her on the golden sheaves she had been gathering, praised God for her presence and help, and moved a vote of thanks to her. Mr. Sawday seconded it, and, in doing so, said that his heart was too full for him to be able to say what he would; and almost before the Pastor could put the resolution to the meeting, it was carried tumultuously.

Then came a glad surprise. As Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon advanced to the rail, an instant and expectant hush fell on the audience, and we were all thrilled with these sweet words:—"DEAR FRIENDS,—IF MR. SAWDAY'S HEART IS FULL, HOW FULL DO YOU THINK MINE MUST BE? THE THANKS ARE DUE TO YOU, AND NOT TO ME; AND I THANK YOU IN MY HEART OF HEARTS FOR COMING HERE TO-DAY, AND FOR GIVING SO MUCH TO THE CAUSE SO DEAR TO ME. GOD BLESS YOU ALL!" Another cheer, and then we escorted her out, and "Son Charlie" saw her home.

When my dear wife and I, with Mr. and Mrs. Sawday, resumed the Reception, it was not to be wondered at that the glory seemed in great measure to have departed. Then we had leisure to admire the decorations, and to appreciate the refreshment department, in which Miss Higgs and the deacons' wives and daughters had been dispensing creature comforts all the afternoon. I hereby thank them for everybody, for the thing was well done in every sense. But even at this slack time, the busy men behind the chair—Messrs. Bartlett and Andrews, our own secretaries, and Messrs. Ladds and Sorrel, from the Orphanage,—had not reached *their* leisure hour. It had not been possible to keep pace with the tide of donors, and every post brought a fresh batch of letters with "enclosures." Of course, Mr. Ford, the Building Committee secretary, was as busy and as genial as ever,—only more so! 426 letters containing gifts came to hand *on that day* from all parts of the kingdom. Amongst many others, messages and offerings were received by telegraph from Revs. V. J. Charlesworth, J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., and Newman Hall, LL D., and A. H. Baynes, Esq. The letters, I have been privileged to peruse. I wish you could all see them, for they prove so plainly that C. H. Spurgeon's memory is increasingly precious, and not a few of them thank God for his faithful stand for truth and unworldliness till the last. Evangelicals of all denominations took this opportunity to record their gratitude to God for the warning note of the faithful shepherd. To

those who added a kind word of cheer for his successor, I am specially grateful.

Well, if business was never very brisk during the evening, we were never quite unemployed. As I expected, some came in as late as nearly nine o'clock, right glad that such busy men as they had a chance to have a place on the list, and a peep at the bright scene of the day's glad doings. An improvised choir, with Mr. Cox as conductor, Miss Hall as organist, and Mrs. Morgan as soloist, did something more than prevent any possibility of monotony; and when the last batch of letters had been inspected, the scoring-board figured—

£6,367 !

Then we sang, "All hail the power," and the Doxology, and went our several ways in a decidedly "O be joyful" mood.

Next day we rejoiced to hear that "the elect lady," though very tired, was "fairly well"; and, on the following Sunday morning, I read to my devoted people the following extract from a letter of my mother's:—"I rejoice exceedingly in your success; God has been very gracious to you in raising up so many kind friends, and I think the amount secured is splendid. Blessed be the Name of the Lord! I heartily appreciate all that was done by everybody for my comfort and convenience on Wednesday, and I hereby offer to all concerned my warmest thanks. It was a singular honour to be allowed to have such a part in the re-erection of the place so sacred to your dear father's memory."

And what is the next item? Why, the GREAT MEETING IN EXETER HALL, ON TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 14, to be sure! Sir George Williams is good enough to promise to preside; the speakers are Revs. Newman Hall, LL.D., John Bond, and A. G. Brown, and Dr. T. J. Barnardo. After these, I want to show a series of photos of the Tabernacle and its vestries, with portraits, &c, &c., &c., which are full of a sad deep interest. Reserved seat tickets are one shilling each. "O Lord, we beseech Thee, send now prosperity!"

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XIV.—BY JAMES SHARPLESS, LATE SPITALFIELDS GOSPEL MISSION.

WHEN I was about nineteen years of age, I was considered by my friends to be a steady, truthful, respectable young fellow; and although I made no pretence of being religious, I respected those who really were so. There was a believer in Christ, employed in the City firm where I was engaged, a Scotchman, who was on the look-out for souls that he might win for his Lord and Master. Buttonholing me one day, he asked, "Have you been to hear that young Spurgeon who is preaching at Exeter Hall?" I replied, "I have not." "Then," said he, "you should go." Being busy at the time, I took no further notice of his remark. The next week, he came to me again, asking if I had been to Exeter Hall the previous Sunday, to hear the great preacher. When I found that he was not to be put

off, I gave him a wide berth; but, after a few days, he was at me again, so I felt rather ruffled, and said to myself, "Well, the only way out of the difficulty is to go just for once to hear Mr. Spurgeon; then I shall get a little peace, and not be bothered again." (I little thought that, by going "just for once," I should get the "great peace" which comes to all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.)

So, on Lord's-day morning, January 27, 1861, I wended my way from the East to the West End. When I reached Exeter Hall, I found a great crowd of persons at the doors. A sudden temptation seized me, and a voice seemed to say, "Go and take a walk, or go back home; you have no right to mix with religious people." I took a walk for a short time; and when I came back, the doors had been opened, and the crowd had disappeared. For a moment I hesitated; it was as if Satan himself stood at my right hand to resist me, but the Spirit of God came upon me, and said, "Go," and in an instant I entered the building.

When I looked round the great hall, and found it packed full of earnest-looking faces, a feeling came over me which I shall never forget, something like Jacob must have felt when he said, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven." From that moment, my conscience began to work. My early childhood's days passed before me,—the Sunday-school and its lessons, my wanderings out in the world, my misspent years, and so on.

Presently, there was a great hush, and I heard someone say, "Here he comes!" I turned my eyes towards the platform, and for the first time saw the mighty man of God; two little boys—his twin-sons—followed him, and sat by his side. Mr. Spurgeon at once led the great congregation in prayer; and, certainly, if ever mortal man prayed in the energy and power of the Holy Spirit, he did that morning. I felt a holy influence overshadowing me; my icy heart began to soften into godly sorrow.

The lesson read and expounded was, the first chapter of the Book of the Revelation, and the subject of the Sermon was, "The Christ of Patmos" (No. 357). Jesus Christ was evidently set forth crucified, and risen, and glorified, and the great Redeemer stood out to the view of all (to myself in particular) "a living, bright reality." The preacher seemed to look me tenderly in the face, and said "Young man, I say unto thee. Arise." The Spirit of God led him to photograph my life and character; I at once felt the Divine energy and power of the truth proclaimed, my heart was full of emotion, and the message entered my very soul.

The service over, I went quickly and thoughtfully home, meditating on what I had heard and seen. The serious question with me was,—How shall I be able to live a Christian life at home with a grown-up family of nine persons, not one of them knowing the Lord, or going to a place of worship? When I reached the house, I was questioned about my visit to Exeter Hall, and what I thought of Mr. Spurgeon. I told them as much as I knew, and the next Lord's-day I managed to get a brother to go with me. He listened to the service throughout with some little interest, but I was much disappointed to find it had

not the same blessed effect on him as it had on me. However, I persevered, and got him and other brothers to go to Exeter Hall for a few times, when their excuse was that it was too far. Then I took them to a place nearer home; that being George Yard Mission, where a good spiritual work was going on at that time. We all attended the gospel meetings held there for some years, till, one by one, my family were led to decide for Christ, their changed lives and consistent Christian conduct proving the work wrought in them to be of God. The Lord has taken several of them home, after shining brightly to His glory here. One dear brother has never left George Yard Mission from the first day until now; he is, I think, the only one left of the good old days who has stood by Mr. George Holland in his noble life-work among the poor.

The years 1859—1861, as many know, were mighty times of real Holy Spirit revival. Whitechapel and Spitalfields came in for their share of blessing from the God of our salvation. Mr. Holland and Mr. William Joseph Lewis took turns in conducting the Sunday services, and grand times of refreshing they were. Men and women were deeply convicted by the Spirit using the Word of God; numbers were born from above, at nearly every meeting souls were saved. The work spread in all directions till, at last, in 1863, Mr. Lewis opened another Gospel Mission in Spitalfields, and the Lord mightily blessed his preaching for many years. I was led by God, in 1866, to join the Spitalfields Gospel Mission, then in full swing.

After some twenty years' good hard work, seventeen of which I was his fellow-labourer, Mr. Lewis left the Mission in my charge. By God's grace and help, I was enabled, with the co-operation of a splendid band of devoted working-men and women, mostly fruits of the Mission, to carry on the good work till 1890, when the lease of our hall being nearly out, we had to give it up. Ever since that time, I have been working about the neighbourhood, carrying the gospel of glad tidings into the people's homes

So, from that glad Sunday morning in January, 1861, when the good seed of the Kingdom was sown in my soul through the message from those lips full of grace and truth, until the present moment, it has been one unbroken stream of grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ. Though I may have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet I have only one spiritual father, dear C. H. S., for in Christ Jesus he hath begotten me through the gospel.

I was one of the many thousands who passed through the Tabernacle to see at least the coffin of the dear man of God who led me to the Saviour, and, on the day of his funeral, none (outside his own family) felt more deeply their loss than I did. Doubtless there were thousands in the crowds, like myself, the fruits of his labours, though not known to each other. They shall come from the East, from the West, from the North, and from the South, and sit down, not only with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, but with dear glorified C. H. S. What a meeting indeed it will be, with our blessed Jesus in our midst, all eyes being fixed on Him who has from eternity loved us and who has redeemed us unto God by His blood!

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

LXIII.—PASTOR A. G. EDGERTON, OF CHISWICK, W.



THIS preacher of the gospel of peace was born in a year of war, when one of the most sanguinary struggles of the century took place between the French and the Germans,—the memorable year, 1870. He is, therefore, barely twenty-nine years of age, and looks much younger; though he has accomplished the work of older men, having been a preacher for thirteen years, a settled pastor for six years and a half, and having built a chapel of considerable importance in a London suburb. He was born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, of Baptist parents, his father being Pastor W. F. Edgerton, now of Harlington, and well known and respected in the denomination, especially in the North of England, where he held a long pastorate at Oldham. The son is, therefore, as they say in Scotland, “a son of the Manse.” Better still, his sonship went further, for he followed his father to the same Lord, the same baptism, the same College, and the same ministry. This is the only apostolical succession Baptists know.

From his earliest childhood, ARTHUR GEORGE EDGERTON can remember spiritual impressions, and he even ventured to teach a class

in the Sunday-school when he was only thirteen years of age; but though these were glimmerings of the day-dawn, "the Dayspring from on high" did not fully appear till two years later. In 1885, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, the Pastors' College evangelists, visited Oldham, to conduct a three weeks' mission; and whatever may have been the other results of their services, one of the converts brought to the evangelists a crown of rejoicing which they still wear, and which must specially gladden Mr. Manton Smith in his present painful affliction. Young Edgerton went into the enquiry-room, and Mr. Fullerton, turning to the words, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," asked the enquirer if he had come. The rest of the story is best given in Mr. Edgerton's own words:—"I wanted to come, but didn't know how. He caused me to repeat after him a prayer expressing the fact that I was coming to Christ. Trembling with doubt as to whether, in saying I *had* come, I was really speaking the truth, I yet ventured to say, *I had come*. 'Then,' said Mr. Fullerton, 'if you have come, and Christ hasn't cast you out, what has He done?' I replied, 'He has cast me *in*.' 'Just so,' answered the soul-winner; and I hesitatingly accepted the conclusions of that spiritual logic. I left the enquiry-room and the building, but it was not until I found myself in the street, and on my way home, that the light of assurance broke into my soul. I can picture the scene now. *I was converted in the middle of the road*; and so full of joy and excitement was I that, in spite of a temporary lameness incurred in the earlier part of the day through, boy-like, jumping off a wall too high for me, I took to my heels, and ran all the way home out of sheer delight."

Why the children of Baptist parents wander off to the Church of England, and to other non-Baptist denominations, is largely because they have not been reared on Baptist milk, or, to use a more theological term, they have not been indoctrinated with Baptist principles. Baptist backbone is getting to be a rare article, and the cause can often be traced to the nursery and the parental training of Baptist homes. When Arthur Edgerton was six years old, he was asked to go to a neighbouring chapel to see a baby christened. He indignantly refused, having been taught that it was wrong to sprinkle unconscious infants, and that the Lord Jesus was immersed. This incident came to the ears of C. H. Spurgeon, and a message was sent to the child from the great Baptist,—"Tell him he's a brick"

Our friend was baptized in the same month in which he was converted, and of course by his father and in his father's chapel. The "brick", which was made in the home, was then cemented in the church, and is still there, after fourteen years, as a witness to Baptist principles. During his pastorate at Chiswick, he has baptized a hundred and thirty converts on a profession of their faith, beside several in various places whilst in College.

Mr. Edgerton lost no time in putting his hand to the plough of Christian service; and, after a period of labour in the Sunday-school as a teacher, and in the Band of Hope and a Society of Young Christians as secretary, he commenced to preach at the age of sixteen, —the Ragged-school Mission Services in Oldham providing him with

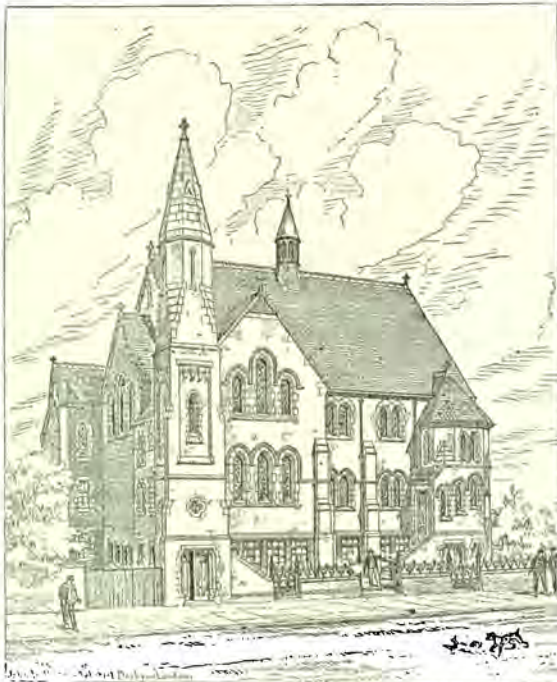
his first opportunities. In these early efforts, God gave him his first converts. Soon afterwards, he was invited to preach in various chapels, travelling, on one or more occasions, nearly a hundred miles to fulfil engagements. Some wished to advertize him as "the boy preacher," but his father discouraged this title, knowing there were dangers connected with it. Judging from his appearance, however, two years later, when the writer first met him in the College house, the title would have been appropriate, for he mistook the young student for a junior member of the household.

Our young friend was drawn irresistibly towards the mission field, and the desire to go abroad was intensified by contact with Mr. Percy Comber,—since, one of Christ's martyrs on the Congo. He had friends and sympathizers in his employers, Messrs. Platt Bros. and Co., Ltd., one of the largest firms in the North of England, who kindly arranged for him to receive some two hours' instruction, each morning before office-time, in handicrafts the knowledge of which would be useful to a Congo missionary. Mr. Edgerton remembers the kindness of his employers with much gratitude; and the esteem appears to be mutual, for when he left the offices, a meeting of the principals of the staff was held in the Board-room of the Company, and he was given a handsome present as a token of goodwill and best wishes; and, recently, the secretary of the Company sent £5 towards the Chiswick Chapel. Mr. Edgerton would have done well in his secular occupation, judging by his neat handwriting, and the business faculties displayed in his chapel-building operations; but Christ said to him, as to another at the receipt of custom, "Follow Me;" and he arose, and followed Him.

In the autumn of 1888, our brother made application to Mr. Spurgeon for admission to the Pastors' College. In the following spring, he was accepted by the beloved President, who wrote:—"I shall expect great things, the prophecies from your parentage and your past course are so good." During his student course, Mr. Edgerton and the writer lived and studied together; and, since the days at College, we have settled in pastorates within three miles of each other, so have been in close fellowship for over nine years. I can, therefore, testify from personal knowledge and experience that Mr. Edgerton was a diligent, faithful, and popular student, and that the late beloved President's expectation concerning him has not been disappointed. Sometimes, students have little pastorates whilst in College, and our friend found such fields of usefulness at Forest Row, where he had his first baptisms, and at Loose, near Maidstone. These College days were rendered ever memorable and sorrowful by the greatest loss all connected with "our Alma Mater" ever sustained. The news which flashed from Mentone to the ends of the earth, and cast a gloom over the whole of Christendom, reached us that Monday morning, and we thought we should never look up again. Then followed the arrival of the precious remains of C. H. Spurgeon at the College, and the never-to-be-forgotten scenes associated with those sad days of memorial. Some of us students were deputed to bear the "casket" from the College to the Tabernacle, and to Mr. Edgerton, as an "apostle", fell this privilege, from which he was sorrowfully

debarred by shortness of stature. It was an honour no one of the brethren would willingly have missed.

Though he never lost his missionary ardour, subsequent events proved that God had called our brother to the home work. The Chiswick Church, which worshipped in a small iron chapel, was mourning the loss, through ill-health, of Pastor J. Simmance, who had done a good work during his four years' ministry, when, in their pastorless condition, a resolve was made to send to the College for supplies. Mr. Edgerton went to oblige a fellow-student who was prevented from going as he had arranged. He was asked to go again, and shortly afterwards was invited to become the pastor of the church. This settlement took place in October, 1892. A little book, recently issued by the church, and called *A Golden Candlestick*, says:—"The iron chapel happily filled with hearers, chairs were purchased for the aisles, as the seats were all full. But, in six months, it was found necessary to enlarge the chapel, which was done by building a side-wing. Many were added to the church, the Sunday-school increased, and the congregation began to think of a new and permanent place of worship. The people were for the most part poor, but rich in faith, and soon a fund was started. We laboured together, and it was considered that building operations could justifiably be commenced. In June, 1896, therefore, the memorial stones of the present



new building were laid amid much rejoicing, and in due course the chapel was completed, and opened for public worship in March, 1897."

The church's property is worth about £4,000, and only £1,000 is owing,—half of this being lent free of interest,—which is marvellous under the circumstances, and in so short a time. The reason of such success is to be found in the loving and labouring devotion of a people who are as faithful to their minister as he is to the gospel; also in the untiring zeal of the pastor, who has often toiled beyond his strength. The Lord's stewards might most worthily devote an offering to this cause.

John Wesley said that a preacher's qualifications were gifts, graces, and fruits. Mr. Edgerton's gifts may be judged from the fact that he is often invited to preach at anniversaries, and to speak at public meetings. His graces are modesty, gentleness, and love. He breathes the spirit of a man of God, and lives near the throne of grace. As to his fruits, much can be seen in this brief sketch.

Having been six years in his pastorate, and the chapel being finished, Mr. Edgerton sought to complete his home. He married, in September last, Miss Agnes Brown, of Fulham, who in every way is proving "a help meet for him," sent of God. She, too, was brought to Christ through Mr. Fullerton's instrumentality at a service in London, long before she met her future husband. It was most appropriate that the spiritual children of the same spiritual father should be thus united by a twofold bond.

Ealing.

W. LEONARD GIBBS.

"Yet Speaketh."

PREACHERS of the Word can never tell how much the ever-beloved C. H. S. has been their assistant in their service for the Saviour. His helps in the way of books are past all price; but in pastoral work also he has often proved our splendid ally. Multitudes of souls are still under the ministry of their present pastor *and C. H. Spurgeon!* I have known many such cases in my experience in English churches. A recent instance, in this city, is just a sample of what has doubtless often occurred in many other parts of the world.

A patient was being removed to a private nursing home for a critical operation. She directed that her Bible should be taken, and "*that Spurgeon's Sermon*" folded, and put into it. It was upon the text, "I will trust, and not be afraid." With the courage that it inspired, she faced the surgeon's knife; but the tax upon her physical strength was too great, and she passed away. The last passage that she quoted in the intervals of a long agony of pain was, "I will trust, and not be afraid."

The ministry of dear C. H. S. was more really present to that suffering one than was my own; and thus, still, to the living and the dying he "yet speaketh." Wherever the Sermons circulate, there can be no doubt of his co-operation with us in our testimony to the gospel of the grace of God; but whether he is helping us or we are helping him in the God-appointed task, it would be very difficult to say. Perhaps we should be nearest the mark if we said, with the apostle, "We are labourers together with God."

Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

ALFRED HALL.

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.
III.—A TALE OF "THE HIT-OR-MISS."

SOME years ago, a strange couple might have been seen, any fine morning, loitering at a certain corner in a country town. They were men, and what affinity they had for each other's society arose out of their common vices, and a common wretchedness into which a life of wrong-doing had plunged them. One was an outlaw, and the other a loafer. The latter had known far better days. He now picked up a few pence as a shoeblack, while his companion in misfortune held horses or herded cattle. Their rendezvous was sure to be near a public-house door.

We had known the wilder and more dangerous of the two men years before this time, but had lost sight of him till a mutual glance of recognition led to a renewed acquaintance. The newly-discovered was shy, which was natural considering that he was among the "wanted." However, we assured him that we had no intention of giving unpleasant information. The police did not trouble about him as long as he kept away from his old haunts. George had already been the cause of the death of two men in drunken brawls. We remembered, as we again came face to face with him, a scene that happened years earlier when we met him in a country lane, and boldly charged him with the crime of murder! We also recollected other ugly incidents in his past career, which were among our first pastoral experiences in a village situated on the slopes of lovely hills on which the great thorns blossomed in May, loading the air with fragrance for many a mile. The picture filled up rapidly as slouching George stood before us on the pavement. He and the likes of him—and there were many,—represented the shadows, while the historic woods, the sheep-tracks on the moorland, fringed with nodding harebells, the Puritan sanctuary nestling at the foot of the Downs, with such characters as Aunt Sarah, Jennie, and Wallace passing by, made up the pleasing contrasts.

But as the heavy-built, swearing, drinking, quarrelsome scamp moved uneasily under our eyes, something else flitted across our memory. We remembered a Lord's-day afternoon when the meeting-house was filled to its utmost capacity. It was a clear but cold day in March; so, when the inns emptied at three, the toppers came down to the chapel, as the next place open where they could be warm,—and—perhaps, sleep! It is no idle boast that, though we have never recovered physically from the exertions of that time, we did keep those rough fellows fairly awake. The text was from Exodus xx. 5: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." At the close, George, who was one of the hearers, came up sobbing, "Oh, sir, I can't stand that; I can't stand that!" A quiet white year followed, when the drink was not touched, when, as a decently-clad man, he kept God's Sabbaths, and was a living proof of what a difference it makes to a man to come even near to the Kingdom of Heaven. George did not know then, if he ever did know, the great change; but that one year remained as a type of what might have been.

All this, and more, came back upon us as George and his friend the loafer stood together on the flags, and the morning sun shone on the wretched pair, and on a little child in white who went smiling by.

Soon after this, we lost sight of George for many a day. When we next met him, he had "done time," and had become a poor, broken-down, nerveless man, living with the loafer and the likes of him in a strange old tavern, half inn, half lodging-house, called "The Hit-or-Miss." The inn has been rebuilt; but many a tale could be told of its career through the long period that its huge timbers supported a bulging upper story. During the time that we knew it, the woman who kept it allowed earnest Christian men the run of the place, and many a sinner in its common room was pointed to the Saviour.

The loafer and George had missed much, and landed here,—a very poor "hit", and a shockingly bad "miss." But men of this type are as "unstable as water." They wander off only to reappear more out of elbows than ever, if that were possible. At last, we heard that George had died suddenly at the ancient tavern. How we regretted that we had no opportunity of knowing the state of the man's mind! To have heard him say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," would have been something. For a long time after this, the name of the old lodging-house tantalized us; "The Hit-or-Miss" became a mocking refrain in our ears till another death within the inn transfigured its squalid walls.

* * * *

Poor Ned Calhoun, the loafer,—what a woe begone object he looked! We have seen many miserables in our time, but never one to beat Calhoun. He was an ex-dragoon guard, over six feet high, but all the straight had gone out of his back, for he leaned over like a weak-kneed giant. A sunstroke in India had left its effects, which were aggravated by the vagabond life he led.

But Ned had not always been a loafer. By the banks of the Doon, in Ayr, a coachman's cottage stood, and a young ex-guardsmen might have been seen in the intervals of duty training the creeper to the trellis-work on the cottage front, or, anon, taking his little child from its mother's arms, and carrying it proudly up the gravelled way in the sweet summertime. It was a far cry, in those days, to "The Hit-or-Miss." But the wife and child died, and Ned ceased to care for home and duty. The roving tendency, which led him to the wars, returned; and, with it, loose living, which soon told its tale. Then the idyll of those few happy years by "the bonnie Doon" became a strange sad dream as the man drifted further and further down the black stream of drink and misery. Ned turned up at last on the Birmingham canal, and worked his way on the barges to London, that bourne of the needy, that phantasmagoria before the eye of the penniless, that swamp into which the waif sinks and is lost.

The town, which at last knew Ned as a loafer at its street corners, was a few miles out from the metropolis, and on the route of the canal. Here Calhoun appeared as the banner-bearer of a "skeleton army", which made the place hideous with their burlesque of religion. What a deplorable figure he cut as, on Saturday nights, with his rags flapping as bannerets, he could be seen carrying a coarse black flag on

which was portrayed a rude representation of a death's head and cross-bones! Fit figure of the pass to which the man who had marched beneath the Queen's colours had come! He was, after all, only a tool; and if you could get him alone, he would begin crooning about the Doon and his lost wife and child in a most pathetic way.

The police soon stopped Ned's parade. Other eyes, however, beside those of the authorities, were directed to his forlorn figure. The consecrated Christian men and women, who visited the lodging-houses in the Name of the Friend of sinners, found out Calhoun at "The Hit-or-Miss." A special mission was about to be held. A good man, who was then a deacon of one of the churches, and is now a well-known "special" of the Salvation Army, opened his villa, and filled his dining-room with waifs, strays, and casuals. The welcome of their new friend acted like a charm on the men who had, for years, heard little but "Move on." Though the Free Church ministers were the only speakers at the mission, "The Hit-or-Miss," "The Angel," and "The Good Fortune" all contributed to swell the audience, and wonderful blessing followed, for some of this very casual tribe became citizens of the Heavenly Kingdom. When the mission was over, it was a heart-stirring sight to see some of these men from the lodging-houses come into the beautiful sanctuary on Sunday mornings. The sun shining through the cathedral glass cast haloes over them. We have more than once seen Ned's threadbare garments turned by the sunbeams into "a coat of many colours." When Calhoun, the loafer, a ragman with one thumb, an orange-seller with one eye, and a little pinched man who sold laces, came from "The Hit-or-Miss" to the staid meeting-house, some of the formal hardly knew what to make of it, but they concluded at last that it would be best to sing the Doxology, and they ended by singing it five times in one night!

There were genuine conversions from among these men, though with Ned the great change was not yet. Calhoun's Christian friend left the town; then came the test. Drink again obtained the mastery, and Ned went off on a long wander. At the end of the summer, when the weather had broken, and the wet raw wind sang the dirge of the dying leaves, we met the loafer once more near his old haunts. He had come back to die. The shadow of the grave was already upon him. As his illness increased, the woman who kept "The Hit-or-Miss" did a kindly thing. The ex-soldier had the dread of "the house" which is shared by so many of the poor. His landlady took the pennies for his lodging while he could earn them; and when he became too ill to bring her any more, she still allowed him to stay on. That sad tale of the dead wife and child may have moved her heart, or it may have been the story of the Son of man told in her common room. Whichever way it was, she nursed Ned in her rough fashion, and young men came and read to him. So it came to pass that, one cold night when Nature had relieved guard, and had placed Winter as sentinel outside the sick man's door, Ned lay panting for a warmer clime, and waiting for the call to the Convalescent Home where pain is for evermore a stranger. He was lying very quiet, with his eyes fixed on the whitewashed rafters. A young man, who, years after, won an honourable name in the ministry, read from the

third chapter of John. He lingered word by word upon the sixteenth verse: "God so loved the world." Who does not know it? Who is there that cannot quote it—God's great charter of life and liberty? There was silence for a minute, and then the sick man murmured, "It is too good to be true." "But, it *is* true," said the visitor, "and true for you." "And true for me?" whispered the dying man. Then followed, read very softly, the Parable of the Prodigal Son. On his knees, the young son who knew the Father's love took his poor returning brother bit by bit through the great confession.

O Words of Jesus, drawing as with the bands of a man, wooing with more than a woman's winsomeness, compelling with the constraint of love, well may the Volume which enshrines your imprint be entitled the most beautiful Book in the world!

When the next morning dawned, the sun shone, but the sky was a steely blue, and a keen wind swept the street, carrying the crisp snow from off the old gables of "The Hit-or-Miss." At last, the sun rose above the roofs opposite, and the rays entered a little whitewashed garret;—nothing but a lean-to, with a low bedstead, and something very still upon it, which made no sign when the sun came in. Ned was gone.

In the night, so the woman said, the wanderer went back to the banks of Doon, and murmured as if talking again to wife and child. Then he was on the march in the sultry East. Towards morning, she heard him say, "I—will—arise;" and, a little while after, "He said,—*it—was—true—for—me.*" She heard no more; and when she looked, *it was true.*

Dear Son of God, how many of Thy weary brothers, wayward children of the Father, have pillowed their dying head upon Thine invitations, and, waking, found them fulfilled in the welcome of Thy face!

The "Phœbe" of Abbot's Hill.

A TRUE STORY OF UPLIFTING.*

"A woman, which was a sinner."—Luke vii. 37.

"He took her by the hand, and lifted her up."—Mark i. 31.

"Phœbe our sister,—a servant of the church."—Rom. xvi. 1.

ABBOT'S HILL is one of the not very considerable heights that look down upon London, although its summit is but little taller than the cross on St. Paul's. It is still beautifully wooded, and the houses of the nearest suburb are quite a mile from its base.

At the time about which this narrative concerns itself, the very last building of that nearest suburb was the modest house of prayer belonging to a Baptist Church, which is one of the many daughters of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Its well-to-do neighbours somewhat resented its intrusion among

* This narrative is absolutely true with the exception of the names, which were purposely altered. It will, doubtless, add to the interest of the story if we state that the Baptist Church mentioned is the one in Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath, and that the Pastor was H. Rylands Brown, whose career was sketched in the *Sword and Trowel* for August, 1898.—ÉD.

them, and called it ugly. Perhaps they were right; but, doubtless, it was not without beauty in the eyes of God and the angels, who knew the love and self denial that had gone to the paying for every brick; for, in those days, it was the home of a poor and struggling church of working-class people.

There came a time when the pastor of this church was very much discouraged by the small results that seemed to follow his work among his own people, so that, when he was asked by friends of another denomination to take a mission service in a Hall in a very poor district near, he gladly did so; and, to his great joy, no less than four persons afterwards came to him with the good news that his special service had been the means of bringing them to Christ.

His subject had been, "Christ our Hope." Towards the end of the sermon, he had pleaded earnestly with the people to open their hearts to this Blessed Hope. Wishing to put the case very simply, he had said:—"If anyone knocks at your door, you say, 'Come in.' Say, 'Come in,' to the Saviour, who is knocking at the door of your hearts now; and if you mean it, He will really come in, and be your Hope."

"Your Hope!" The words came like a sudden flash of light to the dark soul of a most unhappy, despairing woman, who, by some means or another, had been induced to come to the service. This woman was Mrs. Lawson, the humble heroine of my story, who was at that time down in the lowest depths. The district in which she lived was by no means conspicuous for its virtues, but its people thought themselves much too good to have anything to do with Mrs. Lawson. Just then, they were trying their utmost to get her turned out of her lodgings, and were making the district altogether "too hot" for her. No term of reproach was too vile for them to fling at her, and unhappily there was only too much truth in their accusations. There is no need for me to rake up the miserable details of that part of her life; it is enough to say she had sunk far below the level of decent womanliness, and, although ostensibly earning money at the wash-tub, she spent most of her time in the low public-houses frequented by the soldiers from the neighbouring garrison.

We were afterwards told she had married when very young, but that her marriage had proved a most miserable failure. Her husband never saw her; children she had none, nor had she any relative or friend who would acknowledge her. She was absolutely alone, except for her evil associates. Such was she on that memorable evening when she sat in the little Mission Hall, and heard that Christ is our Hope, and that if she would but say to Him, "Come in," He would enter, even into such a heart as hers. She told us afterwards that, feeling sorely in need of hope, she clutched at those words with eagerness, and that there and then she did say, "Come in," to the Saviour, who was waiting to be gracious; and we, who knew her subsequent life, cannot help believing that our blessed Lord did indeed enter that hitherto dark heart, not only as a Hope, but as a living and actually present power.

"Behold, I make all things new!" It seemed to us as if these were the mighty words He said to her as He entered, and that gradually one old wrong thing after another was driven out by His

presence, and her character made fresh, good, and very beautiful by Him in a way that was perfectly wonderful to us all; although, perhaps, we ought to have been ashamed of ourselves for wondering that Christ should do as He has promised.

After a while, Mrs. Lawson applied for church-membership. No sooner was this reported among her neighbours, than a perfect storm of fury broke out among them. "You are going to receive a devil!" they told the pastor. It was, however, sufficient for him that the great Head of the Church Himself had evidently said to the poor woman, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" and so she was gladly welcomed.

The trust reposed in her was fully justified. Perhaps those who have no dear home ties can understand how precious is the earthly home, the Church of Christ, that the Lord has provided here below for His people. Many, doubtless, who read this—those, for instance, who are earning their bread among strangers, or who have from various causes been left solitary, and to whom the Church of Christ stands in the place of home and kindred,—will know by experience the feelings that prompted Mrs. Lawson to devote herself to God's work while still engaged in honestly earning her own living. A new life of happy service opened to the once despised and degraded woman. She did not leave the neighbourhood that had witnessed her sad past, but she set to work to live that past down. And this was how she did it. She had long been a very good laundry hand, although her irregular habits had made her good work of little account. But as soon as she began to attend to her business, her services were in great demand, for in this particular neighbourhood washing was taken in more or less by a great many women, but few sent it back in a satisfactory condition. In process of time, Mrs. Lawson had saved enough to start a little laundry of her own, and this business was so well managed that it thrived.

It was, however, to her only the means to an end,—the end being to have a home of her own which she might use to bring others to enjoy the same blessing that had come to her own life, and to be the mistress of her own time, so that she might have some to use in her Master's service. Often, she would be up at four in the morning, and work hard at her laundry all day, that she might be able to give up the evening to visiting the sick, to whom she would take some little dainty she had earned for them.

Her whole nature developed rapidly. She worked hard to improve her reading, that she might make the Bible more interesting to those she visited; she studied letter-writing, until she wrote very well indeed, that, when those whom she had influenced removed from her immediate neighbourhood, she might correspond with them; she became in everything a pattern of what a Christian woman of business should be, and, above all, an earnest, untiring "servant of the church," not of Cenckree, but of Abbot's Hill, that although we never actually called her "our Phœbe," that is what we all felt her to be, for, indeed, she was "a succourer of many, and of myself also." How often, when I had been discouraged and had wickedly said in my heart, "What is the use of all that is done to make people better?"

I was silently rebuked when I saw her quiet form busy about the Master's business, and remembered the poorly-clad, lonely woman she was when I first saw her!

Gradually she built up a spotless little home in that very same district that had once tried to drive her away, and she freely opened it as a house of prayer, as well as a house of rest. To many a young servant-girl, that home was a welcome refuge on Sundays and holidays from the dangers of the streets near a garrison town, as well as from the drudgery of service. Her friendship was an anchor to many a tempted sister; and as well as being a refuge, her home, in more than one case, was a little hospital with a devoted nurse. Never shall I forget how she nursed poor Harriet Hardy with a mother's care and tenderness through that poor girl's last illness. Harriet was a beautiful young creature, in service at one of the large houses on what the people called "the front road." She was very young, and far away from her own family, alone in a world of strangers. Our Phoebe met her several times at the early morning prayer-meeting. Her heart went out to the friendless young thing, and prompted her to ask, "Is Christ your Friend?"

The girl murmured, "I don't know."

Our Phoebe prayed with her and for her until, at length, doubts and unbelief vanished, and she could joyfully say, "Christ is indeed my Friend!"

Harriet, poor child, soon needed all the comfort that faith could give her. Her health broke down; she went into a consumption. She was sent to a country hospital, and after long suffering was discharged incurable. Her parents were very poor and very ungodly. When she knew she must die, she longed to die among the Christian people she had learned to love so well. Our Phoebe brought her to her own little home, worked for her, tended her in her weakness, nursed her through long days and nights of suffering, knelt by her death-bed, and breathed into her dying ears the name of Jesus.

As I write, I can see this devoted nurse as I once saw her,—asleep, worn out with work and watching, her slender figure, in its fresh print dress, lying back in the arm-chair in her little front parlour, tired out. I see her again when that girl had departed, receiving a disgustingly dirty, wretched, drunken creature, with a family of uncared-for children, from an East-end slum, into her own exquisitely clean and neat home; helping to get the children into schools, and patiently trying month after month to lead the depraved mother into better ways, bearing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things,—and some of these things were indeed terrible to her,—with a charity that death alone interrupted.

What a centre of influence she became! What an inciter of others to active Christian service; and yet how little do I remember to have heard her voice, except in prayer! There are many earnest women who have done noble things in Christ's service who, years ago, were stirred up to work for Him and for the good of His world by our gently-moving, quiet Phoebe. Her dearest and most valued friend of those days has long been the leader of a great Nursing and Evangelizing Institution in the North of England. There are others among

The Biblewomen Nurses who owe their early impulses for good to this dear "servant of the church." She had a great, a pervading, and a long-enduring influence,—an influence that, in other lives, is going on still, although it is now many a year since the time of her going hence.

Her own call to the higher service came suddenly. She was sitting in her Sunday-school class, when she was seized with what proved to be her last illness. She was taken home in great pain, and after suffering intense agony there for some days, she was removed to Guy's Hospital, where she underwent an operation from which she was too weak to rally. She bore terrible pain with a martyr-like patience and submission.

"I leave it all with God; I leave it all," she said; and so committed her soul into the hands of her faithful Creator and Redeemer,— "taken home," as said her pastor, who was with her to the last, "in a chariot of fire."

Her illness had stirred up to fervent prayer the community to which she belonged. Day by day and all day long, prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for her who had gradually become one of its chief workers. At her funeral, there was an outburst of grief such as is very seldom heard. It was a touching, a beautiful sight, to see the long train of mourners ascending the hill-side road to the cemetery,—touching, beautiful, as we remembered that, among them all, there was not one of our Phœbe's own kith and kin, and felt how much of sorrowing love and sympathy had been called forth by the death of this woman, once so poor and degraded, who, but for the Gospel of Christ, would have lived and died uncared-for, unloved, unhonoured. The girls of her Sunday-school class stood around the open grave, and scattered fair white flowers upon the coffin, weeping for this childless woman, and calling her "mother"; and truly she had been a mother to many of them.

We sang her favourite hymns; we took our final look at the coffin, deep down in the grave, and there, among the white blossoms, we read the words which she herself had chosen as her own last testimony,—

"THE SON OF MAN IS COME TO SEEK AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH
WAS LOST."

LIZZIE ALLDRIDGE.

A Vicious Circle.

WE are being constantly reminded that the spirit of the age is one of progress. Present-day tendencies, it is said, are the carrying out of the wider reforms inaugurated by the Reformation. According to some in the new school of theology, if, indeed, it deserves the name, Luther himself was but the natural evolution of his times. In their hands, evolution would seem to be a most plastic law; proceeding not only according to likeness, but by contrast: thus having at once a centripetal and a centrifugal action.

To confound motion with progress, is as easy as it is dangerous. All motion is not progress; and when the circle has been completed, the goal has become the starting-point. We shall be very much

surprised if some, who are climbing so vigorously and so high, have not yet to begin, ignominiously, at the first rung of the ladder.

The times are passionate; the human intellect has become arrogant, and impatient of restraint. It has also become proud and self-sufficient, demanding an alternative to the Divine explanation of things. The question naturally arises, Why so anxious for a world free from mystery, or for a theory of the universe which shall reconcile all the conflicting phenomena of human life and action? The answer will, perhaps, appear, if we consider that, after wandering through regions dark as Dante's *Inferno*, with mind racked by excursions into every domain of thought, and heart bleeding from a veritable sheaf of spears, the natural man will yet sulk in the outer darkness of absolute negation. "*He does not like to retain God in his knowledge.*"

The mind that has ceased its action at this point is like a traveller who, having lost his way, at last comes to a deserted village, and there, disappointed and disgusted, lies down to die. While on the way, he was animated by hope: the end has come, and he calls it rest. But there is no rest here for any human soul, unless one is prepared to become an unthinking, or, worse, an unfeeling mortal. Rest must have some foundation, and here there is none. From the point of unwavering faith in God and His Word, the path of divergence is plain as the course of disease, slow or galloping, down to the grave. That wider horizon that glows and scintillates—the first symptom—is simply a haze before the eyes that are smitten by doubt. There are no facts in the outer world corresponding with the vision. For a time, the delightful delusion is cherished; then the conflict of facts extinguishes the fancy, leaving Cimmerian darkness behind. Whither now? To the abyss of self-destruction, as a famous writer admits; or, leaving the region of morals severely alone, to find a temporary exercise for the mind (to save it from madness) in materialism. "From the moment that religion seeks assistance from philosophy (falsely so-called), her downfall is unavoidable. She strives to defend herself, and always talks herself deeper into ruin." Happy is the soul that, after such an excursion, finds its way home again; and happier still are they who never set out on such a dangerous journey. "Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."

Crawley.

J. MOAUSLANE.

The Meaning of the Word "Church."

THE use of the word "church" as the designation of a building, is becoming so common that we deem it needful to call our readers' attention to the following striking sentences uttered by C. H. Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on May 19, 1861, in a Sermon on 1 Timothy iii. 15: "The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth:"—"The word 'church' has suffered very much from the hands of men. Strangely, but frequently, has it been used to designate a mass of bricks and mortar. *Ecclesia*, a chosen assembly, has actually, by the natural debasement of the tongue of priests, come down to mean a building. By no possible construction can it mean any such a thing. A more debasing use of a Divine word than that can scarcely be found."

Thou Knowest, Lord!

BY PASTOR J. CLARK, WESTCHESTER STATION, NOVA SCOTIA.

THOU knowest, Lord, what sorrow is ;
 On this our earth, Thine eyes have wept ;
 And o'er Thy soul's deep loneliness
 The surging tides of grief have swept.

Thou knowest, Lord, what labour is ;
 Long toil was Thine for daily bread ;
 When birds and beasts could rest in peace,
 Thou hadst not where to lay Thine head.

Thou knowest, Lord, what conflict is ;
 Dark hatred sought Thine infant breath,
 And fierce, relentless enemies
 Pursued and smote Thee unto death.

Thou knowest, Lord, what dying is ;
 A death was Thine, all deaths above ;
 By Thine expiring agonies
 We gauge the greatness of Thy love.

Thou knowest, Lord, what triumph is ;
 Thy deeds have brought Thee great renown ;
 Along Thy march of victories
 Thy followers pass to reach their crown.

O make us, Lord, content and wise
 To tread those paths Thy feet have pressed ;
 That, day by day, our souls may rise,
 And reach, at last, eternal rest !

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 New Year's Number of *Regions Beyond*, "*Enter Thou*—" (price 6d., or, post free, 8d., from Partridge and Co., or Harley House, Bow, E.), contains a most touching tribute to Mrs. Grattan Guinness, from the ever-ready and able pen of her daughter, Miss Lucy E. Guinness. It will indeed be to many, as the writer desires, "what the dear life it sketches pre-eminently was,—a message, an appeal, an inspiration." Beginning with the childhood of the motherless and fatherless little girl, it rapidly and graphically describes the early career of Fanny E. Fitzgerald until she met

the young preacher with whom her whole after-life was to be spent for the glory of God and the good of men, especially the multitudes in the Dark Continent of Africa and the Neglected Continent of South America. The pamphlet is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and we advise all our friends to get it, and read it, and make it known to others.

Another pamphlet which we earnestly recommend our readers to procure, and study carefully, is *The Report of the Royal Commission on Opium compared with the evidence from China*

that was submitted to the Commission, an examination and an appeal, by ARNOLD FOSTER, B.A., Hankow, China. (P. S. King and Son, Great Smith Street, Westminster; price 6d.) The Preface, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other ecclesiastical and literary leaders of the nation, gives additional importance to this weighty document, the purport of which can be gathered from these sentences from the Author's Preface:—

"The first reform to which Great Britain must invite China, if she wishes to save the Chinese Empire from falling into ruins, is the abandonment of the opium habit, and the first step towards that reform must be the withdrawal of Great Britain herself from all participation in the opium trade." God speed the day when that much-desired consummation shall be reached!

Light in the Shadow of the Vatican,—the Annual Report of the Spezia Mission for Italy and the Levant,—contains a specially-interesting account of the work of Mr. Clark, and his co-director, our Brother H. H. Pullen, who is now residing at Casa Alberto, Spezia. We are sorry to see that there was a deficiency both on the Mission and the Orphanage accounts when the balance-sheets were issued. Copies of the Report can be obtained of A. B. Reuse, Esq., The Cottage, Ditton Hill, Surrey, who will be pleased to receive contributions, or forward collecting boxes. Not only is the Mission worthy of support because of the blessing it conveys to priest-ridden Italy, but it is also a means of grace to many English sailors whose vessels visit the Gulf of Spezia. The chapter in the Report entitled, "Under other Flags," gives a bright record of recent efforts among the crews of men-of-war and other ships that entered the harbour.

We cordially commended Mr. D. K. PATON's booklet,—*The Higher Criticism: the Greatest Apostasy of the Age*;—when it was first published, so we gladly welcome the new and enlarged edition issued by Messrs. Marshall Brothers at 1s. 6d. nett, and com-

pleting the twenty-second thousand. The booklet of 86 pages has grown into a volume of 217 pages, and the new matter contains trenchant criticisms of Professor Bruce's work, "*With open Face*," and of the writings of Professors Marcus Dods, G. A. Smith, and James Denney, with a valuable chapter on "The Primary Cause and Results of Unsound Teaching," and other notes and comments in the author's bold and vigorous style. This work should be scattered broadcast wherever the so-called "Higher Critics" have exerted their withering and destructive influence.

Mr. Elliot Stock has begun to re-issue *The Biblical Museum*, by JAMES COMPER GRAY, in monthly volumes at one shilling nett,—a considerable reduction upon the previous publication at 3s. 6d. and 5s. There are to be five volumes on the New Testament, and ten on the Old Testament, so that, for a comparatively small amount, those who have not large libraries may obtain a useful "collection of notes explanatory, homiletic, and illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures."

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons have taken advantage of the present Protestant awakening by publishing a new half-crown edition (somewhat abridged) of Dr. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ's great standard work, *The History of the Reformation*. If our young people, and the older ones, too, will only read such books as this, which tell the true story of the struggle against Romanism in our own and other lands, we shall have no fear as to the result of the controversy which is fast reaching a most critical stage.

From the same publishers, we have received the new and complete edition of Mrs. SEWELL'S *Poems and Ballads*, with memoir by Miss E. BOYD BAYLY. The writer of the touching ballad, "Mother's Last Words," deserves to be kept in remembrance; and this bulky 3s. 6d. volume worthily enshrines her simple rhymes which have exercised a gracious ministry for many years, and which may thus have a still wider influence for good.

Christianity and Anti-Christianity in their Final Conflict. By SAMUEL J. ANDREWS. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE value of this work does not lie so much in the dogmatic conclusions arrived at, or the grounds on which these are built, as in the compendious and many-sided view given of the general drift of modern tendency, and of the specific forms of anti-theological bias now finding arrogant expression over the whole of Western civilization. In these respects, the book is much more a success than we can adjudge it to be as a prophetic contribution. Prophetically considered, the conclusions seem to us to be rushed; and neither the contents of Scripture, nor the findings of the ablest students of the Word, to be sufficiently weighed. One might almost imagine that no great searchlight had ever been turned on the Anti-Christianity of Rome, either past or present,—so lightly is that most stupendous apostasy touched in these pages. Like most books on Futurist lines, assumption often takes the place of proof; and we miss the solidity and power characteristic of the eminent writers of the Historical School.

A Short Guide to the Reading of the Prophets: also a Digest of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. By NICHOLAS BURGH. Elliot Stock.

THIS "Short Guide" is somewhat too short, but points in the right direction. The "Digest of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes" is exceedingly good.

The Twentieth Century New Testament, —a Translation into Modern English made from the Original Greek. Part I. The Five Historical Books. Mcwbray House, Temple, W.C.

WITHOUT attempting an absolute judgment on this venture, there can be no doubt that the literary dress is quite modern enough to be dated in advance. It is "Modern English" with a slight inclination to the "Pioneer" element; and we seem rather to be hurried up, than to be carried back, by the style. In some cases, this will probably freshen

interest; while, in others, it will stir conservative dismay. For ourselves, we regard the literary powers of the translators with considerable respect; but we feel also that they have, in their renderings, taken too great a liberty with the Original Greek. In view of the infinite sacredness attaching to the Inspired Word, this translation appears to us rather too free. It is also a serious mistake to have based the translation on Westcott and Hort's Text.

Facts about the Bible. By A BIBLE STUDENT. George Stoneman.

THERE are "facts" in this booklet which all Bible readers should know; but this "Bible student" rejects as untenable the doctrine of "Verbal Inspiration," and says that "it only serves to excite worldly criticism and contempt," and that he regards "the discrepancies, the verbal inaccuracies, the textual differences, the faulty chronology, the contradictions, and all the other errors which we meet with, in a spirit of complete indifference, as, in fact, imperfections only to be looked for in human workmanship." Yet, notwithstanding all this, he admits that, "beneath the outward superstructure of human incongruity, there is hidden the inspired revelation of Divinest harmony of perfect order and consonance." How there could be this "Divinest harmony of perfect order" without Verbal Inspiration, it is impossible for us to conceive!

After reading the crudities of this anonymous student on this important theme, we turned to another Bible student, Dr. Adolph Saphir, and read the following reply to the question, "Is this Inspiration Verbal?"—"The inseparable connection between thought and word, between the substance and spirit, and the form and expression, is obvious. The Holy Spirit, who reveals truth and spiritual reality to holy men, moves them also in speaking; influencing also the words, so that they are correct and adequate expressions: the spoken and written word is an adequate manifestation of the word inwardly revealed. To separate thought and

word, spirit and embodiment, matter and manner, is at all times a very difficult and perilous thing; for not merely is the boundary line between the idea and the expression almost impossible to find, but the Spirit, who animates the body which He has formed, can only be retained by us *in the Word*. Hence, as Martin Luther said against the Rationalists of his day, 'Christ did not say of His Spirit, but of His words—they are spirit and life.' Scripture is God's Word; it is His gift, and a revelation of Himself. It is God's *Word*, the revelation of eternal and spiritual truth in a written record."

In a footnote, Dr. Saphir further remarks, "The Word of God is more exact than is generally thought in its expressions, because the expression has its origin in the thing itself."

Bible Manners and Customs. By Rev. G. M. MACKIE, M.A., for 20 years Missionary of the Church of Scotland at Beyrout. London: A. and C. Black. Edinburgh: R. and R. Clark.

A REAL help on the specific subject dealt with; like a picture taken on the spot, and by one to whom the things portrayed have become a kind of second nature. Well embellished by illustrations, and having the additional charm of literary merit, we can confidently commend this work as a valuable repertory of interesting information well-told.

The Seven Churches in Asia. By A. MACKENNAL, B.A., D.D. Cheap Edition. Elliot Stock.

It is not easy, after the larger and more scholarly works that have been written on this topic, to write one that shall be both popular and suggestive. Yet Dr. Mackennal has finely succeeded, giving us not merely devout exhortations, but many gleams of fresh idea, and germs of fruitful meditation. All is bent to a very practical end;—the loftier life of the individual Christian, and the nobler ideal of every Church. For a series of Bible-class studies, or week-night addresses by the pastor, this would form a very good text-book, and much solid practical result should ensue.

Pithy Points for Scripture Studies. By JAMES SPRUNT. George Stoneman.

THERE are some sharp points, but many blunt ones here. Even busy workers want something more than points and pith to work with. Those who have Cruden's Concordance, or the Teachers' Helps published with many Bibles, can very easily prepare any number of "studies" such as these.

Handfuls on Purpose, for Weary Gleaners. By Pastor JAMES SMITH, Coalsnaughton. Glasgow: Pickering and Inglis. London: Bagster and Sons.

THESE are good handfuls, some almost too full; but gleaners will carry away from this field all they can hold, and return again for more. There are some capital studies on the Tabernacle of the Old Testament. The book is well indexed, and contains a good number of illustrative anecdotes; it will form a real help to local preachers and others.

"*Tongues for Gospel Bells*." By A. F. WOOLLEY. George Stoneman.

THE object of these "tongues" is both to supply an interesting arrangement, and a compact, nervous expression, of Divine things. Taking the form of Bible Readings, Skeleton Addresses, and Pithy Sayings, the "tongues" in question are fervid, cloven (by which we mean discriminating), evangelistic, and of an intensely Christly savour. A shilling would be well expended upon the purchase of such a book.

Silver Tongues. By Rev. JOHN MITCHELL. Morgan and Scott.

THIS author discourses to the young in a most delightful way; he has discovered the art of making ordinary things speak, and speak to good purpose. Objects animate and inanimate are all made to yield most important lessons in a very interesting manner. If all instructors possessed such silver tongues, there would be fewer inattentive scholars and listless hearers.

Notes.

In addition to the interesting information concerning the foreign translations of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, given in "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room" article on a previous page, we gladly insert the following extract from a letter recently received from Mr. George Graham, Las Flores, Argentina. Writing to Mrs. Spurgeon concerning the latest discourse in the Castilian series, he says:—"I thank you very much for the cheque, and trust your prayer, with ours, for a rich blessing on the Sermon, may be abundantly answered. I think I told you that it had caused several articles to appear in the local paper here. The first man who wrote against our gospel teaching could not keep up long; but another has commenced, who seems to be determined to show up the 'errors' of our doctrine. I feel quite convinced this is a door opened by the Lord for putting the simple gospel before the whole town in the only paper of the place. It has never been possible to publish a gospel article in this paper since it has been established, until this opposition arose through the printed Sermon. One writer says the press has become 'corrupted' by such literature. The priest has kept behind the screen up to now, but I feel sure the article I am writing for this week will fetch him out. We are praying for a special blessing to result from this new way of getting the Truth into the hands of the people. Please continue to pray for us. Last Sunday night, we had the joy of baptizing two more souls who have been lately brought out of the awful darkness and superstition of Romanism. Their images, crucifixes, pictures, and other relics of Rome have all perished in the fire in their own house. Praise God for these drops which, we believe, are the forerunners of a coming shower."

Testimonies to the value of *The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon* continue to arrive. One of the elder brethren of the Pastors' College, who has long laboured in the United States, writes:—"I have read the first volume (the only one yet received) with intense delight. I read Chapter xi. ('The Great Change—Conversion,') again yesterday, and I know you will not—especially at this particular season,—think me a nuisance if I write to say how exquisitely beautiful I consider that chapter to be. I do not pretend to be a great reader; but, outside the Inspired Book, I do not remember ever to have read anything like it."

Another of "our own men" in the States, who had sent for Vol. II. from England, wrote:—"I received the grand volume on Thursday, January 12, and read it through by Sunday, the 15th. All I can say con-

cerning it is, 'Splendid! Splendid!! Splendid!!!' While reading it, I seemed to live that memorable time over again; how well I remember those first years of our beloved President's rising and unprecedented popularity, and that terrible catastrophe in the Surrey Music Hall!"

An unknown friend sent a contribution for the Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund, with a most cheering letter containing this pleasing reference to "The Standard Life":—"The *Autobiography* now seems the crowning work. I am taking it in numbers, and lending to everyone to read who cannot afford to buy the book. I lock with intense eagerness for every issue, and thank God more and more that He has enabled you to leave this legacy to the world. Next to that wonderful ministry, this book will be of incalculable benefit. I saw two or three adverse criticisms, but they were from newspaper critics, and some of these are quite unable to judge correctly of its merits; the details they would leave out are the very things which give the charm to the thousands who will read them."

There have been many thousands of conversions through Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, either as they were preached or after they were printed; but Mrs. Spurgeon lately received a letter from one who was brought to decision for Christ by an Exposition of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, given in the Tabernacle, on August 26, 1872. The writer says:—"I could not stay to hear the Sermon, for my grief was so great. It was like a voice of thunder sounding in my ear: 'and the door was shut.' I shall never forget it; I felt that I was the wrong side of the door; but, thanks be to God for His mercy, I am on the right side now!"

The correspondent adds that, on the very day that he was writing, his daughter, aged sixteen (the same age as he was when he heard the Exposition), had given her heart to God through his conversation with her, and relating his experience at the Tabernacle in 1872.

On *Wednesday evening, February 1*, THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its usual monthly meeting in the Conference Hall of the Pastors' College, which was filled with friends who had come to hear a lecture, delivered by Pastor C. B. Sawday, on "Duncan Matheson and the Great Revival in 1859." Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and Mr. J. Chamberlain and a choir of twenty-five girls from the Stockwell Orphanage sang several old Revival hymns during the evening. The whole of the proceedings were both interesting and instructive; several pledges were taken at the close of the meeting.

At the Society's next gathering, on March 1, G. H. Lord, Esq., will (D.V.) lecture on "The Holy Land." He has just returned from a three months' tour in Palestine, so will have the most recent information concerning it. The lecture will be illustrated by about a dozen persons in Oriental costume, and the subject of Temperance as adopted and practised by the Bedouins will receive special mention, so all friends should endeavour to keep this date clear, and to be present if possible.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. R. Chesterton has accepted the pastorate at Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. E. Ashton, from Gorsley, to Westbury Leigh, Wiltshire; Mr. W. C. Bryan, from Hunstanton, to Rickmansworth; Mr. H. O. Mackey, from Falmouth, to Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool; Mr. T. T. Minchin, from Faversham, to Rayleigh, Essex; and Mr. F. W. Reynolds, from Redruth, to Frithelstock group of churches, North Devon.

Mr. H. H. Hill, who returned some few months since from the Falkland Islands, has taken charge of the churches at Kirkby-in-Ashfield and East Kirkby, Nottinghamshire.

Mr. J. T. Mateer, who went to Australia for his health's sake, is now back again in England, fully restored. He will be glad to hear from brethren who can invite him for evangelistic services; his address is 72, Palace Road, Crouch End, London, N. His former labours as an evangelist will, doubtless, prepare a welcome for him in many places; and to those who are not personally acquainted with our brother we can commend him with the utmost confidence.

In memoriam.—Another of the former students of the Pastors' College—*Mr. W. Wiggins*—passed away on January 22. He settled at Burnham, Somersetshire, in 1869; and in 1876 he removed to Mills Hill, Chadderton, Manchester. On resigning his pastorate, he became for a time an evangelist. For nearly two years he has been laid aside by a painful affliction; one of our brethren, who called upon him not long before his departure, wrote, concerning his visit:—"We enjoyed a spiritual talk, which refreshed us both; he delights to think of College days and old students." We pray that his widow and family may be comforted under their bereavement.

Conference.—The London brethren met at the College, in good numbers, on *Friday evening, February 3*, to make arrangements for this year's assembly. The President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, presided. Monday, April 17, was fixed (D.V.) for the

commencement of the Conference, the afternoon and evening meetings to be held at Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, by the hearty invitation of Pastor D. H. Moore and his friends,—the usual gathering for praise and prayer and testimony being also held in the evening in the New Hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

COLPORTAGE.—The past month has been very trying to our colporteurs, the heavy rains and stormy weather having interfered considerably with their daily journeys and sales. Several have been suffering from influenza, and other ailments, which have necessitated at least partial cessation from their duties.

On the other hand, there has been much to encourage. The new District at North Cheam has been opened, Mr. C. Gibbs being appointed as colporteur, under the superintendence of Pastor C. Ingrem, of Wimbledon. We are hopeful that a really good and lasting work will be carried on in this locality, bringing much glory to God.

Changes have occurred in the District of Barrow, near Bury St. Edmund's. Our colporteur there has accepted an invitation to take charge, as evangelist-pastor, of two chapels at Great Staughton, in which position we wish him abundant blessing. A new agent takes his place at Barrow, and we trust that only good may result from the transfer.

We have been exceedingly glad to receive, from one of our colporteurs who has been conducting a five days' mission in Reading, a report in which he says:—"God has very graciously blessed my labours with success; there have been very evident marks of the Holy Spirit's work among the people. Some have come forward, and testified to the saving power of the Lord Jesus; and have declared that, during the mission, they have been brought to know Him as their own personal Saviour. Many Christians, too, have confessed that, during the special services, they have been led to seek a closer walk with God."

We trust to have the sympathy and prayers of the readers of the *Sword and Trowel*, that the Colportage work may become an increased means of spiritual blessing on every hand. May we also call attention to the very slender income for our General Fund this month, and ask all who can to become contributors to so useful a service as this has been proved to be? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle (in the New Hall),—February 2, ten.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	7,425	4	5	Collected by Miss Buswell	2	2	0
<i>Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Reception:—</i>				The Misses Buswell	15	15	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	50	0	0	Collected by Miss M. A. Floyd	6	0	0
Miss M. G. Hill	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow	20	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	500	0	0	Mr. P. Dewdney	1	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	500	0	0	Collected by Miss Pummery	1	1	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Tee	1	1	0
Mr. James Hall	100	0	0	Collected by Mr. Downing	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon	100	0	0	Collected by Mr. J. Chamberlain	1	11	0
Per Mrs. Charles Spurgeon	57	0	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Cooke	2	4	2
Collected by Mr. Barkwell	3	12	6	Mrs. Blackshield	1	10	0
Mr. Manning	2	2	0	Mrs. H. Corrie	5	0	0
Mrs. W. P. Roberts	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Cox	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Davis	2	2	0	Mr. A. Pearce	10	0	0
Mrs. James Nelson	3	10	0	Mr. E. Vincent	1	1	0
Mrs. Summers	2	2	0	Mr. E. May	1	0	0
Sunday-school collecting card 518	2	10	0	Mrs. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. J. G. Nelson	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. E. May	4	0	0
Mr. S. Summers	10	10	0	Mrs. H. May	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Norman	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Carlile	2	2	0
Mr. R. Bousfield	5	0	0	Mrs. A. H. Cox	3	0	0
Mr. S. P. Catterson	5	5	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Mott	2	10	0
Mrs. Mayby	2	2	0	Collected by Miss Ross	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Hopkinson	2	2	0	Mr. J. W. Harrauld and family	10	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Brooks	1	10	0	Mrs. A. G. Permain	3	3	0
Mr. A. Grose and family	1	0	0	Mrs. E. File	2	0	0
A friend	1	0	0	Collected by Master B. Broomfield	2	3	4
Mr. Essex	10	0	0	Mr. H. Baker and Miss Baker	1	2	6
Mrs. Essex	5	0	0	Miss Winter	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. Collin	1	1	0	Collected by Miss Harrauld	1	8	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	3	0	Collected by Miss E. Moore	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Dykes	1	0	0	Mr. T. S. Price	10	0	0
Mr. W. Dykes	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Smith	1	4	0
Mrs. Garrod and family	2	2	0	Mrs. Culver	1	0	0
E. W.	1	0	0	Mr. W. Willcox	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ranford	6	0	0	Rev. J. M. Hewson	1	11	6
Collected by Mrs. Burden	1	3	0	Collected by Mr. Dobson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Cross	50	0	0	Mr. Mead	2	2	0
Miss Tulford	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Phillips	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Sowden	3	14	0	Collected by Mr. W. G. Hart	1	0	6
Mr. T. Danzelman	2	0	0	Miss Minnie Phillips	3	3	0
Mrs. Scandrett	1	1	0	Mr. E. Morgan	50	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Gladwin	1	5	0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Willis	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tracey	1	0	0	Mr. A. Cochran	2	2	0
Miss G. Morgan	1	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Gorton	1	0	0
Miss A. Morgan	1	0	0	Miss H. Kingston	1	1	0
Miss M. L. Cox	1	2	0	Mr. Newland	3	0	0
Mr. J. H. Cox	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. Feltham	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Wells	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Holman	2	0	0
Miss R. Jones	1	1	0	Miss M. M. Smith	3	0	0
Miss M. A. Jones	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Klyne	3	3	0
Mr. R. W. Jones	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook	1	6	3
Mr. W. Brown	2	2	0	Mr. Evans	1	0	0
Mrs. Knott	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. Stone	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Ashfield	2	7	6	Mrs. Rollings	1	0	0
Miss Hibberd	1	1	0	Mrs. Freeman	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Bridge	3	0	0	Mrs. Freeman	1	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. Shadrick	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Fern	1	15	0
Mrs. Ledbetter	1	1	0	Mrs. A. M. Cook	5	0	0
S. E. M.	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. Trevillion	1	4	6
Miss Boreham	2	2	0	Mr. Edward Walker	1	1	0
Mr. C. A. Hood	1	1	0	Mrs. Watling	5	5	0
Mr. H. E. Wood	3	0	0	Mr. T. Cooper and Master Cooper	1	10	0
Mr. F. Fuller	1	1	0	Mrs. T. Cooper	1	0	0
Miss M. Jones	1	1	0	Mrs. W. Cooper	1	0	0
Miss Martin	1	0	0	Mr. W. Cooper and Miss Cooper	1	10	0
Miss Thoupe	2	2	0	Mr. S. doole	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rye	1	1	0	Mr. H. E. Bowker	1	1	0
Per Miss Higgs	53	17	0	Pastor Frank M. Smith	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Hurton	1	13	0	Mrs. Phillips	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Palmer	1	12	0	Mr. W. Taviner	3	0	0
Miss Badenoch	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Walker	1	0	0
Collected by Miss J. Cockshaw	2	0	0	W. J. E., per Mrs. K. Kelsey	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Nelson	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Purker	15	0	0
Mrs. Frank Green	1	10	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Fuller	2	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. Eley	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Waller	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss E. A. Field	1	0	0	Mr. Morton	2	2	0
Anon.... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. Morton	2	2	0
Miss E. Crisell	1	0	0	Miss A. Higgs	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart	2	0	0	Anon.	20	0	0
Collected by Miss Hancock	1	0	0	Mrs. Higgs	20	0	0
A friend	1	0	0	Mrs. Hawsey	10	10	0
Miss Stewart	2	0	0	Mrs. A. L. Shaw	5	5	0
Collected by Miss Cross	2	0	0	Mrs. Underwood	1	1	0
Mrs. Barrett	1	0	0	Collected by Miss R. Underwood	1	0	0
Mr. C. Payne	1	1	0	Miss S. A. Shaw	2	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hill	1	0	0	Mrs. Gracie	2	2	9
Collected by Mrs. Harris... .. .	1	1	0	Mrs. J. Cook and daughters	2	10	0
Collected by Miss Norman	1	8	9	Miss H. V. Woods... .. .	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith	1	10	0	Anon.	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Belsey	1	1	0	Anon.	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Buswell	4	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean (2nd don.)	15	10	0
Rev. W. H. Gausson, M.A.	2	0	0	Miss Smallridge	1	1	0
Miss May Wood	1	0	0	Mrs. Wreyford	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Webb	3	10	0	Self and sister	2	12	0
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	12	0	0	Miss May Band	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Gordon	10	10	0	Mrs. W. H. Richardson	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Martin Powell	1	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. Allum	1	2	0
Collected by Miss Bailey... .. .	1	0	6	Mrs. Mackey	3	3	0
Collected by Pastor John Stanley	1	1	0	Miss M. Sadler	2	2	0
Mrs. Filer	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Barn	4	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Filer	2	6	1	Mr. E. Bond	2	2	0
Mr. W. Gwillim	25	0	0	Mr. Culverhouse	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. Gwillim	25	0	0	Mr. J. Lamont	5	0	0
Kenyon Baptist Church, per Pastor	13	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Bullivant	2	12	0
James Douglas, M.A.	13	0	0	Miss Bullivant	2	2	0
Per Mrs. A. Scandrett:—				Collected by Miss Wade... .. .	3	3	0
Mr. W. Bawcombe	5	5	0	Mrs. H. Watts	3	3	0
In loving memory... .. .	3	5	0	Mrs. J. Barrett	2	2	0
Mr. W. Pickworth	1	1	0	Miss Squires	1	10	0
			9 11 0	Mrs. Baber and family	1	0	0
Mr. F. Fitch	50	0	0	Miss Spreadbury	5	5	0
Mr. T. Summers	250	0	0	Mr. Spreadbury	5	5	0
Mr. D. Howe	1	0	0	Miss E. Eyton	1	1	0
Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E. (2nd don.)	15	15	0	Miss Upton	5	0	0
Mrs. Brown... .. .	2	5	0	Mrs. Upton	8	8	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fuller	2	2	0	Mr. S. Norton	2	2	0
Master Charlie Wagstaff... .. .	2	2	0	Miss Sadler	2	2	0
Miss Ethel Wagstaff	2	2	0	Mr. A. W. Lovell	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. Fuller	1	0	0	Mrs. A. W. Lovell... .. .	2	2	0
Two strangers	3	0	0	Miss Roan	5	0	0
One stranger	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Campbell	3	0	0
Collected by Mr. S. Hart	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Tait	2	10	0
Mrs. A. Ballantine	2	2	0	Orphan girls, matrons, and teachers	4	5	1
Collected on Card No. 564	2	5	0	Mr. H. Wood	20	0	0
Collected by Mrs. K. Hawes	6	0	0	Mr. E. Wood	5	0	0
Miss Dorothy Young	2	2	0	Miss K. Madge	1	1	0
Mrs. Williams	1	1	0	A widow's mite	2	2	0
Dr. and Mrs. McCaig	5	0	0	Miss E. J. Emery	50	0	0
Mrs. Muzzell	2	2	0	Mr. W. Prebble	5	5	0
Mrs. Smith	1	18	6	Mrs. Rutherford and friends	5	17	0
Collected by Mrs. Smith'	8	11	6	Collected by Mr. C. E. Sibley	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Boswell	1	5	2	Collected by Mr. W. Davis	10	10	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	5	5	0	Collected by Mr. J. J. Cook	52	5	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	10	0	Mrs. Hewett	3	10	3
Mr. A. Mead	10	0	0	Miss F. L. and Miss E. Smith	2	2	0
Miss J. Mead	5	0	0	Mr. G. T. Drew	2	2	0
Mrs. W. Olney and family	25	0	0	Pastor and Mrs. C. B. Sawday	10	0	0
Miss Ada Olney	10	0	0	Collected by Mr. R. Blomfield	12	7	6
Miss G. Olney	10	0	0	Mrs. F. Fisher	5	0	9
Mr. and Mrs. G. Paine	3	3	0	Mr. H. Fisher	2	0	0
Mrs. J. E. Paine	2	10	0	Mr. T. Blake	2	2	0
Mrs. Ellwood	12	0	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Barnard	1	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vears	2	2	0	Miss M. Davies	3	3	0
Mrs. H. O. Cox	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Colman	2	2	0
Mrs. Vickery	3	13	6	Mrs. Scutt	2	10	0
Master G. McLaren	2	2	0	Miss Strawson	2	2	0
Miss M. Burman, per Mrs. Essex	4	0	0	Mrs. Russell	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. McLaren	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Stockbridge... .. .	3	10	6
Master J. S. McLaren	2	2	0	Miss Habershon	3	3	0
Mrs. B. Buckmaster	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Oxenford	2	0	0
Miss Sowdon	3	0	0	Per Mr. N. J. Fisher	3	11	0
Miss Grant	3	0	0	Mr. H. J. Fisher	1	10	0
Collected by Miss C. Grant	3	17	6	Miss Halls	7	7	0
Mrs. Morgan	3	0	0	Miss F. Cook	6	0	0
Miss Swan	3	3	0	Mr. E. Collins	3	3	0
Mr. F. Lewis	8	0	0	Miss M. E. Tatnell	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss B. Tatnell	2	2	0	Anon.	1	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett...	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Page	2	2	0
Mrs. A. S. Tatnell	5	0	0	Mrs. E. Jeffrey	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Dykes	2	2	0	Messrs. Kent and Matthews	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Smith ...	5	0	0	Collected by Miss Walker	1	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins	3	0	0	Anon.	2	0	0
Mr. A. S. Tatnell	10	0	0	C. H.	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Seaton	5	0	0	E. H.	3	0	0
Mr. T. T. Blackman	1	0	0	Mess S. N. Higgs	9	9	9
A friend	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Chiswell	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Fitch	5	0	0	Anon.	2	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Harrison	3	0	0	Mr. Brown and family	1	3	0
Miss Tarrant	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. W. Vincent	2	2	0
Mr. M. Romang	3	3	0	The Chamberlain family... ..	1	10	0
Miss M. A. Dickens	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. C. S. Miller	1	5	0
Mr. J. H. Savager... ..	2	2	0	Mrs. Webb	2	5	0
Miss M. Calvert	2	2	0	Miss Spreadbury	1	1	0
Miss Alderton	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. Round	5	10	0
Mrs. Spice	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. J. Rowe	4	13	6
Mrs. E. Sawyer	3	3	0	Mr. Edmunds	1	0	0
Mrs. Stewart	3	3	0	Miss M. George	1	1	0
Miss E. Fellowes	2	2	0	Collected by Master V. Ladds	3	12	6
Miss A. M. White	3	3	0	Collected by Mr. J. Barfoot	1	10	0
Mrs. J. Lewis	1	1	0	Collected by Miss Richards	1	0	0
Mr. G. Fisher	10	0	0	Miss J. Dennis	1	0	0
Miss Skinner	2	2	0	Miss M. Denham	1	8	0
Miss F. Johnston	2	2	0	Collected by Miss Barnden	1	15	0
Miss Green	21	0	0	Collected by Miss D. Barnden	1	11	0
Mrs. W. T. Dunn	2	2	0	Collected by Miss Hargill	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Pearce	2	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Brook	6	5	0
Mr. H. Mallett	2	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Weekes	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Laver	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Cowen	1	10	0
Mrs. E. Ward	1	2	0	Collected by Mr. Matthews	1	12	0
Mrs. Worth	2	2	0	Miss Partington	2	2	0
Mr. E. Priestley	2	2	0	Mr. C. Fullerton	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Atkinson	1	2	0	Mr. C. E. Harris	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Yewen	2	10	0	Miss M. A. White... ..	1	0	0
Miss Johnson	2	12	6	Mr. Bell	2	2	0
Collected by Rev. H. Dunington	2	9	6	Collected by Misses Beeken and Taylor	1	4	5
Mrs. T. S. Tanner	1	7	6	Collected by Mrs. Gillham	1	0	0
Miss Stone	2	2	0	Mansfield Street Sunday-school	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge	10	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Godfrey	2	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Scott	3	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. Storer	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bullman	2	0	0	Mr. G. P. Johnston	3	0	0
Miss Charlesworth... ..	1	1	0	Pastors' College Evening Classes, per			
Miss Kate Charlesworth ...	1	1	0	Mr. S. Johnson	13	13	0
Miss F. Chapman	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. Percy	10	3	0
Mr. W. Payne	25	0	0	Collected by Miss C. Warren	1	13	6
Miss Rea	2	2	0	Collected by Miss J. Warren	6	0	6
Mr. and Mrs. Buckmaster	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsden	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. J. Davis	1	4	6	Collected by Mr. A. Childs	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Ladds	5	0	0	Mr. Spence	2	10	0
Mr. A. E. Pearce	5	0	0	Miss E. White	1	0	0
Miss Pearce	3	3	0	Subscribed by teachers and officers of			
Miss Sheffield	2	2	0	Borough Road Sunday-evening			
Miss E. E. Jones	3	3	0	School, per Mr. W. B. Line... ..	5	10	0
Collected by Miss N. Kerridge	15	10	0	Mr. W. J. Ey and Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0
Mr. F. Mullis	10	0	0	Collected by Mr. R. P. Chapman	6	9	0
Collected by Miss C. Stanley	28	15	0	Mr. W. Hinson, per Mr. F. W. Smith	3	8	0
Collected by Miss E. Pearce	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Bleeze	5	0	0
Mr. J. M. McAlley	1	0	0	Collected by Miss F. Alston	2	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Bennitt	3	6	0	Miss F. Alston	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Weekes	2	2	0	Anon.	1	11	6
Miss Dibley	1	0	0	Mr. H. B. Stone	1	8	0
Mrs. J. Bonetto	5	0	0	Pastor W. Grant	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Everett	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Everett ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Nivison	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Collier	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Mrs. March	1	10	0	Mr. J. McIlroy	5	0	0
Mrs. Bowker	1	1	0	Mr. F. Burton, sen.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Lee	1	1	6	Mrs. Claridge	1	0	0
Anon.	1	1	0	Miss Ireland	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson	25	0	0	Miss L. Ireland	1	0	0
Mr. C. B. Bond	5	5	0	Miss Dransfield	5	5	0
Mrs. C. B. Bond	2	2	0	Mr. A. H. Bayoes	5	5	0
Mrs. G. N. Ryder	5	5	0	Mr. J. A. Tuwell	50	0	0
Mr. J. Smith	1	0	0	Mr. H. O. Serpell	5	0	0
Mr. F. Doble	5	0	0	Mr. J. Yeo	25	0	0
Mr. H. Doble	1	1	0	Mr. R. Sortwell	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Attenborough	5	5	0	Mr. G. R. Hawkey	7	7	0
Mr. Morris W. Brown	2	2	0	Mr. Hy. Arnold	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. W. Jolliffe...	2	0	0	Mr. J. Cave ...	1	1	0
Mr. A. B. Smith ...	2	0	0	Mrs. B. Hinton and friends ...	2	6	0
Pastor E. Morley ...	1	0	0	Mr., Mrs., and Miss Saunders ...	1	10	0
A few friends at New Brighton, per				Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren... ..	5	0	0
Pastor E. Morley	1	3	6	A. M. V.	1	0	0
Miss H. R. Warmington	1	1	0	Miss E. Pearce	1	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Bayley	1	10	0	Mr. D. MacFarlane	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Windmill	2	0	0	Mr. J. Gaurt	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davies	1	0	0	Mr. G. W. Dyson	1	0	0
Miss J. Wood	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Brightman and Miss Austin ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Holt	1	0	0	Mr. Ed. Gray	1	0	0
Mrs. Fairey	1	0	0	Collected by Messrs. G. Morris and			
Mrs. Trevor... ..	1	0	0	J. Cottam	7	8	0
Mrs. Condon	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Barham	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Drayson	1	1	0
"Father and daughters"	1	1	0	Mr. J. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. A. Ross... ..	3	0	0	A reader of <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	1	0	0
Miss Ruth Wells	1	0	0	"To rebuild"	1	0	0
Mrs E. Dobson	3	3	0	Mr. R. Scott and Mrs. Penny	1	0	0
Miss B. Fox... ..	1	0	0	Pastor J. Doubleday	1	0	0
Mr. W. Gay, sen.	5	0	0	Mrs. O. Mitchell	5	5	0
Mr. W. Blott	5	0	0	Mr. J. H. Whitehorn	2	0	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	5	5	0	Collection at Annual Meeting of Bristol			
Mr. and Mrs. W. Spelman	2	2	0	Road Y.P.S.C.E., Weston-super-			
Collected by Pastor J. A. Wilson	6	2	6	Mare, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	4	10	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	2	0	Mr. F. Bayes	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. N. T. Jones-Miller... ..	4	0	0	Mr. F. Letheren	1	1	0
Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Goodman	2	0	0
Boxes at Beulah Baptist				W. G. M. and S. B. E.	2	0	0
Chapel, Bexhill	4	19	0	Mr. F. W. Borret	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Friend	0	10	0	Mr. Adams and family	1	7	6
	5	9	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gibby	1	0	0
Collected by Misses K. and M. Brown	5	5	0	Mrs. E. W. Bell	5	0	0
Mrs. Thorpe and Mrs. Good	1	15	0	Mr. Geo. Eyres	2	0	0
Mr. W. Evans	2	5	0	Mrs. S. Papps	1	1	0
Welsh Baptist Sunday-school, Merthyr,				Mrs. O. Stephens	5	0	0
per Alderman David Davies	2	15	0	Mrs. S. Baskcomb	5	0	0
Mr. W. P. Llewellyn	2	2	0	Mrs. E. M. Balls	3	0	0
Collected by "Homeward Bound"	1	0	0	K. L. E.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0	Mrs. Ives	1	0	0
Mr. J. Williams	1	1	0	Mrs. M. J. Clay	1	1	0
Mr. A. W. Frendemacher	1	1	0	E. W.... ..	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pumphrey... ..	2	2	0	Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0
Mrs. G. Powell	1	1	0	Mr. C. H. Price	10	0	0
A lover of the sermons	1	0	0	Miss A. S. Macduff	5	0	0
Mrs. Bright... ..	5	0	0	Mr. D. Vincent	5	0	0
A Wesleyan well-wisher	1	0	0	Mr. P. Barlow	1	1	0
D. R. J.	5	0	0	Mr. J. Copley	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Arnold	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Silvey	1	1	0
Mr. T. Haynes	5	0	0	Mr. O. Vann	2	0	0
Miss Poute	1	0	0	Mr. S. Dales	2	0	0
A friend	2	2	0	Mr. C. Comber	1	1	0
J. F. P.	100	0	0	Mr. G. E. Pettit	1	1	0
Mr. A. Ross... ..	10	10	0	Mrs. Hamm... ..	1	0	0
S. W., Plymouth	5	0	0	A widow	5	0	0
Mr. E. Tucker	1	0	0	A friend	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Norton... ..	3	3	0	Mr. F. Northam	5	0	0
Mr. J. McNaught	1	0	0	Mrs. Rumsey	1	5	0
Mr. Ed. Smith	1	0	0	Mr. W. J. Murphy	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Keepe	10	0	0	Mr. D. Miller	1	0	0
Mrs. P. Sutton	1	0	0	Mr. J. La Touche	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Mackinnon	5	0	0	Mr. F. Hay	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Lees	1	10	0	Mrs. E. Bowden	1	0	0
Mrs. C. S. Bulley	5	0	0	Mr. J. C. Smith	5	0	0
Mr. J. Benson	2	2	0	Two friends... ..	1	0	0
From Calstock and Metherill, per				Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0
Pastor A. Pidgeon	1	1	6	Baptist Church, Hounslow, per Pastor			
Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0	J. E. Barnes	1	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Cay	2	0	0	Mr. E. M. Absalom	2	0	0
Mrs. F. S. Cowburn	5	0	0	Miss S. H. Bevan	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Ellis	1	0	0	Mrs. Turner... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Craven	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Brander	1	0	0
Pastor A. Greer and friends	1	17	6	Mr. E. Edgley	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Ensor	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. Haynes... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Linton... ..	2	2	0	Mr. C. Early	5	0	0
Mrs. A. M. Williams	1	0	0	A friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Kershaw	2	0	0	Mrs. S. J. Fowler	1	0	0
Mr. R. Hamilton	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Friston	5	0	0
Mrs. E. James	1	1	0	Mr. and Miss Harvey	2	2	0
Rev. W. J. Mayers	2	2	0	Mrs. A. H. Morris... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0	Mr. George Rogers	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Burls	1	6	0
A friend	20	0	0
K. C. A.	10	0	0
Mrs. Gatwood	2	2	0
Mr. H. Rees	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	25	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Dowling	1	0	0
Pastor C. Welton	2	2	0
Mrs. R. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Cordrey	10	10	0
Mr. W. Mould	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cullingham	1	0	0
Mr. E. L. Parnell	1	1	0
Mr. Percy R. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Cocks	5	5	0
Mr. H. N. Cooper	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Howlett	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Gray	1	0	0
Mr. T. W. Penny	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Rainbow	1	1	0
Mr. Fredk. Mead	10	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Fean	1	11	0
Mrs. Cartwright	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Monk	1	0	0
Mrs. Maria Jeffreys	2	10	0
"Cokewold"	1	0	0
<i>A Sword and Trowel reader, Hertford</i>	1	0	0
Mr. Chas. Phillips	5	0	0
Mrs. A. W. Battlett	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Brown	1	1	0
Scotland	25	0	0
Mrs. Denny	10	0	0
Mrs. B. A. Snell	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewatt, R.J.H. & G.H.	3	0	0
Mr. J. W. Lane	2	2	0
Teddington Baptist Church, per Pastor H. J. Williamson	10	0	0
Mr. James Hill	1	0	0
Collected by Pastor H. K. Byard H. O.	2	0	0
Mr. W. E. Hawkins	1	1	0
Mrs. Fanny Orr-White	2	2	0
Mr. John Howes	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Thompson	5	0	0
Mrs. Stowbart	1	0	0
Collected by Pastor G. A. Ambrose	1	17	6
Mr. H. Keen	2	2	0
Mrs. M. Dalrymple	3	0	0
Sir Frederick Howard	5	0	0
Mr. Milton Harmer	5	0	0
Mrs. Hornby	1	1	0
Mr. J. Bettman	2	0	0
Mrs. J. B. Mead	4	4	0
Sir James Colquhoun, Bart.	10	0	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	2	2	0
Mrs. C. Pettie	15	15	0
Dr. S. H. Habershon	2	2	0
Mrs. Fordham	3	0	0
Mr. Geo. Hyde	1	1	0
Mr. W. Vickery	5	0	0
Mr. R. H. Hobman	2	2	0
Mr. B. J. Willats	1	1	0
Mr. Duncanson	25	0	0
Dr. Weymouth	1	1	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	1	0	0
Rev. Dr. Wilkinson	1	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Rochfort	1	0	0
Mr. James Pascall	2	2	0
Mrs. J. M. Knight	5	0	0
Mr. Albert Field	5	5	0
Mr. John C. Horsfall	5	5	0
Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. John Holt skinner	1	1	0
Mrs. John Holt skinner	1	1	0
Mr. D. Wallby	5	0	0
Mrs. Ann Tully	1	0	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	100	0	0
Rev. Thos. S. Cuyler, D.D.	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Greenough	2	2	0
Miss Emily Ireland	1	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon... ..	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. Jensen	1	0	0
Mrs. C. A. Miller	10	0	0
K. Thomaas, K. Rodman, and J. Wines	1	1	0
Mr. A. C. Wilkin	1	1	0
Miss Elizabeth Ireland	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Alexander	1	0	0
Mr. A. Stephen	5	0	0
Mrs. Shoosmith	2	2	0
Rev. B. Senior	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. K. Smith	5	5	0
Mrs. E. Conway	5	0	0
Mr. W. McLaren	2	2	0
Mr. E. Yallop	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Kent	1	1	0
Mrs. Beyson	1	0	0
Pastor F. G. West... ..	1	0	0
A widow	2	0	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	1	1	0
Mrs. Parke	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Pool	2	0	0
Dr. T. A. Dunbar	3	3	0
Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe	1	1	0
Dr. T. J. Barnardo	5	5	0
Mr. J. E. Grant	10	0	0
Miss E. Dall	1	0	0
Mrs. Fringle	2	0	0
Mrs. Jefferies	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Park	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Tritton	5	0	0
Miss J. K. Bullock	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hall	5	0	0
Mr. R. T. Bull	1	0	0
Anon.... ..	1	0	0
In memory of Canon Reeves' regard for C. H. S.	5	0	0
Mr. G. E. Wright	1	0	0
Mr. D. McIntyre	1	0	0
Mr. C. Seruby	2	0	0
Mr. W. Black	2	0	0
Mr. A. E. Cunningham	1	0	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	10	10	0
Mr. W. B. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. Saml. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. F. H. Cook	25	0	0
Mr. R. K. Causton, M.P.	5	5	0
Miss Appleton	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Rawlings	10	10	0
Mr. E. Wollacott	50	0	0
Mrs. E. Crawford	1	0	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	1	0
Miss Slader	1	0	0
Mr. W. D. George... ..	1	1	0
Mr. John A. Woods	1	0	0
Mrs. Page	2	0	0
Mr. T. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. R. W. Moore	1	1	0
Young Women's Bible-class, per Mr. R. Edwards	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Shearman	5	5	0
Mr. C. Walker	5	0	0
A reader of <i>Morning by Morning</i>	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Evelyn	30	0	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	50	0	0
Mrs. A. Greenfield	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Graham	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott and friend	5	15	0
Mrs. S. Falkner	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mi gans	1	0	0
Mr. J. Robinson	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Hart	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Churcher	10	0	0
Mr. L. Barber	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Batson	1	1	0
Rev. and Mrs. R. Shindler and friends	1	6	0
Mr. A. Malcolm	1	0	0
Mr. Mark Walther	5	0	0
The Countess Schouvaloff	10	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Farmer... ..	1	5	0
Mrs. Seward	1	0	0
Mrs. Fisher	1	0	0
Mr. J. Penleton	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss A. Willsher ...	0	12	6	A few friends at Milborne Port, per			
Collected by Mrs. M. Collins ...	0	17	6	Pastor E. A. Arthur ...	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Imlach ...	1	0	0	Harlesden Baptist Sunday-school, per			
Collected by Mr. P. P. Jackson	0	10	0	Mr. J. Balls ...	1	5	0
Messrs. T. & W. Johnson ...	1	10	0	A Folkestone working-man ...	2	12	6
Mr. C. Hunting ...	2	2	0	Mr. W. Alexander ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Watson ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Clements ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Verry ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Williams ...	0	5	0
M.D., Penybout ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. J. P. Perrin ...	0	9	6
Miss Brennand ...	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Keevil ...	10	0	0
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr.				Mrs. Newman Hall ...	5	0	0
W. Clark ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Patmore ...	1	1	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Halbeath, per				Miss Muil ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Adamson ...	0	4	2	Mrs. S. D. Adams ...	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Faringdon,				Mrs. J. W. Pinkney ...	0	10	0
per Pastor H. Smith ...	0	6	0	South London General Co-operative			
Master A. McConnell ...	1	0	0	Society, per Mr. J. H. Merrington ...	0	10	0
Miss J. Salmond ...	0	7	6	Mrs. M. Rose ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Gerrard ...	1	0	0	J. J. B. G. ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dauncey and family	5	15	6	Collected by Mr. J. Shurmer ...	0	6	10
Miss M. Cross ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Overton ...	0	2	3
Mrs. A. S. Bird ...	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Elder ...	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Hopkins ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Coad ...	0	1	0
Mr. C. Ibberson ...	0	3	0	Mr. J. T. Stevenson ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Fyfe ...	0	10	0	Belle Isle Young Women's Bible-class,			
Mrs. E. Sizmur ...	0	4	0	for an orphan girl ...	5	0	0
Messrs. R. Holtum & Sons ...	1	6	6	Per F. R. T. :-			
Mrs. Morris ...	0	2	0	Miss Adrian ...	0	5	0
Mr. D. Cull ...	1	1	0	Mr. Probin ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Chivers ...	0	5	0	In memory of E. P. ...	0	10	0
United communion services, Worsted				In memory of J. R. T. ...	0	10	0
Baptist Chapel, per Mr. A. S. Culey	0	6	0	In memory of C. T. ...	0	10	0
Collected by Widow Adlem :-				In memory of C. H. S. ...	0	10	0
P. M. ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Hy. Brown ...	0	10	0
Church of England ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Dix ...	0	5	0
Rector ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. M. Dix ...	0	5	0
Hunt & Son ...	0	2	0				
M. H. ...	0	1	0				
C. R. ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Beves ...	0	2	6
O. H. S. ...	0	1	0	Miss Copeland ...	0	2	6
Some friends ...	0	4	9	Rev. F. Durbin ...	1	17	7
Widow Adlem and family	0	6	3	Collected by Mrs. Rhodes ...	0	19	5
				Mr. G. E. Byerley ...	0	10	6
				Mr. R. M. Boodle ...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Taylor ...	0	2	6	Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per			
Mrs. Wenham ...	0	2	6	Mr. E. Johnson ...	1	0	0
Miss A. Collins ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Warriner ...	0	2	0
Mr. R. C. Jones ...	1	1	0	Mr. Jas. Woodward ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Buruett ...	0	18	0	A. B., Limavady ...	0	4	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts ...	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. W. Dixon ...	0	10	6
Mr. Geo. Henderson ...	0	5	0	Mr. S. H. Rugg ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Rich ...	0	3	0	Woolwich Tabernacle Sunday-school,			
Mr. F. S. Gaylor ...	0	12	0	per Mr. C. E. Seager ...	2	10	0
Friends at Fyvie, per Mr. J. Philip	0	10	0	Mr. J. Culpin ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Russell ...	5	0	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson ...	0	15	0
Mr. W. Munro ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Fordham ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Lawrence ...	0	2	6	Mrs. M. Hale ...	1	0	0
S. M. P. ...	0	5	0	Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :-			
Mr. J. Varley ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Wilkinson ...	0	5	0
A Welsh friend, Llanidloes ...	2	2	0	Mr. R. J. Baker ...	2	2	0
Mr. A. Sconce ...	1	10	0	Mrs. Wilcocks ...	1	1	0
Miss Ruthven ...	0	2	6				
A widow ...	0	2	6				
Mr. E. Joscelyne ...	0	10	6	Mr. Elgar ...	0	5	0
Mr. S. Halstaff Coles ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Wood ...	0	3	0
Postal order, Walham Green ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Greenwood ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Willis ...	0	16	0	Mr. J. P. Sones ...	0	2	6
Watch-night service, West Cliff Taber-				Mr. J. Beswick ...	1	0	0
nacle, Bournemouth, per Mr. J. J.				W. J., Whalsey ...	0	4	0
Allen ...	0	13	10	J. F. ...	0	8	6
Miss S. Palmer ...	0	2	6	A. A. A. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Dodds ...	0	5	0	Mr. L. Haigh ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Robinson ...	0	6	0	Mr. S. Leath ...	0	5	0
Rev. E. Ashton ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Harvey ...	2	0	0
Proceeds of lecture, Eythorne Baptist				Mrs. E. Medwin ...	1	0	0
Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Hughes	0	6	0	Miss M. S. Davis ...	1	0	0
A friend at Lewes ...	0	5	0	A friend, London ...	0	5	0
Balham Branch E.C.A. milkmen,				Mrs. Geo. Anderson, per Mr. J.			
butchers, bakers, and oilman, per				Addison ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. E. Bennett ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Harding ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. M. Coutts ...	0	10	0	Mr. James Wilson ...	0	10	0
Miss E. Geddes ...	35	0	0	Miss G. Shaw ...	1	0	0
				Mrs. M. A. Purvis ...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
For the Lord	0	2	11
Mr. R. Mitchell	0	5	0
Mr. T. Hankin	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Walker	0	2	0
Friends at Wimbledon, per Mrs. Barnard	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Page	0	5	1
Mrs. Gray	0	10	0
Mr. R. Morgan	0	10	6
J. H. M., Muthill	0	5	0
Miss Underhay	0	2	6
Miss M. Joscelyne	0	2	0
Mr. Geo. Ord	2	0	0
Postal order, Chester-le-Street	0	2	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Melville	0	10	0
M. L. H., Edinburgh	0	5	0
Miss M. Sadler	0	10	0
Miss Sadler	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Blundell	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wiles	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Moody	0	15	0
A friend	0	2	0
Mr. H. Skinner	0	10	0
Mr. Whately	0	5	0
M. H. M.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Tarrant:—			
Mrs. Rogers... ..	0	2	0
Miss Rogers... ..	0	1	0
Miss Tarrant	0	2	0
Miss E. Tarrant	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant	0	2	0
Mr. F. J. Tarrant	0	1	0
Mrs. J. S. Langley	0	2	0
	0	12	0
Goepert Baptist Tabernacle, per Mr. Wm. Ogg	2	12	8
Postal order, Coatbridge	0	2	6
Mr. H. J. Woolacott	0	5	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	5	0
Miss Potter	0	5	0
Lymington Baptist Chapel, per Mr. T. Medley	2	0	6
Mr. J. Ocock	5	0	0
Mr. J. Norkelt	3	0	0
I. V.	1	1	0
Edith Road Chapel, Nunhead, per Mr. F. Robson	3	10	3
Rev. T. J. Cole	2	2	0
Mr. K. Clydesdale... ..	0	10	0
Per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
Mr. D. Heelas	2	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. H. Cooper	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
	3	15	0
Collected by Miss G. Riches	0	4	6
Mr. A. Davies	0	10	6
Mr. A. Burr	0	5	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	22	14	0
Mr. Andrew Scott	5	10	0
Mr. J. Snell	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton	1	0	0
Mr. Morley Phillips	1	1	0
Mrs. Jordan... ..	1	1	0
Mr. E. N. Absolon	1	12	9
A. E. G.	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Hughes	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0	5	0
Mrs. Harvey	0	10	0
Mr. J. McFarlane	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	1	0	0
The Misses M. and C. Hawke	0	10	0
Mr. L. Shepherd	0	10	0
Master J. Shepherd	0	0	6
Miss C. E. Chutterbuck	0	5	0
A few friends at Irvine, per Miss S. Muir	1	10	0
Mr. E. P. Morris	2	0	0
The Misses E. and S. A. Rossiter	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Young wife, Llangenneck	0	5	0
Mr. W. Burelay	0	2	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	1	0
Postal order, Swindon	0	2	6
Mr. H. H. Davie	0	5	0
Mr. H. McIntyre	0	10	0
The Misses E. and A. Heap, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3	3	0
Mr. F. Adams	1	1	0
Miss Barrow	0	5	0
Miss Fidler	0	5	0
W. B.	5	0	0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell:—			
Mr. Woodley	2	0	0
Mr. E. Pooock	1	1	0
F. M.	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Smith	0	10	0
L. Henderson	0	10	0
P. Mockridge	0	10	0
A. Madge	0	10	0
Mrs. White	0	5	0
Mr. Rackstraw	0	5	0
	6	12	0
Miss M. Brooks	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Collier:—			
Proceeds of netting lace	3	6	0
Mrs. Clara	0	1	0
Mrs. Moltram	0	2	6
Mrs. Hall	0	2	0
Miss Haigh	0	1	0
Mrs. Dunn	0	0	6
Mr. Reed	0	3	0
Mr. Scorer	0	1	0
Mr. Hackney	0	1	0
Mr. Skidmore	0	2	0
	4	0	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Mr. J. White	1	0	0
Mr. T. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0
Mrs. A. P. Workman (in memory of Mrs. J. L. Dalziel)	50	0	0
Mr. M. Steel	0	10	0
D. N. L.	0	6	0
A. E.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Blake	0	5	0
Mr. J. Duncan	0	5	0
Miss C. J. Spurgeon	0	2	6
The Leathersellers' Company	10	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mould	0	10	6
Rev. J. Macpherson	1	0	0
Miss Peters	0	5	0
H. A. W.	1	0	0
Postal order, Brynamman	0	5	0
E. W., Burton-on-Trent... ..	0	3	0
Orphan boys' cards, 2nd list	15	2	8
Orphan girls' cards, 2nd list	7	5	11
<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—</i>			
Hounslow Band of Hope	3	14	0
Zion Chapel, New Cross	10	2	9
Visit of bellringers to Cambridgeshire villages, per Mr. G. Apthorpe	14	12	5
Westbourne Grove Chapel	16	19	6
Shrubbery Road Mission, Lewisham... ..	2	12	0
Mr. Geo. Woodward... ..	1	1	0
	3	13	0
Sale of Programmes, Westminster Chapel	1	6	0
<i>Collections in memory of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon:—</i>			
Park Baptist Sunday-school, Brentford, per Mr. T. Stone	1	11	0
Todmorden Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. S. Pilling	1	10	6
Irwell Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. J. Jackson	0	8	9
Evesham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Ashley	1	7	6

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Leyton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. F. P. Bull...	0 15 1	Stamps, Putney ...	0 1 0
Milnesbridge Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Taylor ...	0 16 0	Per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon ...	0 1 6
Arthur Street Sunday-school, Camberwell, per Mr. A. B. Holland ...	0 17 3	Miss D. Bond ...	0 4 0
Derby Street Sunday-school, Burton-on-Trent, per Mr. F. J. Glover ...	0 17 9	West Street Baptist Chapel, Crewe, per Mr. W. O. Salter ...	0 15 0
Hirst Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Andrew ...	0 5 0	Rev. E. Ashton ...	0 9 0
Baptist Chapel, Erith, per Pastor J. E. Martin:—		Baptist Chapel, Winchester, per Mr. A. Paritt ...	2 3 9
Sunday-school... ..	1 15 1	Mrs. E. Jackson ...	0 10 0
Men's Bible-class ..	1 8 8	Mr. J. P. Morris ...	1 2 3
	3 3 9	C. E. S., Totteridge Road Baptist Chapel, Enfield, per Pastor A. W. Welch ...	7 15 0
Burnham-on-Crouch Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor C. D. Gooding ...	2 5 0	Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel, per Mr. Phillips ...	6 10 2
Brixham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Spark ...	1 1 0	Postal order, Abercarnaid ...	0 2 6
East Hill Baptist Sunday-school, Wandsworth, per Mr. S. Saunders...	1 2 10	Ashford, per Miss H. K. Turner ...	1 6 0
Kenyon Baptist Sunday-school, per Miss Keevil ...	5 15 8	The late Mr. J. L. Keys ...	0 5 0
<i>Christmas Dinner Table Collections:—</i>		Per Miss Lt. Daniell ...	1 0 11
Baptist Chapel, George Street, Ryde, per Mr. W. H. Daiah ...	8 3 9	Mr. and Mrs. Vardill ...	0 12 0
Baptist Chapel, Abergavenny, per Rev. T. H. Williams ...	2 11 6	Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor D. H. Moore ...	11 11 6
Miss G. H. Stirling ...	0 3 0	Per Mr. Geo. S. Lancaster, J.P., Waterlooville ...	6 4 1
Mr. J. Smith ...	0 2 0	Mrs. Blake ...	0 2 0
Miss R. Heath ...	0 1 6	Per Rev. Geo. Sparks ...	0 4 0
		Putney Baptist Chapel ...	1 15 4
		Brabourne Baptist Chapel ...	2 15 0
		Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon (second list)	6 2 11
			£465 8 3

*Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list):—*Archer, C., 7s; Baker, G. A. S., 7s 6d; Burnett, F., £1 1s; Butcher, F., 3s 1d; W. Boddy, 1s; Channer, F., £1 1s; Copping, G., 2s 6d; Cross, W., 1s 9d; Doel, B., £1 1s; Dyke, W. S., 2s 4d; Haddock, E., 8s 2d; Hammond, E., £1 2s; Hards, P., 1s; Harries, R., 9s; Hayes, H., 7s 2d; Kay, H., 12s; Newbery, J., £1 1s; Newton, H. B., 13s 6d; Noble, A. (second amount), 18s 6d; Noakes, G., 6d; Pateman, R., 10s; Rawlinson, E., 10s; Robins, A., 8s 3d; Robinson, H., 2s 2d; Rowe, A., 10s 6d; Sankey, P., 10s; Shurly, E., 10s; Smith, A., 10s 6d; Steere, P., 2s 6d; Wakeling, H., 6s. 6d; Warmingington, S., 7s 3d; Warner, T., 6d; Watson, J., 10s; Willmore, H., 6d; Wright, W., 3s.—Total, £15 2s 8d.

*Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list):—*Boxall, S., 1s; Briggs, A., £1 1s; Baker, G., 6s 3d; E. Burroughes, 1s.; Choat, R., 4s 9d; Clarke, W., 1s; Colquhoun, L., 1s; Day, P., 4s; Day, M., 2s 6d; Dixon, C., 11s; Dunslow, R., 2s 6d; Francis, K., 3s; Gearing, B., 2s; Gibson, B., 7s 6d; Greey, I., 4s 2d; Green, F., 5s; Hazelton, D., £1 1s; Heugerty, K., 2s; Hobbs, A., 6d; Hussey, V., 1s; Halls, J., 4s; Lumb, G., 2s 6d; Peterson, L., 1s; Payne, C., 6s; Rose, N., 8s 2d; Smith, I., 4s; Upton, S., 1s 6d; Williamson, R., 2s; Wiffen, B., 3s 1d; Widdeson, M., 10s 6d.—Total, £7 5s 11d.

List of Presents from January 16th to February 14th, 1899.—PROVISIONS:—1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Wyman; 44 quarters Bread, Mr. Whitehorn; 5 sacks Flour, Messrs. Taylor & Son; 1 bag Potatoes, Anon., Thetford; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman & Hildyard; 1 bag Potatoes, Mr. Cutler; 1 New Zealand sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 46 lbs. Fork, 30 lbs. Sausages, Mr. S. Barrow, Junr.; 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Ladbroke.

Boys' CLOTHING:—1 Vest, Mr. D. Wilkin; 1 Hat, Mrs. Howard; 1 parcel Socks and Ties, Mrs. Howie Muir; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. E. S. Elder; 25 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 5 Articles, Miss Cowherd; 1 pair Trousers, Anon.

Girls' CLOTHING:—6 Articles, Mr. W. H. Roberts; 2 Pinafores, Mrs. Howard; 30 Articles, 6½ yds. Dress Material, Mrs. Watling; 26 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 64 Articles, Miss Butler's Bible Class, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood; parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. Spooner; 94 Articles, Mrs. Poole; 28 Articles, Miss Cowherd; 1 Jacket, Mrs. A. M. Jeffreys; 10 Hats, Mrs. Colvin.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Magazines, Games, &c., Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Cox & Son; a quantity of Magazines, Miss K. Isaacson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>		Codicote, per Mr. A. Lochart ...	11 5 0
Horsell and Egham, per Rev. E. W. Tarbox ...	20 0 0	Murchinhampton, per Messrs. E. C. Evans and Sons ...	10 0 0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot ...	7 10 0	Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros. ...	10 0 0
Horsforth, per Miss Billbrough ...	11 5 0	Ironbridge, per Mrs. Maw ...	10 0 0
Eritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths ...	11 5 0	Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson ...	5 0 0
Penhwoiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P. ...	11 5 0	Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Thos. White ...	1 5 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Walworth ...	10	0	0	Collection at Bethel Chapel, Minster ...	1	2	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P. ...	11	5	0	Mr. Mark Marriott ...	0	10	0
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Guiney ...	10	0	0	Collection at Rokeby Hall, Reading, per Mr. H. E. Cole ...	0	7	6
Axbridge, per Miss L. Wall ...	4	0	0	Mr. J. R. Stevens ...	1	1	0
				Mr. W. Barclay ...	0	1	0
				Mr. T. S. Penny ...	1	1	0
				Miss King ...	0	5	0
	£144	0	0	Mrs. R. Wilkinson ...	0	10	0
<i>General Fund:—</i>							
Mr. Josiah Spiers ...		£	s. d.				
Mr. J. Marshall, per Mr. H. Mears ...	1	0	0				
					£6	7	6

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

Statement of Receipts from January 16th to February 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Two much-interested readers of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and magazine ...	1	5	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
S. J. Taylor ...	0	5	0	Miss C. Higgs ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Sinclair ...	0	5	6	"Carey's penny" for 1898 ...	0	4	6
Madame de Mirimonde (10 francs) ...	0	7	11	Mary ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. T. Stevenson ...	2	0	0	Emily ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Craven ...	1	0	0	Pastor E. Tomalin ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardner ...	0	5	0	1 Cor. xvi. 2 ...	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Proctor ...	1	0	0	Miss Hall ...	0	5	0
Mr. Absolon ...	1	0	0				
					£10	8	5

Beulah Baptist Chapel Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from January 16th to February 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	127	19	3	Mr. Mould ...	0	10	6
Miss Boreham ...	0	10	0	Mr. Absolon ...	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Munro ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Baines ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Proctor ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Hinton ...	0	11	0
A faithful Scot ...	0	10	0				
Miss Legg, per Pastor J. S. Hockey ...	0	5	0		£193	15	9

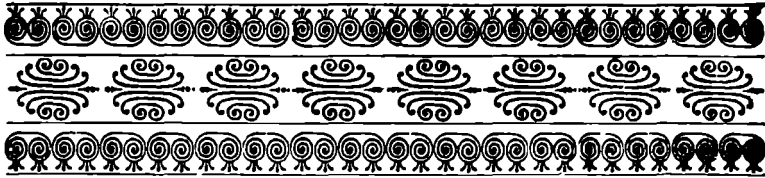
Mrs. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a parcel of knitted socks from "Two Wellington friends." Also for Orphanage, after the lists were closed, "My Countess," £2; and Mrs Baines, £4.

Special Notice.—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel MANSE Fund, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S. E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S. E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S. W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

APRIL, 1899.

Spiritual Springtime.

A SERMON, PREACHED AT SURREY CHAPEL, ON THURSDAY EVENING,
APRIL 4TH, 1867, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”—Song of Solomon ii. 10—13.

(Concluded from page 110.)

II.



SECONDLY, THERE ARE FREQUENTLY SPRINGTIMES IN THE HEART OF EACH INDIVIDUAL BELIEVER.

The first of these springtimes is at *conversion*. Oh, the long and dreary winter through which a soul passes when under conviction of sin! I need not describe that sad period; for, Christian, you have not forgotten it. You were dead, comfortless, barren, a castaway. You tried to cheer yourself, but you could not; and to help yourself, but it all ended in disappointment. But do you not remember the day when the Lord appeared unto you, when His everlasting love was revealed to you, when the precious blood of Jesus was applied to your guilty conscience, when the Holy Dove descended, and dwelt in your breast, bearing witness with your spirit that you were born of God? Oh, yes! you can never have forgotten all that if it has really happened to you. May I, then, charge your memories to go back to that blessed springtime, you who have been long in the ways of the Lord? I trust, too, that there are some here who are even now in that joyous state; for they have but lately experienced “the time of the singing of birds,” and to them the flowers have just now begun to appear.

What a happy season is that time immediately after our conversion ! I might take each word of the text, and say that it seems to be literal truth concerning a young convert. I am sure that, when first I knew the Lord, my soul was as a garden of sweet flowers exhaling delightful fragrance. I was full of love to Christ, full of ardent zeal which knew scarcely any bounds, and seemed as if it could not rise to a higher pitch of intensity ; full of bright-eyed hope ; and full of joy that tripped on gaily with happy feet. Every virtue seemed to be there, in a measure, at least,—though weak, yet fair and beautiful. How full of happiness was my heart,—like the young lambs that leap and skip in the field from the mere exuberance of new-born life ! Perhaps there is no part of a Christian's career that is more joyous than its beginning. There are other times which may be preferred to it for strength, for usefulness, for maturity ; but, oh ! how blessed is that first springtime of spiritual life ! What a season of flowers it is !

At our conversion, it was also "the time of the singing of birds." We went out with joy, and we were led forth with peace. The mountains and the hills broke forth before us into singing, and all the trees of the field did clap their hands. In those happy days, every promise of Scripture seemed to be spoken specially to us, and even the threatenings of the Word became turned into blessings as we saw that we were not under their power. When we went up to the house of God, how sweet the hymns were ! When we resorted to our place of communion with the Lord, how delightful was prayer ! Then, that blessed fellowship at the Lord's table, how we did enjoy it ! We thought, when we listened to the preaching of the gospel, that no music could be compared to it. "The time of the singing of birds" had indeed come. It was a spiritual honeymoon to us ; we were married to Christ, and our joy was like that of those who are newly-wedded. I am afraid some of us have almost forgotten our first love, and therefore have lost our first joy ; but, oh, the bliss, the happiness of that springtime in our souls !

Above all, we shall never forget how clear and distinct "the voice of the turtle" then was. The Holy Spirit gave us a complete assurance that we were saved. As for doubts, we did not know what they were then. As to unbelief, we thought we never should fall into such a sin as that. We had seen the Lord ; and the glorious sight of His finished work and perfect righteousness had ravished our soul. We knew nothing about cares ; we had enough of them in the world if we had chosen to call them cares, but we cast them all upon our God, and the joy of the Lord was our strength, and He Himself was our abounding confidence. Yes, it was indeed a happy springtime with our new-born souls.

Let me say to any who are now in this joyous state,—Make the best use you can of it while it lasts. I do not know why it should not always last, but usually it does not ; so employ it to the highest advantage while it does. The way to make good use of it is to "rise up" now as high as ever you can, and to "come away" from the world as much as ever you can during this blessed time. I have sometimes thought that, if a man does not become a high-class Christian during the first three months after his conversion, he

probably never will. I have noticed some people who have begun their Christian life in a very feeble fashion. I hope they so began that they were really saved; but, still, they began doubting and fearing, and they kept on in the same style till they went to Heaven. Some begin by serving the Lord stingily, not giving Him their whole hearts; or they begin coldly, and so they never get hot with zeal all their lives. I do like to see a young convert red-hot,—white-hot, if you like. I like to see him too full of zeal if that is possible; because, when he cools down, he will come just to the right heat if he is too hot at first; but, if he is cool at first, what will he come to by-and-by? You who are enjoying a happy springtime, ask the Lord to make you grow as fast as you can now. Depend upon it, all the fruit that will be upon the trees this year is upon them now. Do you ask, "How is that?" Why, every gardener will tell you that there is all the blossom on the tree now that there ever will be; it only wants unfolding,—and there is all the fruit there, too, that is, the germ of it; it only wants expanding. And I believe that there is the whole of a Christian in a young convert; and that, if you could really see what is in a young convert, you might pretty well judge what sort of a Christian he will make. Therefore, young believers, use well your first hour. Very often, if a tradesman does not get on in his business during the first few years, he never makes a success of it. We have known some who have been at school, but who have neglected their lessons in their early days; and if they have not really mastered the grammar of a language while they have been young, it has been a great difficulty to them ever to get hold of it when they have grown old. So it is with you, young Christians; your early mornings are the best parts of your days, so mind you do not waste them. Serve God while you can. Do not listen to those who say, "Save up your strength for future efforts." Never save any of it,—spend it all as quickly as you get it. God will give you fresh strength when you need it; but if you try to save it up, it will breed worms and stink, like the manna did of old. Serve God, you young converts, with might and main; and put those of us who have been in the work these fifteen or twenty years to shame if you can; for if you do not serve the Master *now* with all your powers, you probably never will do so. He seems to say to you, in these springtimes of your piety, "Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away." Set up a high standard of piety. Even if you never reach it, it will be far better than if you had set up a low one. He who aims at the moon will shoot higher than he who aims only at a bush; and he who sets before himself the highest possible ideal, even though he may never attain to it, will yet come nearer to perfection than he will who is content with an inferior model. The Lord help us all to grow while we can!

Now, passing away from that part of my subject, let me say that, after conversion—alas, that it should be so!—*after conversion, there are winters for many Christians*; but then,—blessed be God!—*there are also times of refreshing which come to them*. Beloved in the Lord Jesus, I trust you are not any of you now lukewarm or cold in love; but if you are, breathe the prayer now, "Return unto me, O Lord, and revive my spirit!" God will hear that prayer; so persevere in presenting it,

be importunate, and you shall have a revival of the work of grace in your soul. I am often conscious of having very distinct revivals from the presence of the Lord, and I suppose every Christian has, more or less, the same experience. O beloved, how blessedly the Lord can, in a moment, lift us up out of the dungeon into the banqueting-house! In the twinkling of an eye, He can turn the shadow of death into the brightness of the morning. I have sometimes questioned whether I had so much as a grain of grace, and have been ready to lay down my profession lest it should be a delusion; but, within the next hour, I could not have envied the seraphs before the throne, but have felt that I had as great a joy as they in fellowship with Christ. The Lord needs not to take a long time for working this gracious result. He can do it with one promise of Scripture applied with power to the heart, or with but one reminder by His Spirit of some past transaction of His lovingkindness. Or ever we are aware, he can make our souls like the chariots of Ammi-nadib; and then, what happy and rejoicing springtimes we have! Come, Christian, have you such a time now?

If you have, then let me exhort you to bring forth the flowers of love and joy this very hour. Let Christ have a posy of them; deck His brow with garlands. Give Him your joyous praise and your loving service. Let "the time of the singing of birds" come if you can. You cannot always sing; then sing when you can. To-night, at the family altar, lift up your voice if you can; if not, lift up your heart in God's praise. Never miss an opportunity of singing a song unto your Well-beloved. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me." God is not only glorified by our working for Him, but by our praising and blessing Him; and when any one of us saith, from his inmost heart, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy Name," it is a sign that the heart is in a healthy state, and such adoration is truly acceptable to the Most High. Now, Christian, now that the Holy Ghost is with you, now that your peace is like a river, and your righteousness like the waves of the sea, seek after a still higher standard of grace. Hear your Lord say to you, "Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away."

Is there any sin into which you have fallen? Then, break it off this very instant. You remember what Elias did when God had heard his prayer, and sent down the fire from Heaven to consume the sacrifice. What came next? "Take the prophets of Baal," said he, "let not one of them escape." And if the holy fire has come down from Heaven upon your soul to-day in answer to your prayer, now take your sins, and slay them before the Lord, let not one escape. Favoured seasons of communion should be times in which we should seek to purge ourselves from dead works. Remember what Nehemiah did when he found that, in his absence, Eliashib the priest had prepared a chamber for Tobiah in the courts of the Lord's house. What did he do? Did he call upon him, and tell him very politely that he wanted his room, and should much prefer it to his company? No; but he says, "And it grieved me sore: therefore I cast forth all the household stuff of Tobiah out of the chamber." So must we do with our sins till there be not a single one left. Let us set to work, by the

help of God's Spirit, to find out every idol, and to tear it from its throne, that we may worship God alone. Our Lord Jesus Christ rode into Jerusalem in triumph, you recollect ; but what did He do as soon as He got there ? Why, He took a scourge of small cords, and drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple ; and if ever the Lord Jesus comes riding into your soul with songs and hosannas, then ask Him to cast all His foes and yours out of your heart, which should be a temple of the living God, and not a den of thieves. It is easier to kill sin, and to conquer corruption, when the Spirit of God is with you than it is at any other time. O Christian, while your locks are yet unshorn, and you have Samsonian strength, fall upon these Philistines, and slay them ; for, if you wait until the evil days come, when your hair is cut, and your strength is gone, you may go out and shake yourselves in vain, and your enemies will laugh you to scorn.

In closing my discourse, let me say that there is one very happy way of reading the text. *There is a time coming, to us who love the Lord, and rejoice in His Name, when the winter will be over and gone for ever.* After all, though we must never murmur, life is a bitter draught. There is much to bless God for here, but the happiest of us can at least say, "I would not always live here." Thank God that this earth is not our home, nor the place of our rest. It is not the Christian's summertime yet. Even you who rejoice the most, must feel that this is an unsatisfactory world for an immortal spirit to dwell in. It is winter with us now ; but this cold season will not last for ever. I see that some of you have the tokens that *your* winter will soon be gone, for the almond tree has begun to blossom. You know that the almond tree was the token of old age, and it is a very sweet one. Almost the first tree that comes out in the springtime is the almond ; and, in like manner, we may look upon the Christian's grey head as the blossom of immortality ; not a sign of your wintertime, but of your springtime that is yet to come.

I have heard that, when vessels go out from England to Australia, those who are in the habit of drinking toasts on board will at first drink the healths of those whom they have left behind, and they will continue this till they have got a good way on the voyage, but then they change the toast, and make it to the health of the friends who are ahead. So, Christian, sometimes you are thinking of the friends you will have to leave ; but when you are getting near home, you will often think of those to whom you are going. Occupy your minds with thoughts of the right royal company who are looking for you on the other side of the river. "You are on the wrong side of seventy," said someone to a Christian gentleman. "No," replied he, "I am not ; thank God, I am on the right side of seventy, for I am seventy-five, and that is the right side, for I am now nearer home than I was when I was on the other side." Oh, yes ! the nearer we get to our Master, the happier should we be, and we should no more relent than when the winter is almost over, and the rain is nearly gone. Welcome, sweet May ! Welcome, flowery June ! Welcome, bright July ! Welcome, golden August ! Welcome, glorious harvest days ! So, welcome, Heaven ! Welcome, immortality ! Welcome, everlasting joy !

Remember, too, dear friends, that the time of the appearing of flowers will soon come to you.

“There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.”

What flowers they are which bloom in Heaven, I cannot tell you; the perfume of them has made many a soul sick with love, till it has begun to say,—

“My heart is with Him on His throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment listening for the voice,
‘Rise up, and come away.’”

As for the flowers themselves, may it be your happy lot and mine to wear them in our bosoms for ever; but, at present, we cannot even guess what they are like.

Then, too, “the time of the singing of birds” will come. Nay, that expression will not do; it will be the singing of angels that shall make melody in our ears for ever, the music of the harps of the harpers harping upon their harps, the song of ten thousand times ten thousand, like many waters, and like great thunders.

Then, indeed, we should hear “the voice of the turtle.” We shall then hear the very voice of Jesus. Rutherford says, “What will it be to be there? When Christ gives us a feast of love at His table here, I sit down, and make such a feast thereon that a king is not fed as I am; but what shall it be when I sit in Heaven with Him? When He doth but blow me a kiss from His hand now, it is like Heaven itself; but what will it be when my poor cheek shall be touched by the holy lips of the King of kings, and He shall kiss me with the kisses of His mouth, and I shall recline my head upon His breast for ever?” Ay, indeed,—

“What must it be to be there?”

Our highest imagination, our deepest meditation, cannot possibly attain to a conception of what is the glory that shall be revealed in us, though the Lord has in part revealed it unto us by His Spirit.

There, we shall have no “green figs.” My text fails me now, for the “figs” will all be ripe, and perfect there. There shall be no “tender” grapes, but goodly clusters richer than Eshcol ever knew. There we shall have joy,—nay, “fulness of joy” for ever. We shall be satisfied,—nay, “abundantly satisfied” with the goodness of His house for ever. At His right hand, there are rivers of joy, and pleasures for evermore. Are not our mouths watering for these sweet fruits of the goodly land? Are we not like Moses on the top of Pisgah, quite prepared to die after having seen the vision? May the Master grant that none of us may miss it, but may we all be found in Christ that we may be found in Heaven; may we be one with Jesus that we may be one with His glorified Church for ever there!

Blessed indeed will that hour be when the messenger shall knock at the door, and the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl shall be broken, and the wheel shall be broken at the cistern, and the pitcher shall be broken at the fountain, and the spirit shall obey the summons, “Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away.”

What an arising that will be! We shall, like the lark, mount and sing, and sing and mount again, till we are lost from human sight in clouds of bliss ineffable! What an arising, what a mounting, I say, will that be! What a coming away will that be! A coming away from a few friends on earth; to the countless company of our brethren in the skies; a coming away from our cottages here, to the mansions of the blessed over there; a coming away from this body of aches and pains, a bundle of woe and sorrow, to the house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; a coming away from the type and the symbol to the reality, and the substance; a coming away from sin and imperfection, to holiness that shall be perfect and complete; a coming away from seeing through a glass darkly, to beholding our Saviour face to face; a coming away from knowing in part, to know even as we are known! The Lord grant us all to enter into His rest! But are we all in Christ by a living faith? If we are not, the Lord have mercy upon us, and bring us even now to confess our sins, to trust in Jesus, and to find pardon and peace, for His dear Name's sake! Amen.

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

THE atmosphere of my Work-room, just now, very greatly resembles that of the outer world. It is foggy, but expectant. One can't see much through the white mist which rolls by the windows; yet there is hope in the heart that, by-and-by, the sun will appear, and the fog will clear away.

In plain language, the great effort for the Tabernacle rebuilding, to which so many friends responded with large generosity, has apparently diverted from my funds all the usual kind help which I have been in the habit of receiving. There is next to nothing coming in for Book Fund, Pastors' Aid, Sermon Translations, or General Use, and not a penny for the dear little Manse at Bexhill! This is the fog:—when will it lift? The sun is still in the heavens, but when will his bright beams pierce through the haze, and again gladden my heart?

I say to myself as I sit watching for the rift in the clouds, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him,"—and faith replies, "Begin to praise at once, glorify Him by the assured confidence that He will not suffer your work for Him to fail thus suddenly and completely."

I remember, when dear Mr. Spurgeon was here, and his own personal means were running very low (as they often did through his lavish generosity), he would say, "I must give some money away at once; if I clear out the cistern, there will be room for fresh streams to flow in." Then, turning to his private secretary, he would ask, "Which fund most needs help?" and to this he would give a large donation. It was his sweet way of reminding the Lord that His servant lacked means; and never, I believe, did his Heavenly Father refuse to accept the singular and persuasive plea, for gifts would freely flow in from the time that it was presented. What

a mighty man of faith he was ! As a prince, he had power with God, and he prevailed.

Oh, that I might have grace to follow, even distantly, in his footsteps ! Since God took him home to Himself, I have had, by His favour, seven years of plenty for all the works He has given me to do. I will not fear that seven years of famine must necessarily follow ; but even if it should be so, and my Lord sees fit to try me with decrease and failure, where hitherto He has given prosperity and abundance, He can teach me to honour Him by submission and patience, and a hope that maketh not ashamed. I sometimes think that I would gladly resign all the figs, and grapes, and olives, and cattle, and sheep, and fair pastures of life, to be able, like Habakkuk, to sit amid the desolation and destruction of them all, singing his lovely song of joy, and rejoicing in the Lord alone.

* * * *

Sometimes, when I am weary and dispirited, mostly from physical causes, the Lord sends me a gracious uplifting, by the pen or the word of a friend, which causes me to take heart again, and believe that my labour has not been in vain, or without the seal of His approval. A month or two ago, during a season of heart-drought, I received the following letter, which dropped like the dew on my soul. "Dear Mrs. Spurgeon," the writer said, "I feel I must write a few lines to you, now that I am sending my usual contribution to the Lord's work in your hands. I cannot tell you all the consolation your *Carillon of Bells* has brought to me. It seems to me as if, when writing the book, you knew all about my troubles, and I find great comfort in reading some portion of it every day. God will bless you for your kindness in sending forth such words of cheer and help. I have the *Cluster of Camphire*, too, and am equally charmed with its contents. Also, I must tell you how delighted we have been in reading the first volume of the *Autobiography*. We have finished it, and begun the second volume.' It is indeed a grand work, and one that will keep the dear Pastor fresh in our memory while life shall last. When I look at his dear face, oh, how much I love him for the blessing his Sermons have been, and still are to me ; only the Heavenly Father knows what they have done for me. My one great regret is, that I never wrote and told him while he was on earth ; it would have cheered him, I am sure. This is why I want *you* to know the comfort your little books have given ; and my prayer is that you may be long spared and enabled to carry on all your good work for the Master."

So, once again are the words fulfilled, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." The Lord made "my speech as the showers upon the grass," so that this dear sister's heart was refreshed and comforted ; and, in telling me of her experiences, some "mercy drops fell upon me."

* * * *

"Good-bye, Ma'am ; thank you for all your kindness, *and*"——
after a pause,——"*for my medicine.*"

The speaker was one of my good and faithful helpers at "West-wood," who had been summoned to a distant home, by news of the sudden death of her only brother, and was then prepared to start on her journey. Twice she repeated, with shy emphasis, those last words—"and for my medicine;" so I could not resist a significant smile as I said, "I am glad to hear that, M——; good-bye, may God bless and comfort you!"

The fact was, that the dear girl had been—though unwilling to confess it,—ailing for some time, and strong restoratives were provided, and the taking of them kindly insisted on. This was very uncongenial to her; in fact, a daily cross, but, after a while, she submitted with a fairly good grace, and in consequence gained strength and vigour. Now, in the sudden effort required of her, she felt how necessary the remedy had been, and she was grateful for the "afterward" of the trial, and able from her heart to say, "Thank you for my medicine."

Dear reader, have you not often had a similar experience spiritually? I have. When the Lord first presents to us the cup of affliction, we regard the draught with abhorrence; we shrink from it, and would fain put it from us, thinking that, at least, we could go on a little longer without it. But our loving Lord says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts," and it is held to our lips, with a wise and kind persistence, till we accept and receive it, and humbly say, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

The sorrows which God sends us are more necessary and indispensable than we have any idea of. "He knoweth our frame," not only of body, but of soul; and He sees the sickness which sin creates, the languor which comes of half-heartedness, the consuming fever of pride, and the thousand other evils which, like so many insidious diseases, are ready to destroy our spiritual life. Medicine is needed,—bitter, pungent, nauseous;—and God gives it, for He loves us too much to let us have our own way. Shall we not thank Him for the corrections which, in His sweet mercy, He sends to rectify the evils of our heart and life,—the counter-poisons, without which our souls would succumb to the deadly influences of our sinful nature?

When once God has given us a glimpse into the vileness and deceitfulness of our own heart, we can never again doubt our need of the Divine Therapeutics. I do not think my experience in this matter is in any way unique, but it has been very painful. I have so desperately felt my need of healing, I have seen so much of the mischief which sin daily works in the soul, I have been brought to such a loathing and abhorrence before the Lord of the corruption within me, that I have longed for the wounding which would make whole, and for the killing which alone can make alive; knowing, in my inmost heart, that only such severe remedies had power to meet my case. Oh! blessed be God for affliction, trial, and disappointment; they are antidotes to far greater ills, and we should gratefully kiss the hand which presents to us the unpalatable potion. If we oftener did this, that same hand would be laid in such life-giving power upon us, that there would soon be less need for frequent chastisement.

Dear children of God, be willing and obedient; bless and praise Him,

not only for the sweets and dainties of life, but for the bitter, distasteful diet which He sometimes sees to be so necessary to your spiritual health. Thank Him for your medicine as much as for His more welcome mercies. Learn to say, from your heart, "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me;" and such submission will bring the power to plead the next verse, "Let, I pray Thee, Thy merciful kindness be *for my comfort*, according to Thy word unto Thy servant."

S. S.

A Review of Mr. C. M. Sheldon's Books,—
 "In His Steps" and
 "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong."

BY PASTOR HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

PROBABLY, since the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, no book has created a greater sensation among the Christian public than Mr. Charles M. Sheldon's "*In His Steps*;" or, *What Would Jesus Do?* All the gifted author's works are eminently readable, and the interest is so vigorously sustained, in a series of dramatic scenes portrayed in strong, nervous Anglo-Saxon, that to read them throughout right off seems almost an imperative necessity. Like *The Crucifixion of Philip Strong*, "*In His Steps*" is profoundly sensational; and, being essentially a religious appeal, based upon Mr. Sheldon's manifest convictions, demands our respectful consideration, albeit the same reason also necessitates dissent from some of his arguments and conclusions.

In common with all religious novels, marriage, murder, and suicide are introduced into this story, while most of Mr. Sheldon's characters are evidently exaggerated. These, however, we do not regard as serious defects, as the author might naturally reply, "'Marriage, murder, and suicide' occur in real life, and are factors in sacred and modern history;" while England's most popular and sympathetic novelist, Charles Dickens, largely achieved success by overcolouring his heroes and heroines, villains and egotists; it being apparently essential to thus heighten the effect in unacted prose that the walking panorama of living men and women might pass before our imagination. Our objections are of a more serious nature, although we most fully and frankly appreciate Mr. Sheldon's manifest desire to reach and quicken the consciences of men as to "What would Jesus do?" Indeed, the religious force and benefit of the book cluster round this continually-recurring question, which, pressed home upon most thoughtful Christians, convinces them of failure, and inspires to holier, less selfish, and more consecrated living. Well were it for the Universal Church if all professors hung up this motto for 1899, and moulded their thinking and acting by its guidance; for, as the author says, "it would revolutionize society."

Having said this, we may go on to mention certain blemishes in Mr. Sheldon's writings, such as (1) an apparent irreverence in speaking

of the Lord Jesus, which grates upon our English ears; (2) a false or exaggerated view of life in many of the author's graphically-drawn portraits;—did he ever know any pastor assailed and practically murdered as was Philip Strong? Bad as the saloon is, we, at any rate in this country, cannot produce the counterpart of such an experience;—(3) an apparently undue support of labour *versus* capital, for surely both these have their rights as well as responsibilities; and (4) a distinctly prejudiced attack upon church-members generally as careless of their duties, their neighbours, and their God. That there is much selfishness, worldliness, failure, and even occasionally hypocrisy in our churches, we sadly admit; but that there is such callousness and carelessness concerning the souls and bodies of our fellows manifested by converted men and women, we must somewhat indignantly deny; unless, indeed, Americans be strangely different from their spiritual kith and kin across the water, and our limited experience of the United States does *not* justify this conclusion, since foremost in philanthropic enterprise, and genuine kindness for the needy, sick, and perishing, are the office-bearers and members of our churches, and that, too, irrespective of rank, sect, or temperament.

In judging others, Mr. Sheldon seems to have forgotten that each individual, regenerated by grace, has to con'ter directly for himself with God as regards his actions, that circumstances may vary and alter cases and procedure, and that the Lord Himself most studiously avoided censuring the home, professional, and social life of those with whom He came in contact,—save, indeed, when such life was in direct antagonism to the laws of God. But we readily pardon the zealous author these mistakes,—begotten of a magnificent enthusiasm, or of somewhat ignorant writing (such as his description of the minister of a Baptist Church "*sprinkling*" a dying woman, and then administering to her the Lord's supper as she passed away, with the wine still moistening her lips), because we believe the man is genuine, large-hearted, self-sacrificing, and sincerely anxious himself to follow "in His steps," and to induce others to do likewise.

But there are other points which we cannot pass over so readily; indeed, the very incident just alluded to savours so strongly of Sacramentarianism that we could scarcely read through the narrative with patience. No Anglican of the highest school could have surrounded the dying convert's hours with more of sacerdotal pretension and "these holy mysteries." Does Mr. Sheldon really believe that, anywhere in the United States, a Baptist pastor acted on these lines; and if not, why does he portray such an unreality as fact? There are also many allusions and suggestions which apparently endorse the broadest views of the Universal Fatherhood idea. The would-be murderer is told that he is God's child, although his action would indicate that he was the offspring of that other father of whom we read in John viii. 44. Salvation is to be achieved rather through character than by grace; and, generally speaking, moral reform, temperance, sanitation, and Sabbatarianism seem to supersede, include, or overcloud the gospel of pardon "through the blood of His cross."

Let us not be misunderstood. The author may not have intended to convey any of these suggestions, and we most readily concede that

philanthropic effort and social benefits should follow as evidences and fruits of the "love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given unto us;" but external social and political transformation, helpful and happy though it be, does not imply spiritual regeneration; and such moral reform seems certainly the *summum bonum* advocated in Mr. Sheldon's writings, whereby a gradual millennium will be ushered in, and humanity, through "the crucifixion of Philip Strong" and like-minded noble-hearted enthusiasts, be levered up to God and Paradise! Of course, it goes without saying that none of those who are "waiting for God's Son from Heaven, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come," as the hope of the Church, could accept such a position; but any man, be he Post or Pre-millennialist, if he be Puritanic, Evangelical, Scriptural, cannot trace the redemption of lost and fallen men through any social crucifixions, however magnificent or painful, but only through the sacrifice of Him whom God "hath made sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." There was and can be only one Calvary, and only one Person on the cross,—Himself the Son of God; and we must plead guilty to a holy abhorrence of the very expression being used in connection with any man, or novel, "*The crucifixion of Philip Strong.*"

Following on this thought, it is also to be deplored that Mr. Sheldon has not emphasized, as the necessary preface to both an intelligent apprehension of his interrogation, and the obtaining of power to answer it in practical living, another question, "*What HAS Jesus DONE?*" Indeed, the painful absence of this is the great blot upon his works. "The blood is the life" of salvation, sanctification, and service; but we look in vain for any clear, definite statement of how the redemption of lost sinners was accomplished, or how, by simple faith in Christ's atoning, substitutionary death and triumphant resurrection, men may obtain, not only pardon and peace, but sympathy and power. Indeed, so marked is this omission that we were not surprised to read the somewhat startling advertisement, in a leading paper, of a revised edition of "*In His Steps,*" with the redemptive work of our Saviour introduced! That such an amendment of the author's story is justifiable from a journalistic and literary standpoint, we do not assert; but that the Lord Jesus would have issued volume after volume without any distinct and simple emphasis of the gospel message, we refuse to believe; and Mr. Sheldon, we say it with all kindness, can scarcely evade this distinct issue by saying that such a statement was unnecessary, since all his chapters were read, one by one, to his own Sunday evening congregations (and we presume unsaved, unregenerate, sin-burdened men and women attend these services); and yet, a lost and needy soul, seeking light and pardon, might have listened to the preacher's written story for thirteen successive Sundays without obtaining any information to the old-time question, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" This, we are persuaded, is not walking "in His steps"; and, in all love, we entreat our talented author to answer, as a preacher, his own great question,—"If the Lord Himself were in my pulpit, facing a congregation of needy, dying, sinful men and women, 'what would Jesus do?'" There can be surely only one reply given;

—HE would preach to the people the gospel concerning His death, burial, and resurrection, weeping over their souls, and realizing that they might never see His face and hear His voice again till the great judgment day.

We have written frankly, and we trust, tenderly. If our strictures are just, let Mr. Sheldon's next novel supply the omissions of its predecessors; let the Lamb be "all the glory" of his gospel; and, thus, in many hearts, springs will be loosened which shall and must flow forth in grateful, kindly, philanthropic and unselfish living. Let some statement, somewhere, concerning Christ's finished work, and salvation through grace alone, be so emphatic that neither a Ritualist nor Unitarian can read it with complacency. This may somewhat impair the author's popularity; but the creator of such a character as "Edward Norman" can surely face such consequences without a qualm. Honestly, for ourselves, we believe the removal of these blemishes will not only widen, but *deepen* the preacher's usefulness. His books have been accompanied with blessing, have set many thinking and confessing,—the reviewer among the rest,—and if the Christ who asks the question, in the writer's next volume, be the old-time Saviour we know and love, with the tokens of His substitutionary passion still upon Him, we will all strive, by Divine grace, to cheer Mr. Sheldon's heart by giving a better and nobler answer, in practical life, to the enquiry, "What would Jesus do?"

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"THE MARKED NEW TESTAMENT."*

WHEN Mrs. Menzies, the authoress of "How to Mark your Bible," first told me of her plan for printing a New Testament with gospel texts made specially manifest by red-ink signals, I ventured to say, "It will be a red-letter day when it is issued." Now the precious little bright red volume is to hand, and I confess myself delighted with it. The facsimile inscription on the fly-leaf indicates the aim and scope of the marking, "The verses marked in this New Testament will, under the Holy Spirit's teaching, help to make plain God's Way of Salvation through Christ."

With this in view (and what better purpose could there be?) Mrs. Menzies has wielded her *pens*—for both black and red inks are used,—with much wisdom, and I doubt not with earnest prayer. She did well to submit her selection to leading Evangelical clergymen and ministers. They report as follows:—

"We are of opinion that the Marked Testament will be very helpful in Mission work, and to Mission workers. Having examined the texts selected for marking, we consider that they are judiciously chosen for the purpose, and are not likely to give rise to controversy." I can endorse these sentiments, for doubtless some that I should have

* *The Marked New Testament.* Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. May be had of all Booksellers, price 3d., 4d., 8d., and 1s. 4d.

liked to have drawn my pen round *would* "give rise to controversy", and it is better in this case to avoid it.

I find that such passages are underlined as refer specially to the life, and work, and death of our dear Redeemer. His spotless character, and His power and willingness to forgive sins, are emphasized. His crucifixion and resurrection are particularly pointed out. Attention is drawn to the need of repentance and the necessity for faith. By indicating hands, and ticks, and crosses, and such-like ingenious devices, Eyegate is stormed by "The Golden Prince."

Nearly all the marked texts bear directly or indirectly on Christ's sacrifice for sinners. The specimen page reproduced herewith is proof of this, though others still more striking might have been provided.

<i>The crucifixion.</i>	St. LUKE, 23.	<i>Christ's death.</i>
bare, and the paps which never gave suck.	30 Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us.	Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.
31 For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?	32 And there were also two other, malefactors, led with him to be put to death.	43 And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.
33 And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.	34 ¶ Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.	44 And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.
35 And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.	36 And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar.	45 And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.
37 And saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself.	38 And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.	46 ¶ And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.
39 ¶ And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.	40 But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?	47 Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.
41 And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.	42 And he said unto Jesus,	48 And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned.
43 And he said unto Jesus,	44 And that day was the preparation, and the sabbath drew on.	49 And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things.
45 And the women also,	46 And the women also,	50 ¶ And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man, and a just:
47 And the women also,	48 And the women also,	51 (The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them;) he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews: who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.
49 And the women also,	50 And the women also,	52 This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.
51 And the women also,	52 And the women also,	53 And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid.
53 And the women also,	54 And that day was the preparation, and the sabbath drew on.	54 And that day was the preparation, and the sabbath drew on.
55 And the women also,	55 And the women also,	55 And the women also,

In the Marked New Testament the side markings are in red, and only the interlineations are in black. It is pleasing to note that all are produced in *facsimile*; there is no stiff ruling and formal marking. The mark of the pen, and the touch of the hand that held it, are here. Therefore is there also more *heart* in it.

One was naturally anxious to discover what had been done with John iii. 16, that "Gospel in miniature." I was not surprised to note that it had special honour. I have not discovered any other text which, besides being underlined and having a red hand pointing it out, is altogether surrounded by a thick red band. Oh, that it thus may catch the eye and reach the heart of many a "Whosoever"!

We all admit the special interest of a marked book,—provided, of course, that we have reason to believe that the marking has been done by a judicious hand, and that we understand the purpose thereof. I believe that, in this case, it is thoroughly well done, and that the hope of Mrs. Menzies that "such markings will serve as finger-posts to those who are but little acquainted with their Bibles" is certain, with the Divine blessing, to be realized. I believe, with her, that "missionaries and evangelists, as well as house to house and hospital visitors, will find the book invaluable." These, however, doubtless know their Bibles well. The greater advantage, it seems to me, will be for those who are seeking after God, and longing to know the Way of Salvation.

He whose eyes have been opened can truly say of the whole Bible,—

"Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page;"—

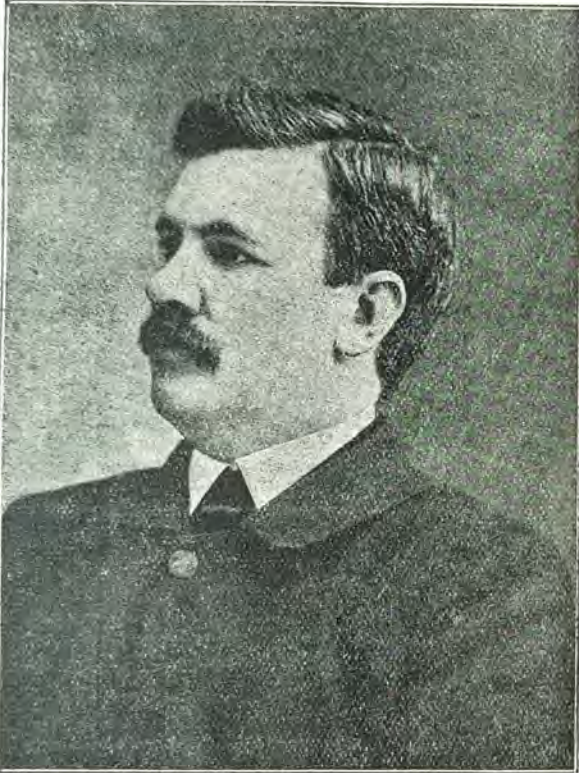
but those whose minds are still dark require that some man shall guide them. Now, these 200 marked verses, all speaking more or less directly of Jesus and the Way of Life, are likely, I think, to prove so many Divinely-commissioned Philips to leap into the chariots of anxious enquirers, and to preach unto them Jesus.

In a private letter to myself, Mrs. Menzies speaks of this good work of hers as "a simple, but unique, effort to fasten the gospel verses in the minds of those who have not yet accepted Christ as a substitute Saviour." I bless God for the expression, "a substitute Saviour." I underline "substitute"; and if I could produce them in this page, there should be a red hand pointing to it, and several red lines alongside it, for this age has substituted another Saviour (which is not another) for the Substitute Saviour. A martyr Saviour, a philanthropist Saviour, and an exemplar Saviour do not content us, nor will preaching or accepting such a Saviour regenerate the hearts of men, or wholly sanctify their lives. No, no, He must be a *substitute* Saviour, who not only ministered while He lived, but gave His life a ransom for many, and who redeemed us from the curse of the law by being made a curse for us. Of such a Saviour the New Testament speaks plainly, and the Marked New Testament makes the truth plainer still.

Buy a copy, dear reader,—nay, buy all you can afford, that you may scatter this blessed news, in its most striking form, on every hand; and take care to spread it specially where the rubbish of recent sensational religious novels has been all too eagerly devoured. I am sure this is what Jesus would have you do.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

LXIV.—PASTOR R. MAPLEDEN, MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.



HERE is the shadow of a real brother,—“one of our own men,” RAYMOND MAPLEDEN,—a good man, proved and true. He has seen much of the world in Europe, Asia, and America. His services have been many, as preacher, missionary, linguist, evangelist, and pastor. Also his graces are not a few, and have been developed in prosperity and adversity. He has learned many lessons in the great University of life, in contact with black and white, bond and free.

Now, in the maturity of his gifts and graces, after many wanderings by land and sea, he ministers to the old Baptist Church of Middletown, Connecticut, U.S.A. Here, amid New England scenes, he thinks of Old England with affection, and the great Indian Mission field with undying love. The ties that bind him here are a delicate wife and three young children who were withering under the Indian sun. They are now growing strong in the bracing air of New England. His own thoughts often wander to the East while he labours with energy and success here in the West. *Sword and Trowel*

readers will, no doubt, be desirous to know something of his life-history.

Our dear brother was born in the village of Leigh, near Tunbridge, Kent, England, August 10, 1857. His parents were well-to-do, upright, honest people. They were Episcopalians. Their son received a good education, and entered on life with hopeful prospects. A spiritual change passed over him; he was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord during the great revival under Mr. D. L. Moody, in London, in 1875. Moody's well-known sermon on "The Excuses" was the means of his conversion. After a short time, he united with the Clapham Common Baptist Church. His first preaching of the gospel was to outdoor audiences on Clapham Common. These often numbered five hundred people; they listened with attention to the earnest appeals of the eighteen-year-old "boy preacher." Many were impressed by the truth. There was one who sometimes listened for a moment as he drove past; it was Mr. Spurgeon. He then resided in Nightingale Lane; and on Sabbath evening, on his way down to the Tabernacle, would pause to greet the young evangelist by waving his handkerchief. This was the beginning of what afterwards proved a delightful friendship between the young tyro and the great preacher.

About this time, the claims of foreign missions were brought to our friend's notice by the earnest appeals of the Rev. James Smith, of Delhi. These led him to consecrate himself to mission work in India. With this purpose fully in view, he entered the Pastors' College. Here he was brought under that subtle educational influence which refines the affections and illumines the understanding. The atmosphere of prayer was around him in all the class-rooms. He was privileged to sit under the theological teaching of the venerable George Rogers,—that "old man eloquent,"—the Puritan of Puritans, the scholar of scholars. Who that ever heard him can forget those lucid statements of truth, those polished golden links of reasoning, and those climaxes of thought, which lifted up the mind, and moved the feelings, till the class-room rang with cheers, while the countenance of the speaker glowed with light, as did that of his ancestor, Rogers the Martyr, amid the flames of Smithfield?

Brother Maplesden also entered the class-room of David Gracey, where he learned to discriminate the niceties of language in the expression of thought. To construe Greek and Latin with him as tutor, was a real pleasure. How graciously he guided the willing ones, and gently goaded on the laggards! Even the bitter Hebrew roots bore sweet fruits. He knew how to make Aaron's rod bud and blossom till the class-room was filled with the fragrance.

Dear old Fergusson had also something to do with our brother in those formative days. His principal subjects were English Literature and Metaphysics. How he enlarged on them! He swept down from Piers Ploughman and Chaucer to Milton, Cowper, and Burns. Then he took a side glance at Tennyson and had a sly poke at Browning, ending with a burst of admiration over Macaulay. In the Metaphysics he was in his glory. When the speculations and teachings of Dr. Reid, Stewart, Brown, Hamilton, Cousin, Kant, and McCosh were

under discussion, time and space were forgotten till he came down from his lofty flight, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, the hour has elapsed; next time we must do some hard work."

The influence of the students over each other was also great. They were gathered from all parts of the world, each with his own history and gifts, but all animated with the one desire to win souls. More potent than all was the influence of the beloved President. His presence was in itself an inspiration. Those were the days when his natural strength was not abated; his eyes were clear (no glasses then), his tongue eloquent with winged words, his genial face expressing good humour, while sparkling wit shot from his lips. These were some of the influences our brother felt in College, and feels to this day. They are undying to all over whom they passed. In ever-widening circles, they expand from time to eternity. Spirituality of heart and strength of intellect are the glory of the Pastors' College.

Completing his course in College, Mr. Maplesden received, through Mr. Spurgeon, a call to the pastorate of the English Baptist Church, Madras. He sailed from London for India, September 21st, 1879, and arrived at Madras in October. There he first saw the long flat shore, where the restless surf ever rolls, and the catamarans, guided by skilful hands, shoot up the glistening sands. He walked the shore once trodden by Clive and Wellington,—also by Swartz, and Jewell, and Clough! Messengers were there to greet him from the people among whom he was to labour. The church was a medley indeed of Eurasians, Anglo-Indians, and British soldiers. He ministered to them for three years, during which the congregation doubled, and much good was done in his limited circle of influence; but, all the while, his heart yearned for work in the mission fields beyond.

On January 1st, 1882, our brother entered the service of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He was first designated to Ongole, where a year was spent in the study of the Telugu language. It was so thoroughly mastered that he used it in speech and thought as his own tongue, and was called on to interpret on all public occasions. From Ongole, he was sent to Nursaravapetta (I wonder if the place be as big as the name), where he opened a new mission-station, and also took charge of a division of the Ongole field. Here he had the supervision of a native church composed of 3,814 members, and had under his care 84 preachers, teachers, and Bible-workers. Under these onerous labours, his health broke down in 1886, so that he had to return home for restoration. The touch and smell of English soil, together with the tender attention of Christian friends, soon put him on his feet again.

Returning to India, in 1887, he was appointed to Secunderabad, a large military cantonment half-way between Bombay and Madras, in the Nizam's dominions. Here he laboured for six years and a-half; at one time having charge of two other stations in addition to his own. He also did much pioneer work, preparing the way for the opening up of new mission-stations. Again his health and that of his wife broke down, and they had to seek rest. They went to the United States, where his wife's relations resided, and their children were at school.

After being in America for a short time, he passed through two very severe surgical operations. Having recovered, he did some evangelistic work to fill up the time. It was then he came to Ansonia, for a mission, the blessed results of which remain to this day. He was my guest, and we profited in each other's company in the enjoyment of the present, the review of the past, and the anticipation of the future. It was a *convivium* of blessing. After this work was ended, he accepted a call to the pastorate of the first Baptist church of Middletown, Connecticut. Here he has been much blessed, and feels happy in his charge; but the old spirit still works in him; and, some day, he may again turn his face towards the East, to seek the land of the palm and the temple, where he can tell, in the sweet Telugu tongue, the wonderful love of God in Christ Jesus.

W. D. MCKINNEY.

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

IV.—A VILLAGE PASTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THERE are yet to be found, within the limits of our rural Non-conformity, some staid communities whose pastors have grown grey in their service. These are all too few, and are lessening lamentably, for the arrogantly-aggressive attitude of the Establishment, combined with a general decadence in village life, has sadly weakened our country churches. Some are only the shadow of their former selves, and have but a third part of a minister's time and oversight, while others are economically served by student-pastors who rapidly succeed each other as they are severally called away to settled spheres.

It says much for our country brethren,—members, deacons, and young ministers, that under the present trying conditions of church life in our villages, the spirit of the past should, to such a degree, animate the sons of the fathers of our faith,—that the lamp of piety and consecration should still burn so brightly. All honour to the men who, in these days of lax principles, remain true to their convictions! It is no mean part in a young pastor's training that he should be brought into contact with these sturdy souls who are not moved, by the threats or bribes of squire and parson, from the "Bethel" of their choice. These men may not be eloquent, any more than Cromwell of old time; but, like him, they trust in God, and keep their powder dry; and we blunder badly in our forecast if there would not be found among them stern Ironsides for a new Protestant campaign.

But our tale is of the past, and our reminiscences of one who, in early manhood, saw the walls of London, on the occasion of the accession of William the Fourth, placarded with the significant sentiment,—“Long looked-for, come at last.” More than once, by a series of questions, we led our friend into a comparison between the

past and present,—very much, in our humble judgment, to the advantage of recent times,—a conclusion which few elderly people will admit. Our old neighbour was a great pessimist in his latter days. Everything—church life, politics, the whole cycle of mundane affairs,—was going fast to perdition! He gloried in the names of Howard Hinton, James Sherman, John Angell James, and like worthies of the “forties and fifties.” He dwelt lovingly on the early history of the Temperance movement; could recall the pioneers, and the rise of such stars in the firmament of reform as Dr. F. R. Lees, Dr. B. W. Richardson, and Mr. J. S. Raper. The ancient man himself had made the arrangements for John B. Gough’s lectures when the famous orator came over to this country for the first time. In those years, the old minister lived, and moved, and had his being. His early manhood saw the golden age; we had descended to copper since then. There were giants on the earth in those days. We used to shrewdly suspect that they were wanted, for the Augean stables of George the Fourth must have needed a good deal of cleansing, nor were the streets in the reign of the Sailor King what we should call, in modern phrase, “eminently respectable.”

It was our wont to walk with the venerable pastor down the glades of juniper which intersected the glorious common, lying as a lawn in front of the scattered houses of the village. On these excursions, he would indulge in reveries, and speak of himself and a few other grand old men, such as Gladstone, as survivals of the select circle of “early Victorians”, till you got the notion that you were standing in what had once been a magnificent forest, and that these grandsires were so many scattered oaks, the remains of its former grandeur. The veteran’s opinionativeness, as well as his pessimism, was pardonable, for he had been the contemporary of famous men; and, to a degree, their associate. The valet of the great says “we.” Our village friend might have called himself “a modern Boswell,” for are not his biographical sketches of his compeers, and his own account of the early history of his times, in the archives of the British Museum, where they can be seen by the curious even to this day?

When we knew him, he was a village pastor of the old school, with a lingering odour of London about him, for it was in the metropolis that he had spent his prime. A sadly over-rated place is London! Its ways and its manners are quite a disgrace to a steady, respectable countryman! Your London-bred man is so limited in his tastes, so uncertain as to his geography, so pronounced in his accent, that your rustic can usually give him miles, and a good beating in the width of his pursuits, and in his knowledge of the countryside, while he can at least rival him in dialect.

We never could interest this white-bearded preacher in beetles; he did not like grubs, nor did he take to flies. He used to get impatient if our attention was drawn from his peripatetic philosophy by some winged thing about to alight on the spines of the gorse. Then we should hear that we were bowing to the shrine of Baal-zebub, the god of flies. Though he had been settled in the country many a year, he confessed that he could hardly tell a potato from an artichoke, and that his method of gardening was to put in all kinds of seeds at

one time, and leave them to come through of their own sweet will. If, however, you wanted to know what London was like in the days when stage coaches rattled down Oxford Street, when waggons toiled painfully up Holborn Hill, when the slaughtering pens of Smithfield were open to the public gaze, our village pastor could give you an accurate and vivid description. He could tell you, too, of the visits of the great provincial preachers to the metropolis. He had listened to James Parsons, of York, and more than once have we heard our old friend finish off an address at a village gathering with the splendid climax from Parsons' sermon on the dying thief. Robert Hall and Rowland Hill were among the worthies of his memory; and if you wanted to know how George Clayton looked, you had only to study the prim figure of your country parson.

Prim indeed was our ancient friend, and in his habits a standing rebuke to all unpunctual, unmethodic brethren. Did you ask for a reply to a letter? Then you would be sure to receive one, which is saying much more than happens in many cases nowadays. Was he announced to speak? You might be certain that, whoever else sent a lame apology for absence, he would not. Neither would he startle you with a telegram,—“Algeria, Smokem-on-Sea.—Ordered to rest.—Please excuse.”

When the veteran took an appointment, he tried to fulfil it. He did not stuff his speech with chaff. He would open with a few reminiscences, and then glide on to lines of doctrine and lessons of conduct. His quiet humour would be succeeded by earnest appeals. It is little short of insult when a public speaker, who has known for weeks of his engagement, faces his audience with the impudent assertion that he has nothing to say. Such an one is on a par with the man who waits for Sunday morning for his text and the pulpit for his sermon. We have known such preachers in our time, but not of late years. Let us be thankful if the genus is extinct.

Our venerable neighbour was diligent in preparation. He spent hours in writing sermons, and always had a good stock on hand ready to be preached. When he at last resigned, it was not because he had delivered all his discourses. He told us very pathetically that he had yet half-a-dozen new ones. We suggested that he should give them away to a deserving friend. So far as we know, he never took the hint.

Nor did he lend his books. These were his peculiar treasure, for which he had sacrificed many a comfort. To go to London to roam about the book-shops, to spend what he had painfully saved,—this was the keenest of pleasures. To drop in after one of these excursions, was to share in a little domestic comedy. “Father's been dreadfully extravagant again,” his dear old wife would say, with mock concern. “What does he want at his age with new books? Now don't you think he would have done a wiser thing had he bought me a new silk gown? He would have preached all the better if he had seen me coming up the aisle in one. I am sure the people owe as much to me as to him, for he would not preach at all if I were not to prepare his Russian food properly.” So the charming little lady would rattle on; then, plucking our sleeve, she would say, in a

loud whisper,—“Go up and see them.” We would follow the grim old gentleman,—who knew full well what all this by-play meant,—to a dull room facing the North. This was the study. An imaginative man would have chosen a South aspect, with a window overlooking the wonderful common. In this “den” there was nothing to distract the mind from the sombre rows of books which lined the walls. All the volumes were in their proper places, as was everything else. There were no piles of books on chairs, nor were there any stray papers to show that a hurried man had left the *débris* of a day’s doings behind him.

The books were mostly second-hand, and many of them belonged to a past epoch. It was quite pathetic to take down one and another, and look at their titles. How far the world had moved on since some of them were written! How soon the authors had been forgotten! What heart-beatings and anticipations had preceded the issue of those papers! How flat this and that work fell from the press! Here they all were now, like the skulls in the catacombs, arranged with precision along the walls of the old pastor’s library! Surely, “of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh.”

On Monday mornings, the aged divine did a constitutional with some ministerial friend. We often had the honour of his company. He always dressed clerically, though his Monday’s black was a bit rusty. But a round felt hat, a high-buttoned waistcoat, and a white tie, were the outward and visible signs that he was not as other men. “I am more than a mere man,” said a pretentious preacher once in our hearing; “I am a minister.” Our old friend did not say this, but he acted out the part even to the high-class stick he carried. A stranger visiting in the neighbourhood, and seeing such a stick, hat, and pair of black kid gloves in the hall of a friend, might well quake in his shoes as to whom he should meet, and if shy, he might stammer, “It’s a beautiful day,” when a cold East wind was blowing! The dear old gentleman magnified his office. With him, cloth and character went together. He held that, if you are a minister, you should look like one. How he would have sniffed at the attire of some of the modern parsons, with their red ties, knickers, golf caps, and bicycles!

But the ancient loved a laugh, though his own equivalent for it was only a lengthening of his visage. He could tell a good story, nor did he mind if the point of it went against himself. He was speaking at a Temperance meeting, and stood before his audience a spare-ribbed man with white hair and bloodless face.

“I have been a total abstainer for fifty years,” he cried.

A deep voice from the back of the crowd retorted, “You don’t look much the better for it, gov’nor.”

When he retired from the ministry, he went house-hunting. A painter was at work on one residence.

“Excuse me,” said the little minister, “is this house to let?”

“Excuse me,” said the painter, turning round on him, brush in hand, “are you saved?”

The old parson, taken aback by this enquiry, said apologetically that he hoped he was.

"Hope you are!" exclaimed the painter, stepping out, and pointing his brush at him contemptuously. "You ought to have got further than that at your time of life!"

He used to attend a place of worship next door to which was a baker's shop. In the window the baker put a placard that read, "Persons can have their *vitals* baked here on Sundays."

But the old parson did not sink into "anecdoteage." He ruled himself as sternly as he ruled the church, so he worked with his pen to the last.

That he was an autocrat, goes without saying. He was, however, a wise one. He only had one church trouble, and over that he promptly resigned, and was as promptly voted back again,—a result that does not often follow.

As to theology, he was a thorough Puritan; and as to pastoral oversight, he was never "weary in well doing." "Visit your people," he would say; "you can get many a sermon at a saint's fireside." He was great at small meetings, and he had quite a ring of cottages where he preached the gospel.

He did not live long after he left the village by the common. Whether it was the miss of the great expanse of heath, after all, or whether it was melancholia over those unpreached sermons, cannot be told; but, as he was on the verge of eighty, that may account for it.

We buried him in a lovely spot, a little churchyard cut out of the common, for he had expressed a wish to lie among his people. It was the time of harvest, and through the vistas of furze, through the glades of juniper, through the pink haze of the hot afternoon, the ripened sheaves could be seen in the far-away fields ready for the home-bringing. The veteran pastor had been a good harvester. He had bound many a sheaf for God, and had rejoiced over the corn of the Kingdom safely housed. He had gone forth weeping, bearing the precious seed, for we knew his conscientiousness; he had returned rejoicing, "bringing his sheaves with him," and many a time we joined him in the praise.

It was evening. The large circle of respectful ones, who had gathered around the old man's grave, had dispersed afar. The pink haze had turned violet, a sigh shook the pines, which stood as sentinels around the abode of the dead. The shade under the great beeches grew deeper, and the glades indistinct. And there, near the wall of the churchyard, was the new grave in all the solemnity of its solitary freshness. The seasons would come and go. The turf would cover it, the snows fall on it, the winds wrestle in their wintry strength, the sunshine pass over it without a sound;—but *he* would be away in the glad Homeland of the truly great. The generations would pass, the babes become grandsires, the names of former times drop out of mind, and lichens of a hundred years obliterate the birth-marks of to-day;—but *he* would be "for ever with the Lord," who holdeth the faithful "in everlasting remembrance."

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XV.—BY J. DINNEN GILMORE, DUBLIN.

I ONCE heard an eminent and godly minister of the gospel say, "One of the chief hindrances to the spread of true religion is to be found in the ministry; first, in the man; and, secondly, in his manner and matter." He added, "The country is studded with men who know nothing of the new birth; and, never having experienced it themselves, they cannot speak of it to their hearers; or they cannot proclaim that great truth in such a way that sinners can understand and receive it." These words came rushing into my mind as, for the first time, I listened to the world-renowned preacher at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and I could not help contrasting them with the man who said he had only one gift, and that not eloquence, and yet upon whose words multitudes hung with rapture and delight.

Looking round upon the immense throng,—there could not have been less than six thousand present,—one could see that the grand, simple, "old, old story, of Jesus and His love," had not lost its winning, attractive power. High and low, rich and poor, sat side by side in the vast audience; and they had gathered there, to hear what? "Nineteenth century philosophy?" or so-called "modern thought"? Nay! but to hear, in rich Saxon language, the one and only panacea for the world's need,—to hear the truth; for they heard of Jesus as the truth is in Him.

I think one of the grandest traits in this truly great man's character was his unswerving loyalty to the glorious gospel of sovereign grace and love. Truly may it be said of him that he "knew nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." God-honoured, world-renowned, beloved by multitudes, and for what?—for simply preaching what this nineteenth century seems to be rejecting; for standing firmly upon the rock from which so many seem to be slipping; for pointing and leading weary, helpless, sinful men to the sure ground of forgiveness, to the harbour of rest, to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

I had been looking forward, with eager anticipation, to the pleasure of hearing Mr. Spurgeon on his return from Mentone, where he had been recruiting for some seven or eight weeks. Never having had the privilege of listening to him before, my expectations were high, having heard and read so much about him;—nor was I in the least disappointed. Lord's-day morning, February 7, 1886, will never be forgotten by me; the echoes of that matchless voice linger in my memory still. Entering early, I secured a good position, and watched with no little interest the seats, the aisles, and gradually every available space filling up; and then, punctual to time, the beloved Pastor, accompanied by his deacons and elders, came down to the platform, and all took their respective places. I need not describe the man,—that has been done over and over again by abler pens. Standing up, with his great-coat upon him, for the day was raw and winterly, he briefly prayed, and then gave out the opening hymn, reading it verse

by verse. As he read, it was plain that he had not fully recovered from his recent severe attack, and he had need to lean upon the table, and occasionally upon the back of a chair.

Matthew xv. was the chapter chosen for reading, and, as each verse was read and commented upon, one of Mr. Spurgeon's most marvellous gifts was displayed; if weak in body, he proved that he was certainly not weak in intellect, and that he had lost none of his mental and spiritual vigour. One quotation will suffice to show how terse, how succinct, and yet how full his passing remarks were. Having read the 22nd verse, he looked up, and said of the Syrophenician woman, "She knew Christ's Divinity: '*O Lord.*' She knew His humanity: '*Son of David.*' She knew His royalty: '*Son of David.*' She had but one prayer: '*Have mercy.*'" Here was a whole Sermon in a few words,—a volume of thought compressed into four short sentences.

But it is of the Sermon I wish to write. While the hymn before it was being sung, Mr. Spurgeon took off his great-coat, having evidently warmed to his work. After the hymn and prayer,—a prayer which embraced all the wants of his vast audience,—a prayer which seemed to bring each one face to face with God, revealing Him as the great Giver, and the suppliant as the needy receiver, and Christ as the channel through which a mighty stream of blessing might flow,—he announced as his text, Mark viii. 4: "And His disciples answered Him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?" Then followed a truly characteristic discourse,—one which proved conclusively to the minds of all present that, however high the pedestal to which the preacher had been raised, he was himself still the humble follower of the lowly Nazarene. However much importance was attached to him as a preacher, he firmly believed—and would have everyone know it—that his message was of infinitely greater importance. No one could hear that Sermon, or leave that service, without being fully impressed with the genuine earnestness of the man, and being convinced that, though the speaker was but as an earthen vessel, the treasure which he gave out was of Heavenly origin,—the speaker human, the work he was engaged upon, Divine,—the speaker but mortal, his message eternal, and leading to eternal issues,—the speaker weak in his own eyes, the Master for whom he was speaking, mighty and strong to save.

Alas! how many there are, in the present day, who call themselves preachers of the gospel, and profess to be representatives of Christ, and yet, every time they speak, they but seek to exalt themselves, their vast knowledge, the profundity of their thought, or the perfection of their own ecclesiastical organization,—preachers of *a* gospel, but not "*the* gospel of the grace of God," not the good tidings of salvation to lost humanity; nothing, oftentimes, but further wanderings in the dim regions of a misty science, or of the more recent speculations or ramifications of a cold and icy philosophy. If they do speak of Christ and His claims upon the heart and life of their hearers, it is done in so feeble, so timorous, so perfunctory, so halting a manner,

that His claims are ignored, and His invitations rejected. We have listened to some preachers who, carried away with their own verbosity, lost in their own ethereal world, have spoken of the birth of Christ as "opening up, with blood-red lustre, the ages of the past;" of "soft zephyrs blowing through the fronded palms;" of "tiny birds beating their little wings against the gilded bars of their prison cage, longing to soar into the ambrosial atmosphere of the place of their nativity," and we have come away mentally exclaiming, "Whole cartloads of such twaddle would not save a soul." An American writer has said, "The world's greatest need, at the present time, is not *smart* men." We believe he is right. We want men who, like "the prince of preachers," have a clear grasp of truth, a firm hold upon Christ, a burning earnestness for the salvation of men and women, and an unquenchable, unflinching faith in the power of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to meet the need, however great, of suffering, sinful men. Preachers may talk about a correct code of morality as much as they please; but, if there is no Christ in it, their preaching is vain, their labour useless, their life misspent.

During the course of his Sermon, Mr. Spurgeon said:—"I have been, for a while, outside of the crowd. I have not helped much to feed the multitude; but, all the while, I have never rested from constant thought about the perishing,—about this country, and Ireland, and Continental nations, and the prevailing distress. If ever the Church should give herself to her Master's service, it is to-day. We have, in the text, I. A VERY PRESSING PROBLEM,—how to meet the wants of the famishing multitude. There are myriads around us who are in deep necessity. We sometimes think of salvation too exclusively as having reference only to the life which is to come. It is a hell to *live* without the Saviour. Every man who has a spark of humanity, or a grain of grace, is bound to rise to action. The Lord has called the Church in these days to this work,—the feeding the multitudes of London and of the whole world with spiritual meat. To suppose that you can be a Christian, and yet let your fellow-men die without an effort, is a damnable delusion.

"II. It is A PROBLEM OF TREMENDOUS DIFFICULTY. What a thing it is to satisfy with Heavenly food a single soul! Did you ever try to bring one soul to Christ? How can you satisfy the spiritual cravings of men? The work seems to be impossible. But what am I talking about? We have not merely to seek the salvation of one soul; we have in London five millions. In this huge world, what myriads! A thousand millions would not compass the countless army now encamping on the globe. Would we deliberately exempt one? Must not all be fed, if possible? We have not a notion of what a million is! This London is too big a thing for human thought. Then think of all those out yonder in the heathen world. The tendency of the times is not towards religion. The people are not so attentive to the gospel as once they were; a current, nay, a torrent of unbelief is roaring round the foundations of society, and our pulpits are reeling beneath its force. Many professing Christians are only half-believers now, they are almost smothered in the dense fog of doubt which is all around

us. Those of us who have our feet firm upon the Rock of ages have our hands full helping our slipping friends. It does not matter to us personally if the surrounding darkness should deepen into seven midnights black as hell; we should still hold on to God, and to His Christ, in a death-grip of unshaken confidence. But the good ship is not going down; the everlasting truth is as sure as ever; the day is not far distant when the Lord shall send us a great calm. It will come to pass, before long, that the infidel philosophies of the nineteenth century will be exhibited to little children in our Sunday-schools as an instance of the monstrous folly into which wise men were allowed to plunge. The present wisdom is foolery writ large.

"But whence shall a man feed this multitude? The possibilities of men are stupendous. There is nothing bigger than a man when God is with him. Give us not the power of gold, or rank, or eloquence, or wisdom; but give us a man.

"III. This question IS CAPABLE OF A VERY GLORIOUS ANSWER. Listen to what *this Man* says in Matt. xv. 32, 'I have compassion on the multitude.' There is our hope; that heart, through which the spear was thrust, and out of which there came blood and water, is the foundation of hope to our race. Again, 'I will not send them away fasting.' Do you think the Lord Jesus Christ means, after all, to leave this world as it is? Will He forego His purpose? The chronicle of Time's history will not wind up with this horrible state of things. The loom of Providence will not leave its piece of cloth with its edge so fearfully unravelled; it shall be finished off in due order, and yet be bordered with a fringe of gold. All flesh shall see the salvation of God, and all nations shall call the Redeemer blessed. If Jesus died, there must be hope for men. Courage, brothers; with Jesus Himself slain as an atonement, Jesus being exalted as a Prince and a Saviour at the right hand of God, and having the Divine Spirit abiding with us for ever, what is there impossible to the Church of God? Our enemies may do what they like, they may preach what they please, they may take away one pulpit after another from the orthodox, bury us under the rubbish of evolution and false philosophy; but we shall rise again. God is never at a loss for agents. He can turn the Pope into an evangelist, a Cardinal into a Reformer, a priest into a preacher of the gospel. Let no man's heart fail him. As long as we have one match left, we can yet set the world on fire. As long as one Bible remains, Satan's kingdom is in danger. The bread shall be multiplied, and the people shall be fed."

Mr. Spurgeon preached for fifty minutes, and before pronouncing the Benediction he said, "I have been a little longer than usual; but, then, I have not worried you for the last eight weeks." Judging by the smile on every face, I should think that all were only too glad to stand a lot of "worrying" from the same source. As I left the Tabernacle, that morning, I could not but think that Mr. Spurgeon's one thought was,—

"'Tis all my business here below
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb.'"

The Palace Beautiful.*

IV.—ITS BANQUETING-HALL.

BY PASTOR CHARLES WELTON, MORLEY, YORKSHIRE.

WHEN the Lord's people "dwelt alone, and were not reckoned among the nations," their year was gladdened by at least seven periodical feasts, and all these, with one exception, were seasons of holy mirth, times when groaning and sighing gave place to song and cymbal and rapturous joy. Hence, the ideal set before Israel in their "holy convocations" was of a festive character. Beginning with the Passover, and going on to the Feast of Tabernacles, they had one round of festivities. Reposing under the refreshing shade of their vines and fig trees, they made the country ring with their joyous Hebrew melodies.

But, delightful as all this was, God hath provided far better things for us than ever the chosen nation knew, for, at the best, their holy and happy assemblies were but "shadows of good things to come." If, under the stern old lawgiver, the year was circled with the feasts of the Lord, what seasons of banqueting and of song may not those expect who are under the rule of Jesus Christ, having been delivered from the bondage of sin, and brought up from a land of hunger, thirst, and want, into a place of plenty and infinite satisfaction? King Solomon had, as a daily provision, "thirty measures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal, ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and a hundred sheep, beside harts, and roebucks, and fallow-deer, and fatted fowl;" but our royal Master has furnished a far better table for the outcasts than the king of Israel provided for his princely household. The pages of the Bible abound with invitations to the festal hall: "In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all nations a feast of fat things;" and the poor wanderers in sin's highway are pressed to come and "buy wine and milk," for "all things are ready," and the King will never be satisfied till the banqueting-hall is full of happy guests.

There are times when the Governor of the feast leads us personally and individually into the banqueting-hall. "He brought me into the banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love." He sups with *me* and *I* with Him, and there is delightful reciprocity. We should not dare to use such language, had not our Lord Himself done so in His condescending grace. On one occasion at least, the feast consisted of the viands supplied by Jesus and those brought by the disciples. "As soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." Never be it forgotten that the fruits of obedient love are very precious to Christ; and, though with shamefacedness and trembling hand, we lay them at His

* The previous articles in this series were published in the *Sword and Trowel* for September and October, 1898, and March, 1899. The church that can secure the services of our Brother Welton as its pastor will prove him to be a true Great-heart, who will conduct many pilgrims, not only to The Palace Beautiful, but to the margin of the river beyond which lies the Celestial City itself. A portrait of Mr. Welton, with a sketch of his life and work, appeared in our pages in September, 1895.—ED.

dear feet, He is pleased to feed upon them, even though we have to confess that we are "unprofitable servants."

Lest the above, in the judgment of any reader, should seem to savour of legalism, we venture to use a simple incident to make our meaning clear. A certain father was in the habit of purchasing a small quantity of sweets weekly, and giving the children one each as they tripped into his study to say, "Good night." On one of these occasions, things took an unexpected turn. As the little ones entered the room, the usual question was put, "Well, what do you want?" Instead of the regular reply, "A sweet," the darling bounded into the father's arms, and covered his face with kisses, saying, "I want to love you." This was very cheering to the parent, for, somehow, he had begun to suspect that the little folks paid their nightly visits simply for what they got. Oh, why do we, as believers, so often stand as beggars before the palace gates, when we might enter the palace, and commune with the King? May we know, by happy experience, the wide distinction which exists between prayer and communion with God; seasons when we go to Him, not simply for what we can get, but when we shall say,—

"Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store."

Various are the entrances into the banqueting-hall. Many of God's saints have entered by the door of sorrow. Some of our sweetest enjoyments have been reached by this avenue. Samuel Rutherford would not have known such feasts of joy and love with his "Sweet Lord Jesus," and we should not have had so many of his soul-refreshing letters, but for his imprisonment for Christ's sake. Hear his own words, "I think, aye the longer the better of my royal and worthy Master. He is become a new Well-beloved to me now in renewed consolations by the presence of the Spirit of grace and glory. A King dineth with me, and His spikenard casteth a sweet smell. I never knew, by my nine years' preaching, so much of Christ's love as He hath taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment." Welcome sorrow, that breaks the chains of earth, and gives us wings to soar to those heights of transport which "the angels of light" have never known, and which only those who have come out of great tribulation can enjoy.

Long before James Hervey mused "among the tombs," or "regaled the sense and indulged the fancy," by "Reflections on a Flower-garden"; away back in the heroic days when the brave old Puritans lived, suffered, and wrote, the banqueting-hall was entered by large numbers through the door of meditation. But, with the race for riches on the one hand, and the craze for pleasure on the other, this is a path that is seldom traversed in these times of rush and worry; still, there are some who pass in by this door, though its hinges are somewhat rusty for want of use. Even busy pastors occasionally get "a quiet day" in company with kindred spirits; but what is most needed, in this noisy age, is the "quiet hour" in company with the Master, when we meet God alone, and enter into "the secret place of the Most High." Then we realize, as F. W. Robertson puts it, that

“it is not the number of books you read, nor the variety of sermons which you hear, nor the amount of religious conversation in which you join; but it is the frequency and earnestness with which you meditate on these things, till the truth which may be in them becomes your own, a part of your own being, that ensures your spiritual growth.” Yes, it is because there is so little meditation, that there is such stunted growth among so many of the Lord’s people. We may well welcome the “desert place” of affliction should our Lord lead us thither to “rest a while.” Ah, how often has the sick-room, where we have suffered and mused, been changed into a banqueting-hall, which has become dazzling with God’s own light, and radiant with the splendour of the kingly face of Jesus, so that, in blissful bewilderment, we have forgotten the sorrows and even the joys of earth, as we have found ourselves in the festive hall with “the Lord of the Hill.”

Space admonishes us that only a passing reference can be made to the great feast day of the Church of God. This is a time, above all others, when—

“The King Himself comes near
And feasts His saints.”

But, tempting as the theme is, we must content ourselves with a quotation from old Daniel Wilcox:—“O my soul, what sights have I seen in the house of God! what provisions have I tasted! what entertainments have I had! what enlargements in prayer, and answers thereto! what impressions under His Word, what entertainment at His table, as He has sometimes brought me into His banqueting-house, and His banner over me has been love!”

We must now turn to the great banquet of the gospel dispensation, which Bunyan thus describes:—“Now I saw in my dream, that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready, they sat down to meat; now the table was furnished with fat things, and with wine that was well refined, and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the Hill.” It is not our intention to discuss the perversions of this joyous feast. Are they not all written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Popes of Rome? This feast was instituted by Christ Himself, and believers are commanded to observe it till the end of time, while its object is to preserve fresh in the mind of every redeemed soul the remembrance of the Saviour, and to keep alive in each heart the blessed hope of His glorious appearing.

The *posture* was that of *sitting*, or *reclining*: “Now when the even was come, He sat down with the twelve.” In these times, when there are so many abuses, it will be well to follow the plain and clear statements of the Word in observing the Lord’s supper as in every other act of worship, so that, even in the matter of *posture*, we should heed the Master’s instruction: “*This do.*” Far better would it have been for the Established Church of this land had it never been ordained “that the communicants should receive the same kneeling;” and it would be wise for all our Methodist friends at once to abandon the kneeling posture for the Scriptural one of sitting. It may seem to be a trifling thing; but if you would know “how great a matter a little fire kindleth,” then look at the withering influence which Ritualism is exerting to-day. May the time soon come when

all sections of the Church of Christ shall renounce a practice against which both Scripture and art testify!

The *provisions* were "*bread*" and "*the fruit of the vine*": "Jesus took bread Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the Kingdom of God." These substances were placed upon a *table*, not an altar. They remained *bread* and *wine* and *table* to the end. They were not changed into the body and blood of Christ, as the Romanists and others teach; neither did they contain the "ghostly" presence of Christ, as some Anglicans affirm. Hence there is here no sacrifice and no altar. The bread and wine are simply signs and memorials of the broken body and shed blood of the Saviour. It is only as we avoid the idolatry of Rome and England on the one hand, and the social and carnal view of Corinth on the other, that we shall be able to sing, with the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon,—

" What food luxurious loads the board,
When at His table sits the Lord !
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet ! "

The *time* was night: "The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread." We readily grant that the time of observance is immaterial. Yet, when we take into account the irregularities which have resulted from importing the third and fourth century error of early fasting communion, we may well ask ourselves whether it would not be better to go back to the *first century*. It is cheering to know that most of the Free Churches follow the precedent of our Lord's own action in this matter, and have the Lord's supper in the evening. Many feel with the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, who says, "For myself, there is no hour when the consciousness of repose is so strong as after the sweet evening worship of the Lord's-day." H. F. Lyte sweetly sings,—

" Who has not felt that evening's hour
Draws forth devotion's tenderest power ;
That guardian spirits round us stand,
And God Himself seems most at hand ?
Let others hail the rising day ;
I praise it when it fades away,—
When life assumes a higher tone,
And God and Heaven are all my own."

As the cross is the central theme of the gospel, so the central act of worship is the Lord's supper. At least, it seems so to the writer, and in this he is not alone, as the following words from him whom it was his great privilege to call Pastor and President, fully testify:—"Frequently, to me, the supper has been much better than a sermon. It has the same teaching power, but it is more vivid. The Lord is known in the breaking of bread, though our eyes have been holden during His discourse. I can see a good meaning in the saying of Henry III., of France, when he preferred the sacrament to a sermon, —'I had rather see my Friend than hear Him talked about;' for so I often see Him, and I see Him in no other way in the supper than in a sermon; but, sometimes, when my eye is weak with weeping, or dim with dust, that double glass of the bread and wine suits me best."

It is at the table of the Lord, perhaps more than anywhere else, that we realize our union with Him and our oneness with His people. These great truths were expressively set forth in the old time by the Passover; as "C. H. M." points out, in his *Notes on Exodus*:—"We have to do with *one* assembly and *one* sacrifice. 'The whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill *it*, in the evening.' It is not so much a number of families with several lambs,—a thing quite true in itself,—as one assembly and one lamb." We have the same thought in 1 Cor. x. 16, 17: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one loaf and one body." The cry of "liberty, equality, fraternity," as applied to civil society is often a Utopian dream, or a fool's paradise; but, as applied to the ransomed Church of Christ, it is neither fancy nor folly, but a glorious and blessed fact, the realization of which makes us sing,—

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Organic union we never expect to see. The union for which the Lord prayed is one which springs from trusting in the same Saviour, participating in the same life, and exulting in the same hope. "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

The feast was most appropriately closed with a psalm of praise: "and when they had sung a hymn, they went out." Thus the old Passover custom was observed; and, surely, we have good cause to sing as we sit sheltered by the atoning blood, and feasting by faith upon the slain Lamb. Oh, what grace to bring such poor deformed Mephibosheths as we are from Lodebar, the place of no pasture, to sit at the King's table!

"Let us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's Name."

Thus, beloved reader, we have sketched the banqueting-hall of the palace; but all these things put together could not make the feast. This ordinance, which God has made the monument of the great redemption, would be nothing to us apart from the Lord's own presence. It is His smile, and His kiss of reconciling love that make the feast. For what is the palace without the King?

"Oh, Christ He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!"

We knew very well a poor cattle-driver by occupation, who had a great desire to go to London; first, to visit Smithfield, where the martyrs sealed their testimony with their blood; and, second, "to see and hear Spurgeon;" and though he lived two hundred miles from the great city, he walked all the way (begging his bread as he went). When he reached the memorable spot, and read the record, he knelt, prayed, wept, and kissed what to him was holy ground. Then, walking over Blackfriars Bridge, he reached the Tabernacle. Here he met with a kindly welcome, for his black, seedy, velveteen coat and faded red vest gained for him a readier entrance than broadcloth or silk could have secured. "Stiv" was charmed by the sight of the

building, and the vast crowd that filled it; but all this was as nothing to him compared with the sight of the great preacher, and again and again the enquiry was made, "Is that Mr. Spurgeon?" Now, nothing would have satisfied this poor man but a sight of the Pastor; it was for that he had walked all the way from Yorkshire to London, and he would not have been put off with anything else. Lifting this incident into the higher realm, may we not say that we will not be put off with eating the bread, and drinking the wine, for these can be no means of grace to us except we see the King Himself? And so we breathe the prayer which our dear Pastor-President has taught us in his sweet communion hymn,—

"If now with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs, but see not Him,
Oh, may His love the scales displace,
And bid us see Him face to face!"

"Love your Bibles."

THIS fourteenth Annual Report chronicles another year's effort to witness for the truth, and to oppose rampant errors, by disseminating "Extracts from the Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon" in house letter-boxes; and Gospel Cards entitled, "Jesus Saves Now, Trust Jesus," to working-men on their way to work between 5 and 7 o'clock in the morning. The Master gives all His disciples something to do to promote His kingdom of "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" here; and, fourteen years ago, I began thus to help forward the great Christian enterprise of evangelizing the world; and it goes without saying that there is an urgent need for the voluntary assistance of willing hearts to attain that result. A world-wide dissemination of the Sermons can never become unnecessary as long as the pure gospel of the sovereign grace and mercy of God to sinners needs to be proclaimed.

During the last twelve months, I have continued to distribute the Extracts entitled, "Love your Bibles," and "There is Something in the Bible for you;" believing that there never was more need for the Bible to become a living power in the United Kingdom, and throughout Christendom, than at the present time, when the anti-Christian forces opposed to the gospel of the grace of God are becoming increasingly powerful, arrogant, and successful in their sinister efforts to subvert "the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." An open Bible, a preached gospel, and the principles of the Reformation, have made the British Empire the mightiest in the world; and these blessings we have inherited without cost, or labour, or suffering to ourselves; though they were purchased for us at no less cost than the life-blood of many of the best, holiest, and wisest of men and women. If these privileges be stolen from us by Angloian sacerdotalists and the Papal army of priests, Jesuits, and Jesuitesses, commanded by the so-called "Lord Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," Ichabod will soon be written upon our walls, for our glory will have passed away, and Britain will be dragged down from its high position, and placed once more under the control of the "church" which burnt our Protestant forefathers, and would willingly burn us if it suited her purpose, and she had the power.

In view of the perilous times in which we live, and the fact that the struggle between the powers of darkness and the powers of light waxes fiercer, I had forty thousand copies of the Extracts, "Love your Bibles," and "There is Something in the Bible for you," printed last year, and

thirty thousand this year, for me to distribute from house to house. If men understood the immense value of the Bible, a book which many of our forefathers would have given the last drop of blood in their veins to possess, it would ensure its being carefully read, and loved as the Word of God. But too many do not know its value, and have forgotten the public burnings of the Holy Scriptures in the English language, and that the possession of a copy of the Bible was a sufficient ground for consigning its owner to the flames; and they are not eager to read or possess it. The number of the Extracts I have distributed from house to house during the last twelve months is 36,500; and the number of the Gospel Cards, "Jesus Saves Now, Trust Jesus," I have handed to working-men, between 5 and 7 o'clock in the morning, is 8,700; making the total number distributed during the last fourteen years to 529,706.

Sometimes my motive has been misinterpreted. On a bitterly cold morning, between 5 and 6 o'clock, when snow was lying deep on the streets, I handed Gospel Cards to several men who had congregated under a lamp in the centre of a road where five streets converge. They were somewhat surprised at being greeted with "Good morning," and one of the men shouted to another, "I say, Bill, what is he up to?" "Giving away £5 notes," Bill humorously replied. Another of the men read aloud, "Jesus Saves Now." A fourth, on hearing that, said to me, "Ah! you would not be doing this kind of thing if you were not well paid for it." "Oh! he gets half-a-crown a day for it," added a fifth man. On being told that I had purchased and paid for what I gave them, with the object of pointing them to the only true source of happiness, they listened to the Divine prescription for heart-ease written in Matthew xi. 28.

The question may arise, in some reader's mind,—What real good has been achieved by the distribution of this half-million of Sermon Extracts, Illustrated Tracts, and Gospel Cards? Is there evidence that the people who received them are any the better? How many men and women have experienced a renewal of heart, and become truly Christian in character and life by these means? It is impossible for me to tabulate the results. The impression which this literature makes upon the people is very good, judging from the way it is received; but the work of scattering it is a work of faith, and the effects are, for the most part, out of sight. But, though I cannot discover the amount of good wrought, I am sure that this dissemination of the Sermons must be to the glory of God; and that they are used by the Holy Spirit to rouse souls to feel the importance of salvation from sin, and to point them to the gospel way of forgiveness, I do not doubt. An incident occurred, last summer, which greatly interested me. In the month of September, I was sojourning at Southsea; and, observing placards announcing a lecture in the Victoria Hall, Portsmouth, I attended it. The hall was densely crowded, and the lecturer was frequently interrupted by Ritualists. In replying to them, he said:—"I was once a Ritualist myself; and, about twenty-five years ago, I attended Protestant lectures delivered in Stepney, London, by that dear old gentleman, Mr. Owens, who, to my surprise, is now on the platform. I went to his lectures to interrupt him, just as you have come to this meeting to interrupt me; but he convinced me of my errors, and drew me out of darkness into the light; and I hope that a like result will follow in your case."

The supreme end I have in view in this work is to lead souls to Christ; but, unhappily, callous indifference to religion prevails widely, and it leads men to leave Eternity out of their calculations, and to look only at material things. Sometimes I meet with sad instances of hostility to the Bible, and religion, as in the case of an up-to-date specimen of the New Woman, who, on receiving a Sermon, said twice to me, "I am an atheist; I am an atheist." Poor creature!

Another hindrance to success is the inordinate passion for amusements by which the thoughtless and ungodly try to drown the voice of conscience,

and foolishly imagine that they shall most enjoy themselves when they most forget or rebel against God. The tendency of all Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons is to raise men and women, who are living aloof from the faith and hope of the gospel, above the vacuity and inanity which characterize lives spent without God, and above the depressing sensations which distress the minds of those who have no inner spiritual life, "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart" (Ephesians iv. 18). But, in consequence of the craze for distracting amusements, much of the good seed sown falls by the wayside, and the evil one comes and snatches away that which is sown. A reader of the Sermons said to me, "I used to be fond of the theatre, yet my conscience often upbraided me. One evening, in particular, I felt very uncomfortable. The actors took the Name of God in vain, and they referred to Heaven and hell flippantly, and I rose to leave the theatre. At that moment, the vicar of the parish entered, and seated himself; and I said to myself, 'If he does not think it wrong to be here, I need not be squeamish;' and I resumed my seat."

Another of Satan's modes of keeping souls from God is the rooted opposition of the Romish priesthood to such literature as I love to distribute. "Speaking lies in hypocrisy" (1 Timothy iv. 2), they teach their dupes that "they are the representatives on earth of God Himself, . . . holding among men the power and authority of the immortal God" (Douay Cat., part II., chap. 7, question 2); and it is not to be wondered at that men and women, who credit their pretensions to supernatural powers, tremble at their presence, and are afraid to offend them by receiving the Sermons. The Bible is never present on Romish altars. Images, candles, incense, wafers, missals, and "holy" relics of canonized saints, as Dominic the founder of the Inquisition, Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit Order, and Pius V., the "infallible" Pope who blessed the Spanish Armada, and pronounced it "invincible", are present; but the Holy Bible, never! never!! The priests are jealous lest their followers should drink at the fountain-head, and read the story of Divine grace and mercy as God Himself has told it; and they perceive that a house-to-house distribution of invitations to "Love your Bibles," and "Trust Jesus," directly tends to overthrow their colossal system of imposture.

A paragraph which appeared in the *Roman Catholic Weekly Register* illustrates the craft, subtlety, and secrecy which characterize their tactics when dealing with Protestants:—"Carnarvon Catholic Mission.—The well-known hostility of the Welsh to the Catholic religion renders it necessary for Catholics to be very prudent and circumspect, and to keep these stubborn heretics in the dark as to their proceedings. In consequence of the neglect of this precaution, a great loss to the mission has been incurred, and that, too, through the inadvertence of one of its most zealous supporters."

The unscrupulous machinations of Romish priests, and their agents, throughout the United Kingdom, constitute a real danger, calling for constant watchfulness on the part of all who know what an evil thing Popery is. The following incident illustrates one of the methods of the Romish propaganda. A gentleman handed over to me a bundle of letters which the rector of a Jesuit College had written to him to pervert him to Popery. The handwriting of the Jesuit was beautiful; and in his letters he said that he had once been a Protestant Nonconformist, and was now so anxious for the conversion of his correspondent to "the true faith", that he sat up at night, when he ought to be in bed, to write these lengthy letters. The arguments of this man, in defence of his adopted creed, were so clever that, "if it were possible," they would deceive the very elect; and so plausible that only those who are firmly fixed on the Rock, Christ Jesus, and understand experimentally the truth as it is in Him, could withstand. He, however, failed to overthrow the faith of his Protestant correspondent,

because "his heart was established by grace" (Hebrew xiii. 9); and he thanked me for the help I gave him in replying to his Jesuit assailant.

Another incident is noteworthy. I entered a Roman Catholic shop, in London, to purchase an article. I had never been there previously, or seen the lady who served; but the moment she saw me, before I had time to ask for what I wanted, she addressed me by name, and said, "I will pray for you." With startling suddenness, she opened a door which led into a back room, and there I saw an "altar" erected, on which stood a crucifix, a Madonna, and other accessories of Romish worship. She fell down on her knees before those idols, and, with uplifted hands, prayed to the "Mother of God" to pervert me to Popery. On rising from her knees, she said to me, "I am sure you will become a Catholic," and then served me with the article I wanted. With great art, and deep policy, Mr. Herbert Vaughan, of Westminster, and his agents, male and female, are doggedly fighting for the supremacy of their sect; and the entire Protestantism of Great Britain should be alive to this danger, and to the national calamities which would ensue upon their success.

Another hindrance to progress is the growing sacerdotalism of the Established clergy. Those who know the tactics of "His Eminence, the most Illustrious and Right Reverend Lord Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," and his agents, look with intense anxiety and alarm at the Ritualism in the Established Church, co-ordinate as it is with a great revival of naked Romanism. Few, I believe, have an adequate idea of the rapidity with which thousands of the clergy are sowing the seeds of Popery among their congregations, and accustoming vast numbers of the rising generation to the superstitious and idolatrous rites, ceremonies, and doctrines of the Romish sect. That skilful Jesuits are dexterously guiding the whole movement to one great and disastrous issue, can hardly be doubted. Their success alarms men; it gives rise to ominous forebodings as to what will be the end of these things. The hearts of God's servants, loyal to the Bible and the Reformation, are lamenting with dread this return to "the weak and beggarly elements" which our Protestant forefathers contemptuously threw aside; and which can only work spiritual death, and drown every sentiment and feeling of devotion, and turn the service of God into a soulless form. Those who read and loved their Bibles would never tolerate such acts of folly in their churches as the setting up of confessional boxes, graven images, "holy water" pots, material altars, propitiatory sacrifices, and an atoning priesthood, which have no more to do with the Christian religion than the Christian religion has to do with the car of Juggernaut.

I conclude this Report with an earnest prayer that Puritanism may become more robust, and a greater power to meet and withstand the giant evils which are overspreading the land. The declension in the Established Church from the doctrines and principles of New Testament Christianity can hardly fail to convince Protestant Nonconformists of the danger of drifting away from the great saving truths of the gospel, and indulging the æsthetic taste in religion; for the first step in departing from Scriptural purity of doctrine, and Puritan simplicity of worship, makes way for a second, and this again for others. We have, I believe, much to fear in these days from a spurious liberalism and a mischievous latitudinarianism. The Puritan fathers of England, who made the Bible and the doctrines of grace and mercy through a crucified Redeemer their study, were true antagonists of the devil and all his works; and, following their noble example, Mr. Spurgeon, the author of the Sermons, "Love your Bibles," and "There is Something in the Bible for you," filled the eye and heart of multitudes of believers now "before the throne of God, serving Him day and night in His temple," with God and His works.

T. G. OWENS.

Patients at Sousse Medical Mission.



I AM sending a photograph of Bedouin women, which fairly represents some of our country patients. Youthful readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* will, no doubt, be interested in the little boy's portrait.

January and February have been busy months at the Sousse Medical

Mission, and over fourteen hundred patients' visits have been recorded. At the Djemal out-station, last time, the people were so many that, when fifty had been admitted, the pushing crowd outside finally broke the big door off its hinges, and came in like a flood, carrying door and door-keepers before them. We wish that they would come thus to the *Great Physician*; but, for *this* we still walk by faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them, and greeted them from afar.

Our work is often very saddening. For example, two women, who have been with us a month, are leaving to-morrow; though relieved, they are both incurable, one suffering from cancer, the other from advanced hip disease. They have no home to go to, and one of them says she has not a friend in all the world. The other day, a poor fellow was found lying on our doorstep, in a critical condition. He had fallen ill, while harvesting, far from his village; and someone had brought him here in a cart, and left him. We took him in, did what we could for his body and his soul, and, three days afterwards, paid for a cart to take him to his distant home.

In preaching, I sometimes begin by asking, all round, where each has come from; and it is interesting to find that hardly more than two belong to the same place. Thus we are dealing with individuals, strangers to each other, who may carry away in many different directions what they hear while with us. Then I continue, "Now, we have come from all these various places, but where are we all *going to*? We are all going to *one* place,—the judgment-seat of God,—to be judged, let us remember, not in a crowd, but one by one. How do *you* expect to face the Judge when, as you believe, all your deeds will be weighed in the balances? Our good deeds are like an egg, our evil deeds like a mountain, when they are weighed; where, then, can the just Judge send us but to hell?"

"But God is the All-merciful," says one.

"Yes," we reply, "God is the All-merciful, praise be to His holy Name! But our father Adam was cast out of Paradise for *one* sin, and think you that we shall be allowed to enter the better Paradise with hundreds and thousands of sins upon us? The gate of Heaven is not wide, like the great gate of the city; but it is like the narrow needle's eye gate in the city wall. It is *because* God is the All-merciful that I am here to tell you of a *new* way;—not by law, but by mercy; not by good works, but by a sacrifice. Good works are a duty; but you know, by experience, that they do not change the *heart*. Now, a sacrifice, as you know, cannot be a sacrifice unless it die; so Jesus died, not *against* His will, but willingly, to save many. Jesus, the Son of Mary, according to the flesh, was the Son of God, according to the Spirit; and, while a sheep equals in value a sheep, and a man equals a man, the Son of God is of more value than all who come unto God by Him. If I offer you my purse, you are all ready to accept money; why will you not accept the gift of God, which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord?"

So we talk on. The attention, meanwhile, is close and deep; and when, concluding, we join them in the penitent sinner's prayer, who shall say that *some* of these poor dark souls have not looked by faith to Jesus, and found salvation?

The young Jew, who was converted in a neighbouring town, stands firm, though sorely persecuted. One Saturday, a noisy Rabbi pressed him to go with him to the synagogue, just to show that he had not given up all religion. Reluctantly, he went; but, on entering, the Rabbi shouted, "You see, I have brought him back, as I said I would; he has recanted, he has recanted!" "Not so," replied our friend; and, taking up the Scriptures, he began to turn to the passages which had led him to find in Jesus the promised Messiah. At length, the congregation, discomfited,

turned upon their own teacher, and cried, "Take the man away; why do you bring him here? We want to say our prayers in peace." Thus, in North Africa, as in England, the work of witnessing for Christ is still being continued. Brethren, pray for us, even as we plead for you.

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.

Several publishers have sent us copies of their reprints of Mr. Sheldon's quasi-religious novels, at various prices ranging from a penny to half-a-crown. We refer them all to the article, in the present Magazine, in which Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., of Dublin, reviews two volumes of the series, and incidentally describes the whole of them. We earnestly urge all lovers of Evangelical doctrine to read, carefully and prayerfully, this kind but faithful protest against the recent American development of "Down-gradeism," which seems, for a time, to have deceived even some of the very elect; and we ask those who agree with Mr. Brown's kind but keen criticism to give the widest possible publicity to it wherever this modern substitute for the gospel has been introduced.

It was with peculiar thankfulness that we read, in *The British Weekly* for March 16, the first of "several articles devoted to a consideration of Mr. Sheldon's positions in the light of the New Testament." Dr. Robertson Nicoll there says:—"That Mr. Sheldon is a Christian within the circumference of Christianity, need not be denied; but his whole conception of religion is of the poorest and shallowest kind. He is not deliberately heterodox; does not definitely repudiate saving truth. His weakness is that he does not understand it, that it has taken no hold of his mind. . . . It may be that Christ is recognized as a helper; but if so, it is very faintly, while as a Saviour He is not recognized at all."

We asked Pastor Archibald G. Brown what he thought of "*In His Steps*," and he promptly replied:—"I consider it a most dangerous book; I

soon discovered the cloven hoof in it." We marvel how anyone, who has a clear conception of the essence of Evangelical truth, could come to any other conclusion.

Mr. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row, has published an admirable booklet of 32 pages,—*What Christ Did*. Being a brief examination of the Book entitled, "*What Would Jesus Do?*" By H. D. BROWN. One copy will be sent, post free, for 1½d.; or 12 copies for 1s. It cannot be too widely circulated.

Another valuable contribution to the controversy is Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's sermon, preached at the Tabernacle, on Lord's-day morning, March 12, and published by Messrs. A. H. Stockwell & Co., 17, Paternoster Row, under the title, "*What Did Jesus Do?*"

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have issued a sixpenny edition of *Messages to the Multitude*, by C. H. SPURGEON. This collection of Sermons, published in the "Preachers of the Age" series, will in this way, we suppose, reach a still wider constituency; but we are almost sorry to see these precious discourses in such a form, and would advise all who desire to possess them to obtain the 3s. 6d. volume, in which they are worthily printed, with a beautiful photogravure portrait of the beloved preacher as a frontispiece.

Lost and Found. Addresses on Luke XV. By THOMAS SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2d. A BOOKLET which should be sold by thousands. It contains three discourses, delivered on successive Lord's-day evenings in January, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle Lower Hall. That

they are thoroughly Evangelical, goes without saying; but they are also very distinctly evangelistic, and therefore are especially adapted for widespread distribution. For that purpose, the publishers will supply them at reduced rates for quantities. The three parables in Luke xv. are here briefly summarized, with appropriate illustrations,—some of the best of which are autobiographical,—which ought to be the means of many a “lost” sheep, and coin, and son, being “found.” Let all who read and circulate the booklet unite in prayer that this may be the happy result of its publication.

What does the Church of England say about “the Real Presence”? By W. K. SOAMES, M.A. Elliot Stock. *A Sacerdotal Ministry, Treason against Christ.* By Rev. P. FILLIUL, M.A. Elliot Stock. *The Bishop of Salisbury on Confession.* Same author and publisher.

THREE powerful pamphlets, by Evangelical clergymen, protesting in deep earnestness against the blasphemous doctrines of Romanism now rampant in the Church of England, and condoned, if not approved, by the Bishops. We fear they will be only “voices crying in the wilderness,” and that nothing but an utter severance from the State will secure any reform in the teaching and practice of these arrogant “sacrificing priests”, who masquerade with the mass, and insist upon confession to them, and claim to be the exclusive absolvers of sinners.

Baptism, as set forth in the Old and New Testaments. By M. ALFORD, a clergyman of the Church of England. Alexander and Shephard.

TRULY an extraordinary book. Mr. Alford declares here absolutely against the sprinkling of infants, and alone in favour of what he calls “the immersion of adults.” We should have imagined it to have been the writing of an orthodox Baptist had we not known differently. Surely, such a pronouncement is a striking “sign of the times,” and proves how, once let Bible truth be supreme, all practices invented of men must be abandoned.

Every lover of the New Testament faith should get this little book, and keep it for reference and use against clerical disputants. “Saul” is indeed “among the prophets.”

The Crisis in the Church of England. By L. J. BOURQUIN, M.A. George Stoneman.

A TRENCHANT exposure of the Popish leaven in the Prayer-book of the Church of England. It is worthy of careful study by all who value Protestant teaching, now defiantly renounced, and bitterly assailed, by so many State-Church “priests.”

The Limits of Toleration. By Rev. P. FILLIUL, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A BRAVE, daring protest, by a clergyman, against the hateful plea for compromise with deadly error, so popular to-day. Had the State-Church a few more such servants, she might cast off the evil disease that will yet destroy her as an Establishment, and release her as a Church.

The Present Priesthood of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Rev. C. A. FOX, B.A. Partridge and Co.

A BOOKLET that is worth its weight in gold. A masterly setting forth of that Divine Priesthood of the Risen Saviour, which makes all other official “priests” an impertinence. Mr. Fox gives us compressed study of the Bible, in sentences that hold a whole volume, and are full of suggestive significance. In the present battle with the arrogant pretensions of a professional priesthood, this matchless little treatise should do grand service. We could wish that it were scattered by the million as an antidote to all sacerdotal and enslaving teaching.

Spiritual Christianity, versus Roman, Anglican, and Free Church Priestcraft. By E. GOUGH, B.A. Gay and Bird.

OUR author lays about him with a flail, and gives vigorous blows, with a blind impartiality, at Roman Catholic priests and Dissenting ministers. With most of his principles of anti-priestism, we heartily agree; but we

gravely doubt whether his application of them is fair, or will be convincing. The universal censor, who attacks all and sundry, is liable to be suspected, even when largely right. Less vigour and more discrimination would have made this book—in many respects very capable—a great success. As it is, we fear it will prove a failure, and a “frost.”

The New Leviathan; or, the World at Peace. By J. A. FARRER. Elliot Stock.

A BOLD plea in favour of peace, as against the insane notion of national expansion, at all cost. When Christian teaching is applied to politics and statecraft, we shall cease to regard every other nation as our natural foe; and learn that our true strength is in the righteousness of our life and conduct.

Valiant for the Truth. Being the Autobiography of John Matthias Weyland. Edited by G. HOLDEN PIKE. Partridge & Co.

A WORTHY record of a truly devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, who was, as Rev. P. B. Power says, in his Introduction to the volume, “for nearly fifty years one of the most valuable agents, both as missionary and under-secretary, which the London City Mission has ever had in its service.” The frontispiece shows the veteran who grew white in his blessed ministry; and the many other illustrations set forth, in less artistic fashion, various striking incidents in his remarkable career. The book not only tells the life-story of a notable worker among the poor and degraded of London, but it also chronicles many of the means adopted for the amelioration of their condition, socially and religiously.

A Marvel of Mercy. Being the Life-story of John Davis, American Naval Officer, and London City Missionary. By Rev. H. CODLING. Alfred Holness.

OUR faith in the power of Christ to save has been greatly strengthened by the perusal of the record of “A Marvel of Mercy.” Truly, of John

Davis it may be said, “Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?” Such a life-story, abounding with thrilling incidents and wonders of grace, should sell by thousands.

A Record of God's Skilful Guiding. By E. M. EWING. Published at the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, Hackney Downs, N.E.

THIS interesting narrative reveals Providence and Grace in harmonious operation. Through the study of the Scriptures, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, this Hebrew lady was led from Judaism to Christianity, and, by a circuitous path, to become one of the China Inland Missionaries. Verily, “the wind bloweth where it listeth.”

Life of King Alfred the Great. By J. HUNT COOKE. Burrows and Co.

AN interesting condensation of the history of one of England's noblest kings, issued specially in view of the Millenary celebration. The stories of the cake-burning, and of the harper in the Danish camp, with other more or less true records and legends, are related in pleasing fashion, and the whole narrative goes to show that Alfred is rightly called “the Great”; it might also truly be added, “and the Good.” Our boys and girls would be all the better for reading the little book, which is published at 9d.

Austria. By S. WHITMAN. T. Fisher Unwin.

ONE of the deservedly-popular “Story of the Nations” Series, and a good specimen, too. Clear, graphic, fair-minded, it gives us a comprehensive view of that singular Hapsburg Dynasty that has known so fateful a history. The story of this particular nation will surely inspire, in British readers, deep gratitude for our own national liberties and privileges.

The Dragon in the Castle. By Rev. HENRY MARTIN, M.A. Partridge A FABLE or fairy tale, founded on fact. We heartily commend the two-penny booklet, and hope it will help to keep all dragons out of the Heart Castle of youthful readers.

The Master's Blesseds. A Devotional Study of the Beatitudes. By Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A DAINTY little half-crown volume which will make an acceptable present to a Christian friend. It is after the style of others of Dr. Miller's works; there is nothing very deep or startling in it, but it contains a pleasant chat, interspersed with anecdotes, which should help the readers more fully to realize and appropriate "The Master's Blesseds."

Why should Man be Born Again? By THE PRESIDENT OF AN ADULT SCHOOL. Headley Brothers.

THE all-but-lost doctrine of the new birth is analogically treated in this pamphlet. There is much of Christ, His Word, and His Cross, in these pages, and for this we rejoice; but, to our surprise, little is said of the Holy Spirit. We do not believe this doctrine will be any more acceptable to the natural man by attempting to prove that regeneration is according to the order or analogy of nature.

Tracings from the Gospel of John. By Rev. C. E. STUART. Marlborough and Co.

EXPOSITORY, earnest, Evangelical talks on the fourth Gospel. Whilst there is nothing startling, and little that is original, all is excellent, and full of devotional feeling;—the kind of book the average Christian will enjoy for personal perusal; not the mine of suggestion that teachers of others need.

The Two Covenants. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

ANOTHER of those golden booklets, in which Mr. Murray urges the surrender of will and life to the absolute and unreserved sway of God. The doctrine of God's covenant with His people has been greatly neglected by Christians, to their soul's impoverishing; but it is here revived, and enforced, with much power and tenderness. If received, believed, lived, the truth in this book will ennoble and sanctify, and impart victorious power in life and service.

A Treatise concerning the Religious Affections. By JONATHAN EDWARDS. Andrew Melrose.

THIS is one of the Books for the Heart Series, edited by Alexander Smellie, M.A. Special mention should be made of the admirable introduction to this work from, we presume, the pen of the Editor. The treatise itself is beyond the need of any commendation on our part. Familiar with its power of analysis and unrivalled spiritual discrimination, we can only say, "Here is a book, not for readers to judge, but to be itself their judge." No *alter ego* of this work of spiritual distinction has ever appeared in the realm of Christian literature. Great intellect was but a tool in its production; the main factor was the superabundance of the things which were given the author of God. Two veils are rent asunder in this paragon volume,—the veil of Satanic counterfeit, and the veil of the transcendental element in Christian experience, which beggars description since it needs the language of the immortals to depict it. But Jonathan Edwards could draw from either sphere. Puzzled by no sophistications of the enemy, he pursues his sublime path in making clear the richest wonders of the Spirit's operations in the soul. To read and eat this roll, will make the heart to grow strong.

Love to the Uttermost. By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

To announce a new book by this author, is to secure its purchase by thousands. This volume shows all Mr. Meyer's special qualities, and a depth and robustness that increases with every year of his life. It is a delicious little book.

Songs of Hope and Love. By F. W. PITT. Partridge and Co.

SONGS that are far more than mere pleasant jingle,—instinct with true poetry, and cultured melody of phrase. One on child-life, entitled "Good night!—Good morning!" is a gem of pretty ideas and simple expression. A capital example of minor poetry is this volume.

The Holy Land in Geography and History. By T. MACCOUN, M.A. Partridge and Co.

Two volumes of great value, that splendidly supply a long-felt need. The matter is scholarly, vivid, and terse to the last degree; and the maps and other illustrations are invaluable to the Bible student. All the special

enterprise of our American friends is manifest on every page of these excellent manuals, and gives them an unique flavour and value. We accord them the heartiest welcome, and unreservedly commend them for purchase and perusal. Every Sunday-school teacher should get them straight away.

Notes.

Just as these "Notes" were in the press, we received the startling news of the sad and sudden death of *Pastor J. A. Spurgeon*. We are obliged, through lack of time and space, to defer until next month any further reference to this event, the effect of which, in its relation to the various branches of his dear brother's work, cannot be fully perceived until the first shock of this solemn visitation is past. For the widow and her two children, and the aged father and his daughters, we entreat the Lord to grant the sustaining and consoling grace they so sorely need in their unexpected bereavement.

Special Preliminary Notice.—Next month, we shall (d.v.) announce the date of the publication of Vol. III. of *THE STANDARD LIFE OF C. H. SPURGEON*, and give full details concerning its contents. When it appears, we think our readers will agree with us that—if such a thing is possible,—it even exceeds in interest the two previous volumes. It is more profusely illustrated than either of them, and contains a novel method of illustration which was not used for its predecessors. Orders for Vols. I.—III., and for the monthly shilling parts, should be given at once to all booksellers and colporteurs, or sent direct to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

The most important item in connection with the *TABERNACLE REBUILDING FUND*, during the past month, was the great gathering at Exeter Hall, on *Tuesday evening, March 14*, under the presidency of Sir George Williams. After an opening hymn, and prayer by Pastor C. B. Sawday, the chairman said that the meeting had been called for the purpose of giving those of them who belonged to other denominations the opportunity of showing their sympathy with Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and the friends at the Tabernacle, in their arduous task of rebuilding the house of prayer that had been burned. He thought the Lord must greatly love both Pastor and people, or He would not have sent so much trouble upon them. After referring to his knowledge and appreciation of the beloved C. H. Spurgeon's work from the time of the Surrey Gardens services, and mentioning specially the blessing which had resulted

from the College and Orphanage, Sir George concluded by urging all present to give as much as they could as a thanksgiving to God for raising up "such a mighty force for the advancement of His Kingdom as the Metropolitan Tabernacle has proved to be."

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, after heartily thanking the chairman for his kindness in presiding, announced that he had received £100 for the collection from "an absent friend, well known to us all, and beloved by us all, but who wishes to be anonymous;" and then reported that, since the fire, £14,500 had been raised for the Rebuilding Fund, leaving about £3,000 still needed to meet the reduced expenditure decided upon; "but," he added, "we can spend a lot more if we can only get it." Before sitting down, the Pastor thanked all the speakers who had come to help them that night, and read a very loving letter from Dr. Barnardo, expressing his deep regret that he was not sufficiently restored to be present.

Addresses were then delivered by Dr. Newman Hall, Rev. John Bond, Pastor Archibald G. Brown, and T. A. Denny, Esq., all of whom recounted their reminiscences of the glorified first Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, and some of whom also spoke of the responsibilities and success of the present Pastor. Mr. Brown happily linked father and son in his sermonette on the dear "M. T.,"—the abbreviated title of the Metropolitan Tabernacle:—"We have, you will see, (1) a Memory Treasured; (2) when the Tabernacle was reared, it was a Magnificent Testimonial to the beloved C. H. Spurgeon from the nation; (3) when it was ready for occupation, it became a Mount of Testimony; and (4) now that it is being rebuilt, we rejoice that it is for another M. T.,—Mr. Thomas." Mr. Denny also followed in the same line by saying:—"I am so glad to see my dear friend Thomas Spurgeon, for I believe, in my heart, that he is the right man in the right place. I like him because he bears the name of Spurgeon; I like him because he is the son of his father; I like him (I ought to say it,) for himself; I love him because God loves him, and uses him, and will continue to use him, and because, as far as we can see, the mantle of his father has descended upon him. I knew and loved C. H. Spurgeon for many years.

I never had such sweet and charming letters from any man as I had from him; we were great friends, and I was always glad to be by his side."

Sir George Williams generously contributed £100, and the collection amounted to about £63,—a large sum when it is remembered that a very considerable proportion of the audience consisted of the Tabernacle friends, who had so recently given all they could at Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Reception. The time had so far gone that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon could only show half his lime-light views of the Tabernacle and its work; we hope there will be another opportunity for the exhibition of the whole of the interesting series of slides.

In memoriam.—On Saturday, March 4 another of Mr. Spurgeon's faithful friends—*Mr. John M. Cook*—was "called home." Before he was so much away from England, he frequently attended the Tabernacle, and, on one occasion, spoke there upon the words, "To do good and to communicate forget not." He many times most generously offered to take Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon (or the Pastor and his private secretary) up the Nile, undertaking that there should not be a farthing expense from the time of landing in Egypt until the date of departure; just as his beloved father, Mr. Thomas Cook, greatly desired what he called "the honour of freely piloting his friend through the Holy Land." Neither trip could be arranged, though Mr. John M. Cook once "personally conducted" Mr. Spurgeon to Scotland at a time when he was very ill, and hardly fit to travel; and nothing could exceed his kind and thoughtful arrangements for the comfort of the dear invalid. We pray that Mrs. Cook and all the members of the family may be graciously sustained under their sore bereavement.

Just as we are making up these "Notes", we learn that a devoted elder of the Tabernacle Church—*Mr. J. B. Parker*—received the "home-call" on Lord's-day morning, March 19. He was a quiet, unobtrusive worker, true as steel to the former and present Pastors, and a succourer of many; among others, our Brother Saville, never tired of speaking of his kindness and sympathy. The Lord graciously uphold and cheer the sorrowing ones!

On *Wednesday evening, March 1*, THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY'S monthly meeting took the form of a lecture by G. H. Lord, Esq., on "The Holy Land," illustrated by nearly a score of friends attired in Oriental costumes. The Conference Hall of the Pastors' College was filled, and the audience was greatly interested in the lecturer's explanations of Scriptural sayings and customs, which made the Bible even more precious to them than it was before. The only regret felt

was, that the time was too short for the whole lecture, and many hope that Mr. Lord will be able to give the remaining portion at no very distant date. Although the meeting was not quite of the usual character, some pledges were taken at its close.

The following arrangements have been made for future gatherings of the Society; friends interested will like to keep the dates clear:—April 5, Mr. Henry Thorne's lecture, "Rescue the Perishing; a plea for the victims of Intemperance;" May 3, Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., is to give an address; June 7, Mr. William Noble is to lecture; July 5, Pastor D. H. Moore is to lecture on "Reminiscences of my life as seaman, fireman, missionary, and pastor,—in relation to strong drink."

The prayer meeting on *Monday evening, March 6*, at the Tabernacle, partook largely of the character of a farewell service for Mr. Thomas Spurgeon Page, a cousin of the Pastor, who is proceeding shortly to British Central Africa, to work in connection with THE NYASSA INDUSTRIAL MISSION.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon made reference to the many links which already united the Nyassa Mission to the Tabernacle. The Treasurer, Mr. B. I. Greenwood, and several members of the Council, such as Mr. Walter Mills, Mr. Joseph Passmore, Mr. Charles Phillips, and Mr. Halliwell, were well known and highly honoured there. The two Secretaries, Mr. Rudge and Mr. Walker, were Pastors' College men, and all these links would now be strengthened by the adoption of a member of his own revered father's family, as one of the workers.

The Treasurer and the General Secretary having given some particulars relating to the Mission, and of the abundant blessing God is bestowing upon it, Mr. Page told the story of his conversion and call to the work. He was brought to the Lord at a Young People's Mission at Sutton, conducted by Mr. William Olney. For some months past, he has been working in one of the large Ragged-schools near the Tabernacle, while also learning the trade of a carpenter, which will be of great service in Africa. All hearts were touched as he spoke, with much earnestness, of the spirit in which he looked forward to his work, and he will be followed by the prayers of many who will remember him, both for his own sake, and on account of the honoured relationship he bears.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. J. Harris, formerly of Eastbourne, has gone to Wellington Street, Luton; and Mr. D. Tait is removing from South Leith, to Clarendon Chapel, Camberwell New Road.

The special supplication of all believers is asked for the Annual Conference to be held (D.V.) from Monday, April 17, to Friday, April 21.

ORPHANAGE.—From the forthcoming number of *Within our Gates*, we learn that it is hoped that the Sea-side Home will be opened in May; that the Annual Festival will (D.V.) be held on Thursday, June 22; and that the Orphanage excursion to Margate will probably be arranged for Tuesday, July 25.

COLPORTAGE.—We are glad to be able to give early notice that the Annual Meetings are fixed (D.V.) for Monday, May 15, when we trust that we shall have enthusiastic gatherings, full particulars of which will be announced in due course. It is hoped that the whole of the colporteurs will come up for conference, and the Committee have decided to extend the arrangements so as to cover the Tuesday, making the men's stay in London to last from Saturday until Wednesday. Friends who have so generously entertained them during their sojourn in past years are appealed to for the same kindness to the Association again, and the secretary is anxious that the costs of the Conference should be met by the special gifts of well-wishers, so that the General Funds may not be intruded upon. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. S. Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

Many interesting reports from the Districts have been received during the month, indicating blessing upon each part

of the colporteurs' work. We give a few specimens:—

Sales.—Mr. A. writes:—"One Saturday, a young man came to enquire for a book suitable to present to a friend who was seriously ill. I suggested *The Travellers' Guide*. He read some extracts, and purchased a copy. A month later, he came to tell me that the book had been greatly helpful in leading the sick one to the Saviour, and that he had died leaving a bright testimony that he had found Him who is able to save to the uttermost."

Visits.—Mr. B. says:—"A few days ago, when visiting a farmhouse, the parents and six children forsook their work and play, and came in to listen while I spoke to them concerning salvation through faith in Jesus. After a real good time, the father thanked me, and expressed the wish that they could more often have such an opportunity."

Preaching.—Mr. A. says:—"One Saturday, a young woman came and spoke to me in the market. I could not recognize her; she, however, went on to tell me that, four years ago, she was led to Christ through a sermon I had preached; she had since lived in London, and had been kept through grace, and was now so glad to come and thank the colporteur whose word had been blessed to her."

Baptisms at Haddon Hall, March 9, five.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	13,559	15	3
<i>Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Reception:—</i>			
Mrs. Sherwood	1	0	0
Mrs. Perrin	5	0	0
Rev. Simmonds Atlee	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Weedon	1	1	0
Lady Nicholson	1	1	0
Captain Young	10	10	0
Mrs. M. Brydie	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Wooland	2	0	0
Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., per Rev. E. S. Neale	5	0	0
Rev. E. S. Neale	2	2	0
Mr. Wilby	2	0	0
Mr. Edwin Brown... ..	10	0	0
Messrs. Andrews and Pearce, N.Z.	1	10	0
G. R., New Zealand	40	0	0
Baptist Church, Libau, Russia, per Rev. K. Rushevitza (13 Roubles)	1	6	10
Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Gross	1	0	0
Mr. A. W. M. G. Kidston	1	0	0
Mr. W. W. Thompson	50	0	0
Mrs. Sinclair	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. R. K. Christie... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. McEwing	4	10	6
Mr. C. Boardman	5	0	0
Mr. Robt. Turnbull	1	0	0
Amounts under £1	4	9	6
	165	12	10
<i>General Fund:—</i>			
Mr. John Morgan	5	0	0

Richmond Street, Walworth, Sunday afternoon school	3	10	0
Richmond Street, Walworth, Sunday evening school	6	16	6
Richmond Street, Walworth, Evan- gelists	2	0	0
In memory of C. H. S., from Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths	1	1	0
Mr. H. E. Harding	1	0	0
From Lisle	1	0	0
Pastor J. Mitchell Cox and friends	2	10	0
Miss E. Higgs	2	2	0
Rev. Canon Fleming	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Edmonds	5	5	0
Mr. Auburn	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Linn	1	0	0
From a Baptist, Bradford	1	0	0
Rev. E. A. Carter	1	1	0
Mrs. Stevens	2	2	0
Lord Radstock	5	0	0
Rev. G. H. Garrett	2	2	0
Readers of <i>The British Weekly</i>	11	12	0
Brayford Baptist Church, South Molton, per Pastor T. Breewood	10	0	0
Mr. W. PITCHER	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Whittock Rabbits	105	0	0
Mr. G. Newman	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Passmore	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S.	1	1	0
Mr. Chas. Waters	10	0	0
Mr. James Campbell	1	0	0
Lord Overton	100	0	0
Mr. E. Carlile	1	1	0
Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
Pastor J. Stubbs, Bengal	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Baker	2	2	0
Miss B. Walker	0	10	0
Miss L. Bibby	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Adgie	0	8	0
Mrs. Eldridge	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Hemsley	0	10	6
Mr. Tyson	2	5	0
Mr. J. Anstice	0	12	0
Mr. M. Merry	0	5	0
Postal order, Felixstowe	1	0	0
A friend at Ascot, per Mr. Tinsley	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Storkman	0	12	0
Mr. J. Hunt	0	5	0
A. T. ...	25	0	0
M. A. G. ...	1	0	0
A teetotaler	0	1	0
Mrs. Bonsor	0	5	0
Miss M. J. Hayward	0	5	0
Mr. R. Stallwood	0	3	0
Mr. T. Moorley	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood	2	2	0
R. B. F. ...	0	2	6
Postal order, Martock	0	5	0
Orphan boy's card (A. Bingham)	0	2	6
The Misses R. and C. Kew	0	5	0
Watch-night service, Baptist Chapel, Combrmartin, per Mr. G. H. Creek	0	4	0
Mr. D. Smith	5	5	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0
Collected by Miss R. Wright	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Leigh	6	13	0
J. B. C. ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Crocker	5	0	0
Miss M. A. Cunningham	0	10	0
Collected by Miss L. M. Baulf	2	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Susanna Rycroft	10	10	0
Mr. W. Jordan	2	0	0
C. W. Hull	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
A thankoffering, Dursley	1	0	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss York	0	10	6
Mr. F. Fitch	5	0	0
Measrs. Horn and Co. and employes	3	4	0
S. E. A. L. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Halstead	0	7	6
Miss M. Davies	0	10	0
Miss Davies	0	5	0
A friend, per Miss Davies	0	1	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	10	0
A. P. B. ...	1	1	3
Mrs. Beales	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss I. C. Woodcock	0	11	0
A. and W. O. ...	0	6	0
Orphan girl's card (M. Blundell)	0	2	0
Mrs. Bradley	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0
Edith Road Sunday-school Benevolent Fund, per Mr. F. A. Peskett	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mills' shop-box	0	12	3
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	4	0
A friend	0	2	0
A country minister	0	6	0
Collected by the late Mrs. Nell	0	1	6
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	1	0	0
Miss Bartlett	0	10	0
The Misses Lewis	0	10	0
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Wheeler	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Millman	1	3	9
J. F. H. ...	2	0	0
Miss Powlesland, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
F. C. W. ...	0	2	6
Miss Sadler	0	10	0
Miss M. Sadler	0	10	0
E. W. ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Holden	0	4	4
Collected by Miss E. Foster	0	17	1
Mrs. C. Schultz	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	—	—	—
My Countess	2	0	0
Mrs. Baines	4	0	0
Mr. R. Brown	6	0	0
Mr. R. Lickfold	1	0	0
E. M. ...	0	10	0
Miss A. Mackereth	0	5	0
Miss G. Turner	0	2	0
Postal order, Northampton	0	2	6
Collected by Miss J. Hicks	0	10	0
Mrs. L. M. Brown	1	1	0
Anon.	0	1	0
Mr. W. Palmer	1	0	0
Miss J. Walters	5	0	0
Mr. T. Nesbitt	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mr. Robert Gerrard	92	7	3
Executors of the late Mr. J. D. Linton	33	6	8
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir	—	—	—
Alexandra Sunday-school, Penge	5	0	0
Chatsworth Road Baptist Chapel, Norwood	4	1	6
Clifton Congregational Church Total Abstinence Society	7	10	0
Mare Street Baptist Chapel, Hackney	10	12	7
Collections in memory of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	—	—	—
Duke Street Sunday-school, Richmond, per Mr. C. F. Dafforne	2	0	8
C.E.S., Stratford Grove Baptist Chapel, Leytonstone, per Mr. B. J. Jones	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Newbury, per Mr. T. S. Waite	1	0	0
Lordship Lane Sunday-school, per Mr. H. J. Sayers	2	2	0
Townsend Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Oldershaw	3	3	6
Queen's Road Baptist Sunday-school, Wimbledon	2	17	8
Baptist Missions, Merton, Morden, and North Chelton, per Mr. T. Holtou	0	15	8
Men's Bible-class, South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, per Mr. E. M. Dodge	2	13	4
Devonshire Square Sunday-school, per Mr. A. J. Shepherd	5	1	6
Surrey Square Baptist Mission and Sunday-school, per Mr. O. A. Pavey	4	0	0
Y.P.S.C.E., Bridgwater, per Mr. W. Downes	0	10	6
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. E. J. Wigney	4	4	0
Croham Road Baptist Chapel, Croydon, per Pastor A. J. Reid	1	12	0
Mare Street Sunday-school, per Mr. J. F. Sorrell	3	11	6
Haddon Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. G. A. Cane	8	8	0
Gold Hill Sunday-school, per Mr. H. Mills	0	7	6
Baptist Sunday-school, Market Harbour, per Mr. H. Godfrey	0	12	6
Christmas Dinner Table Collections	—	—	—
Per Miss Abbott	1	2	5
Per E. H. B. ...	0	5	9
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	—	—	—
Miss Holliday	0	1	0
Miss Bowdage	0	1	0
Per Miss R. Daniell	0	2	0
	0	10	0
	£347	9	9

List of Presents from February 16th to March 14th, 1899.—PROVISIONS:—224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 24 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. W. Ottaway; 28 lbs. Tea, Mr. W. Jordan; 76 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—4 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Goaman; 30 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 8 pairs Socks, Miss Palmer.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—28 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 8 Articles, Miss S. E. Joy.

GENERAL:—1 Scrap Book, Mrs. M. A. Davison; 1 Scrap Book, Anon.; 1 Cake, a few Books and Scraps, Miss Dawson; 12 Aprons, Mrs. Keevil; 1 Quilt, Mrs. Overbury; 3 Antimaccassars, Miss Broadway, per Mrs. J. Hall.

ERRATUM.—*Sword and Trowel*, March, page 154, 2nd column: H. A. W. W. £1, should be Mr. S. Calver.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>				Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell ...	10	0	0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0	0				
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood ...	8	15	0		£218	15	0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd ...	7	10	0	<i>General Fund:—</i>			
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association ...	60	0	0	Miss Hooper... ..	1	1	0
Hadleigh, per Pastor W. F. Durant ...	10	0	0	Miss E. York	0	10	6
Southern Baptist Association ...	60	0	0	Mr. F. Gough	1	1	0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley ...	10	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0	5	0
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	11	5	0	Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds...	10	0	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Swaftam Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat	10	0	0	F. C. W.	0	2	6
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny ...	11	5	0				
					£9	0	0

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

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1899.

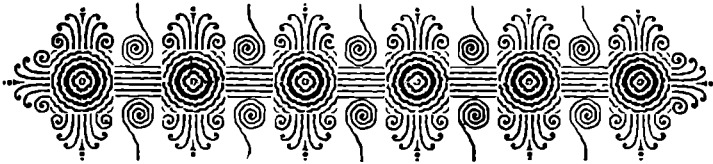
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Burgess	0	5	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
1 Cor. xvi. 2... ..	0	5	6	Mary	0	5	0
Mrs. Cunningham	0	6	11	Miss Dawson, for Estonian sermons ...	0	10	0
Postal order, Northampton ...	0	10	0		£2	2	5

Special Notice.—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel MANSE Fund, Bezhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MAY, 1899.

The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. III.*

LARGE numbers of our readers will rejoice to see the announcement that, as early as possible in the month of May, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will (D.V.) publish Vol. III. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, the issue of which has been unavoidably delayed by arrangements in connection with the American edition. The compilers believe that the new volume will be found to equal, if not to exceed in interest, the two previous instalments of "The Monumental Life" which has received such a hearty welcome from thousands of Mr. Spurgeon's friends.

In the preliminary notice concerning Vol. II., it was mentioned that all the researches through the vast masses of material that had to be examined during the second stage of the work had failed to bring to light even a single item which ought to have been included in Vol. I. On a further search, and a careful study of Mr. Spurgeon's letters, papers, and other literary treasures, a similar declaration can be made with regard to Vol. II. This fact confirms the verdict of various reviewers who have called special attention to the completeness of "The Standard Life" as it has proceeded.

Very recently, further confirmation has come in quite an unexpected way. A gentleman desired to be allowed to see the study at "Westwood," and to present, for publication if desired, one of the dear Pastor's early letters. When he came, it was found that he had been

* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by His WIFE, and his Private Secretary. Vol. III. 1856—1878. 384 pages, Demy 4to. With a great number of Illustrations, including *facsimile* reproductions, in many colours, of pictures sent home from Rome by Mr. SPURGEON. Price, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all booksellers and colporteurs.

familiar with all the notable incidents in Mr. Spurgeon's first years in London, and also, through his father, had been somewhat acquainted with "the boy-preacher's" ministry at Waterbeach; though, singularly, he had not seen the *Autobiography*. As he related, one after the other, his reminiscences of the memorable events which he had long ago witnessed, it was amusing to notice his surprise as he was told, "Yes, it is fully described in Vol. I," or, "Oh, yes! you will find that in Vol. II." He thought that some things which he knew, must be quite unknown to the present generation; and one, in particular, he mentioned, but he was greatly astonished when Vol. II. was opened, and there was pointed out to him the full and accurate account of what happened, to his personal knowledge, more than forty years before!

The present volume slightly overlaps the previous one, and covers the long period from 1856 to 1878. In referring to Mr. Spurgeon's deacons and elders, and other helpers whose work for the Lord was inseparably associated with his own labours, it was necessary to go back a little way so as to make the record of that part of his career complete; and a similar remark applies to the two chapters on "Notable Lectures and Addresses, 1857—1878," and occasional references in other portions of the volume. With those exceptions, the narrative follows closely upon the lines of Vol. II., commencing with a chapter entitled, "The Tabernacle Opened," briefly sketching the first month's services in the new house of prayer. Many will be interested in the view of "C. H. Spurgeon baptizing at the Metropolitan Tabernacle," and also in the description of the ordinance given by such a pronounced Pædo-Baptist as Dr. John Campbell. The chapter concludes with an account of the final disposal of New Park Street Chapel, and a faithful representation of the building as it now is. It may here be mentioned that Vol. III. is even more abundantly illustrated than was Vol. II., and every effort has been made to produce appropriate and artistic pictures of this period of Mr. Spurgeon's eventful life.

Two chapters on "Deacons and Elders; Pastors and Teachers;" contain "the dear Governor's" loving tributes to his church-officers, and many of his reminiscences concerning them which have never before been published. There are also photographic groups of "C. H. Spurgeon and his Deacons, 1856," "Pastors and Deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, 1878," and twenty of the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Elders." The narrative of Mr. Spurgeon's efforts to revive the ancient office of "Teacher" is illustrated by portraits of Pastors John Collins and Thomas Ness, the two brethren who successively and successfully occupied that position until they were called away to other service for their Lord; while a likeness of Mrs. Bartlett is accompanied by the dear Pastor's testimony to the good woman whom he often called his "best deacon."

The record of the appointment of the Co-pastor, J. A. Spurgeon, was copied from the Tabernacle church-book, and this part of the volume was printed before his death on March 22, 1899. The letters to and from him have already been published under his authority, or they might have been regarded as too private to be given to the

world; but it may be well to insert here his brother's explanation of the epistle in which the duties and limitations of his office were described in such very emphatic language. At the special church-meeting, convened for the purpose of electing the Co-pastor, while this letter was being read by one of the deacons, there was evidently a feeling among the members that the terms of it were too strong, and that they seemed to imply a lack of confidence in the young minister who was about to be invited to such an important and responsible post. As soon as the reading was finished, Mr. Spurgeon—who was always quick to gauge the sentiments of any assembly over which he was presiding,—rose and said:—"I will explain to you, dear friends, the reason for this letter. My dear brethren, the deacons, have been suffering from that sad complaint, want of faith; and they have been dreading all sorts of evils which they fear will come unless all manner of safeguards are provided. I have therefore myself written what you have heard read, and I have submitted it to my brother, who approves of every word of it, as I hope you all will." With that explanation, of course the matter was settled; but, in the light of what occurred in 1892 and 1893, the letter has now a greater historic value than the beloved writer of it anticipated at the time.

Chapters LXIII. and LXIV. narrate the most notable of Mr. Spurgeon's successes as a lecturer,—a department of his service which he always made subordinate to his preaching of the gospel. Many interesting incidents are included in this section of the volume; among them, the dear Pastor's own account of how he and the Lord Provost—because they were not provided with tickets,—were refused admission to the City Hall, Glasgow, where he was to give a lecture. Among the utterances of that period, Mr. Spurgeon's declarations concerning dancing, games of chance, war, and kindred topics, are as important in the present day as when they were first spoken. In one place, where old London Bridge is mentioned, a view is given, from the Southwark side, showing the tower adorned with the heads of so-called "traitors", to whom the lecturer made sympathetic allusion.

The illustration, "A Gorilla Lecturing on Mr. Spurgeon," introduces the best account yet published of the Pastor's famous description of "The Gorilla and the Country he Inhabits." This chapter also includes the letter in which some wag attempted to hoax M. Blondin, who was at that time performing at the Crystal Palace. The lecture on "George Fox" was heard by Matthew Arnold, whose description of it duly appears here. Mr. Spurgeon's manuscript notes of his lecture on "Eccentric Preachers" are reproduced in *facsimile*, with his own account of how the seed contained in two half-sheets of notepaper grew into a shilling volume. The origin of another of his popular books, *Sermons in Candles*, is also described; and among the notices of some of his striking speeches is an amusing account of the way in which he turned to a profitable use the singing of a hymn about infant sprinkling at a meeting of Congregationalists which he was asked to address in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

Chapter LXV.,—"Memorable Services at the Tabernacle, 1861—1874,"—commences with a black-bordered page reproducing in *facsimile* the loyal and sympathizing message written by Mr. Spurgeon,

and read to his congregation, on the morning after the Prince Consort's death; and it is followed by the more lengthy tribute paid to "Albert the Good" the next Lord's-day morning. There is an account of the service at the Tabernacle jointly conducted by the Pastor and Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, whose portrait is given; together with autobiographical references to Sermon No. 500, and the discourse delivered when the beloved preacher was forty years of age. This chapter contains stories and anecdotes never before published, and a short summary of "The Baptismal Regeneration Controversy," which recent events have again brought into prominence, for the battle Mr. Spurgeon then fought has to be waged over again now. There are two very special illustrations in this part of the book,— "C. H. Spurgeon as Great-heart," and another, now engraved for the first time,— "C. H. Spurgeon as Gulliver," calmly reclining amid the perturbed Lilliputian host. Here also is related the true story of Mr. Spurgeon's retirement from the Evangelical Alliance and his return to that body in later years; and the chapter ends with a brief record of the services in the Agricultural Hall, with a view of the congregation assembled there, the estimates of which ranged from twelve to twenty-five thousand persons.

Chapter LXVI. consists of "Some Reminiscences of Foreign Travel," by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. *Sword and Trowel* readers will at once guess what a treat is in store for them here, and the following list of illustrations will furnish a clue to at least some parts of the route traversed in those long-ago happy days:—"The Devil's Bridge, St. Gothard Pass;" "The Hotel in Venice where we stayed;" "The Grand Canal, Venice;" "The Great Aletsch Glacier;" "The Marjelen See;" and "The Staubbach and Valley of Lauterbrunnen." Chapter LXVII., entitled, "The Absent Pastor's Care for his Flock," comprises a complete set of pastoral epistles written mainly from Mentone, of which two views are given.

Chapters LXVIII. and LXIX.,—"The Pastors' College, 1861—1878,"—record the adoption of that Institution as part of the work of the Tabernacle Church, and traces its rapid and continuous growth. Pastors Frank H. White, Archibald G. Brown, and C. B. Sawday have contributed most pleasing recollections of the early years of their Alma Mater, together with several of the beloved President's hitherto-unpublished letters to them. Their portraits are all inserted, with a view of the ladies' room at the Tabernacle where the classes were then held. The second chapter contains the likenesses of the early Tutors, with an altogether unique collection of the racy and humorous stories of Mr. Spurgeon and many of the brethren trained by him for the Christian ministry. Among other illustrations, there are the exterior of the College Buildings, and the desk-room in which the later *Lectures to my Students* were delivered, together with a view of the class-room in which the Scientific Lecturer's apparatus was one night destroyed as the result of one of Professor Selway's "experiments." Characteristic letters from Mr. Spurgeon to "Our Own Men" at home and abroad close this chapter.

"The Men that 'Sell the Books,'" is the title of the chapter which gives the true history of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage

Association, which until now has never been made known. This portion of "The Standard Life" proves that, under the blessing of God, both the Colportage Society and the Stockwell Orphanage were originated through Mr. Spurgeon's article in the *Sword and Trowel* for August, 1866, upon "The Holy War of the Present Hour." The illustrations include "The King of the Colporteurs," the Colportage *dépôt*, and a group of colporteurs with the secretary.

Chapter LXXI.,—"A Home for the Fatherless,"—describes the founding of the Orphanage, and contains the letters written by Mrs. Hillyard, offering the £20,000, and explaining how she desired Mr. Spurgeon to employ that large gift for the benefit of fatherless boys. A full-page illustration represents the first interview between the generous donor and the Pastor and Mr. Higgs, which has already resulted in untold blessings to many hundreds of orphans and their widowed mothers. The rise and progress of the Institution are rapidly sketched, with a brief narrative of the most memorable interpositions of Providence for the supply of its needs, and many touching and amusing incidents in connection with various branches of the work are recorded. Portraits of the Trustees and Head-master are inserted, together with views of the Orphanage buildings.

The happy home-life of the beloved Pastor is again referred to in the chapter on "The New 'Helensburgh House,' Nightingale Lane," of which views of the front and back are given, with "A peep at the new garden," and a picture of "Husband and Wife in the Nightingale Lane garden." This portion of the book makes mention of the long and painful illness of Mrs. Spurgeon, and of the tender, loving sympathy of her dear husband. There is a reproduction of a drawing by "Son Tom" when he was sixteen years of age, with a *facsimile* of his father's note concerning it; and there are records of many memorable incidents associated with the new house and the neighbourhood. The tree on Clapham Common, under which Mr. Spurgeon preached after a man had been killed there by lightning, is here shown; and portraits of Mr. J. L. Keys and "Old George" are given, with some of the dear Pastor's kind words concerning both of them.

Two chapters entitled, "A Traveller's Letters Home," will probably delight almost all readers as much as anything else in the volume. They consist of extracts from the correspondence which Mr. Spurgeon sent to interest and cheer his suffering wife during his journey to Rome, Naples, and Pompeii, and they are illustrated by means of the photographs which he forwarded with the letters. There are no less than twenty-two illustrations in these two chapters; and Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons have proved what beautiful effects they can produce by making *facsimiles* of a very striking series of coloured photographs purchased by the dear Pastor in Rome, and carefully preserved for more than a quarter of a century. These brilliant pictures will make this volume specially attractive.

Next follows a chapter on "Mutual Love between Pastor and People," which contains a copy of the illuminated address presented to Mr. Spurgeon on the completion of the twenty-first year of his ministry in London. Then comes another series of traveller's letters in the chapter entitled, "A Holiday Drive to the New Forest." This

also is plentifully illustrated from the photographs sent home to the sick wife, and includes one of the dear Pastor taken on his thirty-ninth birthday. It is one of the choicest chapters in the whole volume; and is succeeded by two, written by Pastor Charles Spurgeon, under the title, "Memories of my Father." The twin-sons are represented at various ages from about seven to twenty-one, and in one group they appear in company with their dear mother. This portion of "The Standard Life" reveals Mr. Spurgeon's love as a father, and many of his precious parental letters are included, together with illustrations of various places and events in which he and his sons were associated.

Our space is exhausted, so we can only mention the titles of the closing chapters of Vol. III.,—"Later Literary Works," "Pure Fun," "Preaching in the Open Air," "Converts and Enquirers," and "Miscellaneous Letters." Orders for the volumes and monthly parts should be given at once to booksellers or colporteurs, or sent to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

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

COMMON things and places are often sanctified and made glorious by a glimpse and revelation of God's presence and power. That bush in the wilderness, at which Moses gazed with such admiring awe, was, doubtless, a very ordinary shrub till the Lord touched it, and it blazed with fire, and became a "great sight." Very insignificant are the two points of carbon used in the installation of some electric lights, but when, through these, there flashes the mysterious current of electricity, they emit a radiance which attracts us by its beauty, and changes the aspect of all our surroundings.

After this manner it was that the pierhead of a notable, though unfashionable seaboard town on the South East coast, became to me a sacred spot, a glimpse of the "Heavenly places in Christ Jesus," since it was there I experienced one of those blessed upliftings and enlightenments with which the Lord sometimes favours His people. I will try to tell you about it.

Many of you know that, after two years' continuous and anxious work, I had so far expended my small strength that a complete rest became imperative. So, last month, I went for a few days to the quaint, quiet, antiquated place which stretches for a very considerable length along the shore of a really live sea;—a sea so bright, and alert, and busy, that it always seems to me to be saying, "I have much work to do, and must do it quickly." It never goes away so far, even at low tide, that you have to look over long reaches of sand, and shingle, and seaweed, and wonder if it will ever come back again;—on the contrary, it recedes but a comparatively short distance, and sings its outgoing and inflowing songs almost at the very doors of the houses on the beach. How it thunders in the time of storm, and laughs at the blast of the hurricane;—how its waves leap and lift up their hands to welcome the oncoming tempest;—I can but

imagine, I have only seen it sunlit and sparkling; or, at most, in squally weather, restless and agitated.

Well, to this beautiful, beckoning sea I went, hoping for restoration of mental and physical strength, through God's blessing on its invigorating breath. I had been waiting by its side but a day or two, when my depression of spirit,—my nervous anxiety concerning the work done, and that still to be accomplished,—my fears lest there should be a complete failure of my funds,—were all scattered to the winds, and I was delivered from my painful bondage. One fine day, though the wind was very rough and blustering, we ventured to the end of the pier, and established ourselves there for the morning, taking books to read, and correspondence to be examined, as we sat in the sunshine and inhaled the pure ozone. For a while, as I listlessly opened and read my batch of letters, I was childish enough to form each envelope into the semblance of a little boat, and toss it into the sea. The high wind caught them just at the right angle, and presently there was quite a small fleet of tiny white ships bobbing up and down upon the sparkling waves. Oh! if I had known what a grand surprise and solace awaited me at the bottom of my bag, I should not have spent my time in so foolish a fashion. But I took the last letter in my hand without a thought or premonition of the great blessing the dear Lord had there provided for me. It contained a cheque for *one hundred pounds*, from a loving friend who had read the paragraph in "My Work-room" of the previous month, and who, in the most tender way, said it was "to be used at my pleasure in the various works entrusted to my hands by the Lord."

You may be sure there were no more "boats" made after that! Jealous lest the wind should snatch away my treasure, I promptly clasped my bag, and, with a deep awe in my heart, I told my faithful companion of the wonderful thing which had happened. "What an answer to prayer," she said, "how beautiful!" "Yes," I replied, "and I *must* sing the Doxology;" and sing it we did, softly, it is true, but none the less heartily and solemnly; and it seemed as if the Lord came very close to me that morning, and said, "So you thought I had forgotten you, faithless one; how could you be so foolish and ungrateful? The thousands of pounds which are needed to rebuild My House of Prayer are but the 'small dust' of the treasures of which I am Owner and Master! How easily supplied, then, are the lackings of your little bits of work! Have I not graciously helped and sustained you these many years, and are you going to doubt My pity and My power now?"

What I felt, that morning, cannot be described, but the words of Job, after the Lord had reasoned with him, aptly suited my heart and lips, "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."

There was a large concert-room on the pier, as is usual in such places; and while I was in the midst of my enraptured experience of the Lord's goodness to me, I lifted up my eyes, and saw inscribed

over one of the entrances these words,—“Licensed for music, singing, and dancing.” Had not the Lord given me a full and free license and right to be merry at heart that morning? So I went in (the room was, of course, quite empty), and there and then my soul indulged itself in all three symbols of sacred mirth and triumph, for He had put a new song in my mouth, and music into my life, and given wings to the feet of my service! The waves danced for joy, the boisterous wind caught up the notes of my praise, the sea-gulls echoed it as they circled round and round; and I sat there, happy, humbled, overwhelmed by a sense of the undeserved goodness of the Lord. He it was who inclined my dear friend to send me so large a mercy; and since then, other loving helpers have felt the same tender pressure of His hand upon their hearts, gently persuading them to entrust me with the means for the carrying on of my work. To His Name be all the praise and glory; and to them, for the swift doing of His will, I offer my warmest gratitude and love.

* * * *

It is but seldom that I permit the annals of the Pastors' Aid Fund to creep into the pages of the Magazine, though, in fact, that branch of my work is one of the most important and helpful of all the activities exercised in the Work-room. The following letter gives the story of a Christmas parcel, and will be sure to interest my readers, as manifesting the ministry of comfort and care which the Pastors' Aid carries so constantly into the homes of the Lord's tried servants.

“Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,” says the writer, “I have been longing to write to you, but for three weeks serious illness has prevented me, and even now my hand is so crippled by rheumatism that I can scarcely hold the pen. I asked my husband not to write, as I wished so much to thank you myself for the very delightful surprise you gave us at Christmas; and though the delay has been longer than I expected, I feel sure you will pardon it now you know the reason.

“When your parcel arrived, my husband came to my bedside, and said, ‘My dear, here is something for you, and it looks as if it came from Mrs. Spurgeon; shall I open it?’ I bade him do so, greatly wondering what it could contain. Presently, there were disclosed a packet of tea, some Sermons, two Almanacks, a letter, and two cards. My husband read the letter, in which, among other pleasant things, you said you had sent ‘a little present.’ We both appreciated your kind thought for us, and my husband took one of the cards, presenting me with the other. When I opened mine, I caught sight of something folded up inside; and, in a moment, I recalled that, once before, you had so dearly enriched us, so I cried out joyfully to my husband, ‘Oh, my dear! mine is the best, mine is the best;’ and I waved the £5 note before his eyes! Do you wonder that happy tears ran down our faces, and that then we praised God together? Dear Mrs. Spurgeon, you are indeed a kind and generous friend to us, and we can only pray that He who said, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive,’ will grant to you a double portion of that happiness you confer upon others. Notwithstanding that I have been in weakness and pain, we have had a joyful Christmas, and we begin the New

Year with lighter hearts than we had dared to hope for. You set for us the music to that 'new song' you bade us sing on the first Sabbath of this year, and we hope to continue singing it to the end. We love the dear Almanack, so full of good things; and we are learning, like the little sparrows at 'Westwood,' 'the wisdom of waiting, the joy of dependence, and the certainty of being fed.'

"Once more, accept our united hearty thanks for your many, many kindnesses, and last, but not least, for the parcel which so gladdened our hearts at Christmas, 1898.—Yours very gratefully, ———."

S. S.

Lessons from Lighthouses.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

BRETHREN beloved, a heaven-born hush is on our hearts. Death has been busy amongst us. It has thinned our ranks, and removed a leader. When the London brethren met, it was reported that three of our number had gone to be with Jesus. Shortly afterwards, another brother—one of our comrades in America,—was "at home with the Lord." "These all died in faith." A little later, with sad and startling suddenness, the summons came to one who for many long years had been intimately and honourably associated with the Pastors' College and its Conference. Early opportunity will be afforded for an expression of appreciation of the services of the late Vice-President, Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, and for recording our heartfelt sympathy with those from whom he was so suddenly snatched away. His last Sunday-morning text was, "We preach Christ crucified." "So he went over to the other side." Only ten days ago, there came a post to our brotherhood again, and his business was with Professor Marchant, late Acting-Principal of the College. The last entry in his diary was, "O Jesus, I still need Thy atonement and mediation." "So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." We are indeed bereaved! Just when we were congratulating ourselves that the ranks were almost unbroken, the shafts flew thick, and laid many low. All but one of the seven have died this year. And the war, from which there is no discharge, still rages. Towards each of us an arrow hastens; when will it reach its mark? "God knoweth." May we be ready also! Well may our hearts be hushed. God has spoken to us; He is still speaking. He has called us to attention, that we may catch His veriest whisper. I charge you, my brethren, listen to Him, as if you knew this Conference would be your last. I charge my lips to speak, as if they ne'er might speak again.

Brethren, these are solemn, stirring times in which we live. They are perilous times, as well. Great movements are on foot, interesting experiments are being tried, and, alas! strange doctrines are being proclaimed. The signs of the times are worth noting, and Baptists have never been the last to discern them. To the consideration of

matters relating to the so called revival of Ritualism, we are to devote an entire morning, led by some of our ablest brethren.

I have deemed it best to touch slightly on certain of the things that make for our efficiency in the Christian ministry. Nothing is more requisite and appropriate than a word of cheer from one weary worker to another. Let us take counsel together concerning our great life-work, to gain, if may be, a truer conception of its opportunities and responsibilities. God grant that we may discover also the potentialities of faith and zeal, when linked with the omnipotence of God!

You have, for four years already, so kindly received my object-lessons, that I am disinclined to quit my custom. Of this fifth address, also, I shall have to say, "I have used similitudes." Truth may be advantageously "embodied in a tale."

I propose, once more, to go "down to the sea." "Salt is good,"—provided it has not lost its savour. The savour of the Saviour will, I trust, be with us. May He who walked by the side of the sea, and *on* it, too, speak to us as we roam the rocks, and climb the cliffs, and inspect the lonely watch-towers which sentinel the coast! It is with these latter that we shall have to do. Our work is akin to theirs,— "to give light, and to save life;" and they set us (as we shall see) a bright example, in not a few respects.

I must not trouble you with the history of lighthouses, deeply interesting though it is. It will be well, however, to trace their long connection with religion. "The Etruscans," it is said, "began by maintaining watch-fires on sacred stones. Their Pharos was an altar, and a temple." The Libyan fire-towers of Lower Egypt were used as temples, and each was dedicated to a divinity. "The mariner, who naturally held them in great respect, enriched them with his votive offerings."

I fear as much cannot be said for the famous Pharos of Alexandria, nor for the Roman lighthouses on Albion's shores, whose remains are still with us; but it is noticeable that when, after the decay of the Roman power, the fires were rekindled, the humane work was done by monks and hermits. The little chapels perched on lonely rocks in dangerous proximity to the restless surge were the abodes of abbots who fed the friendly fires. "The maintenance of sea-lights was, in mediæval England, a religious office." The dissolution of the monasteries had this ill result (there were not many),—the seamen's signals were quenched. Alas! for the mariners when the beacons were extinguished. Stormy winds and resistless currents, jagged reefs and treacherous shoals, devoured their prey without let or hindrance. Harbours there were, but lights there were none. See here an emblem of a Godless, Christless, hopeless world,—men sailing on, with not only rocks and storms to threaten them, but pirates and wreckers, too! Oh, for the guiding rays of God's benignant light!

When the beacons were lit again, their fitful flames blazed from the summits of the towers and steeples of parish churches near the coast. So steeples have been useful in their time.

It was, I fancy, in the reign of James I.,—that most high and mighty prince of blessed memory,—that there was instituted in Deptford Church a guild, dedicated to the Trinity, whose task it was

to see to the welfare of mariners. The Trinity House of to-day, a rich and powerful corporation, which has control of all English light-houses, was originally a religious Institution. Its officials are still called Elder Brethren. This is irresistibly suggestive. We, too, are brethren; we, too, belong to a guild dedicated to the Trinity; we, too, are entrusted with the care of voyagers.

Of the deep darkness of sin and sinners we know somewhat, for such were some, nay, all of us. But Jesus gave us light. Since then it has been our one endeavour to gladden others with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Our Conference is held that we may learn how to display the light to the best advantage. Hear your former leader for a moment:—"Navigation would be dangerous indeed were it not for the lights which stud our shores. What would the sailors say if it were proposed to put them all out, or to shift their places? What wrecks might come out of one night's neglect of the lanterns! O Christians, see to it that the true gospel is not given up by you! Keep to the old truths which in ages past have saved the souls of men. Take care that the light of your teaching and example never grows dim. Men look to you for guidance; never let their ruin be laid at your door. We are each one set up in our own place on the coast of this mortal life, that by our light we may save men. Oh, for grace to be faithful in a service so honourable and so Christlike!" Thus C. H. Spurgeon spake to ordinary Christians. With what emphasis he would have applied the words to ministers! P. P. Bliss's simple hymn puts it truly,—

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save."

I. IT IS THE PARAMOUNT DUTY OF LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPERS TO MAINTAIN AND EXHIBIT THE LIGHT.

1. *It is our privilege to expound the Scriptures.* We believe them to be the very Word of God. God is Light, therefore His Word is as a light shining in a dark place. We are to hold *it* forth, which may be a very different thing from "holding forth" about it. Let us honour and trust the Bible itself; it is "a most wondrous Book," it is "the bright candle of the Lord." LET IT SHINE! We have all too little Bible-reading, and Bible-teaching. What need have we of other text-books? If their light is true, it is derived hence; if it be false, away with it forthwith. "To the law, and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them."

"Stars are poore bookes, and oftentimes do misse;
This Book of starres lights to eternal bliss."

Lift high the blessed volume. Believe it, and believe *in it*. Let its beaming summit crown every headland. Have a "thus saith the Lord" for every sermon. To this end we must love the Word ourselves. "Is your Bible worn?" is a sentence that recently met my

eye. I found it was the enquiry of an enterprising book-binder. May I put it to you with a higher meaning? "Is *your* Bible worn?" If so, it is certain that the glory which gilds the sacred page, "majestic, like the sun," flashes from your pulpit throne. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light."

2. As spiritual lighthouse-keepers, *we must preach Christ and Him crucified*. A discourse without Jesus is a Pharos without a flame. HE is the gospel. The truth is "in Him," we have eternal life "in Him," in Him "we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Christ is the all and in all of the gospel. Preach Him, and you preach it. What a gospel it is,—the gospel of the glory of the blessed God! It is a lighthouse gospel. Its eye is not dim, nor its natural force abated. How majestically it towers above all systems of religion, and substitutes for religion; how serenely it withstands the assaults of raging foes; how radiantly it beams on all who would be blessed! Dear old Dr. Cuyler writes thus enthusiastically of a gospel he has tried and proved:—

"Like the treacherous signal-boats that are stationed by wreckers off an ironbound coast, the shifting systems of false religions are continually changing their places. Like them, they attract only to bewilder, and allure only to destroy. The unwary mariner follows them with a trembling uncertainty, and only finds out where he is when he feels his ill-fated vessel crashing into a thousand fragments. But how different from these floating and delusive systems is the unchanging gospel of Christ, which stands forth like the towering lighthouse of Eddystone, with its beacon blaze streaming far out over the midnight sea! The angry waves, through many a long year, have rolled in, thundering against its base; the winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern: *but there it stands*. Year after year, the storm-stricken mariner looks out for its star-like light. It is the first object that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is the last he beholds, long after his native land has sunk beneath the evening wave. So is it with the unchanging gospel of Christ. While other systems rise and fall, and pass into nothingness, this gospel (like its immutable Author) is 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'"

3. Another of our instructions is, *to emphasize definite doctrine, especially the doctrines of grace*. I am well aware that, by so doing, we shall lay ourselves open to all manner of charges. Doctrine—clear-cut definite doctrine—is a relic of the dark ages. Because Christianity is not creed, therefore Christianity must be without creed. You may "sit under" some modern ministers for a year and more without having an opportunity to know what they believe. They are as invertebrate as "the boneless man." Unfortunately, they are sufficiently numerous to be no longer curiosities. *We* are the curiosities who still venture to "dogmatize", as they say. A secular newspaper spake thus, not long ago, concerning one of our most popular divines:—"He has no theological prejudices. This is the secret of his success in an age that hugs itself on its toleration." This witness is true; but what a witness for the world to bear of the Church! True, the world

compliments the Church on its toleration, and hugs it, too; but I ween that, in its heart, it despises a lightless lighthouse.

We confess to having some "theological prejudices." We believe in the doctrine of the corruption of the human heart,—so we flash it forth. We believe that God is angry with the wicked every day, and that He will by no means clear the guilty. We believe, and are sure, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. We know that He was manifested to take away our sins; and in Him is no sin. We are convinced that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures,—that He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. We believe that He suffered, not as a martyr, but as a Substitute; not to set an example, but to provide a ransom. We are persuaded that there is life for a look at the Crucified One, and that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. We know also that salvation is not of works, but of grace,—sovereign, eternal, unmerited grace. We hold that Jesus will preserve the sheep whom the Father has given Him. We have received the truth that "whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified." It is significant that, after enumerating these doctrines, the apostle says,—as if he anticipated opposition,—"What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Of all doctrines, we are perhaps most tempted to shun those whose solemn threatenings grate on the natural ear. On that very account they need emphasizing. The Church is on the wrong track in seeking to make religion pleasant to the unregenerate. Our work is to prick men in their heart, and to make them cry in desperation, "Men, and brethren, what shall we do?" We are set to warn, to rebuke, to exhort. A ministry that does not touch the conscience, or reveal "the hidden depths of many a heart," or call up the sins of former years, is a mockery.

You dear old Tabernacle pulpit, so long as the late beloved President occupied it, was like the ancient cresset whose glowing coals warned of danger. Faithful admonition was as conspicuous as earnest entreaty. The God-instructed minister became a revealer of secrets, till many said to him, "Who told you all about me?" A believer from the country, waiting once under the portico, was surprised to see a man from the same village ascending the steps,—a man of whom he never supposed it possible that he would go to hear Spurgeon. Having expressed his astonishment, all he got for answer was,—and it was said in a tone of unfeigned solemnity,—"Every man has his own tale told here." If all the truth were known, it would be found that the Godless countryman was *often* in the great congregation, strangely fascinated by the fact that here was a man who told him all things that ever he did. Brethren, we are not sufficiently personal. We fear to offend men, and so offend God. What is the good of us if, knowing the terrors of the Lord, we do not persuade men? Flash out your reddest ray, my brother, when barques are driving towards the "rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked." "He does

wickedly who does not show the right to one who is wrong. By such negligence a soul may be cast away."

4. *Nor must we fail to maintain the ordinances.* There are but two,—baptism, and the Lord's supper, but the light of them is like unto the light of that great city, the holy Jerusalem; even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. To what "Fair Havens" these lights direct. They are as the leading towers at the mouth of the river of God. They are also the harbour lights of the Church. But they must be straightly steered for, and kept in line. Neither must be ignored. To me, it is a thing most strange that even Baptists set such little store by the ordinance that gives them their distinctive title. I am not in love with the title, but I prize the ordinance. I see not that we have a right to exist as a separate denomination unless we insist on believers' baptism as a condition of church-membership. Do any of us sufficiently emphasize Christ's will with regard to baptism? I know we are already charged with making too much of it. The charge is unfounded. We do not make enough of it till we make as much of it as Jesus did. This is one of the matters in which a somewhat abused enquiry is appropriate, "What would Jesus do?" There is no room for doubt. It is certain that, were He still amongst us, He would say, as He did aforetime, "Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Trim this lamp, my brother. Conduct Christians into obedience and assurance.

As to the Lord's supper, I fear it is not as prized as it deserves to be. In how many of our churches is it celebrated weekly? Let it be administered with utmost simplicity. The sublime simplicity of the ordinance is marred by man's mummery. The Romanist declares it to be a sacrament and a sacrifice. The Ritualist murmurs, "Amen." The table is an altar, and the bread is the host, and there is holy water, and incense, and other nonsense,—

"As if the pomp of rituals, and the savour
Of gums and spices, could the Unseen please;
As if His ear could bend, with childish favour,
To the poor flattery of the organ keys."

The clear shining of gospel truth has been absorbed by the coloured glass of priestly inventions. Nor has this been accomplished suddenly. Protestants have seen it going on, but the Protestants of to-day do not protest against anything, except protesting. True, there has been a little stir recently;—God grant it may not prove too late! What is better than these spurts is a steady and unanimous outcry against Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism; against the abomination of auricular confession, and the blasphemy of absolution. Meanwhile, let us make quite sure that our own churches are free of the mild Ritualism which is beginning to find favour. I am fearful of these elaborate services, and ecclesiastical furnishings. One of the best ways to protest against Ritualism is to abstain from every appearance of the evil.

To the memorial feast, then, let us gently urge our members. Invite the tempted, and the tried, and the penitent believer to this

refreshing meal. Is it not Christ's own souvenir? If we forget it, we may forget Him.

5. *There is special need just now that the sanctity of the Lord's-day be insisted upon.* Pearls were never so precious as they are to-day, yet "the Pearl of days" is being trampled under foot. What dangers threaten the State if this beacon is quenched or shrouded! We must speak out on this matter, and *act* out, too. Many who are now contending for the Day of Rest are at great pains to make it evident that they are agitating on social rather than on religious grounds, and even ministers of the gospel are careful to declare that they do not advocate a Puritanic Sabbath. But a Puritanic Sabbath is by no means so much to be dreaded as is the roystering Sunday of France. Let us take higher ground, and fearlessly declare that it is a sin against God, as well as against man, to disregard the Christian Sabbath! All true Christians will, of course, refrain from countenancing a newspaper—howsoever wedded to its politics and style they may be—which deliberately issues an uncalled-for Sunday edition. Of course, Christian newsagents will refuse, at all hazards, to distribute literature on the sacred day, and Christian churches will respectfully decline to have their services announced—though the advertisement is free—in a journal whose very existence tells against the churches and their teaching. I say *of course* these practical protests will be made; but will they? We shall see. If it be true, as Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid has said, that "the Sunday daily paper is a direct and wanton attack on the Christian principle of avoiding all save compulsory work on Sundays, and an audacious attempt to secularize the one Day of Rest for which the British race has triumphantly contended," then we must not only nod assent to the declaration, but must make some sacrifice to maintain the sanctity of the day inviolate.

6. It further belongs to our care to *keep a signal burning over the fatal reef of intemperance.* We must spare no sin, but since it is abundantly evident that "the drink" is at the bottom of most mischief, we must be specially faithful with regard to it. Do what we will, these cruel rocks will slay their thousands, but *we* must be clear of the victims' blood. We must not only declare that no drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God, but that it is the duty and privilege of the child of God to deny himself for others' sakes. Ah, me! the thousands that are going to wreck and ruin through this curse. It is a Wolf Rock, verily! The wreckers are at their fiendish work. Every glaring gin-palace is a wreckers' light; every grocer's license is another. I venture to think that the poet did not speak too strongly when he said,—

"Ha! see where the wild-blazing grog-shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell;
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years,—
The horrible lighthouse of hell!"

Here, then, are some of the duties of the Church and its ministers. Here are certain of the lights which we are bound to maintain. To keep the signal shining is often all that we can do. The keeper of the South Stack light once said to one of our number, "All we can do is

to show the light." It is so with us, sometimes; no further effort is possible. In that case, our responsibility ends. Happy are we, however, if we can throw out the life-line, or launch the life-boat. Happier still are we, if our wives and daughters aid us in the task. There have been several Grace Darlings on our storm-beaten coast. There are many more in Christian enterprise.

Oh, for more firm lighthouses, and for more faithful keepers! The coast of France is so well provided, that the light of one house meets that of the next, thus forming "a girdle of potent flames, which inter-cross their rays, and blend them with one another." Would God it were so with the gospel the world around!

"The lighthouse, founded on a rock,
Casts o'er the floods its radiant eye,
Firm amidst Ocean's heaviest shock,
Serene beneath the stormiest sky.

"Tho' winds and waters rage and foam,
Tho' darkness lowers, like Egypt's night,
Here peace and safety find a home;
In this small Goshen there is light.

"Nor for itself it stands alone;
The seaman's friend, it shines from far,
As tho' an angel from the throne
Came down to be his leading star.

"It warns to shun the breakers near,
Smooth into port the vessel guides,
Points where a wider course to steer,
Shows how to 'scape conflicting tides.

"Thus, built upon eternal truth,
High in mid-heaven, o'er land and sea,
Christ's Church holds forth to age and youth
A beacon and a sanctuary."

(To be concluded next month.)

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LXV.—PASTOR W. F. PRICE, PAIGNTON, SOUTH DEVON.

BROTHER PRICE sprang from a good sturdy Baptist stock on both sides of his parentage. His father's family was, for several generations, closely connected with the village church at Sutton-on-Trent, whilst the family of his mother was similarly associated with the church at Newark in the same county of Nottingham. His great-grandfather was a deacon of that church for many years, and other relations have been prominent in the work of the district.

Our friend was born on June 10, 1858, upon a spot notable in missionary history,—Park Street, Nottingham, just opposite the chapel where William Carey preached his famous sermon from Isaiah liv. 2, 3, with its two memorable divisions,—(1) *Expect great things from God*, and (2) *Attempt great things for God*,—the discourse which resulted in the formation of "The Particular Baptist Society for

Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen." There were "Particular Baptists" in those days; would that the Baptists of the present time were more "particular" than they are, both in creed and conduct! When Brother Price was two years of age, he lost his father by death,—his young mother, not then twenty-one, being left with an infant son and a babe unborn. Three years after, his mother married again, but most unhappily, as it proved; then followed a long series of wanderings and removals amongst the various towns of Nottingham and Yorkshire; but, alas! during all this time, the lad was receiving little or no education, and at nine years of age was sent to work in a lace factory, where he toiled from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. for the liberal wage of half-a-crown a week!



Mr. Price confesses that he was a boy of most daring and venturesome disposition; and, in consequence, he had many narrow escapes from death by drowning and various accidents. At the age of fifteen, a dash of romance entered the life of the lad. He ran away from Nottingham, and went to Liverpool, intending to go to sea, and work his passage out to Canada; but this scheme failed. Leaving Liverpool, he made his way to a village in the Peak of Derbyshire, where he

found employment as a navvy in a clay pit. This occupation was terminated by an alarming accident; through the breaking of a chain, he was precipitated down the pit, falling sixty feet or more, and was very severely injured.

This, in the providence of God, led to one of the greatest blessings of his life, for he then went to live with his godly grandfather at Newark. Here, on Sundays, he went to chapel with the family, and was thus brought under Christian influences. At that time, the church was without a pastor, and the pulpit was being supplied by Mr. G. C. Williams, of Nottingham, who afterwards entered the Pastors' College, and is now in the United States. Through this brother's earnest ministry, young Price was led to Christ, and baptized. Soon after this important event, he removed to Sheffield, where he found employment in the flour-milling and corn trade. Joining the church at Townhead Street, he began a course of hard study, and engaged in Christian work of various kinds. As a student at the People's College, he sought to acquire education. This was greatly needed; for, at the time of his conversion, he could scarcely write his own name; but, being passionately fond of reading, he laid in a good stock of general information, which has been useful to him ever since. Cottage and open-air meetings and Temperance work also claimed a good share of his attention. Townhead Street is near to a locality which is largely inhabited by Romanists; and there, while speaking in the open air, the young preacher was sometimes pelted with stones and filth.

About this time, he joined with a few other workers in opening and carrying on a mission-room at Walkley, which has since developed into a thriving and vigorous church under the pastoral care of another of "Our Own Men," Pastor A. G. Haste. So far, Mr. Price had no idea of devoting himself wholly to the ministry. When, however, he had reached the age of twenty-one, the door into a pastorate opened in a most marvellous and unexpected way, for he suddenly found himself asked to take charge of the Frithelstock group of village churches in North Devon. Up to that time, he had only preached occasionally at ordinary services, and felt himself quite unequal to the work; but, at the end of a month's probation, he was cordially invited to undertake the work for a year; and, with much fear and trembling, mingled with faith and hope, he became a village pastor.

The churches were in a most deplorable state; there had been no conversions or additions for many years; and two of them had almost stopped working. But the young minister bravely bent his back to the burden, and plodded on with energy and enthusiasm, and God gave the blessing. In the course of his three years' ministry, many were converted and baptized, two of the chapels were renovated, the whole work was filled with fresh vigour, and received a new lease of life. During this period, the writer of this sketch was frequently a co-worker with Mr. Price in evangelistic services, and rejoiced with him in the blessed results that followed.

Then there came a great and important change in our brother's history. Feeling his need of a better education, and sadly deploring all he had missed in his youth, he applied to the late beloved President of the Pastors' College for admission into that Institution.

His request was granted, and, in August, 1883, he took his place as a son of "Our Alma Mater." At the end of two years, family circumstances made it necessary for him to leave College, and settle as a pastor. This he did, in September, 1885, when he became the writer's successor at Dolton, North Devon. Soon after his settlement there, a season of depression commenced; families moved away, old friends of the church "fell asleep," the population decreased, and the work was very hard; but "the Lord was with him," and souls were added unto the church. During his Dolton pastorate, Mr. Price was Secretary to the North Devon Baptist Association; this office brought him into contact with many other churches in the county, and he conducted services and gave lectures in various places.

Six years were profitably spent at Dolton, when our friend was, in a very hearty manner, invited to the pastorate of the church at Paignton, South Devon. In this new and rapidly-rising town on the shores of Torbay, Mr. Price now preaches and works for his Master. The church, when he came to it, was only five years old; and, already, the young life had been much tossed about. It needed a stout heart and a strong faith to undertake the responsibilities of the position; but these the pastor had. Difficulties met him; but he boldly faced them, and they fell before him; for, still, "the Lord was with him." During his seven years at Paignton, the church has been firmly established in the confidence and esteem of the town, congregations now fill the chapel, and the membership has grown from thirty to nearly the apostolic number of "a hundred and twenty." The building is too small, the school premises inadequate and inconvenient, especially for such a growing sea-side town. Both pastor and people have now to face the heavy task of providing a sanctuary suitable to the needs of the prosperous work and of the neighbourhood in which it is carried on. Visitors to Paignton will do well to brighten their holiday by helping on the good cause. In the summer season, they will find Mr. Price each morning on the sands with the young people around him; and he will be specially cheered if all who can will join in those services, and leave with him their contributions for the Building Fund.

A. A. HARMER.

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

V.—MAY REVERIES.

WHEN pansies, black and purple, saffron and cream, make brave show in country gardens, and lilies of the valley shed their delicate perfume, then dear old people come forth from the ark of their seclusion where they have been "shut in" from frost and flood, and they again bask in the Spring sunshine, or slowly walk down the village street, stopping often to inhale the fragrance of cottage flowers, and to look with delight upon the sprouting herb.

A May morning is not without pathos as these survivals of Winter's storms creep forth into the balmy air. Some of them remind one of

patched-up wrecks slowly sailing through home waters with a smooth sea. Here is an old man. He is bent and wheezy. All the Winter long, he has been laid by with bronchitis. Once, he was among the strongest. But exposure and hard living have told at last. On this May morning, he is like an unhasped gate with a rusty hinge. His life just creaks on. He has a way of saying, "Thank'ee," if you quote to him a promise out of the Holy Book. Suppose we call up a visit when the North wind was blowing, and the fine snow was mingling with the March dust. You would have to mount a rheumatic stairway, which groaned every time it was touched. When you had reached the little room, you would need to look about for a chair. The old man, when well enough, sits on a long box by the fire. What the box contains, no one knows. It is the only mystery Job Wright owns. The widow who shares the house with the lonely man, hints that her landlord is not so poor as he looks. But village gossip has a habit of distributing small fortunes to unlikely people.

"Well, Master Wright, how are you to-day?"

"Thank'ee, not so patient as I ought to be. Doctor says I marn't get up while this wind lasts. I want to sit on my box by the fire; but doctor says, 'No, Job; ye be patient, like yer Bible namesake.' A lot he knows about my Bible namesake. Got more o' Gorliar about him than Job, I reckon."

"But, Wright, if you cannot get up, you need not get down. The doctor no doubt knows your constitution, and he certainly knows your complaint."

"Yes, my complaint's as well known as Master Sharp, the parish constable. It's taken me up pretty often, and it'll take me off at last. Doctor know my constitution? Why, my constitution has turned my complaint out-o'-doors many a time, only—it won't go away. I knew a man who turned his wife out-o'-doors. *She* never came back. I only wish my complaint would do that; I wouldn't send after it."

The old man chuckled and coughed till we feared he would choke.

"Is this your Bible, Wright?" we ask, at length. "It seems to be pretty well used."

"Ah, that was a wonderful Bible once! It was the chapel Bible. My grandfather was a member of the Lower Meetin'. He built the chapel on our green, and gave that Bible. When he died, my father kept on the chapel and the farm. I've heard many wonderful sermons out o' that Book. I remember a parson coming once, but he couldn't find his text; the leaf was gone. But, bless yer, he had it, chapter and warse, all right. He says, 'Friends, it ain't in this Bible; but you can find it in your own if yours ain't all to pieces.'

"After that, they got a new Bible for the desk, and I had the old one."

"How long ago was that, Wright?"

"Fifty years quite," the ancient answered.

"Then you have taken great care of it, if it was all to pieces when you had it. Have you read it much?"

"Not so much as I ought;" and the old man sighed.

"What shall we read, my friend?"

"Well, sir, I ken always get on with the thirty-fourth Psalm: 'This

poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' ”

So we read, “I will bless the Lord at all times.”

“Thank’ee,” said the old man.

Then verse after verse would be received in silence.

“I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.”

“Thank’ee,” came again.

“The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.”

“Thank’ee, thank’ee,” exclaims the invalid.

After a time, we rise to go. “I ha’ been a werry perverse man,” says old Job, at parting; “but the Lord ain’t done with me yet. He’s shut me up here, and He says, ‘Wright, you ain’t got wife nor child. You’re lone, and old, and poor; if ye don’t fall back on Me, ye ain’t got nothin’ else.’ ”

Now, Job leans upon his staff in the May sunshine. We quote his favourite Psalm, at the 19th verse, “Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.”

“Thank’ee,” says he.

* * * *

But here comes another invalid, very slowly making her way between the fragrant hedgerows. Her life is as full of perfume as a Spring morning. Her circumstances are as uncongenial as a slum to the growth of flowers. Yet her graces flourish like a box of mignonette on a London house-top. She is as inflexible in principle as she is beautiful in character. The tone of the latter has probably been gained through the process which has given temper to the former. As a conscience which desires to be void of offence towards God comes into collision with natural affections, the gracious outcome of such a struggle is seen in the growth of pity, patience, and prayerfulness. When this eminent saint of an obscure neighbourhood was converted, she ceased to care to listen to a parson who answered to Tennyson’s description,—

“Bummin’ awaäy loike a buzzard clock ower my yead.”

The said parson, however, was very jealous when any of the sheep strayed from the fold of “Mother Church” in the direction of the pens of Dissent. He thought the sheep would lose its very nature, and become a goat, in such company. So the clerical mind was pained; and clerical zeal aroused the husband, who was a dutiful member of a church which he attended once in three months! Penalties were threatened. The children were taken from the mother’s control. She was treated as the vilest of the vile, to be shunned as a “schismatic” who could not be burned “because the law of the land overrides the more wholesome law of the Church.”

Years went on,—years of mean persecution; but her resolution remained like a rock. She had dared to join a Baptist church, which had a branch-chapel in her village. Holy was her life, and soothing the words from her lips, till there was no one more welcome at the bedside of the sick than this woman who had been loyal to her

convictions through great tribulation. But the cleric still abhorred her, nor would clerical lips move in prayer while she was present. Though she smoothed dying pillows, and sweetly showed to the wistful and heavy-laden the way to Him who could give them rest, when the State-appointed shepherd was ushered in, this "mother in Israel" was asked to step into the passage, and wait till the clerical visit came to an end. She submitted to this humiliation twice; but, ever after, if she and the vicar came into collision, she went her way homeward at once.

Painfully, on this lovely May morning, she walks abroad; her soul in harmony with the open flowers, the clear heaven, and the beaming sun; for, though the body has become a clog, the spirit soars, and though the face is drawn with pain, she, as one of the King's daughters, is "all glorious within."

* * * *

Since October took the Summer's place as keeper of the borders, more than one dweller of the countryside has been beckoned over the marge and away. The return of Spring is like the end of a long campaign. Winter has fought and conquered many, slaying more in his retreat than in his advance. The young and unlikely, as well as the aged, lie quiet beneath the turf, when apple blossoms float slowly earthward and the aspens rustle in their new attire. On such days, memory wreaths are brought by survivors, and laid reverently upon "quiet resting-places." On such days, wives and mothers, living by the shore, look wistfully to the May haze that hangs over the sleeping sea, and anticipate the time when the waters shall give up their dead.

Yet, while it is true that the traces of many sorrows linger on the features of humanity, it is also true that, on a fair Spring morning, people go about their various ways with a smoother brow than they have borne for months. There is, for the time being, a relaxation of resistance. This occurs so seldom in our climate that its very infrequency makes it, when it comes, a Heaven below to the tired spirit. There is no wind to chafe, no raw air to awaken pain, no overclouding sky to take the hope out of a fine forenoon. The scent of blossom saturates the air, which becomes an anointed messenger of peace. Unwonted beauty clothes the bush; and shrubs, which all the year are prosaic, burst forth in the poetry of flower. Larks sing, the black-bird's mellow note fills all the brake, thrush answers thrush, and softer seconds warble undertones. Waters glide by, still full from April's flood, and at their edge the grass spreads out in lengthening sward, climbing to the upland, dappled with flowers. So,—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green."

To the student of things Divine, such a scene becomes a faint type of that land where—

"Everlasting Spring abides,"—

where the inhabitants never grow old, where there is no pain, and the tears of our wintry exile are wiped away for ever.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XVI.—BY GEORGE MENZIES, ARBROATH, N.B.

I HAVE always had a partiality for Mr. Spurgeon's later Sermons. It is more usual, judging by some expressions of opinion I have read, to prefer his earlier discourses. My predilection, doubtless, is to be accounted for by the fact that it was his latest Sermons that I heard. For one short year, I sat at his feet, and yielded myself to the magnetism of his personality. Looking back on those days, I sometimes almost regret that I was not more analytical in my attention, that I did not station myself in various parts of the great Tabernacle to judge of the clarion perfection of his voice, and of the various charms of which others speak. But I must confess that I naturally gravitated to the nearest point to him which I could reach, and then I was not disposed to criticise voice, gesture, or anything else, but drank in his message with avidity.

My experience at such times was often quite ecstatic. All the Sermons I heard him preach are memorable to me, because in them all I heard *him*; and, better still, I heard his Master speaking to my heart through him. Therefore it is difficult to select the one that was most striking out of the many that were notable. It is the preacher's usual difficulty,—not the trial of having nothing to say, but of having to choose only one thing out of so many that might be said,—the embarrassment of riches which is often so perplexing to a minister of the gospel.

My choice, however, is simplified to two. One of these was *the very last Sermon Mr. Spurgeon preached in the Tabernacle*. That is, perhaps, to me, the most memorable discourse of all,—not only because of this circumstance, but because he seemed to be allowed, more truly than he, or others, knew at the time, to indicate that his public ministry was finished, and to lay aside his life's work in the full vigour of his course. His closing words read very like the rounding off of a completed task. It is a cause for thankfulness of the highest kind to have been permitted to listen to "C. H. Spurgeon's last words at the Tabernacle."* Though nearly eight years have passed since I heard them, they ring out just as clearly to-day as they did then. Let me quote, for the benefit of the readers of "his own Magazine," the closing paragraph of that notable Sermon on 1 Samuel xxx. 21—25 (No. 2,208, "The Statute of David for the Sharing of the Spoil,")—

"What I have to say, lastly, is this: how greatly I desire that you who are not yet enlisted in my Lord's band would come to Him because you see what a kind and gracious Lord He is! Young men, if you could see our Captain, you would fall down on your knees, and beg Him to let you enter the ranks of those who follow Him. It is

* Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have published both the first words and the last words of MR. SPURGEON at the Tabernacle, on cards, with his portrait, price 4d. each.

Heaven to serve Jesus. I am a recruiting-sergeant, and I would fain find a few recruits at this moment. Every man must serve somebody; we have no choice as to that fact. Those who have no master are slaves to themselves. Depend upon it, you will either serve Satan or Christ, either self or the Saviour. You will find sin, self, Satan, and the world to be hard masters; but if you wear the livery of Christ, you will find Him so meek and lowly of heart that you will find rest unto your souls. He is the most magnanimous of captains. There never was His like among the choicest of princes. He is always to be found in the thickest part of the battle. When the wind blows cold, He always takes the bleak side of the hill. The heaviest end of the cross lies ever on His shoulders. If He bids us carry a burden, He carries it also. If there is anything that is gracious, generous, kind, and tender; yea, lavish and superabundant in love, you always find it in Him. These forty years and more have I served Him,—blessed be His name!—and I have had nothing but love from Him. I would be glad to continue yet another forty years in the same dear service here below if so it pleased Him. His service is life, peace, joy. Oh, that you would enter on it at once! God help you to enlist under the banner of Jesus even this day! Amen.”

That discourse was delivered at the Lord's-day morning service, June 7, 1891, and the beloved Pastor was never able to appear in the great congregation again.

One other of his Sermons is specially memorable to me, because of an incident that happened in the course of its delivery, which illustrated how his auditors hung upon his lips, and yielded to his influence. The text was in Psalm xxxiv. 6: “This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.” The Sermon of the preceding Lord's-day morning was an exhortation to return to the Lord. The result was that many did so even as he preached. Mr. Spurgeon came to know this during the following week, so that his discourse on Psalm xxxiv. 6, was delivered with a view to encourage the new converts, and others, in testifying of their decision. The whole Sermon shows the preacher's skill in leading his audience to the point which was to be his climax. In closing, when his hearers must have felt ready to give testimony right away, he asked those present who had experienced the fulfilment of the Lord's promise, to say, “Aye.” So unaccustomed was I to see or hear any response to preaching, that I was asking myself if he really meant his words to be taken literally, when I was quite startled by the shout which pealed through the great building almost like a thunderclap. No evidence could be more decisive that the audience was intently listening to his words. The answer to the dear preacher's challenge was not that of a few scattered “Ayes” from different parts of the Tabernacle, but one body of sound from the great congregation. It is not the least exaggeration to compare the response to a thunderclap; it is so described by Mr. Spurgeon in the Sermon itself. (No. 2,193, “A Poor Man's Cry, and What Came of It.”)

A Ministry to Mourners.

"To comfort all that mourn."—Isaiah lxi. 2.

I SHOULD like to tell the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* a true story that has long been in my mind.

Like all good women whose heart is really in their work, whether they are actually engaged in it or not, the Bible-women and Nurses connected with the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission often find an opportunity for doing good even when not on duty. Some time ago, one of our South London Nurses had a serious illness, followed by a tedious convalescence. When she was not quite well enough to nurse, but still could go about, she visited an old patient, and found that the patient's husband had just died, and, to his widow's intense distress, was to be buried by the parish. There was no help for it; the widow was destitute, and would have been friendless but for the kindness of the Nurse, who, finding she had no one to go to the funeral with her, promised to accompany her.

The interment, with a number of others, was to be at a great cemetery in the country. The train was to start from a station in the Westminster Bridge Road.

For the first time in her life, Nurse found herself in a railway waiting-room with a number of pauper mourners who were going down in the train with their dead relatives. The utter misery of the scene, its unrelieved squalor and anguish, distressed her unspeakably.

The poor widow, with whom she was to travel, arrived on a wet and bitterly cold morning, breakfastless, and half-frozen. There were still a few minutes to spare; so Nurse ran across the road, and fetched a cup of hot cocoa, and while her friend was drinking it, spoke a few kind words to some of the other mourners, and gave them a spray or two of the white flowers she had brought. The gratitude of the poor things was most pathetic; it was so much to them that someone thought of them in that terribly cold, dirty, cheerless room where they were huddled together, overwhelmed, not only by grief, but by the sense of disgrace; for a pauper funeral represented to them the deepest depth of degradation as well as of poverty. Nurse's kindness was just their one little bit of brightness before setting out on the long, cold journey to the distant graves.

Nurse could not forget that waiting-room and its mourners; she knew that scene recurred on certain days every week. So, while she had a little spare time, she called in at the stated hour, and quietly went from one to another. The sight of a white flower or a mourning card gained her a welcome at once. She saw, after she had been twice or thrice, that here was a fresh opening for a true ministry to mourners, and to mourners in the most forlorn and pitiable plight; but as her own health now permitted her to return to her District, she spoke to her Lady Superintendent on the subject.

This lady and her friends were very glad to take up the work, and now regularly visit the once-dismal waiting-room. They were at first rather doubtful as to whether the authorities would care for these regular visits; and when they heard that an official was coming to

talk to them, feared that their efforts were about to be nipped in the bud. When, however, the official arrived, he expressed his own as well as the Company's thanks for what they were doing, and asked for suggestions about making the room less wretched. "What did the ladies want?" They wanted a good many things; to begin with, seats for the waiting mourners. Seats were supplied, and not hard benches merely, but padded seats, "like"—said Nurse as she told me this, "like those the people who can pay for funerals have in *their* waiting-room." There was also a splendid fire. Then the walls were bare and dirty, so the courteous official had them cleaned, and the ladies put up comforting texts. Altogether, although that waiting-room must always present a very sad spectacle, the sadness now is not unrelieved.

White flowers, memorial cards, a few words of prayer, much sympathy, and in the cold weather steaming jugs of hot cocoa, and a generally cared-for aspect, just take off the edge of the deadly chill, and the depressing and degrading squalor of the days before the ladies of the Metropolitan Tabernacle took the work in hand. Nurse reminds me that some memorial cards have the name of the departed on one page, and on the other a verse of a hymn or a text, and that this page, with its black and silver border, is welcomed by the mourners.

LIZZIE ALLDRIDGE.

Mr. Spurgeon's "Around the Wicket Gate."

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION, THROUGH THE READING OF THIS BOOK,—
RELATED BY "ONE OF OUR OWN MEN."

"I WISH you could get an opportunity for a talk with my brother Tom." So said one of my congregation to me, one day; adding, impressively, "But don't say anything about religion, mind; not at first, anyhow. If you mention that subject, or venture to hint that his illness is serious, he will probably fly into a passion, and refuse to see you again."

"But why should he, and what will be the good of my seeing him under such conditions?" I very naturally enquired.

My friend replied, "Well, my father asked Mr. — to see him; you know, he is a prominent Christian worker. The good man came, and, standing in Tom's room, he preached a long sermon at him upon the iniquity of his ways; in a hard, harsh voice, he spoke of the enormity of his sins, and the doom of the sinner; and finished his harangue by shouting, 'Thomas Cleave, I tell you, you are a DYING MAN.' Poor Tom was so dreadfully upset that he fainted, and we had to hurry the zealous but blundering man out of the room without delay. Since that time, my brother has refused to see anyone likely to talk to him about religion, and he becomes angry whenever the subject is mentioned."

I promised my friend that I would call as he wished, and would be as tactful as possible. I had met Tom frequently in the streets of our small town;—tall, gaunt, consumption's fell mark plainly stamped

upon his pale features;—and had learned from friends the broad outlines of his career. The child of good Christian parents, a scholar for years in a Sunday-school, he had been apprenticed to a draper in the town, and had gradually drifted away from gracious influences. Then, when the term of his apprenticeship had expired, like so many others of our young people, he had gone to London. After a time, there had come down to the old folks at home disquieting hints of a life given up to gaiety and pleasure,—which euphonious terms often cover up foul realities of vice and evil. So it was in this case; and, after some years, Tom Cleave came home, evidently to die; but, with all the cheery optimism so fatally characteristic of the consumptive, he refused to believe that his illness was a serious affair. "Oh, I shall soon be all right again; it is nothing to be alarmed about!" In this airy way, he was wont to dispose of all enquiries as to his health, and all expressions of sympathy with him in his sickness. Tom's parents, and brothers, all but one of them Christians, were terribly anxious about his spiritual welfare, and it was a well-intentioned attempt to bring him to face the realities of his position that had the disastrous ending detailed above.

After laying the matter before the Lord in earnest prayer, I called at the father's house, in much trepidation lest I should unwittingly repeat the blunder of my predecessor. Without asking her son whether he would see me, Tom's mother ushered me into the room where he was lying, dressed, on a sofa. It was soon very evident to me that he was on his guard, ready to resent any intrusion of religion, and equally ready to fence any allusion to his illness. I therefore chatted pleasantly about a variety of subjects, finding several points of contact in matters in which we were both interested. So the time passed, and I had to leave without any opportunity of saying a word for the Master. My heart was very sore about it, and I felt quite self-condemned. "Ought I not to have *made* an opportunity?" I asked myself; yet, on a review of all the circumstances of the case, I could not see how I could have acted differently.

A day or two afterwards, I again met the brother, and he said to me, "I'm delighted that you went to see Tom, he was quite pleased with your visit, and says he'll be glad to see you again, for you don't try to push your religion down his throat."

I felt this to be a very doubtful compliment, and again lifted my heart to God for help to lead the wanderer to Himself.

After the lapse of a few days, I called again; before leaving home, I put into my pocket a copy of our late beloved and revered President's book, *Around the Wicket Gate*.

On entering Tom's room, there was a distinct friendliness in his greeting, but again no opportunity occurred for any word upon spiritual matters. As I was leaving, I said, "Mr. Cleave, I've brought you a book, written by a dear friend of mine who is now in Heaven; will you read it? I am sure you will find it interesting."

He looked at the title-page, and said, "Spurgeon! Ah! I heard him preach several times at the Tabernacle;" and, hastily, as if to prevent me from speaking, added, "Oh, yes! I'll read it with pleasure; good-day."

Many a prayer did I offer, that week, for the power of the Divine Spirit to accompany the message of the book; and it was with great hopefulness that I went again to the house. After some talk, I asked, "Well, have you read Mr. Spurgeon's book?" He replied, "I've just looked at it, but I haven't felt well enough for reading;" and immediately introduced another topic.

When I rose to leave, I said, "Tom, it is laid upon my heart to tell you this. Twenty years ago, when but a lad, I trusted the Lord Jesus Christ, and took Him to be my Saviour and Friend. In health and in sickness, I have found Him to be the best Friend a man could ever have. I don't want to preach at you, but my advice is,—Try what Jesus can do for you; and don't forget to read that book;" and, with a silent grip of the hand, I left him.

A week later, I called to see him with the determination that there should be no more beating about the bush, but I would have direct dealings with him concerning his soul. Almost my first words were, "Well, Tom, have you read the book?" "Yes," he replied. "And what is the result?" I asked. Imagine, if you can, my joy, when he told me, in broken speech, that the reading of the book had brought him to trust in the Lord Jesus, and that he was now resting his soul on the sure foundation,—Christ crucified and risen. He said, "What you told me, last week, about yourself, stuck to me. I thought, 'If he has found all that in Christ, why shouldn't I?' I turned to Mr. Spurgeon's book, and it put the matter so plainly and simply, that I soon began to ask the Lord to save me; and then I saw it was by trusting Jesus that we are saved. So I just trusted Him, and now I know He has saved me."

We had a most joyful season of praise and prayer, and then I left him, my heart full of a great thankfulness for this trophy of Divine grace.

Three days later, I met his brother once more. With tearful eyes, he said, "Tom's gone." "Gone? When was it?" "This morning, quite unexpectedly; he was very peaceful and happy, 'resting on Christ,' he told them. I can tell you that poor old Dad and Mother are just overflowing with gratitude about him. They were nearly broken-hearted before, fearing that he would die without Christ; but this sudden and wonderful change in him seemed to them almost like a miracle."

Miracle? so it was, a miracle of mercy,—another instance of the power of the living Christ working in these modern days.

And when, afterward, that aged father clasped my hand in mute gratitude, and the old mother said, through her tears, "God bless you!" I felt that benediction was the sweetest music I had heard for many a day; but, oh! that *he* could have heard it, to whom it of right belonged,—he whose consecrated genius produced the gracious book that led to this blessed result! Surely, in the Paradise of God, Tom Cleave has found out C. H. Spurgeon, and told him of the blessing obtained through his little volume, and together they have praised the Lord from whom that blessing flowed.

The Thirty-fifth College Conference.

THE twelfth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association—the thirty-fifth in the whole series—was commenced, on *Monday afternoon, April 17*, by a well-attended prayer-meeting at Vernon Chapel, King's Cross. The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) was unable to be at the first gathering, as he was suffering from a severe headache, so the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon) presided. With praise and prayer, and reading and exposition by the chairman of John xx. 19—28, an hour and a half swiftly passed, and all felt that an earnest of a week of blessing had been given at the opening meeting. At the tea-table, very hearty thanks were accorded to Pastor D. H. Moore and his friends for their generous hospitality; and brief addresses were given by the President, and by Pastors C. B. Sawday and D. H. Moore, and two of the Vernon Chapel deacons. It was noted, as an interesting series of facts, that the church at King's Cross had only had three pastors during thirty-five years, that all had been trained in the Pastors' College, and all were present at the Conference first gathering.

At the evening public meeting, a large and enthusiastic audience assembled. The President occupied the chair, and gave a summary of the Annual Report which is included in the present issue of the *Sword and Trowel*. Pastor T. W. Medhurst (Cardiff) related in a very effective manner his early association with the glorified President, C. H. SPURGEON, and described, in graphic style, the commencement of the College in 1855, and the first Conference in 1865. One of the deacons at Vernon, on behalf of the friends there and elsewhere, then presented to the chairman a cheque for fifty-five guineas for the Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund. In heartily acknowledging it, the Pastor also thanked the other brethren and churches whose total contributions so far amounted to about £1,400. Pastor W. C. Minife pictured the altars of the Bible and Protestantism, which are assailed to-day as Abraham's sacrifice was surrounded by the birds of prey; Pastor D. H. Moore gratefully acknowledged his indebtedness to dear Mr. Spurgeon and the College; a collection was made on behalf of the Institution; the students' choir sang at intervals during the evening; and, at the close, all went their several ways, thankful for a good beginning of a memorable week.

Simultaneously, the Vice-President was presiding at the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle Lower Hall, where many of the brethren met, and where addresses were delivered by Pastors J. C. Carlile (Folkestone), A. C. Chambers (Belvedere), and A. F. Corbet (Bournemouth). Here, also, the Lord was in the midst of the assembly, giving the promise of more blessing all through the gatherings.

On *Tuesday morning, April 18*, the devotional service occupied the first hour and a half, and it was good to be there. About noon, the President rose to deliver his inaugural address, when the ringing cheers of the whole brotherhood assured him of the hold he has upon their hearts; and when, at the end of an hour and a quarter, he resumed his seat, his audience sprang up *en masse*, and thus testified how deeply his bright and yet solemn message had been appreciated. We need not describe it in detail, for the first part appears in the present Magazine, so our readers are able to share the joy of those who, apparently with absolute unanimity, declared it to be "the best he has yet given,"—no slight commendation when one remembers how good were the previous ones.

After a brief recess, the first part of the business of the Association was transacted. Dr. McCaig reported the death of the late Vice-President, and moved:—"That we, as a Conference, desire to express the deep regret with which we have heard of the sudden death of Dr. James Archer Spurgeon;

we gratefully remember the earnest and efficient service he rendered to this Conference from the beginning of its existence, as Vice-President and Secretary, and for a time as President; the loyal support and valuable help unstintingly given to his honoured brother, throughout the long term of years, endeared him to us all; while his sympathy with brethren in trouble, his wise counsel, and ready help, made many his debtors; we rejoice in his unswerving loyalty to the truth of the gospel, his ardent devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, and his able and faithful preaching of the cross. While putting on record our sense of the loss we have sustained by his removal, we desire to express our profound sympathy with his sorrowing wife and children in their bereavement." The resolution was seconded by Professor Hackney, and carried by the brethren rising in silence. The other deaths reported were those of Professor Marchant, and Pastors W. Coombs, J. L. Keys, W. Wiggins, J. J. Irving, and T. G. Gathercole, to all of whom, and their bereaved relatives, sympathetic reference was made.

On the proposition of Pastor T. W. Medhurst, seconded by Pastor Archibald G. Brown, the President was re-elected, the whole assembly spontaneously rising, and enthusiastically cheering, to emphasize the heartiness of the vote. The President accepted the position, as he had done on a previous occasion, "humbly and hopefully." Pastor Charles Spurgeon was, with equal enthusiasm and cordiality, re-elected Vice-President, and he also accepted the position, "looking forward to another year of happy service." The notice concerning the Conference present was then given; it will be found at the commencement of the "Notes," on a later page of this month's Magazine.

At the evening meeting in the Orphanage, Mr. Thomas H. Olney was announced to preside. He was suffering from such a heavy cold that he was glad to entrust the conduct of the gathering to the Vice-President, and to content himself with giving a brief but hearty welcome to the brethren. Other addresses were delivered by Professor Hackney, Rev. T. Currie, M.A. (Dr. Macewan's successor), and Pastors W. Whale (Brisbane), and F. E. Marsh (Sunderland); the students and orphans sang special pieces; and the Vice-President recalled the long-past Conference, when "a young man, named C. Spurgeon," was asked to express his dear mother's thanks for the address then presented to her, and he was glad that she is still spared to care for the brethren in her own loving, gracious fashion.

On *Wednesday morning, April 19*, in the course of the devotional service, the President read a characteristic letter from Professor Ferguson, to which he promised to reply, on his own behalf, and also in the name of the Association; and prayer for our venerable ex-tutor was presented by Pastor Frank H. White. After a very hearty tribute to the new Principal of the Collège, the President called upon him to deliver his address. Dr. McCaig's subject was, "The Preacher's Vision," and we are very pleased to be able to announce that his paper will (D.V.) appear in an early number of the *Sword and Trowel*. A similar remark applies to the paper read by Pastor Hugh Rodger (St. Leonard's) on "The New Testament conception of Pastoral Authority." Both topics were handled in a masterly manner, and our readers will have a great treat in the reading of what the listeners so much enjoyed in the hearing.

Further business was then transacted. Two names were removed from the roll, and the names of nine students were added, leaving, with the seven deaths, the membership of the Association exactly the same as last year, 780. The two Secretaries, Principal A. McCaig and Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., and the Remembrancer, Pastor T. Greenwood, were re-elected.

After dinner, the whole assembly adjourned to the centre of the Tabernacle, and within the dear old walls which still stand gaunt and roofless, held a short meeting. The President heartily thanked the brethren and their churches for their generous gifts towards the Rebuilding Fund, and

referred to his delight that the work of restoration was in the hands of Messrs. Higgs and Hill, and especially that it was under the charge of his dear friend and deacon, Mr. William Higgs. Dr. Doddridge's singularly-suitable hymn beginning,—

“O God of Bethel, by whose hand,—”

was sung, prayer was offered by Pastor W. Williams (Upton Chapel), and then the large company was photographed. Copies can be obtained from Mr. Bartlett, unframed, 2s. 6d., framed, 5s.

In the evening, the subscribers and friends of the College met under the chairmanship of Henry Wood, Esq., J.P. The President summarized the Annual Report, and addresses were also given by the Vice-President, Pastors W. Whale, A. W. Bean (Glasgow), and R. M. Snelgrove (Dalston), and Mr. Thomas Murray, a student still in the Institution. At the supper table, donations were announced amounting to £1,577 0s. 6d.,—£150 more than the average for the past six years,—and this large total was afterwards increased to over £1,600, a very remarkable sum when it is remembered how many thousands of pounds have been recently given to the Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund. With hearty thanks to the chairman, and the Doxology and Benediction, another day's enjoyable proceedings were closed.

On *Thursday morning, April 20*, after prayer and praise, letters from sick and absent brethren, and from many of “our own men” in Scotland, Queensland, and South Africa, were read; and prayer for the writers was offered by Pastor W. Whale, who could fully sympathize with them after his fourteen years' enforced absence from the Conference. Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., then delivered a brilliant oration upon “The Responsibility of the Individual Soul.” It was such a valuable contribution to the Protestant controversy that requests were made for its publication, with a view to widespread distribution. The President, therefore, arranged with Mr. Ewing to deliver it again at the Tabernacle, and to have it reported and printed. Brethren had better write at once to Mr. Bartlett, stating how many copies they will require, so as to give some guidance as to the number to be published. Pastors C. Joseph (Cambridge), and B. J. Gibbon (Bloomsbury Chapel), briefly and appropriately spoke upon the subject, and then another business session was held.

Monday, June 19,—the ever-memorable birthday of C. H. SPURGEON,—was chosen as the *Conference Day of Prayer*. A series of resolutions had been drawn up by the Emergency Committee—at the request of the assembly,—with the object of securing a far more representative collection for the College funds than in the past. The recommendations were unanimously adopted, and the Remembrancer will, in due course, communicate them to the whole brotherhood. Another very important matter came before the Association as a recommendation from the London Committee. This was that, after this year, there should be a reorganization of offices, as follows:—President and Deputy-President, eligible for re-election; Vice-President, to be elected by ballot, and not eligible for re-election. After discussion, the recommendations were adopted almost unanimously.

The evening public meeting was held in the Tabernacle Lower Hall, the President occupying the chair, and testifying to the great blessing resting on the Conference and the College, and gratefully acknowledging the valuable help he had received during the year from his dear brother, who next addressed the audience with much power. Principal McCaig spoke as the representative of the Tutors, Mr. McPhail described the Institution from a student's standpoint, and Pastor W. Whale was in his best form, having to some extent recovered from the overpowering emotions which he experienced on his arrival as he witnessed the great changes which the fire

and successive bereavements had wrought. A grand gathering was fittingly closed with the singing of the College anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross!" and the Benediction.

On *Friday morning, April 21*, after praise and prayer, a letter was read from Brother H. H. Pullen, of the Spezia Mission, also a very touching epistle from "Black Johnson," as he is affectionately termed. The President was asked to write to all the brethren abroad in the name of the Association. On the proposition of Brother Mayers, seconded by Pastor W. H. J. Page (Calne), it was unanimously and enthusiastically resolved:—"That the heartiest thanks of this brotherhood be given to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for her welcome and valuable Conference gift of the third volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, and that we assure our beloved friend of our deepening appreciation of her many works of faith and labours of love." The hosts and hostesses who had entertained the country brethren were also very cordially thanked, as was Pastor F. E. Marsh for the kind gift of his little volume on *Christ's Atonement*, and the following resolution was passed with the utmost unanimity:—"That this Association enters its most solemn protest against the unnecessary and unsought-for issue, by certain daily newspapers, of a Sunday edition, as a violation of the sanctity of the Lord's-day; and, further, that this assembly pledges itself, each member within his own sphere of influence, to resist by all legitimate means this most deplorable project."

Then came the closing service, conducted by Pastor Frank H. White. His own "curate"—Professor Gausson, prayed, and read Jeremiah xxxi. 31—34, and I John iii. 23, 24, and iv. 1—13. Mr. White's text was taken from the Revised Version of Romans xv. 30: "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and by the love of the Spirit;" and he divided his theme thus,—(I.) A melting attitude; (II.) A moving appeal; and (III.) The mighty master-motive. The whole discourse was like an echo of the "still small voice" "after the fire" (the Conference motto); the intense yearning of the beloved preacher for more of "the love of the Spirit" in his own and his hearers' hearts cannot be described, but it will be felt for many a day by all who witnessed it.

At the communion table, the President read and briefly expounded John xiii. 12—25, then followed the hallowed festival in remembrance of our Lord, and the closing Psalm, sung by the whole company standing with hands linked, in token of the reality of our fraternal union.

At the farewell dinner, the Remembrancer reported that 151 brethren had contributed or collected £252 3s. 10d. for the College during the year; he hoped, under the new arrangements, he would be able to give a much better account next year. Thanks were heartily voted to the Hospitality Committee, special mention being made of the Orphanage girls who had waited at the tables under the superintendence of their matrons and Mr. Charlesworth; a few final words of gratitude and thanksgiving were spoken by the President, Vice-President, and Principal; and then, after cheers for the loved ones bearing the honoured name of the glorified Founder of the Institution, a most memorable week was appropriately closed with prayer by the President, and the Benediction.

Dr. Churcher and his Patients.

A FELLOW-MISSIONARY kindly took the accompanying photographs at our Djemal out-station last week. They give an idea of our patients and premises there. Last month, we recorded over a thousand visits,—the highest monthly total we have yet reached;—so high, indeed, that our



medicines and funds were more than exhausted, and we feared we should have to stop from lack of money and excess of patients.

Poor souls, disease following upon their sin often brings them clamouring for medicine! Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may warn them of judgment to come, and lead them to Christ. At present, our work is practically the only means through which the gospel can reach them.



"The wordless book" in my hand is almost the very last of those so

kindly sent me by the Tabernacle Sunday-school. Who will send me some more? Probably not one person in all the crowds of my patients can read a word.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON writes:—"For the splendid liberality attending my dear mother's 'Reception,' I am more than grateful. May the good Lord, for whose glory the gifts were made, richly reward every donor! Meanwhile, we have to collect nearly £8,000 more;—nay, £12,000, if possible, for I am very loth to relinquish what I judge to be a most desirable addition at the rear of the Tabernacle, the more so as it is principally for the advantage of the dear little ones. I have no doubt that all we need will be forthcoming by the time the structure is complete. The memory of my dear father is so fresh and fragrant, the loyalty of the present members is so conspicuous, and the sympathy of all classes is so unmistakable, that there is no room to fear. At the same time, I do not fail to realize that the gathering of it means *sustained enthusiasm, hard work, and much self-denial*. Maybe, the Lord will incline the hearts of some of the wealthier of His stewards to help us liberally. Only let all who have received benefit through C. H. SPURGEON's words and works send a token of gratitude, and even the larger sum will be speedily reached.

"For the following unsolicited testimonial from distinguished Christian men, we are deeply grateful:—

"The work of PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON has been of such world-wide influence that there is probably no country in which English-speaking people are found where that influence has not been very beneficial. We, the undersigned, representing various denominations, think that the appeal now being made for funds to complete the rebuilding of the Metropolitan Tabernacle (which, as you know, was destroyed by fire last year,) is one which will awaken a chord of sympathy in the hearts of Christians generally, no matter to what branch of the Christian Church they belong. Some £8,000 are still required to complete the undertaking without debt, and we hope you will see your way to contribute to this end. Gifts may be remitted to Pastor THOMAS SPURGEON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

"Signed by

"LORD OVERTOUN,	REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D.,
"LORD RADSTOCK,	REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.,
"REV. CANON FLEMING,	REV. CHAS. GARRETT,
"REV. DR. McLAREN,	REV. SAMUEL VINCENT,
"REV. MARK GUY PEARSE,	GEORGE CADBURY, ESQ.,
"T. A. DENNY, ESQ."	

Modern Bible-burning in England.

A STRIKING instance of the perversions to Popery which are being effected through the teaching of clergymen of the Church of England was afforded by the case of four ladies who superintended the education of a number of orphan girls at Market Harborough; and who, under the instruction of their parish clergyman, the Rev. Septimus Andrews, were led to join the Church of Rome. The facts are these. On May 6, 1869, I read in a London

newspaper:—"Bible-burning in Leicestershire. The heads of a Roman Catholic sisterhood, recently established in Market Harborough, took possession last week of a considerable number of Protestant Bibles belonging to some of their pupils, and burnt them all in the kitchen of their establishment." At the request of the Protestant Alliance, I visited Market Harborough, on the following day, to enquire into the circumstances. I called at the Orphanage, the scene of the outrage, and had a conversation with the Rev. Mother Superioress. I put the newspaper into her hands, and pointed to the paragraph, and asked, "Is this true?" She read it attentively, and then exclaimed, "It is true; I did burn a considerable number of Protestant Bibles in the kitchen, and I am prepared to do the same again. I did quite right to burn them; the Protestant Bible was translated by heretics, and I hope others will follow my example." In the course of further conversation, I asked, "Were you always a Roman Catholic?" "No, we attended the services in the parish church of this town. We were very High Church, and became Catholics while attending the services in the parish church. I can assure you, I never spoke to a Catholic priest in my life before my conversion." These ladies, being thus cruelly betrayed into Popery by their parish clergyman, drew into the Romish sect *fourteen* orphan children confided to their care. A brother of these ladies, a clergyman of the Church of England, under their influence, apostatized to Romanism, and became a priest. The final issue of these transactions was the apostacy to Rome of the Rev. Septimus Andrews, vicar of Market Harborough, himself! That clergyman, a few days after the burning of the Bibles, was received into the Church of Rome, and became a priest; and the Rev. F. Reginald Buckler, the Romish priest at Market Harborough, came on the scene as a defender of the Bible-burning,—a clear proof that the hatred of Roman Catholic priests to the Sacred Scriptures is as bitter and malignant as ever, and that their doctrines and practices are condemned by the Book which they delight to commit to the flames in lieu of those who read and love it.

T. G. OWENS.

Ten and Fourscore;—a Trophy of Grace.

ELLEN D— had been left an orphan. Her father, who for many years had been an infidel, was, within a year or two of his end, brought to the feet of Jesus as a humble penitent, and died as a sinner saved by grace. Her mother, after struggling with poverty, disease, and weakness, for nearly two years, quietly passed away, avowing her trust in Jesus for salvation. Thus, Ellen, their only child, was left an orphan indeed. There was no Stockwell Orphanage then, so the workhouse was her only refuge, and thither she went.

The master and mistress of the workhouse were sincere Christian people, belonging to the Methodists. A vexatious Chancery suit had so reduced them that they were glad to accept this position. In the end, their rights were established, and they retired to enjoy and make good use of property of some extent. Meanwhile, they faithfully fulfilled the duties of their difficult post! Though they had no children of their own, they ruled the house on the parental model. Old and young were their children, and they cared for them body and soul. Among the young was Ellen D——, and among the old was Mrs. B——, who went by the name of "Molly."

Molly had passed a long life in ignorance, in moral and mental darkness, and in sin. She had never gone more than two miles from the spot where she was born. A heathen could not have been more ignorant of all that pertains to true religion, more estranged from God, and more blind and

hardened to everything spiritually good. Lest this should seem a picture too darkly lined, let us listen to a conversation which took place between her and an old neighbour of former years, who called to see Molly in the house :—

“Eh, Jenny !” said the workhouse inmate, “surely, is that you ? What a time sin’ I seed ye ! How come ye on these many years ?”

“I’m fain to see you, Molly. You may see I’ve come on but varry badly. I’ve become sorely lame, and have hard work to hobble along. But how are you nowadays, Molly ?”

“Ah, ye see I’m getting auld and cripple-like ! I’ve hed hard times, and sore changes.”

“Lack-a-day ! I’se sorry to hear it. But how is Johnny ?”

“Eh, poor Johnny ! he’s gone. He *deed* two year sin’ ; but he’s happy in Belzebub’s buz’m.”

“Nay, Molly, you’re wrang ; you mean, Abram’s buz’m.”

“Yes, yes, you’re right, I daresay. You can read better than I, maybe, and know the names of the gentlefolk in Heaven better than I do.”

“Well, Molly, we must all dee. I feel I’se going the way o’ all flesh. I shanna be long after your Johnny.”

“D’ye think so, Jenny ? I wish you’d let me know before you go. I s’ud like to send to Johnny. Maybe, I can get someone to write a letter for me.”

“Nay, Molly, I canna promise that. How d’ye think I can go up and adown Heaven, amang all t’crowd of folk there, with my lame leg, to find your Johnny ?”

“I didn’t think o’ that, Jenny ; I’m sorry ye’re so lame. But now, s’ud you meet him, don’t forget to tell him ye’ve seen me, and give my love to him, and tell him I’ve been forc’d to go t’ workhouse. Good-bye, Jenny ; when ye go, I hope ye’ll have a pleasant journey.”

“Good-bye, Molly ; I’m glad I’ve sin ye, and I’ll try and think on’t.”

The workhouse was a new birthplace for Ellen ; it was the beginning of Heaven to her. There, with two or three other girls, rather older than herself, she was led to feel and know that she was a sinner in God’s sight, and that she needed a Saviour. Diligently seeking Jesus, she found Him to her great joy and delight. What she had found, she wanted others to possess ; and old Molly excited her compassionate love.

With all her ignorance, Molly read her Bible ; but with no fervent desire and prayer to understand it. She set out to read two chapters every night, reading right on. How far its light penetrated her mind, may be seen from the following conversation :—

“Isn’t the Bible a nice book, Molly ?” asked Ellen.

“Varry,” she replied, taking off her spectacles in order to wipe them.

“Do you not love to read about Heaven, Molly ? Oh, what a glorious place that must be where God dwells, and Jesus, and the holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect ! You would like to go there when you die, would you not, Molly ?”

“Yes, to be sure, bairn, I would.”

“Was it not very good of the Lord Jesus to come into the world to live and die for us, poor sinners, that He might take us to Heaven to live with Him for ever ?”

“I daresay ; but I don’t know much about it. You see, I’m not larned.”

“But the Bible tells us all about it. If you please, Molly, I’ll read a little for you while you rest a bit.”

Ellen read several passages of Scripture which she thought suited to Molly’s case. Her sweet, tender voice and the deep fervour of her feelings, fell like dew on the old withered spirit of poor Molly, and her eye, so long unused to weep, was wet with rising tears.

"Why, bairn," she exclaimed, "I ne'er heard nout like this afore!"

"O Molly!" said Ellen, "if you were to know all about the blessed Jesus, how He has loved us, poor sinners, what He has done and suffered, and what He is doing now in Heaven, I am sure you would love Him."

"Maybe I s'ud."

"What a mercy it is, Molly, that we have this precious Book, where we can read it all!"

"Yes, bairn; but, ye see, I'm not larned."

"But if you were to pray to the Lord Jesus, He would teach you. You do pray to Him, don't you, Molly?"

"Yes, yes; of course I do. I say, every night,—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on;
Four posts around my bed,
Four angels guard my head."

"O Molly!" said Ellen, "that is not prayer to God, but to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; and you pray to them to bless, not you, but your bed."

"That was t' prayer my mother taught me, and none of us said aught else."

"If you're not tired, Molly, I'll read to you about two men who went to the temple at Jerusalem to pray."

"Well, do, bairn."

Ellen read from the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, the parable of the Pharisee and the publican, remarking, when she had finished, "The publican's prayer is the one to suit us."

"Why, bairn!" said Molly, "you don't call yourself a sinner, do ye? If you be one, what's to become of such a body as mysen'?"

"You know, Molly, the Bible says that all have sinned, that there is none righteous, no, not one. I'm sure I've often sinned; but, like the publican, I prayed to God for mercy, and He has pardoned all my sins; and He will pardon yours, too, if you will but ask Him to do so."

"Eh, bairn! I don't know how, I don't know how."

"But you can pray as the publican did, you know. It's a very short prayer; and, better still, it's one that God always answers."

"Maybe you can pray a bit for me, child."

"O yes, Molly, let us pray together; you can say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner'; and I will try and add my prayer to yours."

The scene that followed is memorable. The old woman knelt down, and Ellen knelt by her side, and in a strain of simple expressions poured out her young heart to God in confession and supplication, beautifully adapted to the case of the aged sinner. Before they rose from their knees, poor Molly had begun to cry in real earnest, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Her countenance bore testimony to the change wrought within her; the big tears stood in her eyes, and her hard features softened. Drawing the child to her, she said with a sob, "Do, bairn, come and read and pray with me again."

Some weeks passed, while the leaven of the incorruptible Word was working quietly but powerfully in the breast of poor Molly. Meanwhile, a serious event happened to Ellen. About her eleventh year, her health began to fail. Under medical advice, she was taken into the fields to breathe the fresh country air, usually accompanied by an aged Christian inmate of the house, named Margaret. They were of one mind and heart, and they were bound together in the closest bonds of Christian union. One day, when they had extended their walk more than usual, they were overtaken by a thunderstorm, and, before they reached their humble home, both were drenched to the skin. Notwithstanding all that could be done,

Ellen fell ill of a violent fever, which facilitated the work that consumption of the lungs had already begun. The child's sick bed and dying couch became the centre of hallowed scenes and memories. At her urgent request, all the people of the house were gathered around her, and she spoke to them in never-to-be-forgotten words,—warning, encouraging, comforting,—as she thought they needed. Among other things, she said, “Oh, pray to Jesus, that He may give you a new heart, and a right spirit! Read God's precious Word. Ask God to teach you to understand it aright, and to give you to feel its power, that we may all meet in Heaven.

“And when to that bright world we rise,
And join the anthem of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.”

“Will not that be joyful?”

Poor Molly, unable any longer to restrain the utterance of her feelings, burst out, as the big tears rolled down her cheeks, “Dear bairn, we cannot spare thee.” Then, turning to the crowd of inmates, she added, “Ye all know what a poor dark old sinner I was, when that dear bairn began to talk to me; but she told me about Jesus, how He had loved me, and died for me. At first, I gave but little heed; but, after a time, I began to feel so strange-like. I felt that, unless Christ had mercy upon me, I should be lost for ever. Oh, had not that bairn come to me again and again, and read to me, and prayed for me, I s'ud ha' remained as blind as a bat, and ha' lived on in sin till I'd dropt into hell.”

This was her first testimony in words before her fellow-inmates of the house.

We hasten from the death-bed of Ellen to that of Molly.

The rector of the parish was also chaplain of the workhouse. There had recently been a change. The old rector was a man who neither knew nor preached the gospel. A more lucrative appointment called him elsewhere, and his successor was a man of decidedly Evangelical principles, and earnest and faithful in his ministry. He had witnessed the manifest change in old Molly, and glorified God for His grace in her. Molly held him in very high esteem. As soon, therefore, as she recovered sufficient consciousness and speech after the fit of apoplexy which struck her down, she desired to see him. Ellen and Margaret had died in peace, and she felt that her end was near. The minister found her evidently sinking, but her countenance was bright and her spirit happy.

“Oh, I'm fain to see ye, sir!” she said. “Maybe it'll be t'last time. My long journey is just at an end. I want ye to read to me, and pray for me, once more before I go; and I want to tell ye that, when ye meet with an old blind sinner, such as I wur, ye musn't be heartless, but think of me. Eh, what a change God has wrought! Why, to mak' a wo'ld wur nout to making a Christian o' me, and making my stubborn heart new.”

“Well, Molly,” said the minister, “what part of God's Word shall I read to you?”

“It's all good, it's all good,” she replied; “but I s'ud like ye to read me part of John's Epistle; I mean, t' fust. It's so full of love; and ye know God is love, and Heaven is love, and my heart is full of love. It wan't so onct. It wur a heart o' stone; but God has ta'en t' stone away. Oh, what a mercy!”

The minister then read 1 John iv., from verse 6. On repeating the tenth, Molly interrupted him, saying, “Stop a bit there, sir. Isn't that wonderful? ‘Not that we loved God, but that He loved us.’ Eh, what am I, that He should love me? For eighty years I kept on sinning 'gainst Him, as blind

as a bat, and as wicked as a devil. Yet He has saved me! Help me to praise Him. But go on, sir, with that precious chapter."

When the chapter was concluded, the minister said, "You have no fear, Molly, have you, in the presence of death and judgment?"

"Fear," said she, "no; it's all right now. I'm on t' rock. I wur onct on t' sand, till God sent that little angel, Ellen, now in Heaven, to open my eyes. And then there were Margaret, God sent her, too, she's gotten to t' happy land she used to talk about so much; but I shall be there soon."

"What, then, is the rock on which you are resting?" asked the minister.

"Eh, ye needn't ask that!" replied Molly, with much surprise. "ye know there's no rock but Christ; all else is sand, the devil's rubbish. Christ is my all in all. What s'ud I do without Him? Can ye repeat that pretty verse that begins,—

"Thy mighty name salvation is"?

The minister proceeded,—

"And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear Name is given
Pardon, and holiness, and Heaven."

"That's it," said Molly; "that's what I feel; now pray for me."

"What shall I ask God for?" said he.

"To mak' me all like Jesus; all, all like Him."

When the minister rose from his knees, Molly made an effort to raise her hand. "Farewell," she said; "the Lord reward ye! Remember to bear with auld sinners. Don't give 'em up. Think o' Auld Molly."

The next day, "Auld Molly" was "Auld Molly" no more; she had exchanged mortality for life.

The lessons of this true story run with the narrative, and we need make no preaching here. But who can help seeing in Molly's case the sovereignty of Divine grace, and the power of redeeming love? Let us unite with her in giving God the praise. May our rock be Christ; our motto, "Christ is all; and all for Christ." The feeble but loving instrumentality of a little gracious child may accomplish, by God's blessing, what a thousand gifted preachers, without grace and love, could not do. Let us light our torch at God's fire.

R. S.

Notices of Books.

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

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have published a very valuable booklet of 32 pages,—*The Revival of Ritualism: with some Glimpses behind the Scenes*, by Rev. W. TOWNSEND,—which is most timely, and should have an immense circulation. The contents of the pamphlet were delivered as a lecture; and, by the request of those who heard it, it is now published "in the hope that it may aid in some small

measure to check the advance of Sacerdotalism." Mr. Townsend has evidently studied his subject thoroughly, and he has set it forth in a clear and popular style which ought to convince all candid readers. The price of the pamphlet is 2d., but the publishers will make a reduction for quantities.

We are glad to see that Messrs A. H. Stockwell & Co. have published

a second edition of *Mission Work among the Hop-pickers in the Weald of Kent*, by Rev. R. SHINDLER, price 2s. net, in cloth, or in paper covers, 1s. net. The volume is intensely interesting, and the reading of it ought greatly to encourage all who labour for the Lord among the sinful and sorrowful sons and daughters of men.

Volume XII. of *The Christian Pictorial* (Alexander and Shepheard), is well worthy to take its place alongside its eleven predecessors. We have commended them so heartily, that we can scarcely give higher praise to this latest volume of the series. The able and energetic editor, Rev. DAVID DAVIES, has kept the paper up to such a high level, that he and his helpers will have a difficult task to excel the past, yet probably they will try to do even that. We wish them the utmost success in this earnest endeavour.

We advise all parents, Sunday-school teachers, and other workers among the young, to procure, and prayerfully ponder the penny booklet, *How to Teach Children*, by ARCHIBALD G. BROWN, just issued by Messrs. Robert Banks and Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street. When sending for it, they had better expend 2s. 6d. in purchasing thirty of our beloved brother's sermons, or 7s. for 100, and ask the publishers to include a few copies of his still-needed Protest against "The Devil's Mission of Amusement."

The Soul's Re-birth, or the Beginnings of Personal Godliness. The Modern Anxious Enquirer Directed. By Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Partridge and Co.

THE explanatory part of the title of this book indicates its contents. The author has aimed at preparing an up-to-date directory for anxious enquirers. Whether he has succeeded in producing a work that will have as long and useful a career as the original *Anxious Enquirer*, by John Angell James, is very doubtful. The early manifestations of the new life

are ably treated, and the book is well and devoutly written; but up-to-dateism and Puritanism make a peculiar blend, not at all to our taste. The common heresy concerning the Universal Fatherhood, and the lack of distinction between the unconverted and backsliders, go far to neutralize whatever of good there is in this volume.

Our Daily Homily. Vol. V. Matthew to Revelation. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

THESE brief meditations contain much of compressed thought and real soul-nourishment. This volume completes this series of the *Daily Homily*, and is equal in every way to its predecessors, which have received our hearty commendation.

Essential Polity of the Church Militant. By A BARRISTER-AT-LAW. Alexander and Shepheard.

THIS barrister is strong on Dis-establishment, and also knows many of the weaknesses of Nonconformist church polity. Drastic remedies are prescribed, and some of them might probably be beneficial; but we do not think all the evils deplored would be removed even by these nostrums. There is much in this work, and in the state of all the churches, which calls for earnest attention, and for the God-given prescriptions revealed in the Word!

Modesty, Courtship, and Woman's Right. By R. P. BRORUP. Chicago: International Book Co.

THE "social evil," and kindred sins, which eat like a cancer into the domestic life of the nation, and the souls of many, are treated in this pamphlet. The writer has no sympathy with the faddists who clamour for female suffrage; he is old-fashioned enough to believe that woman's true sphere is in the home.

Nellie. By J. H. B. Edinburgh: The Christian Literature Co.

THE author of "His Boy" has here written a pleasing story of rescue work, which shows how much good

may be done by one humble individual who is wholly yielded up to the Master's service. This simple narrative of patient, persevering seeking after the lost, should move many a reader to hear and obey the command, "Go, and do thou likewise." There are several striking instances of answers to prayer; a very notable one relates to the loss and recovery of a purse of money needed for a poor girl's outfit.

China and its Future. By JAMES JOHNSTON. Elliot Stock.

THIS new work on China contains, in a small compass, a history of a vast empire and people, told in a manner which redounds to the credit alike of the author's head and heart. This is no mere collated book, or mechanical digest of information; but it betrays on every page the well-balanced understanding and sanctified judgment of an independent thinker; indeed, view it from what standpoint we may, the work is a gem. Nothing, for example, could well be better or fresher than the exposition given here of what Mr. Johnston calls China's one religion; and when the grounds of what the author has to say on this matter are examined, the feeling becomes one of gratitude and delight. We might truly call this work a Guide-book on China's past, present, and future, an interpretation and appreciation cast in an original and convincing mould. We have the more confidence in commending this volume to every description of reader from the conviction that only those who are somewhat versed in the subject can assess *China and its Future* at its proper value.

In the Valley of the Yangtse. By Mrs. ARNOLD FOSTER. Snow and Co.

A MISSIONARY book for children that is worthy of the widest possible circulation. The writer gives them the

benefit of her eighteen years' personal experience in the foreign field, and enables them to realize what it is to live and labour for Christ "in the Valley of the Yangtse." With its handsome cover, and its many beautiful illustrations, it is a cheap book for half-a-crown.

The Principles of Protestantism. By Rev. J. P. LILLEY, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE can confidently commend this book as a sound and radical exposition of the doctrinal differences between the Protestant Churches and the Church of Rome. It is not written so as to compel interest in those to whom knowledge is not of itself a sufficient magnet; but for the real student, or lover of knowledge and truth for their own sake, this work is admirably adapted. The only criticism we have to offer, after an exhaustive examination, concerns the order of the contents. In our judgment it would have been better to have dealt with the Principle of Authority first, and then to have grappled with the vital issues involved as regards Repentance, Justification, Polity, and so forth. Still, the intelligent reader has, in this Handbook, in compendious form, everything which is necessary to place him abreast of the whole controversy; and what better praise can be spoken than this, that he who digs in these veins shall receive a full reward?

Sunday Teaching. By Mrs. WOODS BAKER. Headley Brothers.

GRACIOUS, shrewd, and practical, are these sympathetic chats to Sunday-school teachers. A sixpenny pamphlet, that will be more helpful to most, than many of the bulky books on similar themes. Our authoress knows exactly where the shoe pinches the average teacher, and shows how relief can be quickly given.

Notes.

THE CONFERENCE PRESENT.—The following notice was twice read by the President during the meetings reported on previous pages; it is inserted here for the benefit of any brethren who were not able to be

present, but who wish to share in the gift then announced:—

"My dear mother desires me to say that this year's Conference present is to be Vol. III. of the *Autobiography*. It is not

quite ready, but it will be posted to each brother who gives or sends to Mr. Harrald (7. Beauchamp Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.), his name and address, with 7d. for postage, *not later than June 30.* That date is fixed, because some brethren waited until 1899 before applying for the present for 1898; and of course were too late to have it. My dear mother wishes me also to say that Vols. II and IV. will *not* be given as Conference presents; but she hopes that every brother will complete his set of 'The Standard Life' of her beloved husband. The cost of the book and postage is too great for it to be sent to brethren abroad; but all contributions received in excess of the amount required for postage will be expended in supplying them with the volume."

The ministers at the Conference very heartily testified to their agreement with the closing clause, and many of them paid in, with the postage, something extra so that the "poor foreign chaps," as one of them pathetically wrote, might also receive the *Autobiography*. Others will, doubtless, do the same; and, probably, some of our readers will like again to have a hand in this good work. A few friends sent donations for this purpose last year, and through their generosity quite a number of the handsome volumes reached lonely toilers for the Master in America, Africa, India, and Australasia, who wrote to Mrs. Spurgeon very gratefully acknowledging the unexpected but welcome gift.

In "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room," in the *March Sword and Trowel*, mention was made of the selection of thirty-one daily portions out of *The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith*, their translation into Telugu, and their publication under the title of "A Posy of Promises." In sending a specimen, Mr. Craig writes:—"Dr. Clough, of Ongole, bought 500 copies of the little book as soon as it was published. Personally, I always find the *Cheque Book* very inspiring and consoling whenever I turn to it. . . . We have lately become the happy possessors of the *Autobiography*. The first volume was my wife's Christmas present to me, and the second was my gift to her. She chose that one because it tells about 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage.'" This seems an admirable arrangement; could not many more husbands and wives, in a similar happy fashion, give one another the mutual joy of possessing "The Standard Life" of C. H. Spurgeon?

THE PIONEER MISSION.—We are asked to announce that the annual meeting of this most needful and useful work will (D.V.) be held at Chatsworth Road Baptist Chapel, West Norwood, on *Wednesday evening, May 3*, at 7.30. The chair is to be taken by J. Marubam, Esq., of Boxmoor; and addresses are to be delivered by Principal A. McCaig, and Pastors Archibald G.

Brown, John Wilson, and E. A. Carter, the Founder and Honorary Director of the Mission. Any of our friends who can be present should take this opportunity of helping a movement in which Mr. Spurgeon took the deepest interest from its commencement, and which he described as "most important."

The Editor of *The Gospel Magazine* wishes us to remind our readers that the Special Toplady number of that Magazine is to be issued this month. A large quantity of original matter connected with Toplady's life and writings will appear, together with an unpublished letter, of much interest, describing a farewell communion service at Broad Hembury; a diary which he wrote when he was 12 to 14 years of age, at Westminster School; an appreciation, by the present Editor; a monograph on "Rock of Ages"; several portraits of the sacred poet; extracts from his various theological works; pen-and-ink sketches of his Devonshire Churches, Orange Street Chapel, and Whitefield's Tabernacle (where he was buried); and numerous illustrations specially prepared for the Magazine.

HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY.—On *Wednesday evening, March 22*, the annual meeting was held under the presidency of Samuel Barrow, Esq., J.P. The following is an extract from the Report then presented:—"God has given us a year of much blessing. The Sunday evening congregations have increased; and, in addition to the area downstairs, the larger portion of the high gallery is now well filled. The number of enquirers seen at the close of the preaching services has been very large. During the year, 24 persons have been baptized in the Hall upon profession of their faith in Jesus. This brings the total of the baptisms, since the building was opened in March, 1884, to 455. Our present number of communicants at Haddon Hall is 301. Details of the agreement between the London County Council and the Trustees of the Hall are now quite settled. The L.C.C. has secured for us the freehold of the property behind the Hall to make up for the portion taken off in front. We ask the prayers of our readers that the Mission may not suffer through the temporary inconvenience, and that the new building may be still more suitable for the work of God than the present one. There are *twenty-eight services and meetings held weekly* in the Hall and class-rooms, and occasionally others besides. Meetings for prayer are very frequent and largely attended. The Tuesday evening prayer-meeting often numbers over 100. Our desire is to take God's Word of promise as indeed meaning what it says, and to ask and expect a glorious fulfilment. The Tract Society and Benevolent Fund, at their last annual meeting, reported 37 regular and occasional distributors, visiting over 3,000 families.

The Sunday-school has at present upon the books 54 teachers and 999 scholars. A singular work of grace has lately been enjoyed. The Mothers' Meeting is conducted on Monday afternoons by Mrs. Olney. It is one of the largest gatherings of women for religious instruction in South London; often, 200 are present. Will friends, far and near, continue to pray that this work, to which God has so graciously set His seal, may be used of Him increasingly in 1899?"

METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—A most interesting gathering took place on *Tuesday evening, April 11*. Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce had issued invitations to a reception for teachers and friends; and they welcomed their guests in the Pastors' College Lower Hall, which had been specially prepared for the occasion. Refreshments were served, photographs exhibited, and music rendered; and, altogether, a very pleasant evening was spent. The principal item of the programme was the presentation of a handsome timepiece and bronzes to Mr. H. Harvey, the Secretary of the School, in recognition of long years of faithful service in that capacity, and as Secretary of the Young Christians' Association. Mr. Pearce, in a glowing address, gave expression to the warm esteem in which Mr. Harvey is held by the teachers, and the hearty goodwill they bear towards him. Mrs. Harvey also received a valuable framed picture as a memento of the occasion. Miss Wagstaff handed a choice basket of flowers to Mrs. Pearce; and each of the School-officers took part in the evening's proceedings, which were brought to an appropriate close by all joining in family devotions.

COLLEGE.—Mr. E. J. Burrows has removed, from Attleborough, to Crayford, Kent; and Mr. S. W. Twigg has gone, from Sutton-in-Ashfield, to Coalville, Leicestershire.

Mr. J. T. Mateer asks us to intimate that his address is 31, Gilmore Road, College Park, Lewisham, London, S.E., and that he will be glad to hear from brethren desiring his services for evangelistic missions.

In memoriam.—Since the last number of the Magazine was issued, we have received tidings of the home-going of no less than three of "our own men." Mention is made of all of these in the College Report; and some details are given concerning *Pastor T. G. Gathercole's* life and labours.

Although the news was long in reaching us, *Pastor J. J. Irving* has been at home with the Lord since March 17. He was a truly gracious brother, who held pastorates at Melton Mowbray, Glasgow, Swadlinchote, and Maidenhead, and at several places in the United States. His last charge was at Appleton, Wisconsin, and it is pleasing to note that his son has supplied his place during the long time that he has been incapacitated for service.

Professor F. G. Marchant's specially-trying affliction ended on April 9. At the funeral service at Hitchin, where his wife and daughter are buried, Principal McCaig and Pastor David Davies, of Brighton, were amongst those who took part. Our brother's ministry commenced at Birmingham in 1864, and he was afterwards pastor at East Hill, Wandsworth; and Tilehouse Street, Hitchin; until he became tutor at the College. For his relatives, and those of the other brethren who have been taken from us, we entreat the consolation of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—We wish to direct our readers special attention to that portion of the College Report which mentions Mr. R. F. Elder's acceptance as a missionary to Buenos Ayres in connection with the Regions Beyond Missionary Union. As part of his support is to come from the College Missionary Association, additional subscribers and collectors will be needed that the required funds may be forthcoming.

ORPHANAGE.—The Annual Festival will (D.V.) take place on Thursday, June 22. Full particulars will be announced next month.

COLPORTEAGE.—The evangelistic aspect of the colporteurs' work is one of its most interesting features. The returns for the past month indicate a total of over 500 sermons and addresses delivered by the agents in the Districts occupied by our Association, many of them being in connection with special Missions. The extent to which the ministrations of the colporteurs are appreciated may be gathered from the fact that, during the past year, no less than four of our brethren have received and accepted invitations to fill pastorates, of course rendering other arrangements necessary for the carrying on of the Colportage Districts. These enforced changes are gratifying as a testimony to the character of the men, although the work is thereby somewhat disarranged.

A glance at the statement of receipts for the General Fund, during any part of the last three months, will show what great need there is for new subscribers to the work; and an earnest appeal is made to friends to assist, by subscriptions or donations, which will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary. Collecting boxes will also be forwarded upon application.

Arrangements are in full progress for the Colporteurs' Rally. The Annual Meetings are fixed for Monday, May 15, for subscribers at 3 p.m., and for the public at 7 p.m. It is hoped that the anniversary will be one of the most successful that the colporteurs have ever had.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Lower Hall, Monday, March 27, seven.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged...	14,291	17	0	Contributions from friends at East Hill Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, per Pastor W. Townsend ..	16	0	0
Miss York	1	0	0	Amounts under £1... ..	9	14	0
Mr. Alfred Burt	1	0	0	<i>Reception Account:—</i>			
Mrs. M. A. Angell	1	0	0	Mr. Edwin Ellis, per Pastor			
Mr. Roderick McKinnon (25 dollars)...	5	2	8	C. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mr. Charles W. Link	5	0	0	Mr. Walter Mills	25	0	0
Mr. W. Howard	1	2	6	Amounts under £1	0	16	0
Thankoffering from a poor woman ..	1	0	0	30	16	0	
Mr. F. W. Lawrence	100	0	0	<i>Collecting Cards:—</i>			
"Gratitude to God for benefit received"	1	0	0	Mrs. M. Haddock	1	1	8
A friend, per Rev. B. Senior	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Buckmaster, Mrs. Anderson (India)	4	0	0
Mr. E. H. Glenn	2	10	0	Miss C. Higgs	20	7	0
Contributions from Baptist Church, Bradfield, per Rev. W. Dixon	3	0	0	Mr. Swayne	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Kemp	10	0	0	Mr. L. W. Hoffenden	2	3	6
Donations received by <i>The Life of Faith</i>	4	9	6	Rev. T. L. Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. Dawes, per Pastor J. Spanswick...	1	0	0	Mr. W. J. Parsons	0	2	6
Mr. F. Gear, India	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Cornes	0	8	0
Collection at Stofold Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. H. Tomlins	1	16	0	Mr. G. E. Thompson	5	0	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i>	23	8	4	Mrs. Catherine Job	0	14	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> ..	3	8	6	<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>			
In memory of the beloved C. H. Spurgeon	1	5	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Mothers'			
Mr. Charles Clarke	1	0	0	Meeting	0	1	6
Miss Fletcher	2	2	0	Mr. T. Cooper	0	8	3
Mr. W. R. Simmons	1	0	0	Mr. W. G. Hart	0	6	6
Mr. J. G. Casswell	2	0	0	Total ...	£14,576	16	3
Miss Wheeler	1	0	0	<i>Errata in April "Sword and Trowel!"—</i>			
Deposit interest	5	18	4	<i>Exeter Hall Meeting:—</i>			
Mr. J. G. Carter	1	0	0	Sir George Williams should have been £105 instead of £100, and collection £57 11s. 7d. instead of £62 11s. 7d.			
Mrs. Harrison	1	0	0				
An old friend, per Miss E. E. Jones ..	1	0	0				
Miss E. E. Jones and an old friend ..	2	2	6				
Mr. E. B. Forrester	1	0	0				

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor B. Scott	0	5	0	Mr. J. Alder	1	1	0
Pastor L. S. Steedman	0	7	6	Mrs. Johnston	20	0	0
Mr. E. W. Lobjst	1	10	0	Mr. J. G. Casswell	9	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0	Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Pastor E. J. Burrows	0	10	0	Rev. J. W. Ewing, M.A.	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Roberts	10	0	0	Pastor W. Joynes	1	0	0
Mr. E. T. Duncanson	5	5	0	Communion collection from Baptist Church, Walkley, Sheffield, per Pastor A. G. Haste			
Mr. J. Colquhoun	5	0	0	Mr. J. B. Crisp	1	0	0
Mrs. J. R. Haywood	1	0	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mrs. Shearman	1	1	0	Mr. J. W. Wolfe	1	11	6
Rev. Dr. E. Wilkinson	1	0	0	Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	0	0
Mrs. Petter	3	3	0	Mr. Thos. Moore	5	0	0
Sir Fredk. Howard	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Proctor	1	0	0
Pastor W. White	0	5	0	Mrs. Manning	1	1	0
Mr. E. H. Glenn	2	10	0	Mr. Wm. Edwards	25	0	0
Mr. J. La Touche	5	0	0	Mr. Wilson	1	10	0
Mr. W. H. Seagram	10	0	0	Mr. David Kerr	0	10	0
Mr. Park	1	1	0	Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Mr. Richd. Rodgett	1	0	0	South African Donations:—			
Dr. Dunbar	5	0	0	Pastor E. Baker, Cape Town ..	0	10	6
Mr. J. C. Smith	1	0	0	Pastor G. W. Cross, Grahams-town ..	0	10	6
Mrs. E. H. Fielder	0	10	6	Pastor Alfred Hall, Port Elizabeth ..	3	10	0
Mrs. Pilgrin	10	0	0	4	11	0	
Mr. John Cameron	50	0	0	Mrs. R. Wilkinson	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Benson, L.C.C.	3	3	6	Pastor G. D. Cox, N.Z.	0	2	6
Miss H. E. A. Jensen	1	0	0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6
Donation from Child's Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. S. Poulton ..	1	12	0	Mrs. Smith (Java)	3	0	0
Miss F. Fuller	0	2	6	Mr. Snelgrove	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Balls	1	0	0				
Mr. John Tod	1	0	0				
Mr. C. W. Vaughan	5	0	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0	Pastor J. E. Perrin	0	2	6
Miss I. Wood	2	0	0	Pastor J. L. Bennett	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Job	0	5	0	Mr. J. Attenborough	1	1	0
Mrs. S. F. Clement	2	2	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :-			
Mr. R. Spink	1	1	0	Mar. 19	3	6	3
Pastor H. A. Fletcher	0	5	0	" 26	2	5	3
Mrs. Calder	10	0	0	Apr. 2	3	10	2
A. M.	1	0	0	" 9	1	13	1
" Henry"	5	0	0				
Communion collection at Grovelands							11 0 0
Baptist Chapel, Heading, per Pastor							£316 9 9
R. M. Hunter	0	13	0				

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. Mc. S.	0	6	0	Mr. G. H. Atkinson	0	6	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school				Mrs. E. Barnes	1	0	0
Young Christians' Missionary Union	35	0	0				
"For Christ's sake"	0	5	0				£38 17 0

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss G. Boyce	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Elding	0	6	0
Mrs. E. Hogg	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. F. Gale... ..	0	15	1
Collected by Mr. Geo. Tolley	0	10	0	J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Young	0	10	0	Hounslow Baptist Sunday-school, per			
Collected by Miss S. T. Poccook... ..	1	2	0	Mr. W. Smith	0	15	0
Mr. S. F. Goggs	1	0	0	Collected by Miss H. E. Sampson	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Colvin... ..	0	1	3	Collected by Mrs. Partington	0	9	6
M. A. G.	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0	5	6
Miss E. Kind	0	2	9	Mr. and Mrs. Lee	0	12	6
Collected by Miss G. E. Hammerton	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	5	6
Deal, per Miss F. Pledge	1	5	6	Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	0	5	0
Mark, Coventry	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Windsor	0	7	0
Miss R. Shaw	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Wilkes	0	5	0
Postal order, Acton	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Stevenson	0	10	6
M. W. M.	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. A. Cooper	0	2	6
A widow	0	1	0	Collected by Miss M. Cairns	0	15	0
Mr. R. J. Mulvey	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Carter... ..	0	16	8
Colonel S. Dewé White	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Ayles	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Allmey	0	5	0	B 89455	25	0	0
A. S., Hawick	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Flecknoe	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Harrison	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	0	2	2
Collected by Mrs. E. Blake	0	4	6	Collected by Miss O. M. Bidewell	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Little	0	4	9	Collected by Miss L. Jackson	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. B. Larkman... ..	0	4	6	Warwick Street Baptist Sunday-school,			
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	1	4	6	Leamington, per Mr. T. Frutt, junr.	2	15	0
Collected by Mr. S. W. Brett	0	10	0	Miss Melville	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Freestone	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. W. Boys	0	6	7
Collected by Miss A. Allen	0	5	0	Mr. Beales	5	5	0
Collected by Miss Buckingham... ..	0	5	0	Mr. A. W. Newman	3	3	0
Mr. Geo. Tolley	0	10	0	Mrs. Staines... ..	1	1	0
A. R., Longton	1	0	0	Rosebery Park Sunday-school, Pokes-			
Collected by Miss A. Wells	0	3	6	down, per Mr. G. Toms	1	12	0
Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0	5	6	Mr. Geo. Wood	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. W. Beard	0	15	0	Collected by Mrs. Crawley	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. S. A. Ward	0	1	0	Mr. J. E. Ferraton	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hensby	0	4	0	Postal order, Lesbury	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Farnfield	0	5	0	Mr. Geo. Smith	5	5	0
Collected by Miss L. Harrison	0	4	6	E. K., Kingsland	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	7	6	Postal order, Huddersfield	2	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. J. W. Champ	0	11	6
Collected by Master P. Scott	0	5	6	Mrs. L. Darroch	2	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	1	0	0	Mrs. A. V. Uridge... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Beauchamp	0	3	0	Collected by Masters A. and J. Hoyles	0	7	0
Collected by Miss H. Stephens	0	8	0	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Straw	0	14	0	Miss E. Walters	5	0	0
				Mr. Hartswell	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Hillier	0	1	6	Miss Grigg	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. F. Brown	1	0	0	Mrs. and Miss E. M. Hay	0	3	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs.				Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons	1	0	0
Morgan and Scott	17	12	6	Mrs. S. Manton	0	10	6
Mr. Jas. Cobain	0	10	0	Mr. Eastman	0	5	0
S. M. P.	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Higgins	0	5	0
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	3	6	C. R. S.	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	0	Mrs. Robinette	0	2	0
Mr. E. J. Fitzgerald	1	1	0	Baptist Y.P.S.C.E. Home Mission,			
M. A. L., Kettering	1	0	0	Guernsey, per Mrs. E. Lelievre	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. H. F. Fisher	1	8	0	Mr. W. Askey	0	1	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0	Mr. Bartlett	0	9	0
Mrs. Callow	1	1	0	Mr. Franks	1	1	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> , per				Mr. E. Corbett Byrne	2	2	0
the Editor	2	15	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. Roger	2	0	0
Mrs. Moore	0	5	0	For the Master's sake	0	11	0
Mr. S. Brooke	0	5	0	Mrs. Zuber	0	3	6
Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Bullman	0	12	6
Mrs. Richard Roberts	10	0	0	Mr. T. Darby	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0	Mrs. Taylor	0	3	0
Mr. T. R. Hooper	2	0	0	Mrs. Morgan	0	2	0
Mr. Duckenfield	0	10	0	Miss Mackie	0	5	0
W. J., Whalsey	0	4	0	Mr. T. Dawes	0	5	0
A. B. B.	0	5	0	Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0	2	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Rev. Jno. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. F. Baldwin	0	10	6	Miss E. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0	Collected by Mr. Jenkins	0	10	5
Mr. Jno. Short	1	0	0	Mrs. G. J. Otter	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0	Harry	5	0	0
Master T. Mugford	0	1	1	Mrs. Mackay	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Fromow	1	0	0	Mr. R. W. Moore	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0	Mrs. Holloway	0	10	0
Miss Poole	2	0	0	Miss B. Freegard	0	4	3
Mr. G. Lamb	2	0	0	Mrs. Robotham	0	18	3
Mr. J. L. Evans	0	10	0	Mrs. Douglas	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Spencer	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Coulson	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. Greenland	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. A. Aldridge	0	18	6	Mrs. Jas. Beans	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. S. J. Bullock	0	5	0	Mrs. George Maxwell	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Moore	5	0	0	In tender memory of dear Dr. James			
Mr. Geo. Hicks, senr.	2	14	0	A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mrs. Cutchell	0	10	0	In tender memory of dear Dr. James			
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	A. Spurgeon	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0	Miss M. B. Harrison	10	0	0
Miss E. Waterhouse	2	0	0	Mr. James Mee	0	2	6
Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0	Ceylon Place Baptist Sunday-school,			
Grange Mission Sunday-school, Ber-				Eastbourne, per Mr. H. D. Strange	0	11	0
mondsey, per Mr. Geo. J. White	0	15	0	Miss R. Knight	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Clout	1	0	0	Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	0	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Miss E. Hewitt	0	10	6
Mr. E. G. S. Hornaby	1	0	0	Executor of the late Mr. W. Mathew-			
Mrs. A. Pilling	1	0	0	son	50	0	0
Postal order, Redruth	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mr. J. W. Jarrett	90	0	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6	Executors of the late Mrs. M. F. Pollock	100	0	0
Mr. W. Martin	0	5	0	Mr. J. Barton	0	5	0
Collected by Miss G. Harvie	0	6	0	Miss H. Inglis	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Bishop Auck-				Mr. C. Hooper	0	5	0
land, per Mr. C. S. Gibson	0	5	6	Mrs. Dewar	1	0	0
Pastor F. E. Marsh	1	0	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the			
Collected by Miss L. Morris	0	10	0	Orphanage Choir:—			
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6	Teddington	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Page	0	10	2	Mare Street Baptist Chapel (2nd			
Miss Van Notten-Pole	0	2	0	amount)	0	10	0
Mr. F. Franks	2	2	0	Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth (meet-			
Mrs. E. W. Bell	1	0	0	ing, collecting boxes, &c.)	23	15	4
Cemetery Road Baptist Sunday-school,				Croydon Blue Ribbon Gospel Tem-			
Snefield, per Mr. W. Martin	1	12	6	perance Union	3	6	8
Mrs. C. Williams	0	10	6	The Misses Reep	5	0	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	0	5	0		6	6	8
God's tenth	0	1	0	Received at Collectors' Meeting,			
Mrs. E. Rees	1	0	0	March 21st:—			
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0	Collecting Boxes:—			
Mrs. Gibson	1	0	0	Angus, Mrs. J.	0	7	0
Mr. H. J. Deacon	1	1	0	Angus, Mrs.	0	3	10
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	1	1	0	Albert, Master T.	0	1	0
A country minister	0	5	0	Bann, Mrs.	0	4	9
Miss Scarfe	0	0	6	Beauchamp, Mrs.	0	3	0
Mr. Charles Early	5	0	0	Bellini, Miss M.	0	2	2
Mr. H. Morgan	2	2	0	Bellini, Miss C.	0	5	9
Mr. A. H. Bunney	1	1	0	Devan, Mrs. A.	0	5	9
Mrs. Vague	0	2	6	Bingham, Mrs.	0	5	11

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Bishop, Mrs.	0	1	4	Pavey, Miss	0	9	3			
Bliss, Miss	0	10	8	Preedy, Mrs.	0	3	5			
Boswell, Mrs.	0	9	4	Perfect, Mr. B. H. ...	0	6	8			
Bridges, Miss	0	2	11	Richardson, Miss ...	0	6	1			
Brooking, Mrs.	1	1	3	Roper, Mrs.	0	9	6			
Butler, Mrs.	0	16	6	Russell, Mrs.	0	4	0			
Burton, Miss	0	12	0	Swain, Miss	0	2	6			
Bush, Miss E.	0	1	7	Sims, Mrs.	0	1	5			
Bradbury, Miss	0	3	0	Smith, Master	0	5	6			
Charlesworth, Miss E.	0	3	9	Smith, Master	0	3	3			
Cornish, Miss A.	0	9	3	Townrow, Mrs.	0	3	0			
Crowder, Mrs.	0	9	3	Thompson, Master A. E.	0	5	8			
Cully, Miss F.	0	10	0	Vincent, Mr. W.	0	10	6			
Davies, Mrs.	0	6	6	Watling, Mrs.	2	4	2			
Doyle, Miss	0	3	0	Wellington, Miss G. ...	0	4	6			
Edmonds, Master	0	1	2	Whiting, Mrs.	0	7	10			
Field, Mrs. E.	0	2	2	Willis, Miss	0	4	2			
Field, Miss	0	4	5	Wren, Mrs.	0	6	0			
French, Mrs.	0	7	2	Boxes under a shilling, and						
Forster, Miss	0	3	0	odd farthings and half-						
Fryer, Mr.	1	1	0	pence	0	8	7			
George, Master	0	2	3					23	4	0
Hasciden, Miss D.	0	5	8	<i>Collecting Books:—</i>						
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	5	8	Barrett, Mr. H.	4	4	0			
Hollobone, Mrs.	0	6	1	Brown, Miss J. H.	0	16	6			
Howard, Mrs.	0	6	6	Butt, Miss D.	0	1	3			
Jackson, Miss W.	0	1	1	Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—						
Jackson, Miss M.	0	1	0	Messrs. Pocock Bros. 2	2	2	0			
Jeal, Mrs.	0	2	1	Mr. W. W. Thompson 2	2	2	0			
Iles, Miss C.	0	4	0	J. L. A.	1	1	0			
Limebeer, Miss	0	7	6	Mrs. Everidge	1	0	0			
Legg, Miss K. A.	0	2	5	Mr. C. Deayton	1	1	0			
Marshall, Miss M.	0	1	0					7	6	0
Marshall, Miss C.	0	2	10	Everett, Miss A.	2	17	6			
Marshall, Master E. ...	0	1	9	Mason, Miss	0	4	0			
May, Miss A.	0	7	0	Noble, Mrs.	0	4	6			
Morgan, Miss A.	0	1	0	Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	4	0	0			
Mundy, Mrs.	1	15	2					19	13	0
Newton, Mrs.	0	2	0	<i>Donations:—</i>						
Ogilvie, Master D. J. ...	0	1	5	Dykes, Mrs. W.	1	3	6			
Ogilvie, Master W. G. ...	0	1	3	Everett, Mrs., and son ...	0	5	0			
Orton, Miss	0	6	10	Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Parker, Master	0	2	4	Wilson, Mr. John	2	2	0			
Pearce, Miss F.	0	3	2					3	15	6
Pinder, Miss L.	0	3	2							
Plummer, Miss A.	0	6	5					£578	1	8

*List of Presents from March 15th to April 14th, 1899.—*Provisions:—A quantity Bread, Mr. Henderson; 4 bags Flour, Mr. R. Campbell; 1 New Zealand sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Mrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 6 doz. new laid Eggs, Mrs. L. Crowhurst; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 bags Flour, Mr. C. Wagstaff.

Boys' Clothing:—5 Articles, Miss A. W. Turner; 16 Day Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 12 Shirts, Mrs. Grey; 50 Night Shirts, 4 Day Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 28 Articles, Mrs. M. Rogers; 3 Shirts, Mrs. Wilson.

Girls' Clothing:—8 Articles, Miss A. W. Turner; 32 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 16 yards Print, 2 pairs Stockings, Miss Wormald; 2 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 24 Articles, Mrs. Grey; 50 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 8 Articles, Miss Marshall; 12 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 15 Articles, Mrs. Wilson.

GENERAL:—1 Doll's House and Toys, for the Children at the Infirmary, Miss Bousfield; 8 Scrap Books, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 150 Fancy Articles, The Misses B. and F. Nugent; 2 Dolls, Miss Marshall; 2 Apple Trees, Messrs. A. J. and C. Allen; 2 bundles Flag Sticks, Messrs. Jonas Smith and Co.; 1 box Primroses, &c., Miss Running.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>				Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0	Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keovil ...	11	5	0
Wallingford, per Mr. W. Davies ...	46	0	0	Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding ...	3	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Repton and Swadlincote	20	0	0
Mitchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans and Sons	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	10	0	0
East Dereham, per Pastor H. Freeman	11	5	0
Eden Bridge, per Pastor R. H. Powell	11	5	0
Cowling Hill, per Mr. F. J. Wilson ...	10	0	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
	£157	10	0
<i>General Fund:—</i>	£	s.	d.
Worthing Baptist Church, per Mr. J. Cowell	5	0	0
Mr. J. Eakin	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Whittle	1	1	0
Mrs. Charles Walter, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3	0	0
Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald	1	1	0
Mrs. M. J. Menzies	1	1	0
Collection at Blackfield, per Mr. G. Willstead	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. West	0	5	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	2	15	6
Miss Van Notten Pole	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith, Java	2	0	0
	£17	13	6

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

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.
"Gratitude"	5	0	0
Postal order from Camden Town ...	0	10	0
Mr. James Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Holder	0	10	0
Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
H. O. N.	0	3	6
F. C. W.	0	2	6
Mrs. Nagle	5	0	0
C. R. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Mrs. Pearson	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A. P. B.	0	10	6
Mrs. Tyte	0	10	0
"An elderly person"	0	5	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	25	0	0
Postal order from Birmingham ...	0	1	0
<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
F. O. W.	0	2	6
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	15	0	0
Miss Mead	1	1	0
	£66	11	0

Beulah Baptist Chapel Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	133	15	9
Mr. F. Dodwell	0	2	6
E. W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Medwin	1	0	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	0	0
Miss White	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
<i>Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—</i>			
Mr. James Coxeter	1	0	0
Mrs. Coxeter	1	0	0
Miss Coxeter	0	10	0
	£148	16	3

Special Notice.—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel MANSE Fund, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.

ANNUAL PAPER
CONCERNING
THE LORD'S WORK
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE
NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1898-99.



Printed for the College Trustees by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, LONDON, E.C.

1899

Founder, and President 1856—1892,

C. H. SPURGEON.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS, 1898-99.

President,

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, S.E.

Vice-President,

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row,
Blackheath, S.E.

Trustees,

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Financial Committee,

T. H. OLNEY.

WM. HIGGS.

F. THOMPSON.

JAMES E. PASSMORE.

Secretary,

E. H. 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 BEQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____
pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law
be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time
being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his
receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when
received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*

The Trustees' Report.

IT is the melancholy duty of the College Trustees to report the sad and sudden death of the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, D.D., which event took place under most painful circumstances on March 22nd, 1899.

During the Presidency of C. H. Spurgeon, his brother was for many years Tutor and Vice-President; and in 1892 was elected President, upon the decease of the beloved Founder. Pastor James A. Spurgeon continued to hold this position until 1896, and up to the time of his decease was the Treasurer of the Institution, as well as a Trustee.

The valuable services which he rendered to the College for so many years, and the appreciative thankfulness for the same by his Co-Trustees, found expression in the following Resolution, which was passed at their first meeting held after his death:—

“The Trustees of the Pastors' College desire to express to Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon their heartfelt sorrow at the sudden death of her esteemed husband, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, D.D., and they wish to assure her of their sympathetic prayers, that the richest comfort of our Triune God may be hers in this sad hour, and that she may find in the love of her Saviour and the society of her children abundant consolation.

“The Trustees place on record their grateful recollection of the many years during which our departed friend laboured side by side with his late beloved brother, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, in the work of the College, and their thankful recognition of the long and valuable services he rendered to the Institution in the positions of Vice-President, President, and Treasurer.

“They earnestly commend to the gracious care of our Heavenly Father the sorrowing widow and children.”

A copy of the above was forwarded to Mrs. James A. Spurgeon, and a letter of sympathy was also sent to the aged father, Rev. John Spurgeon.

President's Report.

THE new appointments which were chronicled last year have now been fairly tested. The hope was then expressed that we had been Divinely guided in making them. I am thankful to be able to declare now, that there can be no doubt of it. Principal McCaig is the right man in the right place, and the same is equally true of Professors Hackney and Gausson.

The Trustees think so, the Students are sure of it, the Tutors themselves would acknowledge it, were they not amongst the most modest of men; so the Subscribers need have no doubt of it.

What a deal this means! To have the good ship well manned, is an incalculable gain. No words can express our gratitude to God for this happy state of things. Long may it continue!

It must not be supposed, however, that "entirely new management" has involved any very serious changes. There have, of course, been some alterations as to classes, and subjects, and books. Examinations, too, have been introduced, with unmistakable advantage. Yet the aim remains unaffected, and methods are much as they were. If the educational standard is somewhat raised, the spiritual tone is not allowed to be lowered. There is, of course, no change of front with regard to doctrines. We are *in statu quo* in that respect, at the risk of being labelled as behind the age. Our set purpose is to train men to keep "behind the age," so long as the age outruns the Word of God, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And this will we do if God permit.

All is well with "the men" themselves. We thank God for their devotion, for their diligence, and for their missionary spirit.

I have now but one anxiety concerning the Institution. We were holding our Conference when the flames of fire licked up all but the walls of the dear Tabernacle which was the first home of the College. The College Buildings were, fortunately, beyond the reach of those fiery tongues, but *the funds* have been affected by them. They have shrivelled considerably. This, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, for a strenuous effort is still in progress for the restoration of the beloved House of Prayer. The Church was homeless for a while, and even now that it has returned to the old spot the weekly offerings cannot be wholly devoted to the Pastors' College. The members of the Church and outside helpers are all called upon to re-instate this ruined Zion, and the College has gone short in consequence. We do not believe it is forgotten. The Churches of "Our Own Men" have done nobly in helping the re-building fund, but in some instances this has meant less for the College treasury. Altogether, the outlook financially is by no means bright, and in view of this fact we are compelled to refrain from increasing the number of students. We must cut our coat according to our cloth. When we get more, we will gladly spend more. It is vain to attempt to launch more boats while the tide is so low. There are, however, many little ships waiting to set sail so soon as the tide flows, as assuredly it will. The Lord constrain His stewards to help, is our daily cry. Perhaps

even before the Sanctuary has fully risen from its ashes, the School of the Prophets at its side will cease to mourn a diminished income. We are not without funds, as the balance-sheet proves, but it is evident that the day is not far distant when something must be devised to materially and permanently increase our income. The Tabernacle Church is still willing to do its share, but there are some who think that it ought to be assisted systematically.

With regard to the Report as a whole, I have to say that it is undoubtedly a cheering one. Into it, as into a phonograph, the Vice-President (whose loving co-operation I again gratefully acknowledge), and the Tutors have spoken, and the record of each is both trustworthy and encouraging. As the later pages are turned, we hear the voices of beloved brethren in country places, and distant lands, and the tone is brave and buoyant in every instance.

It is a significant fact that the great brotherhood, which stretches the world around, is, in a very real sense, united. The heart of this body is strong; hence the pulse beats firmly even to its finger-tips. Absence only seems to make the heart grow fonder, and distance proves but little hindrance. Loving greetings go to our furthest off friends, and they respond affectionately. How we wish they could join us at the Conference! Thrice welcome will those be who can put in an appearance. The Lord keep all the host in battle array, and lead each phalanx on to victory! If every man is brave and true, the Pastors' College Evangelical Association will still prove itself a power for God, and for His Gospel, in a generation in which the very elect are so readily deceived.

Thus have I introduced the story of the Lord's work which follows—a story full of lovingkindness and tender mercy on our Father's part, and not without zeal, and love, and joy, so far as the instruments are concerned. This also is due to His grace. There is but one shadow in it (the financial aspect), and that is *a passing one*. Even you, dear reader, may help to make it pass more quickly by increasing, if possible, your own gift; by interesting others in so good a work; and by making special supplication on its behalf. I pray you do so.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-President's Report.

ANOTHER year of great mercy has come and gone in connection with the happy service one has to render as the Vice-President of the Pastors' College. Without casting any reflection upon the past, for all the years have been full of God's goodness, and wonderfully successful, I feel that the last twelve months have been pre-eminent for a distinct advance all along the line.

The growing requirements of the age, from an educational point of view, are being efficiently met by a Tutorial Staff whose competency is unquestionable, and we are not afraid of "Our Own Men" being

able to hold their own in the greater battle when leaving College; for the training that they now receive is adequate to the demands which will be made upon them in their future ministerial career.

The indefatigable industry and genuine godliness of the brethren now in the College, have been very manifest throughout each session, and I have been particularly gratified to note the moral tone and Christian spirit revealed in both home and class.

The classes over which I preside, have been well maintained, and no teacher could be more satisfied with the punctual attendance and personal attention of his students; and their productions have given evidence of their fitness for the preacher's vocation.

We are more than ever convinced that the distinctive features, which from its very foundation have marked the Pastors' College, as differing from others, are still worthy of maintenance; and while recognising that a student's life should be utilised to its full in acquiring knowledge, we continue to adhere to the principle so firmly held by the Founder, that all such knowledge should have a direct bearing upon the sacred work to which he has been designated.

The training in the College is still maintained upon the "permanent way" laid down by my dear father, and we are convinced that any alteration would be detrimental to the highest interests of the young men who come under our influence. There is every reason to believe that the Pastors' College will continue to fulfil the design for which it was instituted. Our belief in the old Evangelical truths is stronger than ever, because we see that the present time demands a faithful testimony on their behalf.

We ask the earnest prayers and the practical help of all those who are appointed to be the Lord's stewards, and the cry of our heart is, "O Lord, establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish Thou it."

CHARLES SPURGEON.

Dr. McCaig's Report.

MY first report as Principal is, on the whole, of an encouraging nature. The loyal support given me by the men has helped me greatly in what has been, in many respects, an arduous, though a pleasing task.

Dr. Usher's resignation, coming so soon after Mr. Marchant's retirement, was a cause of much regret, as we had all learned to love and esteem him; but we were glad that the President and Trustees were able to secure the services of Mr. Gausson, who, during the time in which he rendered temporary help, had endeared himself to the students, and shown his fitness for the work. In August, Mr. Hackney took up the work of Classical Tutor, to the great satisfaction of all concerned, and is rendering the College valuable service.

Until the summer vacation, the arrangement of the classes, made

when Mr. Marchant retired, continued, by which Mr. Gaussen relieved me of the junior classics and junior Greek Testament, so that I could take, in addition to my other classes, the middle and senior Greek Testament and Homiletics.

In classics, the seniors read a considerable portion of Homer's *Iliad* in Greek, and Sallust's *Catilina*, in Latin, giving special attention to Greek scansion. The work accomplished was very creditable. Since August, Mr. Hackney has, of course, set me free from the classics, and, by special arrangement, has also taken charge of two of the Greek Testament classes.

In Greek Testament, the seniors have done very good work, reading during the first half of the year, in Romans and Acts, while during the second half Ephesians has been our special study.

My senior Hebrew class continued some time reading in the Book of Proverbs, and then passed on to the Psalms, a considerable number of which we have gone carefully through. The junior Hebrew class, commenced last year, has been working steadily through the Grammar, and is now reading in Genesis. An elementary class, formed in August, has made satisfactory progress with the rudiments, and will, before long, begin to read.

In the Homiletic class, the sermon outlines have been of a high order, and give great cause for encouragement.

My Church History class has been continued, the Mediæval period specially engaging our attention, the study of which has certainly not raised our estimation of the Papal system and priesthood.

I found an opportunity, in August, of beginning a class for the junior men, in Paley's *Evidences*, in which gratifying work has been done. I have also been able to take a new class for middle men in New Testament Introduction, which has proved an interesting and helpful study.

In Theology we have, on the Tuesday mornings, continued with Hodge's *Outlines*, the special subjects being, Inspiration, the Canon, the Covenant of Grace, and the Person of Christ.

Since Easter ('98), when Mr. Stephens discontinued his special lectures, I have been giving, on Wednesday mornings, a course of Theological Lectures, dealing first with Biblical Anthropology, which occupied us a considerable time, such important points being discussed as the Origin of Man, his Nature, his Primeval Condition, his Ideal Destiny, his Fall, his Present Condition, etc. I am now giving a course on Soteriology, the first series treating of the Old Testament Revelation of Redemption.

In past years, Dr. Usher and myself held occasional examinations on the class work, but this year it has been possible to have a uniform system of examinations throughout the classes, with very gratifying results. We hope to have similar examinations twice a year, believing that thereby greater efficiency in the class work will be secured.

I am glad to report that one of our students, Mr. L. Wilson-Haffenden, has succeeded in passing the Matriculation examination of the London University.

The sermons of the brethren have been well up to the average, many showing marked ability, and all giving promise of good work in

the coming days. The students' criticisms have also evinced considerable mental power, and the weekly discussions have been well sustained. I am happy to add that the spirit of devotion and spiritual earnestness has not been allowed to deteriorate.

We believe the blessing of the Lord is upon our College; the inspiring memory of our beloved Founder is still much to us, but we also rejoice in the competent leadership of the present President, who is ably assisted by his brother, the Vice-President, and loved and honoured by all the students, and we think that, everything being in a healthy condition, we may still with confidence look to the churches for support in this glorious work.

ARCHIBALD McCaIG.

Report from Prof. W. Hackney, M.A.



Prof. W. Hackney, M.A.

IN presenting a report of the classes under my care as Classical Tutor, I desire, first of all, to express my great satisfaction at the response of the men in the College to the demands made upon them. They have worked splendidly.

In pursuance of ideals long cherished, I have endeavoured both to foster an ardent intellectual ambition, and to arrange the studies so that, in time to come, our men may have such an efficient knowledge of Latin and Greek that they can use with ease these languages in their daily work. The plans adopted, I believe, will be effectual, and I anticipate with pleasure their further development. The value of such training to the minister of Christ,

when consecrated and used for the highest spiritual ends, must be incalculable.

The scope of my work is indicated by the following list of books and subjects.

In Latin, the Junior men have used Macmillan's First Latin Course, and Dr. Smith's Grammar; reading also in Virgil's Eclogues. In Greek, they have worked with Harper's Greek Method, which deals with the Greek text of John's Gospel and the grammatical elements.

The Intermediate men have taken Macmillan's Second Latin Course, Cæsar's Gallic War, and the Latin Grammar. In Greek, they have studied Xenophon's Anabasis, the Alcestis of Euripides, and Greek Prose Composition in Greenstock's Exercises, assisted by Abbott and Mansfield's Grammar. They have also read with me, in the Greek Testament Class, part of the Gospel of Mark, and the First Epistle of John. The Seniors have had two authors in Latin, Virgil's Seventh Book

of the *Aeneid*, and Anselm's *Cur Deus Homo*, together with Bradley's Latin Prose Composition, in which great advance has been made.

In Greek, they have carefully gone through Plato's *Apologia* of Socrates with deep interest. In the Greek Testament Class a large portion of the Gospel according to Luke has been read.

The examination held at Christmas last, upon the four months' work, was very helpful in revealing both strength and weakness, and in stimulating a more precise and hopeful method of study.

I am thankful to be permitted to share in this responsible task of training men for the Gospel ministry, and believe the future of the Pastors' College will be no less bright than any days of the past.

WALTER HACKNEY.

Report from Prof. Wm. H. Gausson, M.A., LL.B.

"That which I have done may He within Himself make pure!"

UPON Professor Marchant's resignation in February, 1898, I undertook to render until Easter such assistance as I could, and this promise was afterwards extended so as to cover the period from Easter to Midsummer.

My work then lay partly in relieving Principal McCaig of some of the work in the classical department, and partly in taking some classes which had been in Professor Marchant's hands, namely, Junior Greek Testament, English Poetry, and Euclid. I also started a new class to study the History of Philosophy.

Dr. Usher retiring in June, I accepted an invitation from the President and Trustees to become his successor, sorrowing, however, that my pleasant experience of him as a colleague was thus brought to a close.

Accordingly, after the summer vacation, while continuing the Euclid, Philosophy, and English Poetry Classes, I also took up those in the "Bible Hand-book," Greek History, Butler's *Analogy*, Logic, Ethics, and English.

Now to review the whole year;—in classics, we went through part of Cicero's *De Senectute*, Eutropius' History, Lucian's Dialogues, and Xenophon's *Anabasis*, besides Grammar and Delectus work. Having



Prof. W. H. Gausson, M.A., LL.B.

spent some time on English Poetry with the handbook that had been in use, we began a survey, though of necessity a hasty one, of the whole of English Literature, using as companion to a primer of that subject, "Longer English Poems," edited by Hales. In Ethics, we have made Butler's Sermons our text-book, with occasional verbal references to other systems than his. We began our outline of the History of Philosophy with the early Greeks, of course, and continued it down to what is known as the German Illumination. Then I decided to treat the subject topically, for a time at least, and made a beginning by taking up "consciousness." Our study of English Composition and the English Language has been mainly based upon Abbott's English Lessons for English People, and Trench on Words.

The Tabernacle fire having destroyed the existing copies of the History of Greece, we adopted a more recent one, Oman's, and have read a fair amount of it.

Of course, the number of changes during the past year was a somewhat hindering element, but I am of opinion that, notwithstanding, satisfactory work has been done by the students, and fair progress made. The best proof of this was the examination held at Christmas in most of the subjects, when I was very pleased with the answering on the whole.

I may be allowed to say, as a stranger to the Pastors' College until my present engagement there, that I have been favourably impressed by the students; many of them show marked intellectual power and keenness of insight, as is evinced by the questions asked in class, and the criticisms offered upon the sermons read before the College; most of them seem to feel the need for acquiring knowledge, even when not directly bearing on their future life-work; all of them, I believe, are full of devotion to the person and work of Jesus Christ.

In conclusion, I would praise God for help and strength given thus far.

I am vividly conscious of coming very far short even of my own ideal, and can only hope that, in this case, the words of Browning are applicable,—

"It must oft fall out
That one whose labour perfects any work,
Shall rise from it with eye so worn, that he
Of all men least can measure the extent
Of what he has accomplished."

WM. H. GAUSSEN.

Professor Richardson's Report.

IT would seem as though we were just beginning to realize the value of pleasing tone and clear speaking in every-day life. The Government Educational Department is insisting upon more attention being paid to this subject in our public schools. Among other things, the Department considers that the teachers should present the children with an object-lesson in tone quality and clear articula-

tion ; and the inspectors are now taking steps to secure attention to this in the Training Colleges.

Personally, I am delighted at this attempt to improve what I have called in one of my lectures "Every-day Elocution." The right use of the voice in the conversation of business and social intercourse is well worthy of consideration. To the minister, it presents points of special interest. Many a word of advice and comfort is weakened or even spoiled by the manner of its utterance ; and conversation is made unpleasant by the imposition of a disagreeable tone.

We have, for some time past, given special attention to "every-day speaking" in our College Classes. And although it is not always easy to get men to realize their responsibility, yet we are glad to report that in the greater number of cases the men have readily recognized the usefulness of this common excellency.

In the ordinary work of public speaking, the progress of the men has been most satisfactory, and in no College do I have better results than at the Pastors' College.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Reports of the Evening Classes.

I HAVE much pleasure in stating that good work has been done in the Evening Classes during the past year, and that many of the men have made very satisfactory progress.

Owing to that disastrous event, the destruction of our beloved house of prayer by fire, we suffered no little inconvenience in the early part of the year by having no regular place of meeting, as all the different Societies had to be accommodated at the College. But, soon after, the Trustees kindly placed the Desk Room at our disposal, and we have continued to hold the Classes there.

On Tuesday evenings, the Class quickly increased, and has maintained a good average attendance throughout the year. We have continued our lectures on Human Physiology, which have been especially appreciated, and on Mental Science and Theology.

In each term we have set apart one night for discussion, and another for the preaching of a sermon by one of the brethren, followed by criticism. This arrangement has given great satisfaction, for the students have found it not only interesting, but very useful and helpful.

On Wednesday evenings, we have taken English Grammar, English History, English Literature, and Physical Geography.

The brethren have taken a deep and loving interest in the devotional meetings, which we have held at regular intervals.

The eagerness to acquire knowledge, and the steady perseverance displayed by the students, have been all that could be desired, and have given me much cause for joy and encouragement.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

On Monday and Wednesday evenings, the work has followed much the same lines as heretofore, and the men have shown quite the usual desire to profit by the instruction given.

Monday Evenings. Classes in Latin and Greek have been held as in former years. In the early part of the year an intermediate class was held in both languages. During the latter part of the year, an elementary class has studied the *Principia Latina* and the *Initia Græca*.

The work on *Wednesday evenings* has consisted chiefly of lessons in Logic, English History, Literature, and Grammar.

T. F. BOWERS, B.A. (Lond.)

SHORTHAND CLASS.—This Class meets in the Desk Room of the College, on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock, and, like the other Evening Classes, is free to young men desiring to receive instruction in a Christian spirit.

Since the last annual report, the Class has studied the "Teacher," and "Æsop's Fables" for reading practice, and also gone through the "Manual of Phonography." The usual examination was held for Sir Isaac Pitman and Son's Elementary Certificate, and it is satisfactory to state that again all members, who sat for the examination, duly passed, and received the certificate.

At the request of members, the Class was continued after the Christmas holidays, for advanced practice in speed, phraseography, &c., and some interesting discussions were held on the best way of writing difficult words. Instruction was also given as to using shorthand for taking down sermons, lectures, addresses, &c., &c., and at the close of the session a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the teacher.

A Class for beginners now meets, and young men wishing to join will be welcomed any Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

HAYDN PINKESS.

The Old "Home" in Temple Street.

IT is only four weeks—one short month—since I said "farewell," and passed out from the dear old College into the world of ministerial life! Do you remember the day you left your home? Have you not often recalled the scene? The wooden garden gate, with its neat gravel path fringed with the whiteness of pure pinks; the little window from which the geraniums peeped in crimson splendour, and above which God's tiny songsters trilled their sweet music. And there in the doorway, encircled with its border of green foliage, shading her eyes from the sun, which tenderly kisses her silver locks, stands the loving mother who made that spot "Home." The tears that would come at the turning of the road have often returned, and not a few times has your heart cried, "God bless the old home!"

Such feelings—quite as true and strong—tug at my heart to-day. "The days that are no more" are rich with memories so pure, so sweet, so sacred, that I lay down my pen, and pray, "God bless the dear old College! 'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.'"

When a man has been living for four weeks on the memory of the old days, it is a dangerous thing to ask him for a brief article on that subject. But to begin at the beginning. Who does not remember the first day in College,—the boisterous yet hearty welcome of the students; the waiting in the corridor to see the Tutors? You then discover a new disease—the student's "staggers." For the time, it is far worse than the student's "stoop." Its chief symptoms are a terrible sinking in the region of the heart, and a violent shaking in the vicinity of the knees. At last the door opens. The disease rapidly intensifies. You enter, to find yourself in the presence of a trio of the kindest and most considerate of Professors.

That is your introduction to College life,—the commencement of the happiest of happy days. But do not think, I pray you, that they are easy, idle days. Far from it. You then begin to glean, with increasing labour and delight, in fields of Philosophy, Mathematics, History, Theology, Classics, &c. You search with Socrates for a wise man, examine evidences with Paley, listen to Demosthenes, or spend a few hours with Dr. Butler. Unto all hours of the night you wrestle with Greek verbs, chase disappearing Hebrew shevas, and stumble through Latin constructions. You bind your head with towels to cool it, for it has grown heated in the effort to find out how A B C is equal to F F G; and if a College sermon is in sight,—well, my pen refuses to describe your state of mind. For three and a-half years you work, and work hard. But the toil is glad toil. And what delight there is in reviewing the profit of those days!



THE DESK ROOM, PASTORS' COLLEGE.

During my course, we welcomed all the Professors to their present positions; and we did it right heartily. Did we regret it afterwards?

Well, on the opening day of the first session under the new *régime*, we gathered in a great company at Shechem, which is, being interpreted, our Desk Room. "And Rehoboam" (pardon me, Mr. Principal,) "took counsel with the young men that were brought up with him, and stood before him, and answered, 'My predecessor made your yoke heavy, but I will add thereto.' And Israel departed unto their tents" (*i.e.*, classrooms). Yet, who minds hard work with such kindly, sympathetic Tutors?

One of the abiding memories of College life, and one for which the old student must be increasingly grateful, is its strong spirituality. He learns to grasp the gospel. Mental vigour is never cultivated at the expense of spiritual force. Increase of wisdom does not mean decrease of fervour, or loss of "first love." Growth in grace, and growth in knowledge, with us, walk hand in hand. Many of us will never cease to rejoice that the Pastors' College was not merely a door into the ministry, or even a classical academy, but a school of the *prophets*. We were taught to be *seers*; piercing the unseen; seeing *God*. "Faith," says the writer to the Hebrews, "is the conviction of things not seen." "Conviction of things not seen,"—we go forth blest with *that*. We have seen the unseen, and "we testify what we have seen." "We believe, and therefore speak *knowing*. . . ." And from henceforth, not with the faltering accents of hesitating uncertainty, but with the strong cry of conviction, "we preach Christ crucified." We have seen further than in earlier days, more deeply and more clearly, but the cross is still the centre of our vision. For this we are largely indebted to our Tutors. They are men learned in all the language of the ancients, but not unlearned in the language of Christ. They have taught us, by noble life and inspiring words, to—

"Follow the Christ the King;
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King."

We do more than admire, we love them; and "farewell goes out sighing."

What about my fellow-students? Well, Carlyle has divided human nature into two classes. For *student* human nature I should require four divisions. You see, I have not lost my love for homiletics. We have our clever students,—men who can swallow Hebrew, Latin, Greek, &c., as easily as their mid-day meal. We, poor inferior beings, look on with admiration and envy. Then there are the critical students. These "critics" are the most fearful of all. They lose sight of nothing. Woe be to the man who beholds them rise deliberately after he has preached the sermon which has cost him many a headache and heartache! Yet they are true men, and have done us real service. The third class are the kindly, genial, sympathetic. Sometimes they are clever, sometimes they are not. But they are always welcome. They are the sunshine of the College, unsuppressed and undepressed, even by London fogs, and Hebrew "exceptions"; men who, by their kindness and sympathy, are bound to win the hearts of their fellows, and who will assuredly prosper in the ministry of the "glad tidings of great joy." Lastly, yet first in importance, we have the spiritual student. Sometimes he is the cleverest, often the kindest. Nowhere

have, I found a deeper admiration, a truer love for manly piety, Christlike character, the spirit that dwelleth with God. We have had many, very many, of such a spirit,—good men, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, the McCheynes and the Bonars of our little world. How I remember them as I write! Their lives have touched mine, and by the touch enriched it. Thank God, they are neither few nor feeble in the College which we love! The spirit of the brotherhood is the spirit of Christ; and if I had no other reason, I would thank God that, in the home of three and a-half years, were given to me brothers, in spirit inseparable, that we might walk the world together the stronger for our mutual prayer and trust.



THE CONFERENCE HALL.

My last Conference as a student was the "Conference of fire." God answered by fire. None of us will forget it, or the days that followed. First, calamity and consternation,—a dark sky with scarce a ray of hope. Then, step by step, rallying faith, outbreking sympathy, growing enthusiasm, glad hopefulness. And then—back home, leaving the President with his charred and blackened ruin. But we saw more. We formed an inner circle. And what we witnessed will ever be to us a living memory. We saw—when telegrams had ceased; when cheers of loyal hearts had died away; when sympathetic hands grasped his no more; when nothing remained but a mass of blackened ruin—we saw our President fall back on God. "He endured as seeing HIM."

"The hero heart
Suffering all things in silent steadfastness."

I am no prophet, but it needs none to say that, amid deeds of heroism, and works of faith, this, in the days to come, shall take its place. It is not for me to praise him, so I simply say, we watched him watch "the

chariot of fire." "And when the sons of the prophets saw *him*," in admiration and in love "they said, 'The spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha.'"

Oh, the number of things I have not mentioned!—the genial kindness of the Vice-President, who labours so earnestly and lovingly "behind the scenes"; the happy re-unions at "Westwood"; the Friday afternoon lectures, and a host of other bright memories.

What do I owe to the College life? Can a man record what he owes to the home of his childhood? Can he count the sunbeams that creep in every morning? Character-making influences that twine themselves around the life; tender memories that cling fondly to the heart; inspirations that call with clarion voice; inseparable friendships that walk with us through life; above all these, highest spiritual influences that still linger round our College walls, leading us with reverent love



THE LIBRARY.

and deep devotion to bow before that cross, which ever stands with outstretched hands above the world's wild sin and strife,—who can rightly value them?

Oh, dear old College!

"The sweetness of thy praise shall not be mine;
Instead, the more pathetic sacred sense
Of something wanting."

My heart turns toward thee. My prayers ascend for thee.

God bless the Pastors' College!

RIDLEY.

[Our good brother, W. Ridley Chesterton, who has lately settled at Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has written thus happily of his College experiences. Friends must pardon us for inserting some of his too-flattering references. We know he means all he has said, so we must not tone down his picture. God bless him, and help him to light such a candle as shall never be put out!—T. S.]

Hitherto and Henceforth;

OR, GLEANINGS FROM THE HARVEST FIELD.

THE annual circular letter has brought us many interesting replies. We have had great delight in perusing them, and regret that only a few brief extracts can be given. Perhaps it is as well that the letter itself should also appear.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

TEMPLE STREET,
NEWINGTON, S.E.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—It is once more our privilege to send you salutations. A memorable year has almost ended!

You, too, have had your trials, but we have all been "Brought hitherto," "Helped hitherto," "Blessed hitherto," and (most wonderful of all) "Forgiven hitherto." Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

Most heartily do we thank you for your loving response to our last letter, and for other tokens of your interest and sympathy. Please send us tidings of your work for God, and concerning your own welfare.

Shall we agree to seek a "strange, surprising grace" for the next Conference? Whether *you*, dear brothers, are able to be present or not, we trust that we with you may be comforted in you; each of us by the other's faith, both yours and ours.

We are, heartily yours,

THOMAS SPURGEON, *President.*

CHARLES SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

The PASTOR of QUEEN'S ROAD, WIMBLEDON, sends a characteristic note, "Bright, brief, brotherly," in response to ours:—

Dear Mr. President,

Thanks for your "Hitherto" reminders. Let me answer with "Henceforths."—

1. Let Israel hope in the Lord from "henceforth."
2. They who live should not "henceforth" live unto themselves.
3. "Henceforth" thou shalt catch men.
4. "Henceforth" there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Thank God the work "goes on" even when the poor worker "goes off," as he had to for a long spell during '98.

Ever yours to serve,

CHARLES INGEM.

The law of supply and demand is illustrated by BROTHER R. J. PELEN, of CHRISTCHURCH, by the following testimony:—

"We have had severe trials in the past year; but we have made trial's of His grace, and found God faithful that promised. We had simply

to draw upon the Bank of Emmanuel, and the surprising thing about this particular Bank is that the Directors authorize the payments to be made far more exceeding abundantly above the amount sought. This is a gracious custom of this Bank not in vogue elsewhere. For saving, sustaining, succouring, and sanctifying grace, I desire to praise the God of all grace."

Here is another brave bulletin, from PASTOR P. A. HUDGELL, of JUNCTION STREET, DERBY :—

"Work going on,
Blessings coming down,
Souls coming in,
Praises going up."

BROTHER ALFRED G. HASTE, of SHEFFIELD, forms the following Acrostic in forwarding his report :—

"T he Lord is with us and
H e has blessed us,
E benezer is still our cry.

P eace reigns within our walls,
A toning blood abides our joyous theme.
S aints in love abound.
T rue hearts His coming wait ; the
O ld, old story is ever new, and
R efreshes still the
S aints of God.

C onstrained by His love,
O vercome by His might,
L earning at His feet,
L istening to His voice,
E ngaging in His service,
G ratefully we adore His
E verlasting and unchanging grace."

A bunch of wild heather from ARBROATH is tied up by PASTOR GEO. MENZIES as he gratefully acknowledges the "Word of Cheer," in poetic verse :—

"Brought hitherto, Helped, Blessed, Forgiven !
Yes, bless His Name, I know it all.
'Brought,' when too faint myself to have striven ;
'Helped,' when alone I could but fall.
'Blessed,' with all spiritual blessings too ;
'Forgiven,' the riches of His grace.
All through the year the word was true,
Both tried and proved in every place.
Till now, 'brought,' 'helped,' 'blessed,' and 'forgiven,'
So shall it be from here to Heaven."

Here is an Easter greeting in deed and in truth, for it comes from friend JAMES EASTER, of DISS, NORFOLK.

“ Christ liveth ! Christ pleadeth !
 Christ cometh ! Christ conquereth !
 Hallelujah !
 “ He must reign.” “ He . . . shall be satisfied !”

“ And I am certain that what will satisfy Him, will satisfy us. Oh, for a fresh endowment of spiritual power !”

The following tells of toil. BROTHER F. C. MORRIS, of MALDON, says :—“ I would it were possible to return more conversions ; but that is with the Lord. It has been a year of hard toil and earnest seed sowing in the face of much indifference and some opposition. Still ‘ hitherto the Lord hath helped us,’ and in the strength of that word we continue to fight.”

From “ BURTON-ON-THE-WATER ” comes a similar experience :—“ The year that has just closed has been one of great trial and great blessing. In the first three months, as a church, we passed through a season of much sadness, through deaths and prevalent illness ; but ‘ Marah ’ was quickly followed by ‘ Elim,’ and by the middle of the year we were rejoicing in revival. Out of the fifteen received into the church, no less than ten were married persons of the ages of 40 and upwards. With you we can say, and do heartily say, ‘ Blessed be the Name of the Lord.’ ” We pray that PASTOR G. A. AMBROSE may always experience the “ clear shining after rain.”

A trinity of blessings is reported by PASTOR G. K. SMITH, of BEXLEY HEATH :—“ His Word has brought forth fruit, we have been kept by His power, and cheered with His presence.”

A statement of profit and loss is to hand regarding the work under the charge of PASTOR T. L. EDWARDS in SOUTHPORT :—“ The returns bear a mournful aspect, in that they show a decrease in our membership of fourteen ; but that is accounted for by the fact that the roll has been overhauled, and an accumulation of useless names has been removed. Already we have sixteen names that we hope to add, so that the deficiency is more than made up.”

BROTHER W. JOYNES, lately settled at NEW SOUTHGATE, cheerily writes :—“ The Lord has graciously helped hitherto, and He will, for one of His names is ‘ Jehovah-jireh.’ The Lord is blessing us very much ; thirty have publicly professed Christ since October.”

A brother in the field, and by name PASTOR H. C. FIELD, of TODDINGTON, thus reports :—“ We are steadily fighting, and have held the fort without loss against the Ritualistic and Romish practices of the age, and are firing away from the sacred cannon Gospel truths, believing that the Gospel is the only weapon wherewith to conquer the evil one, and evil in the human heart.”

One who signs himself as "Yours sincerely in the conquest of Faith and the victory of the Cross," tells of God's blessing in the following words:—"He is manifesting His power to the salvation of souls in our midst. My own experience has been most delightful. The great subject of the Atonement has been growing upon me, and with it has come a greater joy, a deeper gratitude, and a marked development of spiritual life and faith." We commend the work at THORNABY-ON-TEES, which is under the charge of PASTOR A. E. CALVER, to the blessing of God.

Heroic words are these, coming from a brave heart, as PASTOR E. MORLEY, of NEW BRIGHTON, LIVERPOOL, writes:—"God has given me during the past few years the hardest bit of work I have had all my life. Progress, however, is being made, notwithstanding the fact that, in these days, *simple* services are at a discount, and churches that do not aim to amuse the people are likely to be largely forsaken. The church of which I am pastor was never more prayerful or more active than it is now. We are reducing our debt this year by £100, and shall then have raised £7,100, and that without secular concerts and other doubtful expedients."

A few messages come to us as "breezes from the briny":—"The past year has been one of steady work; souls have been brought to the Lord, but we long to see the multitudes moved by the Spirit of God to earnestness about their eternal interests. They seem to be entirely engrossed in their earthly affairs and pleasure. Oh, for Pentecostal power!"—PASTOR E. J. EDWARDS, DOVER.

"The work of God amongst us has been well sustained, though the past year was one of the most trying I have ever known. . . I rejoice that the work has not flagged in any department, save a little in the open-air-work of last summer."—PASTOR B. BRIGG, MARGATE. [This dear brother has been called to personal affliction, inasmuch as cataract has developed in both eyes. We pray the healing hand of God may remove the evil.]

"In no previous year of my ministry here, has the Word preached been so blessed to the people of God, and in no year have we seen such a deepening of the spiritual life. Possibly the most encouraging feature of the work has been the marked increase in our Monday evening prayer-meeting, both numerically, and in spiritual power."—PASTOR JOHN T. CASTLE, ST. PETER'S, KENT.

"It has been a trying year for me; indeed, each year is alike in this respect. Just now, we are coming into the light, with sure signs of blessing. Yes, we have been 'brought, helped, blessed, forgiven,' and join with you in blessing the dear Name of our Lord and Master. We are making some advance, and hope to have a Mission Hall at St. Budeaux, and a splendid site has been given for a chapel in a large and growing district. I long for more souls, and to see more of His power among us."—PASTOR A. A. HARMER, DEVONPORT.

“ God has blessed our labours, but we look for greater things. For myself, I find the Gospel I learned to preach at the Pastors' College loses none of its charms, but grows richer, and fuller, and more satisfying every day.”—PASTOR E. R. PULLEN, SOUTHAMPTON.

We rejoice that many of our brethren have done good work in one pastorate for a long season. The following examples will illustrate this fact:—“ This year we trust to celebrate the 25th year of my ministry in Surbiton. This is the only pastorate I have ever had (PASTOR WILLIAM BASTER), and I am the only minister the church has ever had. Nearly 25 years ago, I came to this people, at the loving desire of your late beloved father. ‘ Having therefore obtained help from God, I continue unto this day witnessing.’ I have, indeed, much for which to be grateful, when I remember the multiplied difficulties which have attended the work all the years through, in an extremely Church-going, aristocratic, and pleasure-loving neighbourhood, that I have been graciously sustained, and helped, and that our work as a church was never more hopeful and full of promise than it is to-day.”

Thus writes friend LAYZELL, of EAST DEREHAM:—“ With regard to my work, I have no report to make that is likely to attract public notice, or to find its way into College Reports; but to me personally, it is a matter for continued thanks to God, that I have been sustained in my pastoral work for 28 years, with only one move during that time. What cannot His grace and Spirit accomplish!!! To Him be the glory. Amen. May your ‘ business during alterations ’ grow and flourish to such an extent that, when you go aloft, every seat may have its registered holder.”

“ This year, through the matchless grace and marvellous mercy of our God, I enter upon the twentieth year of my ministry here. Verily, ‘ having obtained help from God, I continue hitherto.’ During the whole of that period, the old, old banner has been displayed in the cause of truth, and I hope to leave it still flying aloft, securely fixed to the mast, when called by the great Captain to give up the command. Never once have we turned aside from the proclamation of the old-fashioned Gospel in the old-fashioned way. Never once have we lacked a congregation to listen, nor the signs and tokens of the Gospel's healing power. As of old, we have proved, again and again, that the Gospel, unadulterated, unadorned, is ‘ the power of God unto salvation to every-one that believeth.’ ”—PASTOR H. S. SMITH, FENNY STRATFORD.

“ I have been working this district (GORSLEY, GLOS.) for 17 years; but am now face to face with removal from a loving people, and my heart fails me. During this pastorate, I have baptized 157, and received in all 228 persons, and the church will be numerically and financially stronger than when I came. A manse has also been added to the church property. This has been my only pastorate. Pray for me.”

This we will gladly do, as dear BROTHER E. ASHTON is very weak and depressed through the physical strain a wide district has made upon him. The Lord give him great success at WESTBURY LEIGH, WILTS., his new sphere of labour!

"I have now been in GUILDFORD twenty years," writes PASTOR J. RANKINE, "and am pleased to say that the last year wast he best in all respects we have ever had in the Lord's work, and our prospects are bright."

Here is a budget of encouraging news:—"We are not without signs that the Lord is working with us. An earnest spirit prevails among the people, and the simple, grand Gospel is loved and honoured. We are looking for 'greater things,' 'because He has gone unto the Father.' Progress seems sometimes very slow; but 'a thousand years is only one day' to Him."—PASTOR F. C. WATTS, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

"The work here, under God's blessing, still goes on. We have secured a good site for our new chapel, which we hope to commence building before the end of the year. The spiritual work of the church has gone steadily on: our membership is now 316; 20 of these during the year have been by conversion, for which we glorify God."—PASTOR ROBERT SLOAN, EAST HAM.

"Concerning the Lord's work here, at EAST FINCHLFY, we have very much for which to praise Him. Souls have been saved, saints have been edified. Our great need is a larger building. Our debt of £1,450 has been liquidated, and we have about £500 towards the new building. We do not believe in concerts, bazaars, etc., for raising money; but are confident that, if we honour God in the matter, He will send the means. It is His work, not ours."—PASTOR J. J. BRISTOW.

BROTHER T. B. FIELD, of CREWE, writes encouragingly:—"I am glad to say that our work forges ahead: good congregations, conversions, and many other signs of blessing. We are about building a larger chapel, and have commenced outpost duty in a village hard by. Although much modern thought is round us, I am thankful to say that a goodly company is drawn together to hear the simple Gospel."

One of the features of our College work has been to provide men who manfully answer God's call to lead a forlorn hope. Just one specimen:—

PASTOR JAMES R. COOPER, who lately returned from Australia, thus reports of the work at HELSTON, CORNWALL:—"I came to a stranded boat, and she is still on the edge of low-water line. My only comfort is, that God lives, and He sent me here. He can bring the tide up to us, or take us down to the tide, and to this end we pray. Meanwhile, I will, as He gives grace, seek to keep the flag of truth in sight." Bravo! brother, whate'er betide, be it ebb or flow, be not afraid.

Throughout all the letters we have received, there sound forth love for, and loyalty to, the good old Gospel. Here are a few sentences which speak of this fact:—

"As I have not found a better Gospel, I have kept to the old."

"I have preached Jesus crucified, the sinner's Substitute, more frequently than ever, and have seen sinners brought to Him."

"In the message we can rejoice as keenly as ever, and the old doctrines of grace lose none of their savour."

"There has been the same persistent preaching of the Word, and the dew of the Holy Spirit has graciously rested on it."

"The Gospel has been proclaimed. There is great need for clear testimony to the truth, as we have a vicar who preaches and teaches nearly every lie of Rome. We are holding fast to, and being held by, the old Gospel."

"The doctrines of grace, and the grace of the doctrines, are dearer to me than ever."

City, Suburban, and Country News.

Shoreditch Tabernacle.

PASTOR W. CUFF.

YOU will have from us all a red-hot response to your appeal to us to seek a "strange, surprising grace" for this next Conference. It is just what we all need, and all our churches, too. The work of steady-going churches gets harder, and a dull monotony broods over us all, more or less. We need a shaking up all round. I for one think that many modern methods have become too wild, and too worldly, for the Holy Ghost to have anything to do with them. In many places where doctrine is sound, methods are rotten, and so there is no blessing, or next to none. Oh, for a "strange, surprising grace" to clear all this out! Should this come, we shall all hark back to very old-fashioned things, and be surprised we were ever befooled into the new. I stick to the old in doctrine and methods, and have more confidence in it than ever before. I have seen it work too many "signs and wonders" to turn from it to anything else.

I don't like to write about our work at Shoreditch; but we plod on. Last year the Lord wrought wonders for us. He raised up many dear friends, and put it into their hearts to send us help. We made a united effort to clear off the debt, and we accomplished it. The whole property is now free. Of course, this is a great relief, and we hope to do more work than ever. I have always said, and I will say it to you,—Shoreditch Tabernacle is more your dear father's than it is mine. But for him, and the College, it would never have been built. It was he who insisted on my going to Shoreditch in 1872, and I went because he wished me, but against my will, because I did not think I was equal to it. I wish the present subscribers to the College would remember this now, and help you as they did your father. Who knows but what other Tabernacles will be built, besides East London, and Shoreditch, and Lake Road, and many others I might name? It is certain they are the children of the College, and other men will come to you equal to the same work. London and England never needed them more than now.

West Green Baptist Church.

PASTOR J. EDMONDS.

WE are glad to report increasing prosperity at West Green. When the Lord called me hither from Grimsby Tabernacle, I found the church in a very sad and deplorable condition. But, thank God, many of those who had left have returned, and some are again in office as deacons and elders of the church. Sixty-seven have been added to our church during the year, and about twenty others are now before us for membership. To God be the glory! We have had some remarkable cases of conversion. Some have been brought to the Saviour during the sermon; others, struck down under a sense of sin, have sobbed out the publican's prayer in the enquiry-room, and have gone home freely justified by God's grace. Men of forty years of age, as well as young men, have been broken down by the Spirit's convicting power.

We are much cramped for room in our present building. We have for three months been using a large hall connected with a Board School in the district, for Sunday evening services. But the High Church party and the Roman Catholics combined together, and passed a resolution on the Board forbidding the letting of the hall for Sunday evening services. Consequently, we have to return once more into our small building, which when crowded with people only seats 600 or so. We are praying for help to come. May the Lord hear us, and send us aid!

Teddington Baptist Church.

PASTOR R. J. WILLIAMSON.

THE last twelve months have been a *year of grace*. The new year found me in the highlands of Switzerland. I returned to work on the first Sunday in April, since when I have been able to preach, often in great weakness; but the promise has been true to the very letter,—His strength has been made perfect in weakness.

With profound gratitude to God do I record the fact for His glory that no Sunday has passed without some soul seeking Jesus as a result of the preached Word. (I do trust that this will not seem selfish.) The Lord has blessed us as a church, and in obedience to your request I record the fact. We have the people in large numbers, but we hold out no attraction but the old Gospel.

I am praying that the Conference may be a blessed time to us all. I am hoping I shall be strong enough to be present.

My right hand, since the last operation, has been all but helpless. I am writing this holding the right hand with the left.

Notwithstanding the many trials, I have never lost the sunshine of *His face* for a single hour.

Ogden Baptist Chapel, Rochdale.

PASTOR W. S. LLEWELLYN.

THE year has not been without its trials; neither has it been without its joys. In our church, there is much for which we praise His Name. In April we raised £400 towards the debt on our new schools. Our congregations have suffered much by removals, and the chapel being situated "away among the hills," and far from the people, we find it a difficult matter to fill up the places of those who are gone. Our Christian Endeavour Society is flourishing, and we have a most earnest band of young men. The prayer-meetings are better attended. We are looking hopefully for a time of great blessing and many conversions. God has not left His Word without witness, and the preaching itself is a great delight to our own soul; and I have testimony occasionally that it is not without profit to others. By Divine grace, we keep the old flag flying.

Brunswick Road Baptist Church, Gloucester.

PASTOR W. E. RICE.

CONCERNING my work I have nothing to boast of, but much concerning which to magnify the Lord. We are a comparatively poor people, yet during three years we have raised nearly £1,200, over and above our ordinary income, towards the removal of a long-standing debt, which I found when I came here, and which, I am glad to say, is almost extinguished now,—only about £40 remains to be paid. That is a source of satisfaction to me, for I hate debts on the house of the Lord.

But, better still, we have received sixty into our fellowship during the past year; so that, while we have been clearing off one debt, we have incurred another that we can never pay.

"Oh, Lord, the debt of *gratitude* I owe
But cannot pay,
Help me by faithfulness and love to show
From day to day."

St. Mary's Gate Baptist Chapel, Derby.

PASTOR A. MILLS.

I HAVE nearly finished ten years' work in Derby,—a longer pastorate than any person's since 1854. We are situated in the old part of the town, and the exact surroundings are best judged by the allotment just made us by the Free Church Council Visitation Committee. We have eleven streets, and nearly every one is full of

lock-up shops or offices. Yet your father would rejoice over our work, as he knew its previous history, and the great surprise that "a Spurgeon's man" should have received a "call" to this pulpit. I have said little about what I did *not* believe, but have proclaimed the Gospel as C. H. S. led us in doing, and the grace of God has been very manifest. We have given off a large branch in a populous district, of which our man, P. A. Hudgell, is pastor, and during the past two years we have completely renewed our chapel at a cost of £2,700,—£1,900 of which was in hand or promised before we commenced, and entirely from ourselves. At our annual meeting on Monday last, our income, without a single appeal during the year, was reported as larger than for many years past, if not the largest. You will not imagine that I regard income as everything. Yet you know that peace and goodwill, through God's favour, generally display themselves in generous support of the work.

Sion Jubilee Baptist Chapel, Bradford.

PASTOR W. C. MINIFIE.

THE work of the Lord prospers with us. We can report the largest congregations in the city, frequent baptisms, many additions to the church, harmony amongst the members, and conversions every week. For all this we most heartily thank God. And yet we are far from satisfied. We long for deeper spirituality amongst the members of the church, and to see them *all* engaged in winning souls for the Master.

A thorn in my side is the craving for amusements found in the churches up here. The entertainment spirit largely prevails in the North, and it is very difficult to know where to draw the line between some innocent Band of Hope recitation, and other things which I am convinced do not add to the usefulness of any church.

As for Bradford itself, "it lieth in the arms of the wicked one." Drink is our greatest curse, and gambling and all manner of evil follow in its train.

During the year, we have started a society for distributing the late beloved President's Sermons at the houses of the district. We are holding Cottage Meetings in different localities. We have formed a company of the Boys' Brigade, which, in wise hands, will do great good amongst lads difficult to reach. Certainly, "no slacker grows the fight," but we are full of hope and confident of ultimate victory.

New Chapels in Town and Country.

New Baptist Chapel, Manor Park.

PASTOR C. PUMMELL.



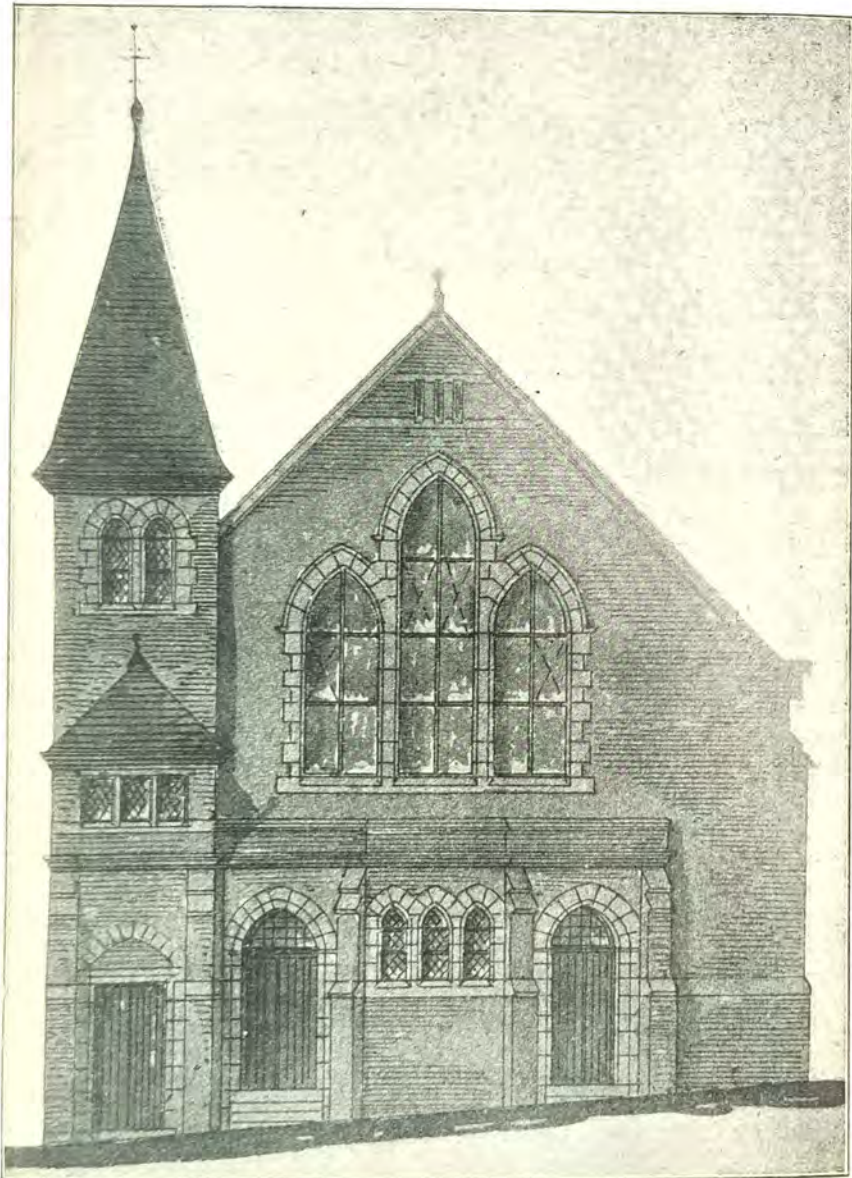
“CONSIDER how great things He hath done for you.” As once again the time comes round to report ourselves to our beloved “Alma Mater,” it is with a very thankful heart that my memory recalls the year’s work. Twelve months ago, with somewhat of fear and trembling, yet under the firm conviction that the call came at the Master’s bidding, I accepted the call to Manor Park. I can report a very happy year’s service, a year of great spiritual blessing and soul prosperity.

Figures generally form dry reading; but I venture to give a few particulars, that some idea of the “great things He hath done” may be realized. Twelve months ago, we were a feeble and struggling community. Since that time, we have bought and paid for the present site £250, and erected a commodious iron building seating 450 persons, at a cost of £580, of which sum we have paid £180. The congregations have trebled, and 52 have been added to our membership, while our income is more than double. The Sunday-school has trebled the number of its scholars.

Manor Park is a rapidly-rising suburb. We require to secure more ground immediately. Seeing that the adjoining plots must be sold in the spring of this year, would that the Lord’s stewards might be moved to help us to secure them before it is too late! These plots would cost us £220. All the meetings are well attended, and the people love the old, old Gospel. We sympathize greatly with the Tabernacle Church and the beloved President in the trying loss of the Sanctuary through fire, but—“Jehovah-jireh.”

New Baptist Chapel, Bishop's Stortford.

PASTOR W. WALKER.



IN 1887, Pastor G. H. Kilby, now of Waltham Abbey, was invited to take the oversight of the church, and for over five years he laboured assiduously, and was the means, under God, of putting fresh

life into the church. Pastor W. Walker settled in 1893, and conversions have been frequent and additions to the church numerous since that event.

The year 1895 witnessed the opening of a New Mission Hall, *free of debt*, at Farnham, in Essex, at a cost of £200, and the taking the oversight of the work at Matching Green.

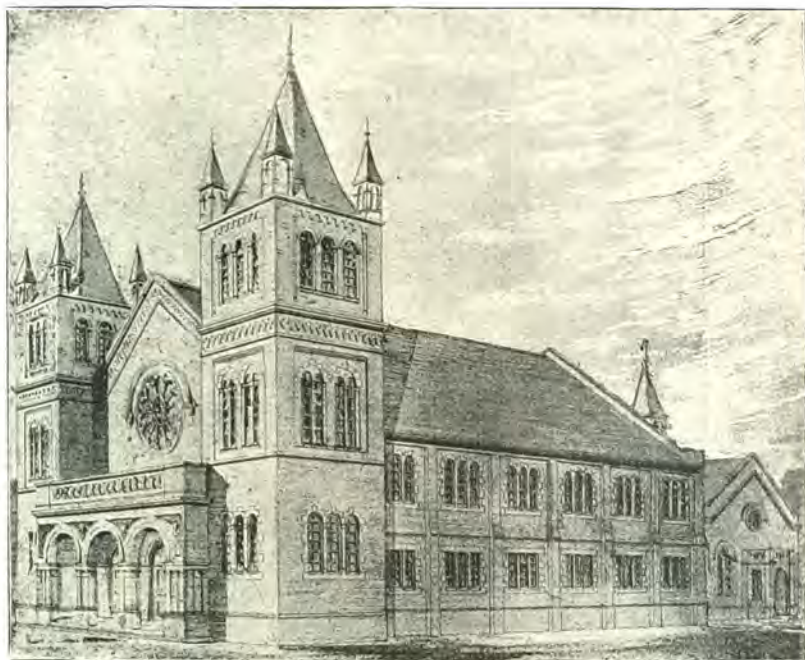
The old Chapel has become inadequate to meet the requirements of a growing church and an ever-increasing Sunday-school, so that a new Chapel is an absolute necessity.

The Lord has given His blessing to our work in Stortford, and we have proved again during the past twelve months that "the Gospel is the power of God."

We hope that the Foundation Stones of our New Chapel will be laid in May. It will cost when complete £1,700, giving materials of the old Chapel to the builder, and also *exclusive* of site.

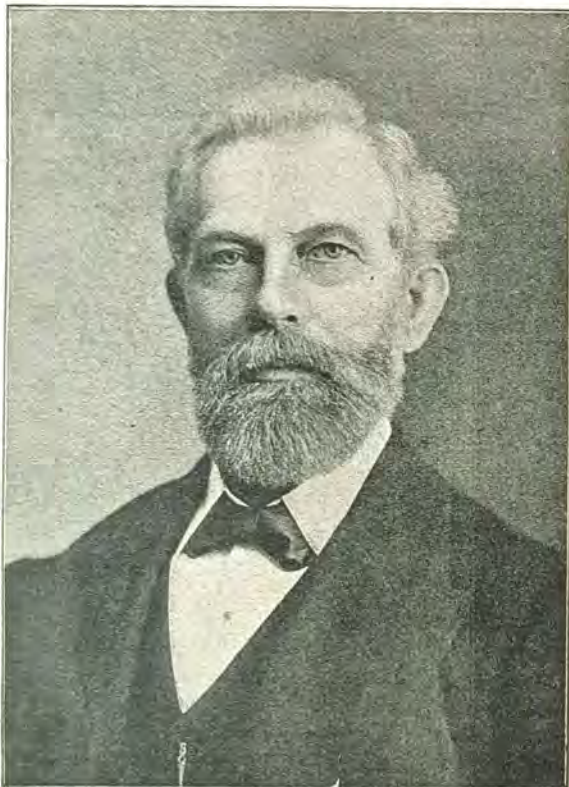
New Baptist Chapel, Herne Hill.

PASTOR A. G. SHORT.



THE movement to establish a Baptist church at Herne Hill commenced some two years ago, when a few friends living in the district invited Pastor A. G. SHORT (then of Sandown, Isle of Wight) to join them in the enterprise. They have secured a

splendid site, and already the School Chapel nears completion, to be followed by a suitable Church building. The Hall is to cost about



PASTOR A. G. SHORT.

£2,500, and the friends have five years in which to build the larger sanctuary. The effort is worthy of the full support of the denomination at large, and we trust will receive liberal aid from outside friends.

New Baptist Chapel, Downshall, Ilford.

PASTOR J. CHADWICK.

THE Downshall Estate is on the North side of the Romford Road, about a mile east of the Ilford Railway Station, and at a considerable distance from any Nonconformist place of worship,—the nearest sanctuary being the parish church, which is about half a mile away.

Downshall is a striking example of the rapid growth of suburban London. Less than two years ago, it was a vegetable farm; to-day, through the enterprise of A. CAMERON CORBETT, Esq., M.P., it is being rapidly covered with attractive villa residences, some eight hundred of which have already been erected.

The present population is about 2,000, for whom there is no religious accommodation whatever. In the course of two or three years, we may expect a residential population on this estate alone of about 10,000 people, while other estates in course of development will increase the number to at least 50,000.

Early in the present year, a friend interested in the spiritual well-being of the neighbourhood, was led to call the attention of PASTOR J. CHADWICK, of South Norwood, to the pressing needs of this wide and extending field of labour. Deeply impressed by the facts which were brought under his notice, he, after serious and prayerful consideration, to the great joy of those who know the district, and who know him, was constrained to accept the responsibility of founding a Christian church, and providing a house of prayer for the people who, in ever-increasing numbers, are making their home on this estate.

He has secured a splendid site for a Chapel and Sunday-school, close to the new railway station, now being erected by the Great Eastern Railway Company, and which it is hoped will be opened to the public very shortly.

On this site there is now being placed a handsome iron Chapel to seat 400 persons, with a most convenient Schoolroom attached, at a cost, including the land, of £1,500.

New Mission Chapel at Southborough.

PASTOR WALTER HOLYOAK.

WE cannot report rapid progress. Some of us feel sorely the need of a revival; but we have very many blessings for which to praise God. Notwithstanding the removal of valued helpers, the Lord sustains the work, sending others in the stead of those whom His providence displaces. Our great hope for the coming year is, that "sinners may be converted unto Him."

The outstanding feature in last year's work was the erection of a Mission Chapel at Southborough (between Bromley Common and Bickley).

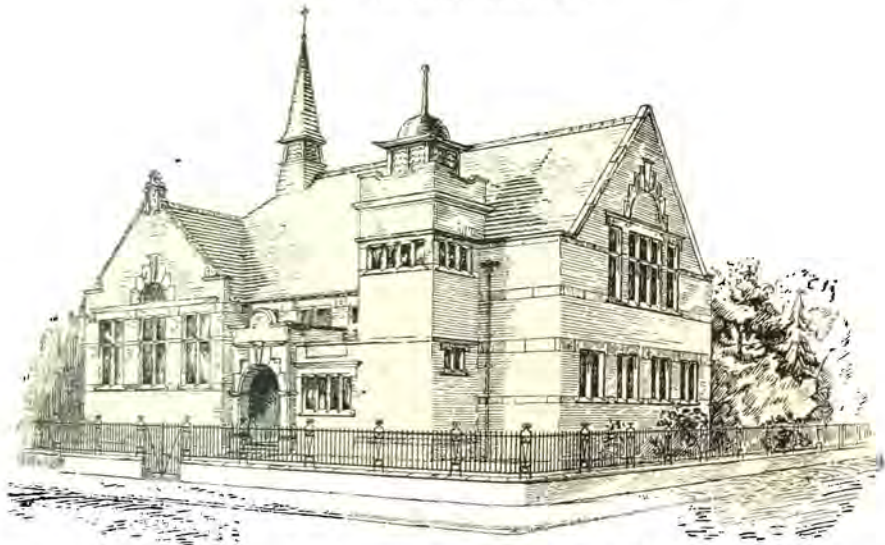
We had formerly the use of part of a farm building in that locality, which was fitted up so as to make a serviceable room for mission purposes. A change in the proprietorship of the farm occasioned the closing of this room, which we greatly regretted, though not without hope that God had some better things in store. Attempts to find another place, which could be adapted for use, failed signally, and (unwilling to abandon the work begun, or to miss the opportunity of doing good in a district which was undergoing building developments,) we decided to seek a site and build. An excellent piece of ground was secured by a friend, from whom we hold it on lease with option of purchase at original price.

On this was erected an iron building capable of seating 100, with porch and vestry, the walls being filled in with concrete to comply with the District Council's requirements, the whole cost, with some furniture, being about £175.

On the 30th January, 1898, we quitted the old room ; on the 8th October we opened this, and by the close of the public meeting on the 11th, the whole cost, allowing for estimated receipts, was subscribed or promised ; for which signal mark of God's favour we are all very grateful. We shall be glad to raise the £140 necessary to acquire the site, and, God willing, we shall.

New Baptist Chapel, Grovelands, Reading.

PASTOR R. M. HUNTER.



SOME years ago, Mr. Martin John Sutton built a Hall in Grovelands Road E., at the west end of Reading, which he eventually handed over to his brother, Mr. Arthur W. Sutton, under whose guidance a mission work was subsequently carried on with much success.

In 1886, Mr. Sutton offered to transfer the Hall to King's Road Baptist church, at the same time promising substantial aid for a number of years. This arrangement was duly carried out, and a progressive work has since been maintained.

In 1889, in consequence of increased attendance, it was found necessary to enlarge the Hall, and when I received an invitation to the pastorate in 1895, it was evident a larger and better building would require to be erected soon. Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, however, had kindly said,—“ You should go for a few years, and try what you can do.” As the result, the work has continued to prosper, the church has become self-supporting, and with the aid of the other Baptist churches we have purchased and paid for a site at a total cost of nearly £500. We have also raised over £1,200 towards the New Chapel, which was commenced last December. It will accommodate 450 persons, and is estimated to cost £2,400.

New Baptist Chapel, Halesowen.

PASTOR G. DUNNETT.



IN 1861, a few people holding Baptist principles were formed into a Church in Halesowen, and met in various places till 1879, when they purchased the piece of freehold land in Stourbridge Road, on the back of which they erected the present school.

The land and building cost about £350, which sum has been raised by themselves, as also £80 now deposited in Lloyd's Bank towards a New Chapel.

The need of a Chapel and increased school-accommodation is greatly felt, and the present is deemed to be a suitable time for extension.

In January 1895, the church placed itself under the West Midland Baptist Association, and to enable them to have the services of a Pastor, was grouped with two other little Churches, one at Carter Lane and the other at Beech Lanes, and I was invited by the churches and the

Association Committee to take the oversight, preaching every third Sunday, conducting a week-night service at each place and presiding at other meetings. The pulpits on other Sundays are supplied by local preachers.

The work in the three little churches has been characterized by earnestness and unity. New methods have been introduced wherever practicable. The following are some of the ways in which the members are trying to do good :—Sunday services, morning and evening at each place, the congregations having increased, and a greater interest taken in all the services. Sunday-school at each place—about 400 scholars in the three schools, over 30 have been admitted during the year ; each place has now reached the limit of its school-accommodation. There are also Christian Endeavour Societies, Mothers' Meetings, Cottage Meetings, Bands of Hope, Tract distributing, and Out-door Services in the summer, the Pastor presiding, or helping in all the work as far as his time permits. The two years' work in the little causes grouped together, has brought to the front the following encouraging particulars:—

FIRST.—That in connection with these little churches, there are a number of earnest men and women, and young people, loyal to Christ and their religious convictions, willing to be useful in any way they can; and when they remove into the towns, as most of them do, they become active and useful members of the town churches. Thus, while the villages are the poorer for their removal, the towns are the richer.

SECONDLY.—That the ministers and members of the town churches have shown their practical sympathy with the smaller churches, by assisting to raise the money needed to enable them, when grouped, to have the services of a Pastor, and by assisting them to obtain more suitable buildings in which to carry on their work. Most of the larger churches in Birmingham and district have given or promised help towards the erection of a New Chapel and Schools at Halesowen. The amount given or promised is now nearly £500, and the friends hope shortly to commence building.

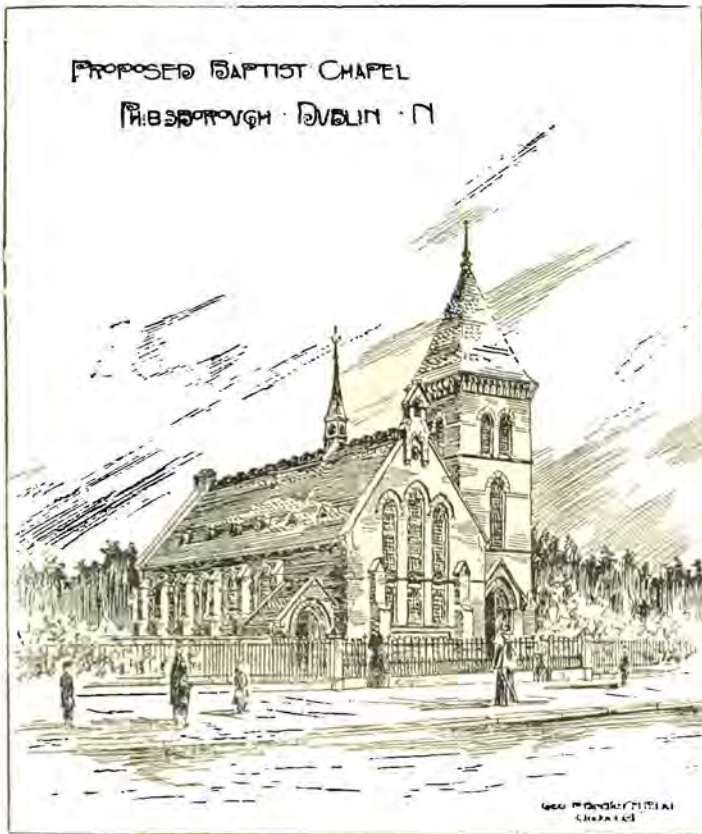
THIRDLY.—That, in the larger churches, there are a number of devoted and intelligent local preachers, who spare neither time nor trouble to assist in the work. Over 200 services have been taken during the year in the three churches, by brethren not in the ministry, about 107 of these services have been conducted by members of our Local Preachers' Union.

New Baptist Chapel, Phibsboro' (Dublin).

PASTOR J. D. GILMORE.

FOR some years past, the church of Phibsboro' has been labouring against almost insuperable difficulties. Housed in an old iron Chapel, and hard to find, except by regular frequenters, the wonder is that the church has existed so long ; but, strong in the grasp of truth, and believing that their testimony for our Lord Jesus was sorely needed in the district, the little band of believers has toiled on, and stood bravely together.

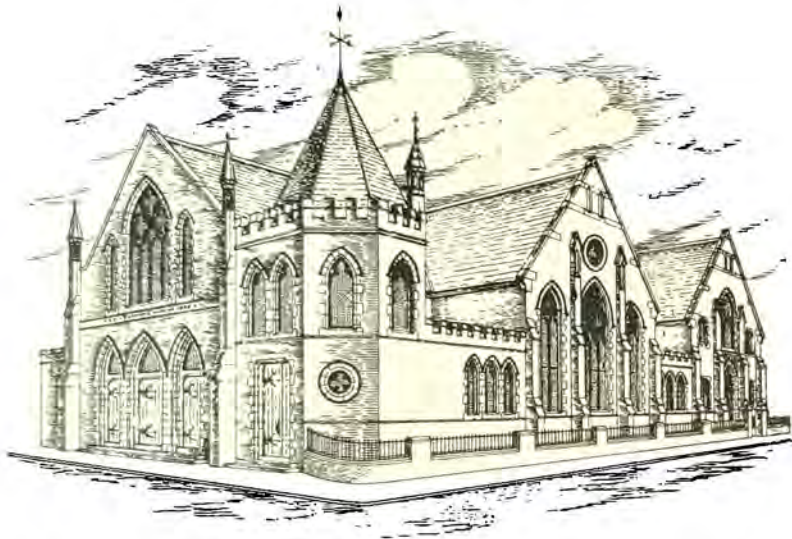
The population is rapidly increasing, a very large percentage of the increase being Protestant, but Romanist and Ritualistic influences are vigorously at work. Nowhere in the kingdom is there greater need for a pronounced Evangelical testimony and a fearless loyalty to New Testament simplicity and order. Since the present Pastor, J. Dinnen Gilmore (late of Cork), has taken up the work, the Chapel has been filled to overflowing, and there have been evidences of blessing.



A magnificent site on the main thoroughfare has been secured, and in order that a substantial and plain building may be erected, and the site fully paid for, a sum of £2,500 is urgently required. Towards this amount, £680 have already been subscribed or promised by the church, and friends deeply interested in the advancement of the work. Our one aim is, the glory of God in the advancement of the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. We stand unhesitatingly by the doctrines of grace, founded on "Christ and Him crucified," and proclaim a living Christ for dying men. WILL YOU HELP US?

New Chapel, Stockton-on-Tees.

PASTOR W. L. TWEEDIE.



THE building, in which we at present worship, was erected in 1885 as a Mission Hall, and accommodates 200 people. For the past five years, it has been totally inadequate for the work of our church, and, as a consequence, all departments are crippled through want of room.

The New Building, for which plans have been prepared, will occupy an important corner site in a growing district, in the midst of an artisan and middle-class population, and in close proximity to the residential part of the town.

The Chapel will afford sitting-accommodation for 620, and the School adjoining, accommodation for 300 children, together with Minister's and Deacons' Vestries, six Class-rooms, Infants' Class-room, large room for Adult Bible Class, Kitchen, Heating Apparatus, &c. The site has cost £850, and the building is estimated to cost £3,000. After paying cost of site, we have £250 promised towards the building.

We propose to begin building the School, as the accommodation provided therein will, to some extent, relieve our present most pressing need. It is, however, our intention to push forward the scheme as a whole, and proceed with the erection of the Chapel, as funds are provided.

The church since its formation has been entirely self-supporting, and we are determined that the work shall not be crippled by a debt on the building. Our own members have made a generous response to the

Building Fund, and we now make an earnest appeal to all to help us to carry forward the Lord's work in a district which offers great possibilities to an aggressive church.

The past year has been a trying one in many ways. Much labour has been given to "sorting out" and consolidating the membership, and I rejoice to know that, whilst there is little capable of being tabulated, there is notwithstanding a very marked development in the spiritual life and energy of the whole church. Truly we can say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!"

West Row Baptist Chapel, near Mildenhall, Suffolk.



PASTOR CHARLES J. FOWLER, in sending a photograph of his truly typical country chapel, writes:—"Here away on the N.W. borders of the county with an epithet, we are still toiling on for Christ, patiently, earnestly, perseveringly, and hopefully. During the past year, our church has passed through very searching times, but we have striven to glorify God in the fires! Our congregations keep up well, which is a matter for great thankfulness, when all kinds of allurements and inducements are made to entice the people away to the law-established churches. The Church of England, with limitless resources for proselytizing, buys all who go to them, and they glory in the fact. The bought may be gainers temporally; but they are the losers spiritually. There appears to be more urgent need than ever for the proclamation of the truth as it is in Jesus, as revealed in the Word of God,

pure and simple, free from all ceremonialism, unadulterated with priestism, and unsullied with State craftism; especially is the need keenly felt in this district, where a colony of Ritualistic monks has been established in the centre of Mildenhall to bind young men in sacred vows to further Romish propaganda in the State Church! Is not the present crisis a loud call for strenuous aggressive Christianity? Call it "forward movement," or whatever movement you wish, but some effort must be started which shall affect the villages as much as the towns and cities, and which shall make our witness for Christ tell on the people as much as the Romish and Ritualistic errors have told! How little is really done for the small towns and villages, where there is a hard struggle going on against the foes of our faith, and very little means to furnish "the sinews of war." Because certain fixed sums cannot be raised on handicapped spots, must all outside help be denied?

I enclose with this note a snap-shot of our village Chapel, praying most earnestly that the coming Conference may be an *epoch-making* one!

Good News from Far Countries.

Bombay Baptist Church.

PASTOR FRED W. DUNSTER.

THE work, owing to last year's plague and rioting, was seriously hampered, and now the recurrence of the plague is again militating against us. 1,200 a week above the average are dying. Immediately around our church, 73 died last week. I do not know whether you folks at home realize the terrible condition of Bombay; but if you do, much prayer ought to ascend on our behalf.

Ball Bazar Chapel, Calcutta.

PASTOR G. H. HOOK.

I THINK the Lord loves India, and that is why He is chastening her. The famine was a visitation of great sorrow, and the earthquake a calamity of freezing terror; but what shall I say for the plague? It is as if the error and falsehood of their worship had turned on them, as the unclean spirit of the swept and garnished house, and made their last state worse than the first. When the sun rises, I see it in the homes and hearts and faces of the people. When the sun sets, I see it, deeper and deeper still, in the streets and lanes of the city. We may long for the health that invigorates, the air that purifies, and the hope that uplifts, but it cometh not; and so, till the angel shall stay the pestilence, we must watch and wait, for the night is dark and lowering, the burdens are heavy, and souls are groping in dismay for the home to which we are guiding them.

We have to record the death of one of our members, Miss Phillips, who went of her own accord as a lady doctor to Bombay, to work in the plague hospitals among the native women. She died at her post,

of the plague, after faithful service for her Lord. She was always a good, kind, self-denying Christian, and she was faithful to the last.

We know that there is a mighty power working for good among the masses of the people. We had some special services by an evangelist from England in the winter. They were well attended; sometimes the chapel was as full as it could be. But on the Pastor rests the burden of the yearly work, the thin audiences of the hot and rainy seasons, and the indifference the climate induces. These are enough to discourage, only we do not mean to be discouraged, when the Lord hath said, "Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."

This year we have baptized nine, and received seven in other ways, making the total number of our members to be 150. The Lord is at hand, and it is not for us to be grieving over what might be so much as to be working for what can be, and is to be, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Baptist Mission, Kalka.

PASTOR J. G. POTTER.

MY dear President,—I have delayed answering your letter dated Nov. 17th, till I should have settled at Kalka, my new station. Will you please note, and ask the Editor of the *Sword and Trowel* to mention that my address is no longer Agra, but Kalka? As I have spent 17 years at Agra, I have not found it easy to leave, except in view of what, I trust, may prove a still wider sphere of influence. At Agra, the native Christian church seems to make very slow progress, whereas in this, the Umballa district, there is a large and growing Christian community. Mr. George Smith, who has laboured for several years in the district, with headquarters at Khoras, has over 500 Christians under his care, scattered in a large number of villages. It was felt by our mission that a second station should be opened, and a missionary of experience put in charge. Hence it comes about that, after seventeen years' work at Agra, I am stationed at Kalka, 300 miles away. There are a few families of Christians at Kalka who have given us a hearty welcome. One of the men, a cook, has collected money, and built a neat little Chapel, in which we meet for worship. The villages around Kalka seem to be numerous, and the people very friendly. We enter, therefore, upon the work in this new sphere with great hope. The work will extend to the women as well as the men, as my wife is an efficient worker, and knows the language well.

Baptist Mission, Bankipur.

PASTOR G. J. DANN.

DURING the year just closing, I have been enabled to sustain almost constant preaching in bazaars, villages, and chapels, have preached and lectured in English mostly to English-speaking students, have had the privilege of baptizing some converts from Mohammedanism and Hinduism, and have supervised the work

of native helpers, school-teachers, and colporteurs, and have done plenty of colporteur work myself, selling large numbers of Scriptures, portions, and Christian books. For the privilege of this ministry, one cannot be sufficiently thankful to Him who has enabled us, and doth enable us day by day. I have much administrative work here, the charge of the native church being not the least important and responsible, as these churches are the proper means for the ultimate evangelization of the country. Beside the oversight of the work here, I have a new sub-station opened at the East end of Patna city, miles beyond Gulzarbagh, where our Brother Stubbs is labouring, and I am also in joint charge with a native missionary of the work in Gaya and district, Gaya lying 60 miles to the South of this place. Since my return from furlough at the end of 1894, I have acted for a time as Principal of the institution in Delhi for training native evangelists and traders, have founded the new mission station in Pulwal, and built the mission house there, and since removing here in '96 have built a mission house here, and two houses for assistant missionary and helper in Patna city. Besides this, I was "co-opted" by the Bible Society's Committee for revising the Urdu translation of the New Testament, and with two Anglican and three American scholars and native assistants, I, a Pastors' College man, spent some very laborious and enjoyable sessions in endeavouring to perfect this important translation of the Word of God—the chief Evangelist in this land. Besides Brother Stubbs at Gulzarbagh, I have here as immediate colleague, Mr. Collier, from Bristol College. I am glad to be able to say that, with all our native brethren, we preach the one Gospel which has always been the theme of the Tabernacle pulpit and the Pastors' College, and the one hope for the salvation of sinners in all lands.

Carlton Baptist Chapel, Sydney.

PASTOR R. J. MIDDLETON.

WE have had our trials during the past year, nevertheless we have realized a large measure of blessing. I have just completed the twenty-fifth year of my ministry. I commenced at Caxton, Cambs., in January, 1874. The time has been almost equally spent in England and Australia. We shall have been here twelve years in February. We are endeavouring to clear off a debt of about £93. Our friends at Carlton are greatly against debt, so they will make an earnest effort to get clear of it altogether.

My eldest child has returned to her loved work in India; she left Sydney again in October last. She is one of the missionaries of the New South Wales Baptist Missionary Society.

Parkside Baptist Chapel, S. Australia.

PASTOR R. McCULLOUGH.

WE have had a very good year here. When I wrote last year, I felt disheartened. There were small results, and no signs of any quickening among the people. Congregations and finances were affected still more after that by removals from the neighbourhood. But a spiritual awakening took place in the winter,

and I had the joy of baptizing a goodly number. The congregations are steadily improving, and I am more hopeful about this work than I have been since I came here. I was told, when I came here, that I must take up political and social questions if I hoped to draw a congregation. I refused to do so, and probably suffered for a time in consequence; but I am persuaded the old Gospel will win the day, and have held on, hoping to have the joy of victory.

I am still Editor here of the *Southern Baptist*, which I think is doing good among the churches. It gives forth no uncertain sound.

Ballarat Baptist Chapel.

PASTOR J. A. SOPER.

I AM greatly blessed here in Ballarat; my congregations are large, and the Word is a blessing to many. Some four months ago, I fell from my bicycle into a creek, and was nearly killed; but the angel of the Lord was there, and I escaped. My health is such that a change is imperative, and I intend to rove about for the next twelve months doing evangelistic work.

Launceston Baptist Chapel, Tasmania.

PASTOR G. WAINWRIGHT.

OF God's work among us here, we have not much that is special to tell. We constantly receive tokens of God's blessing in the conversion of souls, but are hungering for many more than we receive. The baptismal waters are stirred almost every month.

Congregations have improved, and there is a warm, loving, united spirit among the members. The tone of the church was never healthier than now. The work of our Missionary Prayer Union has made progress, and is extending to other churches in the colony. There is also a move in the direction of denominational extension. New work is being opened up at Burnie, where we hope to see a Baptist church formed in a few months.

My health seems now to be quite restored, and I am expecting to return home in a year or so. I have not taken root in this new soil.

Perry Baptist Chapel, Oklahoma, U.S.A.

PASTOR A. H. STOTE.

I AM settled in a very new part of this new country, where less than five years and a-half ago there was not a sign of the town now called Perry, having a population of 4,000 or 5,000 people. From the first, the Baptists have occupied a leading position among the churches in the place. Two pastors have come and gone, while one year the church was pastorless in the short period of its history. The people come from all parts of the world, to make money; therefore, religious indifference is one of our most serious drawbacks. Then, sin seems more bold here than in older and more settled communities, and the churches have not the control of public sentiment which is their right.

But there is a bright side. I have been here as Pastor but four months. The congregations, which at first were very small, now often fill the house of worship to overflowing. A large proportion of men,

and particularly young men, is an exceedingly cheering feature, and we have some fine young people who maintain a Baptist Young People's Union, which has recently taken on new strength. A Woman's Mission Circle has been formed to aid our denominational agencies. A daughter of the Pastor is teaching in the Alabama Coloured Baptist University. We issue a weekly bulletin of our services. We have no debt. Our motto for 1899 is, "Go forward."

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

SOUSSE, TUNISIA, N. AFRICA,

January 25th, 1899.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,—The year 1898 has been for me one of steady work and witness. There is special joy in preaching to those who for the first time hear the Gospel, and this joy is often ours. Except for a few days when sickness overtook me, I was spared to steadily work on, and 5,307 visits were paid me, an advance of more than a thousand on last year; 3,000 nights' lodging, with Gospel service, was given to strangers in our Baraka, and in conjunction with brethren of the North Africa Mission, I visit periodically two out-stations: one in the *unholy*, holy city of Kairouan, and the other in the market town of Djemal. As to results, we cannot really judge, and perhaps may never be able to do so here, but if the French newspaper attacks upon us were true, we should have done wonders.

Still there *are* results, and to-day I have been rejoicing in God, as I have listened to a well-to-do young Arab tell how, some six years ago, he was converted, and, although he has not yet made a public confession, it was good to hear him quote long passages of Scripture by heart,—tell of his love to the Saviour Jesus who had redeemed him, and express his belief that, if 20 Arabs were converted, they would be able to bring the whole population to Christ.

More soberly and very humbly I would rather repeat the Saviour's words and say, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Sometimes, like Isaiah, we cry, "Who hath believed our report?" Or, with the Master Himself, groan in spirit because of the hardness of men's hearts. Yet great is the joy of preaching to these poor souls the free glorious Gospel. Especially do I feel this *are* results, where, out of one hundred or more patients assembled the majority will be poor Arab women, sick, or deaf, or half-blind (sometimes all three), so that one clammers on to my table to reach the window, supposing that to be the way out, while another makes herself comfortable, though but for a moment, by sitting in my wash-hand basin. Truly, as one has said, the poorest patients are the best, for *God* pays for *them*.

The Lord has graciously given the early rain, which has enabled ploughing and sowing to be done in this hard African mission field; now we still look up for the no less necessary *later* rain,—the sunshine of the Holy Spirit and the ripening harvest. Will you, beloved President and dear friends, whose generous gifts free me for service, accept my hearty thanks, and still pray for me and these poor blind Moslems who so need our pity and our love?

T. G. CHURCHER.

Argentina.

WE are very glad to be able to report that our brother, Mr. R. F. Elder, one of the students, will represent the Pastors' College Missionary Association, as he has been accepted as a missionary to Buenos Ayres by the Regions Beyond Missionary Union in connection with Dr. H. Guinness's work in South America.

Thus the number is maintained, since Mr. Elder fills the place rendered vacant by the return to the old country of Brother Patrick from North Africa.

Friends are reminded of this Missionary Association and its need of financial support. If more funds were forthcoming, the work could easily be extended, and the men are only waiting to enter upon such missionary enterprise.

Report of the Pioneer Mission.

WE thankfully record much encouraging and God-honouring effort during this past year in the Pioneer Mission generally, and also in those churches over which Pastors' College men preside.

Our circumstances teach us that the need for good ministers is as great as ever, perhaps greater, but specially men of the kind selected and trained in our beloved College; soundly converted, sound in their teaching, and pronounced as Gospel preachers. I have had the privilege of listening to three of our College men recently in their own Chapels, and their clear and definite soul-saving preaching of the Gospel as we love it, has made me involuntarily say,—Thank God for Spurgeon's men! How glad and rejoiced he would have been to have listened to such preaching! There is all too little of it to-day.

We have added to our Mission Council, Pastor A. G. Brown, Pastor J. Wilson, M.L.S.B., and F. L. Edwards, Esq., each of whom is in deepest sympathy with the aggressive efforts made. Also Pastor G. T. Bailey, of Leyton, has kindly consented to act as Deputation Secretary, so far as the claims of his pastorate permit.

God has this last year permitted my desires in respect to London to be fulfilled. Land has been purchased in Blackhorse Road, Walthamstow, and an iron Chapel erected. This work is under the leadership of Pastor F. J. Walkey, of the Pastors' College. A large congregation and school have been gathered, and a church formed, which now consists of over forty members, while conversions are frequent.

Land has been purchased by the Baptist Chapel Prospective Sites Syndicate, of which my brother, Mr. F. Carter, is founder and chairman, at Woodside, Norwood, and Church Hill, Walthamstow, and on the first of these we have erected an iron Chapel. Since the opening, this work has been superintended by Mr. Cackett; a small Church has been gathered, as also a good school.

The work at Hoddesdon is successfully continued by Messrs. Skinner and Anderton, of the College.

We are thankful to record God's goodness at Kirkdale Tabernacle,

Liverpool, where Pastor Frank Russell is minister. When we took over the Chapel, the debt was very heavy ; alterations much needed have now been made, and the debt has been reduced by £1,800, given by the kindness of H. J. Houghton, Esq., and his Co-trustees. There is still remaining £600 debt, and £300 for other liabilities, including alteration and renovation. This they are endeavouring to raise. That many souls have been saved since the re-opening in November, is the best news of all.

The first work we attempted, outside our Isles, was at Douglas, Isle of Man ; and although this is practically at home, yet we consider it a prophecy of what God intends to accomplish in the "regions beyond" by means of our Mission. Pastor Westlake has invited Rev. W. R. Foster to join him in the work. Douglas is a very large and needy district and is visited by many thousands during the summer months, and we believe God will bless this arrangement to the conversion of many, and in considerable aggressive effort.

In the land of the Covenanters, our Mission efforts have been very encouraging, and our attention has recently been directed by Pastor Taviner, of Elgin, to the North of Scotland, and the immediate result is that Pastor Meikleham has gone to Forres, to endeavour to raise the Baptist work there, which has been reduced to a very few members. Already God is blessing, and Mr. Meikleham is also preaching at a fishing village called Findhorn, a Hall being kindly lent for the services free of charge. He is gathering a large congregation there on Sunday afternoons. Mr. Meikleham had done a splendid work at Horncastle, Lincolnshire, having been Pastor for the two years the church has been connected with us, and his removal is deeply regretted by the church ; but Mr. F. E. Compton, son of a Pastors' College minister, Mr. E. Compton, of Rye, takes his place, and we hope the good work will be continued and increased by God's blessing on his preaching and service.

At Glasgow, we have much for which to praise the Name of the Lord. Pastor Bean has gathered a church of about 120 members, and God has blessed his ministry and services to the conversion of many. The church greatly needs a Chapel, and is doing its best to raise the money. We hope Pastors' College friends, who can, will have a stone in this building.

Then on the South side of Glasgow, Paisley Road, Pastor Harper has been honoured by God in the conversion of a very large number of persons, and his church consists of over 150 members. I may add that we have in Scotland not less than 370 members. This is most encouraging, and comes to us as the call of God to greater aggressive effort. He is willing to bless, are we willing to work and trust ?

During the year, Mr. G. F. Harper, and Mr. F. Skinner, two of our young brethren, have entered College, both of whom did good and successful work while with us, the former at East Molesey, the latter at South Molton.

I would express my hearty thanks to the Presidents, Trustees, and Tutors for their help and sympathy given to our Mission, and the brethren connected with us, and also our deepest sympathy with the Pastor and Church at the Tabernacle in the heavy trial through which they have passed this year. Great is our rejoicing that the new Tabernacle is on its way to completion.

At Home with the Lord.

PASTOR W. COOMBS.

PASTOR WILLIAM COOMBS answered the Master's summons to "come up higher" on May 15, 1898, and was buried at Princes Risborough, where he had laboured long and faithfully. Hailing from the Tabernacle as a member of Mr. Hanks' Bible-class, he commenced his work for God at Victoria Bank House, Threadneedle Street, and afterwards continued it at Kings Stanley and Princes Risborough. In consequence of frequent attacks of angina pectoris, he relinquished the pastorate, and retired to Aylesbury, there to carry on a ceaseless ministry of loving aid and cheerful counsel as secretary of the Bucks Association.

In every sense, William Coombs was "a brother beloved," and the recollection of his ministry will ever be redolent with the fragrance of a life of rest in God and sympathy with men. We exclaim with others, "Thank God for such men as William Coombs!"

MR. J. L. KEYS.

MR. J. L. KEYS entered into rest on January 7, 1899. He joined the Tabernacle Church in 1863, and soon after became a student in the Pastors' College. He was Pastor for a time of the church at Whitstable, and afterwards at Lewin Road, Streatham; while he also took part in the early efforts to establish a cause at Wimbledon. He became intimately connected with Mr. C. H. Spurgeon about 1867 as his amanuensis and literary assistant. In this capacity, he rendered valuable help to the beloved President, an acknowledgment of his labours being found in the Preface to *The Treasury of David*, from the pen of its noble author. Mr. Keys for many years had the pleasure (?) of seeing to the register of Conference attendants, and the oversight of the distribution of the gift volumes from Mrs. Spurgeon, as also the statistical portion of the College Annual Report. The closing years of Mr. Keys' life have been marked with sorrow and suffering, so that now we cannot but be glad that he has entered that land where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick."

MR. W. WIGGINS.

MR. W. WIGGINS, one of the many "faithful servants" who will hereafter be made "ruler over many," passed away on January 22, 1899, after a painful illness of nearly two years. He entered College in 1867, coming from Lower Sloane Street, Chelsea (Pastor Frank H. White's), and in 1869 he settled at Burnham, Somersetshire, and in 1876 he removed to Mills Hill, Chadderton, Manchester. On resigning his pastorate, he became for a time an evangelist. Brother Charles Deal, of Middleton, called upon him not long before the King's messenger arrived, and found him resting happily in the Lord. We quote a sentence from his report concerning the visit:—"We enjoyed a spiritual

talk which refreshed us both ; he delights to think of College days and old students." Another "private" has been promoted, and "we who remain" still fighting, miss and mourn a comrade departed.

PASTOR T. G. GATHERCOLE.

PASTOR T. G. GATHERCOLE was "called home" on April 1st, 1899, after about a week's illness. For some time he had been far from well ; indeed, he never was very robust, but heroically stood to his post.

On leaving College, in 1877, he settled at Martham, Norfolk, and from thence he went to St. Neot's, Hunts, remaining in this pastorate for seven years. In 1889 he moved to Kimbolton, where he has laboured hard, enduring much for the truth's sake. The Report for the year before last contained an article from his pen, bearing the title of "Duties and Difficulties of Village Pastors," which sets forth his own character and sphere of labour.

His closing days were calm and peaceful. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours."

As we go to press, news reaches us of the death of Prof. F. G. MARCHANT, late Acting-principal and Tutor of the Pastors' College ; also of the decease of PASTOR J. J. IRVING, of Appleton, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

DURING the past forty-three years, nine hundred and eighty 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 nineteen) 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 sixty-three brethren. Of these six hundred and seventy-two 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	...	980
„ now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists	...	672
„ without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	...	57
„ not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings	...	21
„ Educated for other denominations	...	3
„ Dead—(Pastors, 109 ; Students, 10)	...	119
„ Permanently Invalided	...	13
„ Names removed from the College List for various reasons	...	95

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1898.

RECEIPTS.			£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.			£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings, till April 20th. date of fire	288	15	2	By Salaries and Lecturers' Fees	1,408	15	4
„ Donations	1,875	14	6	„ Board and Lodging and Medical Attendance	2,490	6	4
„ Legacies	500	19	2	„ Books, Printing, and Office Expenses	185	14	6
„ Collections by Pastors	340	14	4	„ Book-grants to Students	52	2	3
„ Interest	48	2	0	„ Preaching Stations, Home Missions and New Chapels	110	16	0
„ Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, for extra expenses	275	0	0	„ Furniture and Fittings	6	2	2
						„ Annual Conference and Supper	309	11	11
						„ Conference Goods, etc., destroyed in fire	250	8	8
									4,813	17	2
			3,333	5	2				1,633	14	7
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1898	3,114	6	7	„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1898	£6,447	11	9
			£6,447	11	9						

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Audited and approved, January 12th, 1899.

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

CHAS. WATERS, } *Auditors.*
S. R. PEARCE, }

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1898.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1898	By Loans to Churches:—
„ Repayments of Loans	Whitstable	100 0 0
				Wimbledon	600 0 0
				Carlton Church, Southampton	200 0 0
							800 0 0
				„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1898	838 0 3
							£1,638 0 3
							£1,638 0 3
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1898	...	4,280	4 1				
Cash Balance in hand	...	838	0 3				
Total of Fund	...	£5,118	4 4				

T. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*
 E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

Audited and approved, January 12th, 1899.

{ CHAS. WATERS, } *Auditors.*
 { S. R. PEARCE, }

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

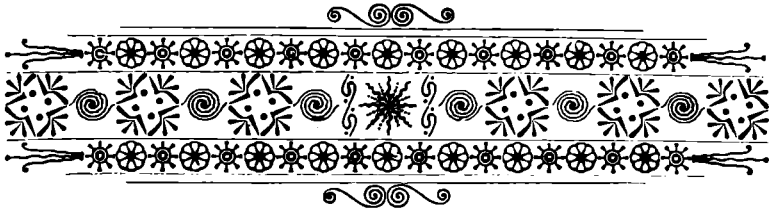
Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1898.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	...	116	7 0	By Salaries of Dr. Churcher and Mr. Patrick	268 13 4
„ Legacies	...	90	0 0	„ Travelling Expenses	35 0 0
„ Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Circles	...	147	10 0	„ Printing	3 6 0
„ Proceeds of Collecting Boxes	...	32	1 1	„ Mr. J. F. Wigstone (Spain)	20 0 0
„ North Africa Mission, proportion of travelling expenses	...	18	0 0				
„ Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	...	20	0 0				
„ Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible Class (for Mr. Wigstone's Spanish Mission)	...	20	0 0				
							324 19 4
„ Balance in hand, January 1st, 1898	...	443	18 1	„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1898	145 6 4
							£470 5 8
							£470 5 8

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*
 E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

Audited and approved, January 12th, 1899.

CHAS. WATERS, } *Auditors.*
 S. R. PEARCE, }



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JUNE, 1899.

Prayer-meetings ;—as they were, and as they
should be.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



AMONG the faults, which have largely disappeared from prayer-meetings as they used to be conducted in my early days, these were the principal ones. First, *the excessive length of the prayers*. A brother would fix himself against the table-pew, and pray for twenty minutes or half-an-hour, and then conclude by asking forgiveness for his *shortcomings*,—a petition which was hardly sanctioned by those who had undergone the penance of endeavouring to join in his long-winded discourse. A good cure for this evil is for the minister judiciously to admonish the brother to study brevity ; and if this avail not, to jog his elbow when the people are getting weary. This fault, which is the ruin of all fervency, ought to be extirpated by all means, even at the expense of the personal feelings of the offender.

Cant phrases were another evil. "*We would not rush into Thy presence as the unthinking (!) horse into the battle.*" As if horses ever did think, and as if it were not better to exhibit the spirit and energy of the horse rather than the sluggishness and stupidity of the ass. As the verse from which we imagine this fine sentence to be derived has more to do with sinning than with praying, we are glad that the phrase is on its last legs. "*Go from heart to heart as oil from vessel to vessel,*" which is probably a quotation from the nursery romance of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," but as destitute of sense, Scripture, and poetry as ever sentence could be conceived to be. We

are not aware that oil runs from one vessel to another in any very mysterious or wonderful manner; it is true it is rather slow in coming out, and is therefore an apt symbol of some people's earnestness; but surely it would be better to have the grace direct from Heaven than to have it out of another vessel,—a Popish idea which the metaphor seems to insinuate, if indeed it has any meaning at all.

A very favourite description of the suppliant was, "*Thy poor unworthy dust,*"—an epithet generally applied to themselves by the proudest men in the congregation, and not seldom by the most monied and grovelling, in which case the last two words are not so very inappropriate. We have heard of a good man who, in pleading for his children and grandchildren, was so completely beclouded in the blinding influence of this expression, that he exclaimed, "O Lord, save Thy dust, and Thy dust's dust, and Thy dust's dust's dust!" When Abraham said, "I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes," the utterance was forcible and deeply expressive; but in its misquoted, perverted, and abused form, the sooner it is consigned to its own element, the better. Very many other perversions of Scripture, uncouth similes, and ridiculous metaphors, will recall themselves to the reader; we have neither time nor patience to recapitulate them; they are a sort of spiritual slang, the offspring of unholy ignorance, unmanly imitation, or graceless hypocrisy; they are at once a dishonour to those who constantly repeat them, and an intolerable nuisance to those whose ears are jaded with them. They have had the most baneful effects upon our prayer-meetings, and we rejoice to assist in bringing them to their deserved and ignoble end.

Another evil was, *mistaking preaching for prayer*. The friends who were reputed to be "gifted", indulged themselves in public prayer with a review of their own experience, a recapitulation of their creed, an occasional running commentary upon a chapter or Psalm, or even a criticism upon the Pastor and his sermons. It was too often quite forgotten that the brother was addressing the Divine Majesty, before whose wisdom a display of our knowledge is impertinence, and before whose glory an attempt at swelling words and pompous periods is little short of profanity; the harangue was evidently intended for man rather than God, and on some occasions did not contain a single petition from beginning to end. We hope that good men are leaving this unhallowed practice, and are beginning to see that sermons and doctrinal disquisitions are miserable substitutes for earnest wrestling prayers, when our place is before the mercy-seat, and our engagement is intercession with the Most High.

Monotonous repetition frequently occurred, and is not yet extinct. Christian men, who object to forms of prayer, will nevertheless use the same words, the same sentences, the identical address at the commencement, and the exact ascriptions at the conclusion. We have known some brethren's prayers by heart, so that we could calculate within a few seconds when they would conclude. Now this cometh of evil. All that can be said against the prayers of the Church of England, which were many of them composed by eminent Christians, and are, some of them, as beautiful as they are Scriptural, must apply

with tenfold force to those dreary compositions which have little virtue left, since their extempore character is clearly disproved. Oh, for warm hearts, burning with red-hot desires which make a channel from the lip in glowing words; then, indeed, this complaint would never be made,—“What is the use of my going to the prayer-meeting, when I know all that will be said if So-and-so is called on?” This is not an uncommon excuse for staying away; and, really, while flesh is weak, it is not so very unreasonable a plea; we have heard far worse apologies for greater offences. If our (so-called) “praying men” drive the people away by their constant repetitions, one-half at least of the fault lies at their door.

Most of these diseases, we trust, are finding their cure; but the man would be hardy, not to say foolhardy, who should affirm that there is now no room for further improvement. “Advance” must still be our motto, and in the matter of the prayer-meeting it will be found most suitable.

Our brethren will excuse our offering them advice, and must take it only for what it is worth; but having to superintend a large church, and to conduct a prayer-meeting which scarcely ever numbers less than from a thousand to twelve hundred attendants, we will simply give our own notions as to the most efficient method of promoting and sustaining these holy gatherings.

1. Let the minister himself set a very high value upon this means of grace. Let him frequently speak of it as being dear to his own heart; and let him prove his words by throwing all his vigour into it, being absent as seldom as possible, and doing all in his power to give an interest to the meeting. If our pastors set the ill example of coming in late, of frequently staying away, or conducting the engagements in a drowsy, formal way, we shall soon see our people despising the exercise, and forsaking the assembling of themselves together. A warm-hearted address of ten minutes, with a few lively words interposed between the prayers, will do much, with God’s blessing, to foster a love for the prayer-meeting.

2. Let the brethren labour after brevity. If each person will offer the petition most laid upon his heart by the Holy Spirit, and then make room for another, the evening will be far more profitable, and the prayers incomparably more fervent than if each brother ran round the whole circle of petition without dwelling upon any one point. Compare the subjects of prayer to so many nails; it will be better for a petitioner to drive one nail home with repeated blows, than to deal one ineffectual tap to them one after another. Let as many as possible take part in the utterance of the church’s desires; the change of voice will prevent weariness, and the variety of subjects will excite attention. Better to have six pleading earnestly, than two drowsily; far better for the whole meeting that the many wants should be represented experimentally by many intercessors, than formally by two or three. As a general rule, meetings in which no prayer exceeds ten minutes, and the most are under five, will exhibit the most fervour and life; in fact, length is a deathblow to earnestness, and brevity is an assistant to zeal. When we have had ten

prayers in the hour, varied with the singing of single verses, we have far oftener been in the Spirit, than when only four persons have engaged in supplication. This is an observation confirmed by the opinion of our fellow-worshippers; it might not hold good in all cases, but it is so with us, and therefore we thus witness.

3. Persuade all the brethren to pray aloud. If the younger and less-instructed members shrink from the privilege, tell them they are not to speak to man but to God. Assure them that it does us all good to hear their groans and ineffectual attempts at utterance. For our own part, a few breakdowns generally come very sweetly home; and, awakening our sympathies, constrain us to aid the brother by our more earnest wrestlings. It gives a reality and life to the whole matter, to hear those trembling lips utter thanks for new life just received, and to hear that choking voice confessing the sin from which it has just escaped. The cries of the lambs must mingle with the bleating of the sheep, or the flock will lack much of its natural music. As Mr. Beecher well says, "Humble prayers, timid prayers, half-inaudible prayers, the utterances of uncultured lips, may cut a poor figure as lecture-room literature; but are they to be scornfully disdained? If a child may not talk at all till it can speak fluent English, will it ever learn to speak well? There should be a process of education going on continually, by which all the members of the church shall be able to contribute of their experiences and gifts; and in such a course of development, the first hesitating, stumbling, ungrammatical prayer of a confused Christian may be worth more to the church than the best prayer of the most eloquent pastor."

Every man, feeling that *he* is to take part in the meeting at some time or other, will become at once interested, and from interest may advance to love. Some of those who have now the best gifts of utterance, had few enough when they began.

4. Encourage the attendants to send in special requests for prayer as often as they feel constrained to do so. Those little scraps of paper, in themselves most truly prayers, may be used as kindling to the fire in the whole assembly.

5. Suffer neither hymn, nor chapter, nor address, to supplant prayer. We remember hearing seven verses of a hymn, ending with, "He hates to put away," until we lost all relish for the service, and have hardly been reconciled to the hymn ever since. Remember that we meet for prayer, and let it be prayer; and, oh, that it may be that genuine, familiar converse with God which shall drive out the formality and pomposity which so much mar our public supplications!

6. It is not at all amiss to let two or even three competent brethren succeed each other without a pause, but this must be done judiciously; and if one of the three should become prolix, let the pause come in as soon as he has finished. Sing only one verse, or at the most two, between the prayers, and let those be such as shall not distract the mind from the subject by being alien from the spirit of the meeting. Why need to sing about the temptations of Satan just after an earnest prayer for the conversion of sinners; and when a brother has just had joyous fellowship with Christ in intercession, why drag him down by singing, "'Tis a point I long to know"?

Of course, we ought to have said all manner of good things about the necessity of the Holy Spirit; but upon that matter we are all agreed, knowing right well that all must be in vain without His presence. Our object has rather been to gather out the stones from the way than to speak of that Divine life which alone can enable us to run therein.

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

THE "Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work" has the honour of continuing many of the sweet and tender benefactions which made my beloved husband's life a channel of blessing to all whom he knew to be needy and distressed. He freely taxed his own resources; but when these ran low, this Fund came into requisition; and, from its store, weary ones were relieved, and "the household of faith" was oftentimes fed, refreshed, and comforted. I am unspeakably grateful to all those whose loving gifts have enabled me, at least in some measure, to maintain this helpful ministry; it is very delightful to me to feel that, what he would have done, I can still do, though in a smaller and humbler degree.

It is a proper and most pleasant thing to have a "Lord's purse" or bag to depend upon, when aid or sustenance is needed for His poor saints, or any assistance for His service is called for; it makes "giving" a great joy, instead of a self-denying duty, and thus brings the donor into the blessed condition of giving, not grudgingly, or of necessity, but cheerfully, as for the love of God. The fact is, that when once there has been in the soul a *real* consecration of everything to the Lord, when we have covenanted with Him by the heartfelt vow, "*I am Thine, and all that I have,*" we experience a blissful content and satisfaction in using *His* money (no longer ours) in every possible way for the extension of His Kingdom, and the consolation of His poor servants.

This preamble is made to introduce to your notice a few of the ways in which the Fund above-mentioned responds to the various demands of God's work. I think those dear friends whose kindness has enriched my treasury will be pleased to hear how some of the money has been spent, and to remember that similar claims are constantly being attended to.

Chief of all the enterprises undertaken by the "Fund for General Use," I must place the translation of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons into foreign languages, and their distribution in this new dress among the native peoples. Am I not justified in believing that the Lord will bless these discourses in far-off lands as marvellously as He has done in English-speaking countries, and that, one day, He will permit them to share in the blessedness of bringing the world to the feet of Christ? The many thousand copies already printed and scattered broadcast among the natives of India, Africa, Liefland, Spain, Norway, Finland, etc., are but the forerunners of a great army of these silent missionaries, *every one* of which, if the Lord so wills it, may be the power of God unto salvation to those who read. Friends,

who take the *Sword and Trowel*, already know so much about this portion of my work that I need only *remind* them that now, in many strange tongues, these messengers tell out the "beautiful words of life," and that all the money needed to carry on the work comes from their kind hands into mine by their gifts to the "Fund for General Use." Surely the Lord has made this and the Book Fund to be something like the two olive trees which stood, one on each side of the golden candlestick, and did from their "golden pipes, empty the golden oil out of themselves" to supply the lamps of the sanctuary!

This Fund cares also for the newly-made widows of poor Baptist ministers, giving some timely help *at once*, while the sore spirit is dazed with sorrow, and the sad soul knows not where to look for the supply of present needs. Four such cases have lately received sisterly aid and sympathy; and, surely, this is an appropriate ministry for one who, alas! herself knows full well the heart of a widow!

Then there are many sick servants of the Lord to be comforted by a little money for the extra expenses of illness; aged pilgrims to be lifted over some of the rough stones of life's highway; and many Missions, Societies, and building or other schemes to which my generous husband would have contributed, and to whose appeals I need not now say "Nay," since this blessed Fund gives me the means of responding to them.

I cannot tell you all the good that is done by this agency. A detailed account would take up too many pages of the Magazine; but it will give you some idea of the variety and scope of this sweet charity if I add to the items already set forth, a few brief particulars of what a £5 note did, the other day, in Demerara. I had a letter from a dear lady-missionary there, to whom Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons are regularly sent, and who values them more than tongue can tell. Hers was a chatty epistle, and interested me much; and as she did not ask for any monetary help, I would like to see her exceeding surprise when the "note" in reply arrives. First she told me of a good evangelist (a "catechist" they call him,) who resides in Abary, and preaches all he knows of the gospel of Jesus Christ in a little "kirk" there. This "kirk" she said was "in a most pitiable condition, literally falling to pieces from decay and dry rot." The poor people commenced to build a new chapel, but the work has been at a standstill for three months now, for lack of funds. The good man and his friends have done their best amidst much discouragement. So, remembering my own experiences at Bexhill, I sent them a message of cheer, embodied in a gift of two pounds.

There is a large Leper Asylum near where my friend lives, and the poor patients always have my beloved's Sermons. The superintendent constantly expresses to her his thankfulness for them, and says that the poor lepers look for them with great eagerness. One East Indian lad at this place, who was himself a victim to the loathsome disease, told a lady-visitor that he knew his sins were forgiven. "Yes," he repeated, "I can say, 'It is well with my soul,'

because I know that Jesus is my Saviour." "Then," replied the lady, "you should be a missionary here, and seek to bring another lad to Jesus." A black boy stood near, and the leper, turning to him, said, "Yes, I does try to bring him, and all the others in the ward, too." "That's true," chimed in one of the doctors who was listening to the conversation; "I can assure you, Mrs. H——, that he really does his best,"—after which confirmation of his statement, the poor boy added significantly, "But I can do nothing in my own strength!" Here is grand encouragement for those devoted servants of the Master who shrink not from giving their very lives in this pathetic and fearsome service. I sent them one pound, heartily wishing it could grow into ten pounds on the way.

In this same island of Demerara lives an aged sister, who, one evening, while quietly sitting with a friend, at some little distance from her house, suddenly heard the cry of "Fire! Fire!" and hastening in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, found her cottage home enveloped in flames. All efforts to subdue the fire, or save anything from destruction, were fruitless; and, in a short time, nothing but a heap of ashes remained, and the poor lady lost all she possessed save the clothes she was then wearing. Kind friends rallied round the sufferer, and tried to get together enough money to rebuild her cottage; but when the news reached me, they had only succeeded in obtaining £10,—about half the sum needed! I added another pound, feeling it a privilege to help, even a little, and wishing, oh! so earnestly, that it had been possible to defray all the cost of the restoration of this little home. The lady's father had been a well-to-do landed proprietor in Ireland, who, many years ago, gave up all earthly possessions for the Lord's sake, and went as a missionary to the West Indies. After some years of toil, he passed away, leaving a widow, and this only daughter, who is also a widow. The mother died three or four years since; so this lonely woman, fatherless, motherless, a widow, and homeless, is truly in need of our Christian sympathy and aid. The remaining £1, I asked my friend to use at her discretion in her own work.

Returning nearer home, where hundreds of pleading hands seem stretched out imploringly, I find one of these presenting a letter from Miss Beckwith, in which she says, "I have hoped that you would again say a word in the *Sword and Trowel* on behalf of the Braille work for the blind; but as you need money so much for your own work, I have not liked to ask you. There are *many thousands* of blind people, who, by God's blessing, might derive spiritual good from reading Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, if they could be given to them; we have several fresh books ready for distributing, *if the money would only flow in!*" For this really good and important work, I am now sending £5 from the "General Use Fund," thus, I hope, obeying the injunction, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Miss Beckwith's address is 8, Milner Square, London, N., and intending donors should send their gifts DIRECT to her *there*. S. S.

Bread Cast upon the Waters.

“CAST thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.” These words have received a graphic illustration from an incident which has recently occurred in connection with the rebuilding of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Away back in 1860, a meeting of the Ragged-schools of London was held in Exeter Hall. The good Earl of Shaftesbury presided. The children of the schools were there to welcome their noble friend, and to many of them were presented rewards for good conduct during the year. The thin, youthful preacher of New Park Street Chapel and Exeter Hall had arrested the pious Earl's attention, and drawn out his life-long sympathy and affection. The Pastor was invited to a seat on the platform by the side of the chairman. Boy after boy came forward, to receive the coveted prize. Kind words were spoken, and many cheers given. One little fellow from Whitechapel Road, with clear eyes, bright cheeks, and well-washed bare feet, was among the prize-winners. His portion was a half-sovereign, awarded for uniform good conduct during the year. Mr. Spurgeon was requested by the Earl to make the present to the lad. He did so in a few touching words, and then laid his hand kindly on the boy's head. The chairman took the boy on his knee, and gave him his blessing. The chubby little chap, with happy heart, and his yellow coin in his hand, mingled with the crowd, and went on his way in life.

Years elapsed; he grew up in London, married, and sailed to America, where I met him in 1872. He came under the influence of my ministry in Port Jervis; was converted, baptized, and joined the church. He took care of my library while I remained there, and became as familiar with the outside of the books as I was myself; he also came to know something of the inside of them as well. His Christian character developed so completely that the name of Henry Turner became synonymous with industry, truthfulness, honesty, and godliness. He has, also, prospered in the world in a small way. He says, however, that being well off is not what people crack it up to be; for, when he had nothing, he had no cares; but now, when he has five hundred dollars, he hardly knows how to sleep, and he is tempted to be mean and stingy!

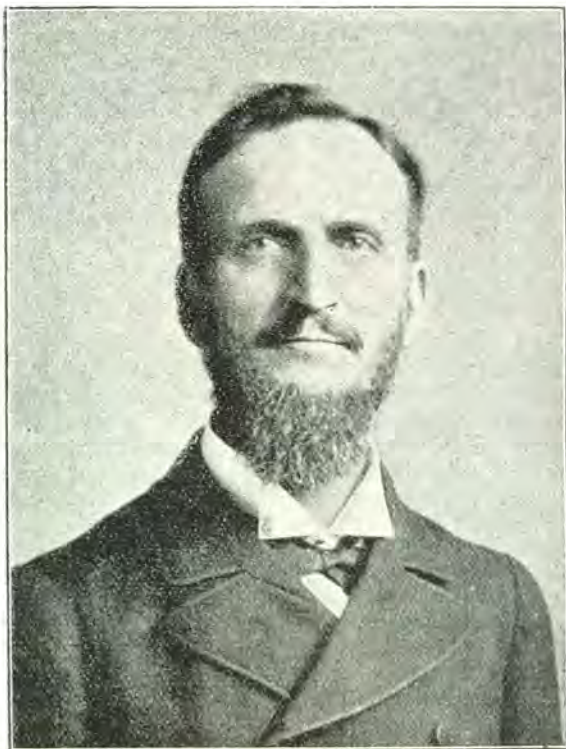
When he heard of the burning of the Tabernacle, he was very sorry, and said, “I must help in the rebuilding.” Then he remembered that half-sovereign handed to him by Mr. Spurgeon in Exeter Hall, in the years long gone by. He wrote to me about it, requesting me to compute the interest on it since 1860, as he wished to send it as his contribution towards the rebuilding of the Tabernacle. I did so, and found that the two dollars and a half amounted to eight dollars and thirty cents. This he has given me to forward to London as a token of his love to C. H. Spurgeon, whom he met once and loved evermore. How many incidents similar to this must have taken place in the life of our beloved President! The passing years reveal some of them; eternity alone will bring them all into the light.

Ansonia, Connecticut, U.S.A.

W. D. McKINNEY.

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

LXVI.—PASTOR JOHN CLARK, WESTCHESTER STATION, NOVA SCOTIA.



AT your request, Mr. Editor, I give a brief sketch of PASTOR JOHN CLARK, a good man and true, of whom the world will hear more when the days of his obscurity are past. Your space is limited, and it would require a volume to give an insight into his life and work and writings. He is one of *Spurgeon's men*, one of *Our Own Men*, and in very truth I believe him to be one of *Jesus Christ's men*. From any of his ever-welcome letters to me, in far-away Queensland, I have not learned of his birthplace; but from references in his writings, I conclude that he is a Norfolk man, and that his early life was spent near Norwich. Nor can I tell his age, but I conclude that he must now be about 55. Whilst but a boy, a popular preacher laid his hands on the head of our brother, on hearing that his name was John, and wished that he might become a John the Baptist; and another man of God, taking up the name, hoped he would become as “the disciple whom Jesus loved.”

The work of grace was early evident in his conversion to God, being led step by step into thoughtfulness and penitence and prayer until, one night, he entered the burial-ground, and stood in holy musings by

the grave of his Sunday-school teacher; then went to the grave of a dearly-loved brother who, in early manhood, was drowned; and then, under the solemn stars, and, as in the very presence of the Saviour, he gave his heart in full surrender to God. At that time, his favourite books were such as have influenced many lives, and will always bless the devout mind, viz., Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, Alleine's *Alarm to the Unconverted*, James's *Anxious Enquirer*, and Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*. One or other of these was often taken, with his Bible and hymn-book, into some lonely spot, to be read and meditated upon. The Sermons of our now glorified President did much to inform his mind, and stir his heart, so as to fit him for the service of Christ. The thoroughness of his conversion was manifest in his oft-expressed wish and prayer,—

"Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality!"

Mr. Clark had two friends who were both named John, and these companions were the objects of his solicitude and prayers. For their conversion to God, he gave his first effort. Of set purpose, he walked part of the way home with them, and brought the conversation round to religious topics, as soon as possible, by expatiating on the eloquence and earnestness of Mr. Spurgeon. He spoke to them very pointedly. The story, as he himself has told it, runs as follows:—"As we were about to part, standing under the open sky, and away from the dwellings of men, I placed my right hand on the shoulder of one, and my left hand on the shoulder of the other, and said, 'We all know that, when Christ was on earth, He had a disciple named John. Why should not we three Johns be His disciples now?' Looking into the face of one, I said, 'Will *you* come out on the Lord's side if I do?' Then, looking into the face of the other, I said, 'Won't you come out on Christ's side, too? It would be such a blessed thing to come out for Jesus Christ here and now. Shall not we three Johns be Christ's true disciples from this hour?'"

Holding each other by the hand, they pledged themselves to God. From this time onward, our brother has been an evangelist. Eight came forward, and were publicly baptized; cottage meetings were started, and the village enjoyed a season of much blessing. About this time, a meeting was being held, under the auspices of the Norwich Y.M.C.A., and the speaker failing to appear, Mr. Clark was earnestly pressed to take his place, and to say a word for Jesus. He was naturally somewhat timid, and this request put on him a great strain; but he dared not refuse the delightful task, so he ascended the pulpit, and spoke of Christ cleansing the leper. Concerning this first sermon, our brother writes:—"So I told, out of a full heart, the gospel story; and, as if Heaven was bending from above, and hell yawning from beneath, and the solemn gates of eternity were visibly open before me, I pleaded, as though I were breathing my very last breath, that every soul present would come, like the leper, and cast itself, in simple faith, at the ever-blessed, all-adorable Healer's feet. That sermon cannot be forgotten."

From that time, the door for Christian work was open. There were

calls to speak in Sabbath-schools, calls to preach on the grassy hills, calls to take regular services with the pastor; and, soon, a call to preach three times a Sunday at Felthorpe, five miles away from his home. Congregations increased, and souls were saved. He was about this time brought under the notice of our beloved President, and a place was offered him in the Pastors' College. He was, as a student, industrious and true; and, on leaving, he had this testimony from the President:—"Mr. Clark passed through the College, not only with credit, but with the esteem of all his brethren. He is a man of excellent spirit, and an acceptable speaker." This witness we know to be strictly true. Mr. Clark's first pastorate was at Godmanchester and Offord, where he was used of the Holy Spirit in bringing many to Christ, and into the church. His next pastoral charge was at Eye, in Suffolk, where his labours resulted in clearing off a burdening chapel debt, and in doing good spiritual work. On leaving that place, there were general expressions of sorrow, and both verbal and financial indications of goodwill. I was then at Ipswich, and knew well his work for Jesus, and his personal character as a brother beloved in the Lord. It is twenty-five years since our friend left for Nova Scotia, and all along I have had occasional proofs of his true love and service.

Pastorates in Canada are not, as a rule, of great length, and our brother has had several; but in each one God has used him for the conversion of many souls, and he lives in the love of the churches he has served. In his first church, over a hundred were brought into fellowship, and a new church was formed for extension. At Bridgetown, and at Dartmouth, the churches were developed both numerically and spiritually. He was called to Yarmouth without "candidating"; and, on leaving, grateful testimony was given to his careful, earnest, and faithful leadership. At Nictaux, he ministered to a church with seven preaching-stations, and over a wide area was much blessed, and his memory is dear to many souls. In a time of revival, one hundred and eighteen were baptized, and a number restored to fellowship, and all without any outside assistance except that which was sent from above.

About this time, Mr. Clark met with an accident which threatened to be fatal, and he was laid aside for about two years. He gradually resumed work in much weakness, and became pastor at Antigonish, then at Coburg, in Ontario. In both these places, the Lord blessed the preaching of His Word. He has laboured at Turner's Falls, Massachusetts, U.S.A., where he not only got the funds for a new building, but had spiritual results which God alone can tabulate. The County Association elected Brother Clark successively as Moderator, Preacher, and Secretary. At Bass River, he was called, without "candidating", back into Nova Scotia, and blessing followed his labours. He is now at Westchester Station, where his sphere of labour is large, the people poor, and salary meagre. Mr. Clark, in writing concerning his present place of service, says:—"The word **WORK** might be written in capital letters, and the word **wages** in very small type." This district has extremes of heat and cold, sometimes the thermometer registers twenty degrees below zero. I will let our

brother speak for himself by his letters concerning his experiences :—
 "In order to keep my appointments, I have sometimes had to drive through almost blinding storms, my face becoming covered with a mask of glazing ice and snow; and I have been glad to pull up at some wayside house, to keep from being chilled, and get a little warmth, and then go on again. At such times, after being a few minutes at the fire, the ice has dropped from my face to the floor like bits of broken glass. Sometimes I have immersed believers in indoor baptisteries, such as are common in England. At other times, I have baptized in brooks, rivers, and harbours; and, not infrequently, when the snow was falling, or the hail pelting into the face like shots; occasionally, ice several inches deep has had to be cut with a heavy axe. A warm heart has had no consciousness of outward cold, and glowing lips have sung John Ryland's hymn,—

" 'In all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue.'

"But I have never known, nor even heard of, a single candidate suffering any ill effects from being baptized under these or any other circumstances."

Of Pastor Clark's literary work, I cannot here find room to write; but he is a poet of no mean order, and I shall ask the liberty to supplement this sketch with a short article on that aspect of his labours. Here I will only give what proves the hero in service for Christ, the hero who represents the obscure, the plodding, the prosaic workers and true servants of God in out-of-the-way places. Why he should have been so out of the way, I cannot think, except it be from a timid and extremely modest demeanour, which often is overridden by more noisy and pushing ambitions. He says:—"Notwithstanding all the pains and hardships through which I have passed, the bitter grief of leaving my own dear native land, the sadness at parting from dearest kith and kin, whose faces I last saw in tears, and shall never see again in this world, I am comforted with the knowledge that, throughout the British Isles, and almost all over this Continent, there are those who have been helped and blessed by the words which the Lord has given me to speak and write. What changes or labours may be before me, I cannot tell. I am the Lord's; it is for Him to place me and plan for me. I neither possess nor covet the arts and tricks which please man's carnal mind. I have, many a time, stood under the stormy sky, beside the open grave, when the earth thrown up has become, by frost, as hard as the road. But there are no graves in that land to which I point the weary and the sad. The winters here are long, but my soul is often cheered as I think of the 'Eternal Summer Land.' The roads here are often wretchedly bad, but I delight to walk in and to speak about the road to the Celestial City. All that my labours have given me, hitherto, on the material side, has been my daily bread-and-butter, and sometimes the butter has been very thin, and never thinner than now. Thanks be unto God, I have the Bread of life to feed upon, and the joys of Heaven to look forward to. The house I live in now is all of wood, but the one I am hoping to dwell in will be of purest gold, and adorned with

precious stones. When God sees fit, I shall behold, in the bright hereafter, the friends whom I have loved, and the friends who love me. I shall see, too, the beloved preacher, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, to whom, under God, not only I, but the whole Church of God and this great wide world owe so much; and, best of all, I shall see JESUS, and be satisfied, when I awake with His likeness."

W. WHALE.

Lessons from Lighthouses.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

(Concluded from page 220.)

II. THERE ARE OTHER SIMILARITIES BETWEEN THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER AND THE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

1. *How solitary is the lot of each!* The denizens of yon rocky islet know little of Society. They are far enough from the madding crowd. There are none to encourage them in their tasks, none to sympathize with them in their difficulties. Fortunately, there are none to criticise and dishearten. So long as their term of service lasts, those two or three keepers must remain isolated. Were they not fully occupied, how long the weeks would seem!

And you, my brethren, know something of solitariness. I speak not only of missionaries and village pastors, but of some whose lot is cast in the busy city and the crowded sanctuary. How few understand your aim, and share your high ambition! Perhaps, for truth's sake, you stand aloof from certain of your fellow-ministers. Maybe that some of your own officers are estranged from you because you refuse to yield what is to you a point of conscience. No one knows, either, what it costs you to keep the light burning, and few can fully enter into the yearnings that are in your soul. You have expoused a calling which necessitates separation and involves solitariness. The more successful you are in it, perhaps, the lonelier you will be. The higher you climb, the fewer will follow. You have gone forth "unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach." Let those two words console you—"unto Him;" you are alone, yet not alone.

Thank God, too, that we can never be so cut off by storm or mist as to be deprived of communication with Heaven. The lighthouse at the South Foreland has lately begun to converse with the South Goodwin lightship by wireless telegraphy; but we have, for many a long year, communed with our unseen God. Nor gales nor gulfs, nor mists nor mounts, can stop the messages that hasten to and fro. Who need be lonely, then?

2. *The duties in a lighthouse must prove monotonous.* So—(let me whisper it)—so may ours. In the one case, there is keeping the log, cleaning the lenses, trimming the lamps, watching the lights, preparing meals, and so on. With us, it is seeking texts, studying the Word, visiting the sick, conducting services, and so on. Can such delightful and sacred duties grow monotonous? Yea, verily, unless grace prevent. It matters little if the keeper loses all zest in his work, so

long as he does it faithfully. He will presently be relieved, and have a spell ashore. But as for us, we must not only do the good works, but be zealous of them. If we pray, and praise, and preach like mere machines, we shall soon have no one to pray for, to praise with, or to preach to. But there is no need for weariness. If our hearts are right, monotony need not be feared. We preach the same gospel, we uplift the same Jesus, we pursue the same methods, we do the same works;—oh, yes; but the gospel is ever new, the Name of Jesus is as ointment poured forth, and we are anointed daily with fresh oil. Where is sameness, then? It is excluded.

3. *Those who tend our watch-towers are exposed to no little jeopardy.* They cannot warn others of danger without endangering themselves. The perils of *our* position are peculiar. Some fancy that ministers are not tempted like the rest of men. They are supposed to be made out of different material. The supposition is without foundation. We have, in addition to the trials and temptations of other men, those extra and special ones which assail leaders and teachers. The devil has not yet given up all hope of having us. Alas! that all too often he is encouraged to persevere. If he can only quench our light, how many will be led astray! The fall of such a lighthouse means the shipwreck of many a soul. "Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust."

4. *We cannot too highly praise the fidelity of our light-keepers.* Very, very rarely have they been known to fail in their duty. Many a thrilling story might be told of how they have stuck to their posts. "It is considered as cowardly for a keeper to desert his light as for a captain to leave his ship to her fate, or betray his command to the enemy. Keepers have died at their posts; when towers have been wrenched away from their foundations, keepers have gone down with their lights. When Sharp's Island lighthouse, Chesapeake Bay, was overthrown by ice, the keepers, who could have escaped in a boat, remained in it, and for sixteen hours were knocked about at the mercy of waves and blocks of ice. At midnight, the house, full of water, grounded upon an island, and they rescued the lens, oil, and other properties." There is an old story of how the light in a lighthouse, through some derangement of the machinery, ceased to revolve as usual. The keeper, by manual labour, kept steadily revolving the light, until weariness compelled him to call another to his relief. Then another took his turn; and so all night long the light was kept in motion. A stranger afterwards commenting on his solicitude, the man replied, "Why, sir, there may be a hundred seamen looking out from the darkness and storm to catch a glimpse of this light. If it does not move, it will be mistaken for another; and in their uncertainty they may lose the channel and be shipwrecked." Thus have the Lord's light-men to guard the sacred flame, and to maintain distinctive doctrine. It is required with lighthouse-keepers, and ministers, as well as with stewards, that a man be found faithful.

"Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor seaman, tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness may be lost."

I have bethought me that no small incentive to faithful discharge of duty with lighthouse-men must be *their sympathy with mariners*. They are themselves sons of the sea. They well remember with what a grateful eye they "saw the guiding star arise in the midst of the shadowy night," and now that it is their lot to wind the clock-work, and polish the reflectors, and trim the flame, they do it with the utmost sympathy. O brethren, let us remember what we were, and what we owe to grace!

"All through the night shone the far beacon light
Over the dark stormy sea;
Never once failed it, never once paled it,
Such was God's mercy to me."

"The grace of the Lord Jesus was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

III. Thirdly, and lastly, I remind you that WE ARE OURSELVES TO BE LIGHT-GIVERS. We are not as light-keepers only, but as the lighthouses themselves. "Among whom ye shine, as lights in the world." "The first creation of God in the work of the days was the light of the sense; the last was the light of the reason; and His Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of the spirit" (Bacon). And to us the good Lord entrusts the task of sending forth His light and His truth.

1. *The primary requisite in a lighthouse is stability.* Ornamentation is needless, but strength is essential. The first Eddystone lighthouse was the fanciful construction of Henry Winstanley, more like a Chinese pagoda than anything else, "burdened with useless vanes, and cranes, and other 'top-hamper.'" It stood but a few months, and its designer perished with it. Compare with this the modern lighthouse which has "the sublime simplicity of a gigantic ocean plant." "It meddles not with buttresses. Into the live rock it sinks deep its hewn foundations. From base to summit every stone biting thus into its neighbour, the lighthouse is but one sole block, more one than the very rock it stands on. The billows know not where to assail it. They smite, they rage, they glide" (Michelet). Oh, it is wonderful what strength they have who trust in God! They can defy all blasts and billows. A stranger from the provinces once came to the Tabernacle, and heard "the voice that is still" say, as she opened the door, "A simple-hearted child of God can floor a dozen devils." She has never forgotten it. Many a time that sentence has helped her. May it help you, dear friend, though I only echo it:—"A simple-hearted child of God can floor a dozen devils."

2. *But stability is useless apart from brilliancy.* Let me quote again from Madame Michelet:—"Observe yonder restless lamp, which flashes into the night, and then, as if exhausted, diminishes, and dies out, like eyes which gradually close. Not for long. They re-open, all on fire and bloodshot. But the flame grows white and keen. It cuts like a knife through the densest mists, and dazzles you with its glare. It is Cordouan, or it is the Eddystone, which seated on its sinister rock keenly surveys the watery expanse. The more fiercely the

tempest rages, the darker the night, the more vigilantly does it watch. And not only in front, like the guardian of the shore, but on every side. For who knows from what quarter the labouring ship may come! The wistful gaze turns to and searches all the points of the horizon; and minute after minute repeats its warning that against its rocky base the sea beats horribly, and dashes and slays its victims." This is a graphic picture of the welcome services of the lighthouse. May it not serve as a reminder of what each saint should be? We are useless if we shine not. I do not ask where your lot is cast: just there,—wherever it is,—you must shine. I do not enquire what your talents are. Few or many, they must be utilized to the full. To this end they must be concentrated. Ah! it is in concentration that the secret lies. The flame in even a first-class light is surprisingly small, but lenses, and mirrors, and prisms concentrate the rays and throw them all forward in the plane of the horizon. Reflection and refraction combine to prevent the loss of a single ray, and so to increase the resultant beam. Is there not some such process by which we of slender talents can be burning and shining lights of surprising power? Oh, yes! concentration—say, rather,—consecration is the secret. What the sciences of catoptrics and dioptrics do for a comparatively feeble flame, the whole-souled surrender and singleness of purpose accomplish for meagre talents. If the light is pure, it can be multiplied and magnified, reflected and refracted, to a surprising extent.

"Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall brightly on me.

"There is many a lamp that is lighted;
We behold them near and afar;
But not many of them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

"I think, were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all blowing about.

"If once all the lamps that are lighted
Would steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

"How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millennial day!"

3. *Let us imitate the lighthouses in the matter of regularity.* All is done by clock-work there. The log-book, in which the keeper enters the record of each day, is kept as carefully as that of a ship at sea. The watch is changed punctually and regularly. All duties must be performed with unflinching exactness. "Should his light go out once, a keeper is dismissed: no excuse avails." In the old days, when candles were the only illuminants (and that was so for long at Eddystone), the process of snuffing had to be attended to pretty constantly. I

made a pilgrimage, the other day, to have a look at Smeaton's clock, which by an ingenious arrangement struck loudly every half-hour. Every time its gong sounded, the snuffers had to be used. Nor are system and method less necessary now that the apparatus is more perfect. Still everything has to be prompt, and punctual, and ship-shape. It may seem too trivial a matter to dwell upon in a Presidential Address, but I am convinced that punctuality and regularity are absolutely indispensable in the Lord's work. More system in the study, and more promptness in the sanctuary, are sadly needed in certain quarters. "Let all things be done decently and in order." "The Christian assembly should be a reflection of the universe, where *form* and *order* reign supreme;" but the assembly will be largely what the leader of it makes it. Suffer this word of exhortation, brethren, for we must in all things show ourselves patterns. We are determined to avoid the rocks of mere formalism and of Ritualism, but we must shun also the whirlpool of perfunctoriness, and carelessness. Nothing connected with ourselves or our sacred service should be slovenly or slipshod.

4. *Need I add that purity is essential, too?* A lighthouse is as spotless as can be. Not the lightroom merely, but all the living rooms are as bright as a new pin. Lantern, and lenses, and machinery are, of course, immaculate, but they could not be so were not the other apartments—kitchen included—carefully guarded from pollution. Not our public life alone, but our private life must be beyond reproach, and above suspicion. Be ye clean who bear the watch-fires of the Lord. In the United States, the following rigorous order is in force:—"The inspector's visit may occur at any time, and in welcoming him the head keeper presents him with a white linen napkin. As he goes his rounds, he passes this over the lens, the lamp, and even inside kitchen utensils; if the cloth comes out immaculate from the test, he enters in the lighthouse log-book this record: 'Service napkin not soiled,' while the slightest smirch on the linen means a black mark for the keeper." Who of us could stand such a test in spiritual things? "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." But, oh! let us see to it that the rays of light are not obstructed by unholiness. God forbid that any grime or grit should disarrange the delicate mechanism! The language of the lighthouses—for each has its own voice and speech—would cease to be intelligible were cleanliness neglected. All works harmoniously when purity presides. Then each tower utters its voice: "Beware!...Observe this rock!...Shun yonder shoal!...Here turn aside!...or...Good, thou art now in port!" Brethren, does not our inmost heart desire to be thus cleansed, thus illuminated, thus used?

"A life on fire! to melt and burn and glow,
A life to shine and brighten in dark ways;
A life so one with God, that God in us
May be the fire to set our lives ablaze.

"Lord, set us thus alight, we pray of Thee!
Oh, make us willing to let *all* things go;
Sin, self, the world,—e'en *service* (if Thou bidd'st),
And count all loss, so we in Thee may glow."

I fancy that some are saying within themselves that they can hardly hope to be as these first-rate lights of which I have been speaking. Well, be what you are, and shine where you are. There are auxiliaries to lighthouses scarcely less useful than the lighthouses themselves. Henry Ward Beecher once ridiculed the idea of a glow-worm offering itself to the Government as a lighthouse, and imagined it saying when refused, "Then I won't be anything." "Is it not worth while," he enquired, "for a glow-worm to be a glow-worm?" Lightships have done right good service, so have candles in cottage windows. Even beacons and buoys that have no light in themselves have their use. Some of them shine with borrowed light. We have most of us been boy-preachers in our time, and must admit that our light was mainly borrowed. We are boys no longer, and we may not borrow as we used to; but our virtues are derived, our glory is imparted; by the grace of God we are what we are. Here are three emblems of those whose sufficiency is of God,—the buoy crowned with mirrors that flash in the sunlight as it dances on the wave; the buoy coated with luminous paint which drinks in sunshine all the day, and gives it out at night: and the beacon on whose prisms yonder lighthouse pours a stream of brightness till none can tell that there is not a flame within.

My final word is itself like a lighthouse,—for it is solemn and yet bright. *We* have been spared this year, but what of the next? Be it remembered that, though while we live we are thus to safeguard others, we ourselves are voyaging, and need a guiding light. As we near the end, we shall feel our need the more. Let us take our bearings, and prepare for arrival. That Christian nobleman, the Master of Blantyre, who navigated his own steam yacht till his health failed, said, as he passed away, "Full steam ahead!" There was much meaning in the unusual death-cry. He knew his whereabouts. He saw the light. It was all plain sailing when he came to die. What bliss will flood our souls when the end of the journey we see! Not more glad was the Ancient Mariner to behold his native land than we shall be to hail the glory-shore. His song will find an echo in our hearts:—

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?"

"We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God;
Or let me sleep away."

We shall be both sleeping and awake: "I sleep, but my heart waketh."

When I last steamed towards the English Channel, a thick fog hindered our progress. For two or three days it kept us back. Still, we "felt" our way homewards. At length, we knew that we must be nearing land. Presently, we found ourselves among a little fleet of trawlers. Passing dead slow round the stern of one of these, we looked down from the towering deck upon this mere cockleshell, for

so she appeared. Our captain was at the edge of his bridge, and made as if he would speak to the skipper of the fishing-boat. Just as he was about to do so, the latter put his hands round about his mouth, and shouted the welcome news, "Eddystone light right ahead, sir." "Thank you," said the captain, and he had no sooner put his vessel on her course again than, sure enough, like the red glow of an incandescent light when the current is first switched on, there glimmered through the fog the longed-for beam. In a few minutes we were abreast of it, and in another, past it, and—strange to tell—clear of the fog. Then it was "full steam ahead" till Plymouth port was gained.

I wonder, will the mists gather as we end our voyage? It may be so. In that case, we shall be glad indeed of a cheering word, whoever speaks it. If a liner may have guidance of a lugger, maybe a little child will lead us, or a leaflet, or a well-worn text. Let someone say distinctly, when the fog is round my soul, "Cross of Calvary right ahead, sir! Cross of Calvary right ahead, sir!" Ah, yes! I was heading that way surely; but, oh! the mist, the mist. But see, the blood-red glow beckons me,—it brightens as I near it. Now is my salvation nearer than when I believed. The fog-bank is safely passed,—yonder is the Port! "FULL STEAM AHEAD!"

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XVII.—BY W. WALKER, BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

AS I think of those glorious days when I had the opportunity of hearing our ever-beloved President, there are three Sermons which stand out vividly from among the rest, and live in my memory as the most powerful utterances to which it has ever been my privilege to listen.

The first of these I remember because it taught me how to rise above adverse circumstances. It was Sabbath morning, and I was seated along with a number of "our own men" in "the students' pew." The dear Pastor had been ill, but was expected to take the service that morning. It was not necessary for anyone to whisper that information; the vast crowd that assembled indicated that he would occupy the pulpit. Every available space in the Tabernacle was occupied; without exaggeration, it was a mighty sea of faces. On the stroke of eleven o'clock, the door opened, and every eye turned toward the steps leading to the platform. Yes, it was C. H. Spurgeon, but, oh! how ill and depressed he looked! He was suffering then from an attack of his old malady. I should not have been surprised if the whole service had been in a minor key, nor if he had given out one of old Dr. Watts's hymns, either,—

"Lord, what a wretched land is this!"

or else,—

"My soul lies cleaving to the dust."

Thank God, neither of these hymns agreed with his experience that

morning. Imagine the thrill of joy which ran through the whole audience when, after a brief prayer, he said, "Let us sing Psalm 100, the second version,—

" ' All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth,* His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.' "

The people did sing, and heartily, too. I tried to join in; but I must confess that, now and again, I was conscious of "a lump" rising in my throat which prevented me from singing all the hymn. No wonder that praise often brings a soul into fellowship with God; it was a means of grace to me that morning. Not less surprising was the text chosen, Psalm cxlv., verses 1, 2: "I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy Name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever." The discourse was on the duty of praise; the whole Sermon was uplifting and invigorating, fresh as a morning breeze, and bright as the sun on a summer's noonday. As I wandered homeward after that service, I could not help thanking God for the blessing I had received, and for the lesson taught,—how faith can be victorious over surrounding circumstances; how the mind can influence the body, and the spirit rise above both.

The second Sermon is stored in my memory because of the marvelous power it had upon my own soul; I felt that I could never doubt my Lord again. The text was, Matthew x. 30: "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." Was it the memory of former years which made Mr. Spurgeon preach with such remarkable power? Perhaps this had something to do with it; for he had preached quite a different sermon on the same text in the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, on Lord's-day morning, April 11, 1858,—the Sunday following the Wednesday when, at Halifax, through the good providence of God, he and his hearers were saved from an accident which might have been more terrible than that in the Music Hall. (See Vol. II. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, page 218.) Mr. Spurgeon was not one who allowed these providential mercies to fade from his memory; and on that Thursday evening when I listened to him, this Sermon appeared to be backed by a wide and far-reaching experience of God's goodness. The divisions were characteristic,—(I.) Fore-ordination; (II.) Knowledge; (III.) Valuation; (IV.) Preservation. Here are a few choice thoughts taken from the discourse:—"Jesus speaks in homely words. Your great and learned men will not talk about 'the hairs of your head;' all their discourse is upon the *nebula* and the stars, geological periods and organic remains, evolution and the solidarity of the race, and I know not what besides. Jesus talks homely language because He is at home; He speaks the language of the heart because He is all heart, and wants to reach the heart."

"It is impossible to draw a line in providence, and say, This is

* A special reference to this version of the old hundredth Psalm is given in Vol. III. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, in the chapter on "Pure Fun."—*Ed.*

arranged by providence, and that is not. It must take everything in its sweep; it determines not only the revolution of a planet, but the blowing of a grain of dust across the road."

When speaking of Predestination, Mr. Spurgeon said, "A doctrine which I cannot fully grasp, is a truth which is intended to grasp me. *When I cannot climb, I kneel. Where I cannot build an observatory, I set up an altar.* A great stone which I cannot lift, serves me for a pillar upon which I pour the oil of gratitude, and adore the Lord my God."

The third striking Sermon is remembered by me as a proof that a man cannot always judge correctly of his own preaching. That Mr. Spurgeon felt dissatisfied with himself that Sabbath morning, is almost certain; he had a severe cold, and complained of want of voice, yet he was well heard all over the building. Towards the close of the discourse, he said, "It is a joy to speak on such a theme when one is in good health, but this day I am in pain as to my body, and my mind seems frozen;" but I venture to say that the beloved President was alone in that feeling,—his mind seemed to be anything but frozen. To use John Bunyan's words, "As he pulled, it came." The text was, Matthew xxvii. 45: "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour." The Sermon was preached on Lord's-day morning, April 18, 1886; it is No. 1,896 in *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. The attention of the whole congregation seemed to be riveted; and if Mr. Spurgeon felt his brain to be frozen, certainly the hearts of the people seemed to be melted as he described the text (I.) as a miracle which amazes us, (II.) as a veil which conceals, and (III.) as a symbol which instructs.

C. H. Spurgeon has gone to his reward. The once familiar figure is no longer with us; the voice that charmed the thronging multitudes is silent; but his influence abides and his memory is cherished in deepest affection by thousands upon thousands who have been blessed by his many-sided and self-denying ministry of love.

The Preacher's Vision.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE
OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY
PRINCIPAL A. MCCAIG, B.A., LL.D.

THE old name for the prophet in Israel was SEER. It is a commonplace with us that the man who speaks for God must see something of God. Preachers of the New Covenant occupy a position in some respects analogous to that of the prophets of the Old. In this they should resemble them, that they are seers, that they have visions.

I. First, EVERY TRUE PREACHER MUST HAVE A VISION OF CHRIST.

It was one of the marks of an apostle that he had personally "seen the Lord"; and while we claim not to be either apostles or successors of the apostles in the Roman or Anglican sense, there is a sense in which the true preacher is in the apostolical succession. He is sent forth by the Lord, he has received the ordination of the pierced hand,

ze has, with the spirit's vision, "seen the Lord." The vision of Christ *saves*. It is this which makes the Christian, and the preacher must be a Christian first. We are sometimes told that, as to the question of the value of the Christian religion, ministers are out of court, they cannot give an unprejudiced testimony. It is said that we must believe in Christ, we must preach Christian doctrine, because we are ministers. We maintain the reverse to be the case. We do not believe in Christ because we are ministers, but we are ministers because we believe in Christ. We do not believe the Christian truth because we preach it, but we preach the truth because we believe it. "We also believe, and therefore speak."

The vision of Christ *satisfies*. In Christ, all our longings are met. We preach His gospel because—

"It satisfies our longings
As nothing else can do."

The vision of Christ *sets apart for service*. Christ's words to Paul are suggestive: "I have *appeared* unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness." Only Christ can make a minister; and only the one who has seen Christ can witness of Him. The one who can, with the proper emphasis, say, "Behold the Lamb of God," must, like John the Baptist, be "looking on Jesus."

In Old Testament times, we have many instances of the same principle, that the essential equipment for service is found in a sight of the Lord. Moses gets his commission as he gazes on the burning bush. Isaiah is prepared to go at God's bidding when his eyes have seen the King.

Having seen Him as the Saviour of our souls, the Satisfier of our hearts, the Sovereign of our life, we are prepared to preach Him to others. The first vision, however, is not enough; rather should I say, it is not enough simply to see Christ as we begin our course, the continual vision of Christ is necessary for the preacher's work. "A witness," said Christ to Paul, "both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." This perpetual vision *supports and stimulates*. The glories of Sinai's revelation overpowered, dazzled, bewildered; the superior glories of Calvary, the glories of grace, of the New Covenant, are overpowering; but the preacher is supported by the consciousness of the *mercy* which the vision conveys. "Seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we *faint not*." The preacher can look upon these dazzling splendours, and be strong; yea, in some way, the sight itself makes him strong. Thus, gazing upon the glory of Christ, we shall lose sight of the things on earth which disturb and distract. We shall endure, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

Personally, then, we as preachers are equipped for our work, and supported in it, by the vision of Christ. But it is equally necessary for the sake of others. We need to see that the Christ who saves us is able to save others, that He is able to satisfy the needs of all; and it is only as we see Him, that we can be assured of this, and can persuade others of it. It gives a tone of reality to our preaching when we can see Christ while we preach Him. Our hearers are

brought to feel that we are not talking empty platitudes, discussing airy speculations, dilating on vain abstractions ; but are bringing them face to face with a personal Saviour, a living Lord, a loving Friend. With our eyes fixed on the Crucified, seeing Him actually bearing "our sins in His own body on the tree," we may hope so to picture Him to our hearers that, before their eyes, Jesus Christ will be evidently set forth crucified. Seeing Him as the ever-present Friend and Helper, we shall get them to realize what a Friend they have in Jesus. Seeing Him as the Victor over death and the grave, we shall enable them to look forward to the unknown future without fear as they see that—

" He stands brightly where the shade is,
With the keys of Death and Hades."

Viewing Him in all the beauty of His character, in all the glory of His person, in all the grandeur of His sacrifice, in all the wondrous aspects of His manifold work, on the cross, on the throne, and in the coming glory, we shall be able to say, "That which we have seen, declare we unto you." Lovingly beholding the beauty of the Lord, we shall be able, in some measure, to show it to others, "for love reflects the thing beloved." The one who stands amid the glories of the New Covenant Revelation of the Christ will be seen "reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord." May it be the experience of each of us—

" To have looked upon the face of the Unknown
And Perfect Beauty.

Or, higher still, and fairer and more blest,
To be His seer, His prophet ; to be the voice
Of the ineffable Will ; to be the glass
Of the ineffable Light ; and bring them down
To bless the earth, set in a shrine of Song."

II. Secondly, and this is my main point, EVERY TRUE PREACHER MUST HAVE A CLEAR VISION OF CHRIST'S TRUTH.

In proportion as, in any department of thought and action, men see truth, are they fitted to excel. The scientist must see into the heart of nature. Newton said that, in all he had ever discovered, he was only conscious to himself of patient *contemplation*. The poet must see into the hidden springs of life. The inventor must be a man of insight. The painter must be a seer. "All great art," says Ruskin, "represents something that it sees or believes in ; nothing unseen or uncredited." Most assuredly must the preacher see the spiritual and eternal truth. God's open secret is before him. He must have what Carlyle calls "the calmly seeing eye." Our great work is to proclaim the truth, to exhibit it to the people ; and we need the vision of it for ourselves.

We have no sympathy with the tendency manifested by some to place Christ and the truth in contrast, as if there was some kind of antagonism between them. The preacher is set, like John in Patmos, "for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus." The two go together. The vision is one ; the witness is one. If we see Jesus, we see His truth ; in so far as we see the truth, we see Him in whom the

truth is embodied. We mean more than having views of truth, though etymologically there is little if any difference between a "view" and a "vision." View, as the word has come to be used, however, brings more into prominence the subjective element, and is often taken as a mere opinion, which may have any degree of intensity or none. Our views of truth may greatly vary and change, truth itself is permanent and eternal; and to have a vision of it, as we are using the word, is to see it in itself, in its beauty and reality.

Of course, the subjective element enters here also. In ordinary vision, there is always the personal equation. Perhaps, strictly and scientifically speaking, no two men, when looking at a landscape or any object in nature, see exactly the same thing; and philosophers have long disputed as to whether the material universe has any objective reality, whether, after all, we are not in fact as in poetry "such stuff as dreams are made of." We have no time nor taste for such metaphysical discussions now; but, whatever may be the true philosophy of the material universe, we do believe that there is a spiritual reality at the back of it. Creation is in a true sense the mirror of the Eternal. Nature is the garment of the invisible God. We believe in the reality of Christian truth; but we may admit that, in each man's mental vision of it, there is the personal equation; different aspects of truth will appeal to different minds, and some will see some features of it more clearly than others. This, however, does not mean that we are free to form our conceptions of truth as each may figure it to himself. We are not left to roam in the region of phantasy or dreamland. We believe the truth is actually set forth in the Word of God; and, looking there, if we look aright, with honesty of purpose, we shall indeed behold it in its fulness of beauty. Every healthy eye practically sees the same landscape, after all; and all true hearts may see the same truth in the Scriptures.

This, then, is our field of vision, *the revealed truth of God*. One difference between us and the prophets and apostles is, that they saw the truth as God directly revealed it to them; we have to see it in and through the revelation given to them. It is our business, being first assured that the Scriptures are God's revelation to us, to look at the truth there displayed. We *see* the truth, we contemplate it, as God sets it before us. We do not discover it, we behold it as God *uncovers* it. Revelation is *unveiling*. Much of the truth of salvation was formerly hidden, "kept secret through times eternal," but it is now unveiled; and not only unveiled, but it is *manifested*, brought into the light, made to stand out clearly. A statue in a dimly-lighted room, even when unveiled, will not give much pleasure to the beholder; there needs also the manifesting by the light. So the truth of God is both unveiled and illumined by the Spirit, and it is our glad privilege to see it. Important, then, as views of truth may be, the vision of it is more so. A view may be fragmentary and momentary; the vision is full-orbed and abiding. Views of truth may be second-hand; vision is immediate. You may hold the views of others, the vision is your own.

Some may see more than others. An art critic, with an educated eye, will see much more in a painting than an ordinary individual

will; but he does not see what is not there. You look at a certain picture; you see figures of men, horses, trees, etc., and you get a fair general idea of the painter's meaning; deeper insight may see a great deal more of the relation of the individual parts to each other, and of the whole plan and conception of the artist; but it does not contradict your vision, it does not turn these figures into something else. So, an ordinary Christian understanding sees the truths of atonement, substitution, salvation by sacrifice; deeper spiritual insight may behold greater depth of meaning, wider range of application in these great truths, but it does not contradict the facts as seen by the ordinary Christian. When one tells us that he sees that substitution and kindred ideas, which have been seen and rejoiced in by Christians in all ages, are exploded fancies, we may be sure that he is drawing upon misdirected imagination, and is looking elsewhere than in the Divine Revelation.

Seeing truth in its beauty and reality, we long to set it forth clearly and definitely.

" Truth is fair ; should we forego it ?
 Can we sigh right for a wrong ?
 God Himself is the best Poet,
 And the Real is His song.
 Sing His truth out fair and full,
 And secure His beautiful."

Vision makes a man not only definite in his statements, but also *dogmatic*. It is wonderful how very dogmatic the prophets and apostles were in their declarations of the truths they received from God; and if we have aught of the prophetic or apostolic spirit, we shall, I think, be dogmatic, too. If we tell what we have seen, we shall not speak with bated breath. People can generally speak very emphatically of what they have seen "with their own eyes." Doubtless, there is a kind of dogmatism connected with the holding of cherished opinions which may be unwarranted, and is not to be commended. But the unholy dogmatism of ignorant bigotry must not frighten us into vagueness, and make us take refuge in nebulous phraseology. We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard; and we cannot speak of these things as open to doubt. In our measure, "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." We can afford to smile at the charge of dogmatism. Any man who believes he has got hold of a truth, ought to be dogmatic about it.

When the damsel Rhoda announced to the friends in the prayer-meeting that Peter stood before the gate, the unanimous dissent of those good people did not shake her out of her dogmatism. They might declare her mad, but "she confidently"—that is, dogmatically—"affirmed that it was even so." This is simply our position; having seen the truth, we confidently affirm "that it is even so." Men may wish it to be otherwise than "so"; they may plead that at least we may consider it *so-so*; but, no; we will stick to our witness, "it is even so." Our modern theologians often decry dogmatism, but they are generally themselves very dogmatic. They announce most dogmatically their own new dogmas, or "thoughts" as

they prefer to call them; they dogmatically denounce time-honoured dogmas; with great dogmatism, they declaim against the spirit of dogmatism. They are in the habit of speaking of such old fogies as ourselves, as clinging to these dogmas unintelligently because we have been brought up to believe them, and have never dared to think for ourselves. That may be the case with some who share our belief in the great doctrines of Revelation; and, on the whole, it may not be a bad thing for some; if the dogmas taught are truths that have stood the stress and strain of the centuries, a man may well hold them though he has not personally examined them in detail, especially when he finds that these truths do for him what they promise. It is not considered necessary that every student who matriculates at the London University should review and verify all the calculations upon which Newton based the law of gravitation. Still, as preachers of the truth, we claim to have examined the truths we hold, perhaps as carefully as our censors have. Time will not allow us to relate our personal experience in this matter, but I take it that most of us have, in some way, been compelled to verify these doctrines for ourselves, so that our faith does not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. We wish all our brethren to see these truths with their own eyes, not simply with the eyes of John Calvin, or Jonathan Edwards, or C. H. Spurgeon; but the fact that these great men, these spiritual and theological giants—and though it has been said that Mr. Spurgeon was no theologian, I believe the estimate of Dr. Robertson Nicoll was the truer when he wrote, “the Church and the world do not yet know what a great doctor and theologian they lost in Mr. Spurgeon,” and I scruple not to couple his name with those of Calvin and Edwards,—(the fact that they) looking in the same direction, have seen pretty much the same thing as we see, is some encouragement to us. With regard to physical vision, the fact that the testimony of other responsible persons concerning what we see agrees with our own, proves that we are not the subjects of an optical illusion; and it is surely well to have similar confirmation of our spiritual vision.

Still, the personal vision is the satisfying one. “Now we believe,” said the Samaritans to the woman, “not because of thy saying: for we have heard Him ourselves.” Grateful we are for the sayings of Calvin, and Spurgeon, and other great doctors of the faith; but we believe not because of them simply, but because we have seen for ourselves. Thomas is perhaps not to be commended for refusing so utterly the testimony of his brethren, but he is surely not to be condemned for so earnestly desiring to see for himself. “Seeing is believing,” say the maxim-makers; that is not quite so with regard to physical vision; rather does seeing lead to believing, supply the evidence for believing. “Because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed;” that is, “Seeing *Me*, thou hast believed in the fact of My resurrection;” but in the spiritual region, “seeing is believing” because *believing* is *SEEING*: “Blessed are they that have not seen,”—not seen with the bodily eye the physical manifestations,—and yet, resting upon the evidence, have believed, have seen with the spiritual vision. Such seeing is sure to give power to our testimony. To us will

come the charge, "Write (Speak) the things which thou hast seen." Continually gazing into the Word, we ought constantly to be gaining a clearer, fuller perception of truth; but the truths we have seen do not lose their preciousness; we do not look away from them to something else, but we see more of them—more *in* them than formerly.

With this clearness of vision, we shall be able to detect error. We do not wish to make a man an offender for a word, and we do not expect or desire that each man who sees God's truth will set it forth in exactly the same way; there is, indeed, room for great variety in this respect, but any utterance that does not accord with this unchanging Word, we must condemn. It is just here that we have to part company with many. They claim to see truth, but they refuse to give the Word absolute supremacy; they presume to correct Paul, to differ from Peter, to condemn James, to supplement John; but we maintain that these inspired writers have given us God's Word, which is for us the absolute authority. We have spoken throughout of seeing the truth in that Word; but we can also think of the Word as a Mount of Vision, a Pisgah height, upon which we stand, and, from its summit, look into the realms of spiritual truth; or, as a telescope, through which we view the Divine and Eternal. But regarding it in any of these ways, the Word itself is to us the measure of truth and the test of error; and only by attention to it shall we be preserved on the one hand from the vagaries of Rationalism, and, on the other, from the illusions of Mysticism. It is to be feared that many, who taunt the believers in Evangelical doctrines with blindly holding a traditional belief, are themselves but echoes of other men; someone with a great name announces a certain idea; and, straightway, others are found repeating it, without personal verification, as if it were an inspired utterance. We welcome full investigation; we are not afraid that truth will suffer from any examination; let all available light be poured upon it, it will only serve to enhance its beauty. I daresay many of you remember how, years ago, at one of our Conferences, when some "advanced" brother had been talking about getting new light, and so forth, the saintly William Anderson, of Reading, made a few remarks in reply. In his own inimitably charming style, in that voice so tremulous with nervous and spiritual intensity which always thrilled his hearers, he told how, first coming to the Saviour, he had seen the great truth of salvation, had seen the cross in the dim light, as the ground of his hope. Years had passed, and through study of the Word, and experience, more light had come to him; but the light had not altered the truth, had not changed the cross, it had only enabled him the better to see the cross, and to understand its meaning. That is exactly our experience. The light that leads astray, that leads men to see less in the cross, to see no beauty in the doctrines of grace, cannot be the light that comes from Heaven. That light, coming from Him who is the Truth, only makes more clear to our adoring vision the truth, "as truth is in Jesus."

III. I hasten to note that THE TRUE PREACHER SHOULD HAVE A VISION OF MEN'S NEEDS.

We are sent to preach to men, and it is essential that we should know something of their condition, just as it is needful for the doctor to know men and their diseases, as well as to know his books, and be able to compound his medicines. The preacher must have an outlook upon the world. We maintain that, so far from contemplation of a personal Saviour, and attachment to His truth, rendering one indifferent to the claims of men, it has ever been found that the men who have had the firmest grip of the gospel verities have done most for the world. Calvinism is by many pronounced a selfish, cold, and isolating creed; it is nothing of the sort. History proves that no system has been more fruitful in real blessing to men. Calvin's doctrines did not make him an unworthy citizen, but rather supplied the influence which made Geneva a model republic. Knox's Calvinism did not prevent him from being a very practical reformer. The Puritans' Calvinism laid the foundations for the glory of modern England. Spurgeon's Calvinism did not make him less a philanthropist and a benefactor of his nation; and while some have set his philanthropy in antagonism to his theology, we believe that the one grew out of the other.

But while we believe that vital Christianity will influence the life of men in all spheres of being, we realize, with all who gaze upon the face of Christ, and see the beauty of His truth, that the greatest need of man is salvation. The preacher, in sympathy with Christ, sees men sinking in hopeless ruin, and knows that only the gospel can save them. And if we would have our sympathies quickened, our desires enlarged, our souls set on fire with love for men, we have only to see their true condition.

The Vision of Mirza, so gracefully depicted by Addison, does not at all exaggerate the hapless state of men. We can still see them in "the Vale of Misery", pressing over the broken bridge with its manifold pitfalls: we can see the overhanging mists and the surrounding dangers, and our hearts are touched with compassion. With Mirza, too, we can see the land beyond, the islands of the blessed, where the fortunate travellers are well compensated for all the dangers they have undergone; but we are further inspired with the determination to help those hapless ones, to show them the safe path, to deliver them from their dangers, to ensure them an entrance into the blessed regions. With the present-day laxity in doctrine, and fondness for new methods, it is greatly to be feared that there has crept into many pulpits an indifference to the awful evil of sin, and the terrible danger of the sinner. O brethren, let it not be so with us! Let us—

"See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesu's Name;
The Father wounded through the Son:
The world abused, and souls undone."

The late Professor Drummond, in his missionary address, says, "There are two ways in which men who offer their lives to their fellow-men may regard the world. The first view is that the world is lost, and must be saved; the second, that the world is sunken, and must be raised. The first is the standpoint of the popular Evangelism; the

second is the view of Evolution." We vote with the popular Evangelism; we view the world as lost, and needing to be saved; but we can combine with this all that is good in the second: because it is lost, it is sunken, and in seeking to save men, we seek to raise them, and apart from salvation there can be no restoration. Men must be brought into contact with Christ, and this is to be accomplished by the truth; so that the vision of the personal Saviour and the saving truth is the best preparation for the work of saving souls.

Thus, while we ought to have our visions, we are not to be *visionaries*. We do not live in the air; we are not occupied with trifles; we deal with realities, the grandest of all realities. The prophetic temperament and the practical are often set in opposition, but there is no reason why they should not be combined, as they usually are in the prophets of the Bible. We are idealists in the true sense, but we seek to realize our ideals. We believe that—

"There is a Height higher than mortal thought;
There is a Love warmer than mortal love;
There is a Life which taketh not its hues
From earth or earthly things."

The thoughts of God, the love of God, the life of God, set forth in the Word, and embodied in the Christ, we seek to bring down to men.

I have often thought of our late dear President, as I have seen him at the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, when listening to two favourite hymns of his, which he often asked Mr. Chamberlain to sing. One was, "Show me Thy face;" and his face, as he listened, always was lit up with the glory as if he were actually gazing upon the Beloved of his soul. The other was, "How many sheep are straying!" with the chorus in which he always so heartily joined, "O come, let us go and find them!" and with tears in his eyes it seemed as if his whole soul went out in compassion for the lost. These two passions, intense adoring love for Christ, and boundless compassion for souls, were the dominant factors in his spiritual and ministerial life; and in proportion as they sway our souls, may we hope to be successful ministers.

Time will not allow me to speak of the way in which the preacher must obtain his vision, else might I mention the necessity for separation unto God, for communion with Him. Daniel was left alone and prostrate before God when he saw the great vision. Peter was praying on the housetop when the vision came to him. While Paul was praying in the temple, Christ appeared to him. John in Patmos, alone with God, and "in the Spirit," saw the glorified Christ. There is always a good view, a clear prospect from the top of the Delectable Mountains of communion. Concentration of thought, intensity of faith, and intelligent love, must all be brought into play if we would see aright. Purity of heart must be cultivated, for it is an eternal principle that "the pure in heart see God." Honesty of purpose is demanded, for he that willeth to do His will shall know the doctrine. Sympathy with the truth and with things Divine is essential; here, if anywhere, the saying is true, that the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing.

But, above all else, there is needed the Spirit's anointing. Our eyes

must be opened by the Lord ere we can see the visions of God. It is well to have something of the critical faculty, it is well to have the homiletical instinct, it is well to have exegetical insight, it is well to study hard and honestly, to use every means to acquire a true knowledge of the letter of God's Word ; but to pierce into the inner meaning, to see what God would have us see, and what alone can fit us to be His messengers, we must have the unction of the Holy One. True spiritual vision is the gift of the Spirit of God. Well may the preacher pray, with Milton,—

“Thou celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

We trust that, in our gatherings here this week, our individual souls, in fellowship with God, will receive the Divine anointing, and be able to look Godward. Let us be well assured that nothing can take the place of the personal vision. What others tell us of the things Divine may be interesting and helpful, but it is not enough. I had read and heard much of the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc, but it was when their glory burst upon my vision that I knew the half had not been told me.

Thank God for all that faithful men have told us of Jesus and His truth ; but let us see Him for ourselves. All else that we can desire is summed up in Christ. Truth is only rightly apprehended as it is seen in Him ; the world's needs are only rightly estimated when seen in relation to Him ; our present work, our future glory, can only be rightly viewed in His light. Oh, to see HIM ; and then to preach Him, with our eyes upon Him, and win our hearers to pass beyond us to Him, to see Him for themselves, and find their satisfaction in Him ! May this picture of the faithful preacher and his congregation be realized by you and your people !

“Day by day the hearts
Of all the city drawn to penitence
Melted before him ; listening to the voice
That pierced them with the message of the Lord,
And then uplifted them, saying, ‘Look on Christ !
Behold the Cross, whereon your sins and mine
Have bound Him !’ Listen to the lips that said,
‘Forgive them !’ Listen to them saying still,
‘Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.’
O broken hearts, O sorrowful and poor,
Come unto Him, who came to bring you life !
Hold fast by His good tidings of great joy,
Have no more fear, for God is here with man ;
Yea, light and love,—the Cross of Jesus Christ !
And the face grew transfigured in their sight,
And the eyes grew like the glory that they saw,
And something of the light and of the peace
Passed from his soul into the souls of them.
And all the people loved and clung to him ;
And many sinful souls were brought to Christ.”

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

VI.—EVENING MUSINGS.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours."

WE are musing in a country lane, near enough to the abodes of men to hear the slowing down of trains which bring home the hordes of workers, who went forth to their labour "until the evening." The roar and jar of heavy traffic, and the shrill scream of an express rushing through the junction, are toned by distance into notes of peace; and the air—that magician over sounds—soothes us with the voices which do most distract, and lifts into poetic realm the veriest prose. So time sometimes acts upon our troubles; and, by the ever-widening gap of months and years, softens the effect, till the ear-splitting, heart-breaking cries of our pain and loss come to us in subdued tones, tolerable and even sweet, as we walk in the deepening evening of the distant years.

Just now we passed a nurse. In her arms she carried a babe, richly dressed, while beside her walked four sweet children. Not far off from where we muse, the mother dwells. A lovely spot! Rare shrubs adorn the grounds, with also more than one familiar bush, such as the butcher's-broom. We used, in our walks, to see the master in his garden, and often furtively admired the pains he took to follow up and superintend his man at work. Around him would sport these same little ones, coming and going from him to a woman of fair mien, as humming-birds from stately flower to flower. The house was a picture of taste; the very curtains hung in such loops as artists love. On a summer's evening, as we have passed, we have seen, through the open door, a vision of hall glories,—trophies, antique things, and glowing bronzes;—such a home, in fact, as might be chosen to set forth married joys and social ease;—not so rich as to be absorbed in wealth and state, nor poor, to be beset with sordid cares.

Not long ago, the parents went away to court anew alone. Is it strange that those who love intensely should seek occasion for such times? A few days after, one came back,—a veiled woman dressed in hasty black. And the beautiful house was darkened, and the grass grew fast, for the master was dead. They met the fate that parted them in the wreck of the *Stella* on the Casquet rocks.

How long will it be ere the wail of that night falls upon that fair woman's memory in subdued and tolerable tones? Will it ever do so? Our deductions as to the effects of time need qualifying. Much depends on disposition; more on grace. But, when all is said, there are sounds which wake the past, upon which we dare not let the memory dwell though thirty years have gone by since all our being hung in tension on their utterance. Events which once were heart-breaking, we may muse over; and scenes associated with great joy or grief may be revisited; but certain sounds or voices make us tremble

still, though the havoc and the wound were in the long ago. We knew a mother who hated the sea, for her boy went down in the *Northfleet*. But, after twenty-five years, she now will sit and muse by the shore; though what her thoughts may be, God and herself only know. Yet that same mother has never got over the wail of the wind. A great gale will work upon her nerves, and start her pacing restlessly from room to room.

On this fair evening, the larks rise from the pastures round the house of grief; the blackbird sings, "Pretty bird! Pretty bird!" to his mate melodiously; the robin sits on the opening ash, and so happy is he that he carols with the lustiness of a ploughboy. So closely lie the extremes of pleasure and pain;—the beautiful dwelling, with its air of unspeakable loss stands circled with the exuberance of the Spring evening. The sweet scent of meadow-land on which the kine feed, the fragrance of the pine plantation, the exquisite odour of unfolding blossoms, the songs of happy birds reluctant to have done with twilight joys, the hum of honey-lovers leaving at last the contracting petals of the flowers, all seem in contrast with the broodings of human sorrow. Who has not almost resented the very sunshine and the cloudless blue as insults to heaviness of heart? But what would life be if all Nature sympathized with private grief? Nay, are not the joys of God's living creatures and the laugh of orphans at their play, calls to the contemplation of the compensations that survive to make life bearable, useful, thankful, even if the outlook can never be the same again? What a striking sermon could be preached from such words as—"Behold that which is left!" "That which is left is this great store!"

* * * *

Further down the lane, a cottage stands. At the back of it rise the vernal woods now dressed in living green. The dwellers in this wayside home know well the voices of the winds. They hear the "going" of the great storms in the tops of the trees; but they are "low in a low place." On the opposite side of the lane, a belt of firs shelters them from the South-west; on the North and East, lies the great wood, and due East rises the shoulder of a hill. These peasants have a "sure dwelling." In their hollow, the delicate may walk shielded from the wintry blast. Here, the January sun coaxes forth the first snowdrop; and here, too, early primroses and violets show above the dead leaves. On a March day, you may stand in this dell, and look up to the top of the tall trees, and watch the sleek rooks as they balance themselves precariously against the force of the wind. Or some night, when the gales are abroad, if you feel inclined, you may lean over a gate half-way up the slope, and listen to the strange sounds which the storm makes among the branches. Afar are the dull brazier lights of the distant town, and you might imagine that fell spirits had come from thence, and were turning the whole wood into a great torture-chamber.

But, on this soft night, the evening of our reverie, the wood is still, save for the song of birds around its outer rim. A clearing

compasses the cottage. At the edge nearest the plantation, the pheasants are reared. On a May morning, we have seen an apronful of pheasant chicks taken from their nests to make their first start in life.

The sun is sinking behind the belt of firs, but the husband works still in his garden-patch, which comes up to the hedge; and wife and child look on. What a grand old Northern word is "husband"! What a contrast to the Eastern equivalent,—“Baal”! The one comes from the Anglo-Saxon *hūs*, a house, and *búan* to inhabit, or cultivate; the other from *Baal*, to have dominion over, to possess, to own. Gesenius pertinently adds, “the signification of *loathing* is not foreign to the primary power of the verb.” The derivation of the two words defines the estimation in which women are held in the East and the West. The Hebrew used for man also stands as an equivalent for husband, as with us. “My mon,” is an endearing colloquialism of the Northern shires. But when a woman, even in those parts, wants to impress you with the respect in which she holds her better half, she says, “My husband!” Whether from habit or from choice, this word is ever on married women’s lips. Let a pastor count the times he hears it in a week, and let him think how much of confidence, love, anxiety, and reservation it shadows forth. The term stands for the bride’s pride; it is the married woman’s ready reference; the data of the widow’s reckoning. “It was in the fall that my husband died in the Spring,” is the somewhat bewildering answer of the village crone when she is asked to fix a certain time.

How pleasant it is to hear the clink of a working-man’s spade as he gardens in the cool of the day! How pure and helpful, how educational the sight of a well-kept plot of ground! What a peaceful picture is presented when the master’s task is done, and the volunteer does overtime for the sake of home, while mother and child admire! Such a scene Wordsworth brings to the mind in *The Excursion*, where he says,—

“They who pass’d
At evening, from behind the garden fence,
Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,
After his daily work, until the light
Had fail’d, and every leaf and flower were lost
In the dark edges. So their days were spent
In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
Was their best hope,—next to the God in Heaven.”

Ah! “the God in Heaven” is blessedly adored in hundreds of these wayside homes scattered throughout our land. This is beautifully brought out in Vol. I. of the *Autobiography* of our Heaven-crowned President. Speaking of his Cambridgeshire experiences in 1853, he describes “a father with four or five little ones about him, sitting on a small plot of grass before the cottage door. He had a Bible on his knee, and the children also had their Bibles; and he in the midst was holding his finger up, with all solemnity and earnestness, in simple style endeavouring to enforce some sacred truth.” Other and like descriptions follow, and then the writer exclaims:—“I have seen hills and forests, vales and rivers, fine buildings and romantic ruins;

but never, never have I seen a sight more simple, more beautiful, nor more sublime. Blest households of which these things can be written! May you not be solitary instances, but may God raise up thousands like unto you!" To that devout desire, we fervently say, "Amen." And, surely, it is so even now; for, in these days of deplorable desecration of the Sabbath, and the wholesale overthrow of family altars, rustic piety has not yet become rusty piety. We have known, in our time, "hearers" who have come from the wayside, who were certainly, in their appreciation of the Word, far other than "wayside hearers." They have been as luxuriant in grace as the meadows in grass after a wet April and a warm May. Such, though coming from a green lane, have not been "green" in the ignorant use of that word, but have been well-instructed in the Book which contains "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus" the Lord. The good man, who dwells in the cottage by the road, will wash if you will wait; and then, walking with him, you will find that he who tills the soil can talk of the culture of the soul, and can describe the processes of seed-time and harvest in the spiritual kingdom.

Years ago, on the way to the prayer-meeting through the woods of Chenies, you might overtake more than one such worthy. Men slow in gait, and tongue-tied on many topics, but eloquent on the theme of redeeming love; dropping naturally into the language of the Psalms when describing their experiences in grace; and, in prayer, having both a copiousness and aptness in Scriptural quotation which put them, even to this day, in the niches of our memory, among the divines we have known.

* * * *

The day dies down, and the lane gets dark before the fields, though it keeps warm longer than the broad expanse. The trees which face the East stand out against a background of violet, while those on the Western side look black in contrast with the evening's glow. Through the briars of the dog-rose, through blackberry bramble and sloe bush, the glory of the sky is seen; not indeed changing the thorn into a bush on fire, but giving to the dark tangle a beyond of light and peace. Through the brier and brake we can descry wide reaches of primrose sea with crimson islets scattered here and there. Thus, as we muse, we think how many, even of God's own, view the three tenses of life. At times, the glorious light of realized promise transmutes our troubles into gold; or, at least, transfigures the thorns about our path, and discovers delicacy of colour in the delaying brier; but, oftener, we stand in the narrow lane of limited vision, and see our Heaven through the black jungle of our cares as a separated and far-off dream of rest and bliss.

Forth from the lane we go to higher ground, where nothing rises to obscure the light that broadens in the West, and hath its arc where the stars of the Plough hang over the teeming earth. The sun sheds noonday on a further clime; but 'tis his light that feeds these lower skies; and, anon, if we will wait, over the Eastern verge the King shall come. Then shall the shadows flee, and all the bewilderment of brake and brier be full of light.

Nathanael under the Fig Tree.

"When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee."—John i. 48.

NATHANAEL was, evidently, a lover of communion with his Lord. His retirement from the public eye to the secluded shade of the fig tree, for the purpose of communing with God, was known and approvingly recognized by the Lord Jesus.

Those who are privileged to practise and enjoy such sweet devotion, are truly blessed. The children of God *must* hold fellowship with their Father. A recess from the world's business and service seems at times to be essential to their inward life; they must pray in secret. They would faint if they did not drink of Heaven's nectar. Dark indeed would be their life if the light of God's countenance did not shine upon them. Hence, they desire to ascend the mount of communion, where the first rays of the Sun of righteousness may shine uninterruptedly upon them.

Because the heart pines for love-tokens from its Best-beloved, the saint is charmed to hear Him calling thus, "Come, My beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee My loves." How refining and profitable to the soul of man are such communings with the Lord! When Moses, the man of God, descended the mount of the Lord, his face shone with the glory of that hallowed and hallowing interview. The favoured disciples, who accompanied their Master when he was transfigured before them, could not help exclaiming in ecstasy, "It is good for us to be here." The beloved John, though an exile in the Isle of Patmos, saw such visions of the blessed that enraptured his soul into holy adoration; and all who are favoured to draw near to the Lord in spirit and in truth are lifted into a state of sacred pleasure and joy.

Dear reader, are *you* enjoying this holy privilege of fellowship? Or, have you grown weary of coming thus to your Lord? Have you forgotten the path that leads to prayer? Have you supposed that your God has delayed to answer you? Oh, that you may be enabled to banish the thought! Observe the words, "I saw thee under the fig tree." When driven into seclusion to weep in the bitterness of your soul, He saw you. In that time of perplexity, when you knew not what to do, and you betook yourself to your closet, and cried, "Lord, help me; Lord, guide me, and steer my course through these troubled waters;" He heard you, though you may at the time have questioned whether He did. When your purposes, and actions, and all that you sought to do for the good of others were misunderstood and misinterpreted by them; and you went and wept before the Lord, surely He saw you, and in His own good time He will bind up your broken heart. Concerning all your solitary musings and prayers, you may hear the Master saying, "*I saw thee under the fig tree.*"

He gives to you His true promise of relief. You shall not be forgotten. He careth for you. He may try your faith, but He will not disappoint it. Cease thy complaint, poor troubled soul! Jesus of Nazareth draweth nigh to thee. Hark; 'tis the voice of thy Beloved. Behold, He cometh to bless thee; Thou hast prevailed: "For the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord."

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee."

Willenhall.

GEORGE BANKS.

Colporteurs in Council.

ANOTHER of the annual gatherings of the agents of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association has come and gone. It had been anticipated with great expectation, and has proved by the multiplied testimony of the colporteurs to have been one of the best Conferences within the history of the Association. From first to last the arranged proceedings went through without a jar, a high spiritual tone prevailed, the days were crowded, and the sessions long; but every meeting was with reluctance drawn to a close, each of those present realizing that "it was good to be there."

Only four were unable to be with us, from the entire band of colporteurs, whose districts are scattered in England and Wales, and the brotherhood enjoyed a fellowship with each other which must strengthen the bond of Christian union which already exists between them.

A detailed programme had been planned, which was carried out almost in its entirety, and provided engagements extending from Saturday afternoon, May 13, to Tuesday evening, May 16.

Nearly all the brethren assembled at the reception, at the Stockwell Orphanage, on Saturday afternoon, and enjoyed hearty welcomes and pleasant intercourse at the tea-table, or in the grounds, which were at their best and brightest; after which, all assembled in the Memorial Hall, where they were joined by invited friends, to listen to an address from Walter Walsh, Esq. (Author of "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement"), his subject being "The Need for the Diffusion of Protestant Literature." The address was most instructive and interesting, and contained many practical hints concerning good Protestant books. A most pleasing feature of the evening was the generous promise from Mr. Walsh to present each colporteur with a copy of his famous volume as a souvenir of the occasion. Mr. V. J. Charlesworth presided upon this occasion, supported both by the representatives of the Colportage Committee, and Trustees of the Orphanage, and the meeting was brightened by the Orphanage choir, who sang several sweet pieces of music at intervals.

The Sunday started well, and a large company assembled at 10 a.m. in the Desk-room, Pastors' College, for earnest prayer; the time was a very sacred one, and all felt the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in waiting upon God. Then followed the morning public worship in the new Large Hall of the Tabernacle; seats were specially reserved, and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon found himself literally surrounded with colporteurs, all eager once more to listen to their President, and ready with warm response to emphasize each striking sentence from his lips. The service throughout was for the colporteurs, and the powerful sermon from the text, "He that supplieth seed to the sower, and bread for food, shall supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and increase the fruits of your righteousness" (2 Cor. ix. 10, R.V.), made a deep impression which will not soon be erased from the memory. The meeting for counsel and testimony in the afternoon was held at the Orphanage. Mr. J. Hall enforced the text, "Watch ye, stand fast, quit you like men, be strong" (1 Cor. xvi. 13), and the Secretary gave his charge from the words, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" (2 Tim. ii. 15). On Sunday evening, some of the brethren addressed the orphans at their service, others took part in mission work, and a considerable number again listened to the President.

Monday was full of blessing from morning to night. Business matters were dealt with in a business-like spirit, and at 11.30 a.m. the first Conference upon "How to make good sales" was opened by two papers contributed by Messrs. B. R. Slater and A. W. Gould. This important

topic was discussed for about two hours in a most crisp and keen manner, more than a dozen colporteurs taking part, and important suggestions and ideas being introduced. The subscribers' meeting in the Conference Hall on Monday afternoon was a very live one. Pastor T. Spurgeon gave a stirring Presidential Address, which was greatly appreciated, from the four headings of a pithy report which he had received from a minister, and which he applied to the experience of the colporteur, as follows:—Work going on, Blessings coming down, Converts coming in, Praises going up. There were most interesting testimonies given, and all were kept in warmest interest for two and a half hours, when friends adjourned to tea in the hall beneath. Ladies and gentlemen here had pleasant intercourse, and quite a number of speeches followed, among which that of Miss C. Hooper, on behalf of the Ladies' Colportage Working Society, was a gem.

In the evening, a large assembly met in the New Hall, at the annual public meeting. The platform was crowded with colporteurs, and a most enjoyable time was spent. The Secretary presented the Report for 1898; and, at the conclusion of his address, handed a fourth cheque for fifty guineas to the President, on behalf of the colporteurs, towards the Tabernacle Restoration Fund. This generous gift was very gratefully acknowledged by the Pastor.

Prayer was offered and addresses given by the colporteurs, and Pastor W. Townsend, of Wandsworth, created great enthusiasm by the eloquent and powerful appeal which he made on behalf of Colportage. The warmest interest was maintained for two hours, and all went to their homes with high resolves to continue to support the work.

On Tuesday, at 10 a.m., a choice season of prayer introduced the proceedings of the closing day. Business was attended to, photographs were taken, and, during the day, Conferences were held of a lengthened character on "Visitation, How to go about it," opened with papers by Messrs. H. Mears and J. Keddie; also on "The Colporteur's Relation to Mission and General Christian Work;" the opening papers being contributed by Messrs. G. Willstead and J. Morey. The discussion of these topics was of a most animated character, and was continued until 6 p.m.

At 7 p.m., all met for "a season of quiet waiting upon God" and uniting in thoughtful prayer; there was a consciousness of the Holy Spirit's presence. Mr. William Olney gave a profitable and refreshing exhortation on "Spirituality of Mind and Aim," and a precious communion service brought to an end one of the most blessed and helpful occasions the colporteurs have ever known. We ask from all the readers of the *Sword and Trowel* a careful perusal of the Annual Report included in the present number of the Magazine, and trust that many new regular subscribers will help forward the greatly-needed and useful work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

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.

PASTOR G. W. OLDRING, Neatishead, Norfolk, has written "A Tract for the Times,"—entitled, *Test before you Trust*,—which can be most usefully distributed wherever the errors of priestcraft are being taught. Copies can be obtained of our brother, at the above address, price 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.

We are glad to see a second edition of the *Catechism for use in Baptist Schools and Families*, compiled by Pastor EDWARD W. TARBOX, Epsom Road, Guildford. It is so good that there ought to be a demand for many more editions of it. Its price is one penny, or 5s. 9d. per 100, post free.

We are pleased to notice the issue of a sixth edition, revised and enlarged, of *The Tabernacle and its Priests and Services, Described and Considered in Relation to Christ and the Church*, by WILLIAM BROWN (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier). This work has already been of great service to students of the Scriptures, and in its new form should be still further helpful. It has been largely re-written, and much fresh information and new illustrations have been added. Its price is 3s. 6d.

The Cromwell Tercentenary has produced a number of new "Lives" of the great uncrowned King of England; and, among them, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has published *Oliver Cromwell and his Times*, by G. HOLDEN PIKE (6s.), in which the principal events of that stirring period are narrated in the author's well-known style, and an account is given of the civil, political, and religious condition of our country at that time.

The Sunday School Union has also added to its "Splendid Lives Series" a bright little shilling volume,—*Oliver Cromwell, the Hero of Puritan England*, by HORACE G. GROSER. Few lives has been more truly "splendid" than was that of the noble man of whom England has sore need to-day.

The Story of William Penn. By F. E. COOKE. Headley Brothers.

A DELICIOUS book on a glorious theme. Few better biographies than that of the renowned Quaker could be read; and though this is only a brief sketch, it is both sympathetic and stimulating. Written in a calm, pellucid style, one walks by the still waters of Penn's life, and the spirit seems to be bathed in peace. It is an excellent little volume, and the few photographs greatly add to its intrinsic worth.

The Martyr of Kolin. By H. O. WARD. Partridge and Co.

AN interesting narrative of the trials and perils of the followers of John HUBB. The hero of the story managed for some years to elude the vigilance

of his persecutors, and so preached the gospel in many parts of Bohemia; but he was at last captured, tortured, and burnt in the market-place. He did not live and die in vain, for a youthful companion, whom he had instructed, went to Switzerland to be trained as a preacher, and then returned to carry on the martyr's work in his native land. A capital book for the Sunday-school library, price two shillings.

The same publishers have issued two smaller volumes, at a shilling each,—*St. Mary's Convent*, by J. S. DAMMAST; and *The Last Look, a Tale of the Spanish Inquisition*, by W. H. G. KINGSTON;—which should be put into the libraries and hands of all our young people. They cannot be told too often what Rome has done in the past, and what she will do again wherever and whenever she gets the opportunity.

A Primer of Free Church History. By A. JOHNSON EVANS, M.A. Allenson and Co.

AN excellent handbook on a subject of vital importance to all who love the spiritual ideal of the Christian Church. Our young men and women ought to be taught the history of their splendid heritage, and so be made proof against the blandishments of the law-established Church. In this clear and cogent primer, they will learn how irreparable is the loss of those who forsake the spiritual for the merely fashionable and formal, who leave the Church for an establishment of the State.

Essays and Addresses. By R. W. DALE, LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

SEVEN of the choicest and best writings of the late distinguished theologian. Dr. Dale was never happier than when speaking representatively for Free Churchmen in general; and in these papers he seems specially to feel his responsibility as a witness for Bible truth rather than for denominational differences. We are not able to accept all his teachings in the paper on "The doctrine of the Real Presence," and think he is on

very dangerous ground in making the Lord's supper anything more than "a memorial feast"; but when he deals with "Mr. Matthew Arnold and the Nonconformists," we are proud of so sturdy and capable a champion. Those who love to think, not on the surface of things, but far below, will find in these "essays and addresses" much of solid and beautiful thought for their pondering, whilst the logic is almost invincible. We wish all College students might master this volume; it would be, to their mental constitution, like quinine and iron to the body. We are grateful for such a fine book on theology.

The Communion and Communicant.

By the late Rev. E. HOARE, M.A.
Religious Tract Society.

A BOOKLET setting forth the doctrine of the Lord's supper from a Protestant point of view. The style is very clear and telling. It is quite refreshing, in these sacramentarian days, to come across such a pronouncement as this from one of the clergy, and a canon, too:—"That there is no actual change in the bread and wine is perfectly plain from the single fact that they are always called 'bread' and 'wine' in Scripture *after* their consecration, when the transubstantiation, if there were any, must have taken place." The writer makes the "damnation to himself" in 1 Cor. xi. 29 ("judgment" in the R.V.) to refer to "the chastening of God's children in this present life as a correction sent in mercy." There is a paragraph on page 15 which, as it at present reads, might be made to support "conditional immortality." The advice to communicants is thoroughly Evangelical, and a wholesome contrast to some of the High Church catechisms we have read.

The Bible and the Prayer-book, Compared and Contrasted. By WM. MARSHALL.
2nd Edition. Elliot Stock.

A TIMELY re-issue of a book which, if read and weighed, will greatly strengthen the Protestantism of to-day. Nearly all the deadly errors of Priestism and Ritualism have their origin in the Prayer-book, and the only antidote is to bring men back

to the Bible and the Bible alone as the standard of authority. In the battle with superstition which is now impending, the Word of God must be our weapon of war; and then there can be no doubt where victory will lie. Our author shows how utterly unscriptural is the Prayer-book teaching about the ministry, the sacraments, and concerning the nature of sin and of true worship. But he does it in such a gracious and gentle fashion that all who love the Infallible Word will see that his purpose is not merely to win a victory over his opponents, but to make known the truth as it is revealed in the Scriptures.

The Book of Psalms. The Prayer-book Version, the Authorized Version, and the Revised Version, in parallel columns. Cambridge University Press.

AN excellent idea, carried out with all the care and ability for which the University Press is renowned. Students and preachers of every kind will find, in the comparison of these versions, much to reward them. There are subtle and delicate suggestions that can only be conveyed by marking the distinctions given here. The little volume goes upon our shelves, to be constantly consulted; and we heartily commend it to others, as a very practical aid to Bible exposition.

The Vision of the Cross. By STANLEY HOPE. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

AN admirable allegory, in vision form, showing how the Cross of Christ antidotes sorrow, unbelief, and despair. The booklet is all too short, and leaves us wishing for more.

Echoes from the Old Evangel. By F. HARPER, M.A. Shaw and Co.

SWEET, short, spiritual sermons, that many will enjoy. Without a trace of novelty, they are good as daily bread. Need we say more?

As Angels See us. By STANLEY HOPE. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

POWERFUL as a search-light revealing the fact that motives vitiate or give value to life's actions in God's sight.

Anecdotes, Incidents, and Illustrations.

By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

A BOOK of "sermon lights", as illustrations are sometimes called. A few of these may be "ancient lights", but they are still bright, and will be new to the new generation. The incidents are all characteristic of the world-famed evangelist, and in some degree account for his power of awakening and sustaining the interest of his hearers. Preachers and teachers will do well to secure this and similar works, and to put as much light as possible into their addresses. The volume would be more helpful if it had a good index.

A Subtle Enchantress. A Novel. By BERTRAND ELAINE. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

A STORY not quite to our mind, but doubtless written with the desire to show the dangers of indulging in intoxicants. It is lurid as a story, and very purple in its diction and descriptions. Its sensational tone will attract some, but greatly repel others; yet we are sure the purpose in writing it was unexceptional.

Rambles with Nature Students. By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN. Religious Tract Society.

NOTHING but praise should be said of this book. It is far more fascinating than any romance. Take, for instance,

the reference (on page 158) to the origin of the decoration of the capital of the Corinthian column. But readers must get the book itself; it teems with illustrations. Mrs. Brightwen is an F.E.S. All the other "fellows" would, we are sure, take their caps off to this ardent and accurate lady-naturalist. She has wealth and position; but what insight this volume gives of "the harvest of a quiet eye"; the treasure gathered by a meditative mind "far from the madding crowd." The volume is beautifully got up; the illustrations are especially good.

Dwellers in Gotham. A Romance of New York. By ANNAN DALE. C. H. Kelly and Co.

THE whole colouring of this all-alive story is distinctly American. The social and financial abuses that it aims to describe and overthrow are Transatlantic. Whether it can be said to apply equally to this land of ours, is a moot question; and even if does, it is very doubtful whether "romance" is the best means of working a great social and economic revolution. As you read the story, the purpose is so obvious and intrusive as to almost rob the tale of its interest. You can see the manifest aim, and are not sure you have been frankly dealt with. This sort of novel-writing is greatly overdone, and we fear does not effect much, even at its best.

Notes.

After our lengthy notice, last month, concerning Vol. III. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, little need be added beyond the announcement that the volume is now completed, and that it can be obtained of all booksellers and colporteurs, or direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. When the illustrations in Vol. III. were counted, it was discovered that there was exactly twice the number of those in the previous volume, which in its turn contained many more than could be given in the first one. The compilers believe that this third instalment of Mr. Spurgeon's "Standard Life" will even exceed in interest the former portions; and, as soon as possible, the final volume will be prepared, and the whole work will be laid at the feet of Him

whose help in its compilation thus far has been most manifestly realized.

"Our Own Men" are again reminded that applications for this year's Conference present must be received on or before June 30, 1899. It is necessary to print the year as well as the month and the day, for, notwithstanding the intimation in last month's "Notes," several brethren have, since the Conference, applied in vain for last year's gift!

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll seems never to weary of commending to others Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, which have exerted so powerful and so permanent an influence upon himself. Addressing the ministers and delegates assembled at the recent session of the Baptist Union, he said:—"Read above

all things your Bible; and whatever books you add to your Bible, add some volumes of your great apostle, CHARLES SPURGEON, —not to preach out of them, for you might almost as well talk of plagiarising from the Epistle to the Romans as of plagiarising from Spurgeon. Read him because he is the unrivalled interpreter of the mysteries of the New Covenant. I take him up constantly, and find myself repeating Browning's words,—

“A turn, and we stand in the heart of things;
The woods are round us heaped and dim.”

Writing in *The Christian Budget*, to members of the Y.P.S.C.E., concerning the best way of spending the devotional hour for which he was pleading, Dr. Nicoll said:—“This still hour should be spent in meditation, in reading the Bible, and books that kindle the flame of love, and in prayer. We have no time to think during the bustle of the day. At night, or in the early morning, we should carefully think out before God the details of our life, and ask how they will appear before His eyes. Then we should read certainly in the Bible, and I think also in devotional books. Personally, many of us find no books so helpful in this way as Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, and every Christian Endeavourer should possess at least one volume.” If every member of the Y.P.S.C.E. will procure, and read, as an aid to devotion, “at least one volume” of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, it is impossible to estimate the blessing that will follow.

Special Notice.—On *Thursday evening, June 1*, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle Lower Hall, Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., will (p.v.) re-deliver his address given at the College Conference, on “The Responsibility of the Individual Soul.” This “Baptist reply to Roman and Anglican assumptions” should be heard by all who are interested in the present Protestant controversy. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will conduct the service, and there will be a collection for the Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

On *Wednesday evening, May 3*, THE “JOHN PLOUGHMAN” GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its usual monthly meeting in the Conference Hall of the College, which was filled with friends who had gathered to hear a Gospel Temperance address by Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., which was given with much force and effect.

On *Tuesday evening, May 9*, the members of the Society met at the College, for tea, when the Pastor gave a few words of encouragement and cheer before leaving for another meeting. During the evening, short addresses were delivered by several friends, and an account was given of the visiting done by the Committee appointed

for that purpose. Altogether, a very pleasant and profitable evening was spent, under the chairmanship of Pastor C. B. Sawday.

On *Wednesday evening, June 7*, Mr. William Noble will (p.v.) deliver a lecture at the Society's regular monthly meeting.

On *Tuesday evening, May 9*, a most interesting gathering of the members and friends of THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the College, for the purpose of bidding farewell to Mr. Thomas Cox, its able and devoted secretary for the last nine years. He had been connected with the Association since its formation some thirty-five or more years ago, but he has been forced to sever that connection owing to his ill-health and consequent departure for Tasmania. Tea was provided at 7 o'clock, and the meeting, presided over by the Pastor, commenced at 8. After the devotional service, Mr. W. Mitchell, as one of the oldest members of the Association, expressed the regret and sorrow of the members at the departure of our friend, and their good wishes for his future welfare. The Pastor, in his apt address, spoke of the useful career of Mr. Cox, not only in the Evangelists' Association, but in the Tabernacle Church itself, of which he has been an elder for many years, helping the work in various ways. In the name of the Association, the Pastor presented to Mr. Cox a handsome edition of *The Parallel Bible*, with a suitable inscription embossed inside the cover, together with a purse containing the sum of twenty-one pounds four shillings, which friends had subscribed as a token of the high esteem in which our brother is held.

Mr. Cox, in accepting the present, delivered an able address, which was interesting in its detail of his conversion to God, through his attendance on the ministry of our late beloved Pastor, and his immediate surrender of all his faculties to the work of the Church. His outline of the history of the Evangelists' Association was also much appreciated. The hymn, “God bless you!” from the heart we say,” was then sung, and Mr. F. E. Elvin followed with a report of the result of his appeal to past and present members and friends of the Association for contributions towards the present; the response was both liberal and hearty in its expressions of goodwill to Mr. Cox. He also, on behalf of the Association, gave a cordial welcome to its new secretary, Mr. J. Russell, who responded in a few well-selected words, in which he said that he was seeking the aid of the Lord and the unanimous support of the members and friends in the work he had undertaken. Mr. Sawday, who had just entered the meeting from the Gospel Temperance gathering, commended Mr. Cox to God in prayer, and brought to a close, with the Benediction, a most enjoyable meeting,

though necessarily one in which the pleasure was mingled with sadness because of the departure of such an earnest worker as our brother.

The following is a copy of the illuminated address, signed by Pastors, deacons, and elders, and presented to Mr. Cox before he sailed:—

"METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
"NEWINGTON, S. E.,
"May, 1899.

"To Mr. THOMAS COX,

"Dear Sir and Brother,

"We, the Pastors and Officers of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, your fellow-labourers in the gospel, desire to assure you, ere you leave the shores of Old England, of our sincere regret that the state of your health necessitates your severance from us, of our grateful appreciation of your long and varied services in our midst, and of our earnest desire for your truest welfare wherever God may guide you.

"We remember, with devout thankfulness, your devotion to the spiritual interests of the Church in the Elders' Court, the Evangelists' Association, and the Sunday afternoon services. Nor can we forget your efficient aid as Precentor, and your practical help in the rebuilding of our beloved House of Prayer.

"The whole Church is your debtor, and we feel sure that we voice its unanimous feeling towards you when we glorify God in you, and commend you as a brother beloved to sister churches at the Antipodes, and to Him who says, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'"

COLLEGE.—Mr. S. J. Bowskill has been accepted by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for work on the Congo.

The following students have become pastors:—Mr. C. Beer, at King's Stanley, Gloucestershire; Mr. L. Macphail, at

Gretton, Northamptonshire; Mr. W. H. Mann, at Shoreham, Sussex; and Mr. C. E. Palmer, at Radstock, Somersetshire.

Mr. T. Cousins, who has been for the past two years student-pastor at Slough, has accepted the permanent pastorate there.

Mr. D. Chinnery, late of Melbourne, Derbyshire, has gone to Driffild and Cranswick, Yorkshire; Mr. A. Dickerson, late of Raleigh Park, Brixton, has settled at Redruth, Cornwall; and Mr. C. Deal is removing from Middleton, near Manchester, to Grantham, Lincolnshire.

ORPHANAGE.—THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL will (D.V.) take place on *Thursday, June 22*, the nearest convenient date to the beloved Founder's birthday. There will be a continuous programme from half-past two till half-past nine o'clock. The following friends have promised to speak at the meetings, which will be held in the Memorial Hall at 3.30 and 6.30:—Revs. W. R. Mowll, M.A., H. Woffindin, M.A., J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., J. W. Ewing, M.A., W. Hackney, M.A., and Charles Joseph; and J. Williams Benn, Esq. Mr. George H. Dean and another friend, whose name is not yet known, will preside, supported by Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon.

The Sea-side Home Branch at Cliftonville, Margate, is now in working order. Friends may like to visit it during their summer holidays. The Orphanage excursion to Margate is fixed for Tuesday, July 25, when the Home will be open for inspection throughout the day.

The children's summer vacation will extend throughout August. Any friends, who can receive those whose relatives are not able to provide for them, are requested to write to Mr. Charlesworth.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Lower Hall, May 4, six; at Haddon Hall, May 5, two.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged...	14,576	16	3
L. M. A., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	2	0	0
Rev. D. A. Hershall ...	1	0	0
Friends at Poole, per Pastor W. G. Hailstone (2nd amount) ...	1	2	0
Mr. W. F. Masters ...	50	0	0
Sale of sealskin jackets, per Mr. Summers ...	9	0	0
Collection at Kington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. B. Nichols ...	2	2	0
Contribution from the teachers of South Woodford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Matthews...	1	1	0
Miss M. Hayward...	1	0	0
Proceeds of lecture by Rev. H. Dunnington, at Bromley Road Chapel, Lee, per Pastor J. W. Davies ...	1	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle ...	10	0	0

"One of the Brotherhood" ...	10	0	0
Friends at Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor D. H. Moore ...	57	15	0
Per A. M. Derby ...	2	2	0
Miss Butterworth...	20	0	0
A second donation for God's temple ...	1	0	0
Mrs. D. Rees ...	1	0	0
Contribution from Barking Baptist Church, per Pastor H. Trueman ...	2	0	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Melbourne, per Pastor R. A. Belsham	2	0	0
Collecting boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill, per Pastor J. S. Hockey ...	1	18	3
From a lone farmhouse among the Northumbrian hills ...	1	0	0
Pastor A. E. Culver ...	1	10	0
Miss M. O. Russell ...	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Speed	1	0	0	Mr. S. B. Brown	5	0	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Bulwell, per Pastor W. Slater ...	2	10	0	"Well-wisher"	1	0	0
Messrs. Searle and Hayes	50	0	0	"Anon"	5	0	0
"Ruins," per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0	Lord Kinnaird	20	0	0
Pastor J. C. Forth	1	0	0	Rev. Geo. Wood	1	0	0
Miss E. M. Elford	1	0	0	Mr. W. Coles	1	1	0
Mr. Alex. Christie	5	0	0	"Anon," per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0
Mr. John Atlee	2	2	0	Mrs. and Miss George	1	1	0
Rev. John Bond	3	3	0	Mrs. C. Pierce	1	0	0
Contribution from Breachwood Green Church, per Pastor M. Ashby ...	2	0	0	Miss L. E. Last	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Haskin	5	0	0	Mrs. Thos. Burgess	1	0	0
Pastor J. C. Carlile	2	2	0	Mr. G. Jeffery	1	0	0
Sir Henry Peto, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	5	0	0	Mrs. Bonser	2	2	0
Mrs. Reed	1	10	0	"Anon"	1	0	0
S. C. S.	5	0	0	Collection at Grange Mission, Ber- mondsey, per Mr. J. Russell ...	1	18	6
Contribution from Romney Street Baptist Church, Westminster, per Pastor G. Davies	2	5	0	Mr. David Reeve	3	0	0
Contribution from Chalk Hill Church, Watford, per Pastor H. T. Spufford ...	5	0	0	Mr. R. A. Pilcher	2	10	0
R. L.	10	0	0	Amounts under £1	18	13	6
Mrs. Goodwin, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	1	1	0	Collecting Cards:—			
Rev. W. and Mrs. Whale	5	0	0	Miss A. Grosor	0	2	0
N. H.	2	0	0	Per Mr. C. Stockbridge:—			
Mr. James Hughes	1	1	0	Mr. F. East, J.P.	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Goodman	2	0	0	Mr. F. Arnold, J.P.	0	10	0
Mr. W. T. Walters	1	0	0	Mr. C. J. Stockbridge	1	1	0
Donation from Our Own Mission, Gee Street, per Mrs. H. Knights ...	8	0	0	Mr. Geo. Morrison	1	1	0
Readers of <i>The British Weekly</i> ...	6	0	0	Mr. J. Lees	1	1	0
Mr. Brazil	1	0	0	Mr. E. Tanton	1	1	0
Mr. E. Carlile	1	0	0	Mr. J. Stockbridge	0	5	0
Mrs. Davis, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0				6 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bucke	2	2	0	Miss F. M. Harrald	1	0	0
Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D.	10	10	0	Miss Smallridge	6	0	0
Col. R. Farry Nisbet, C.I.S. (3rd donation)	15	15	0	Mr. C. Rawlings	0	3	6
Mr. F. Greenalade	1	1	0	Collecting Boxes:—			
				Miss Weeks	0	5	2
				Mrs. Dyer	0	3	7
				Mrs. Jones	0	2	10
				Mrs. Bullivant	0	13	0
				Total	£15,011	9	7

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Wm. Evans	25	0	0	Collection at Lower Edmonton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Russell ...	2	10	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0	Pastor A. Priter	0	10	0
Mr. J. V. Webb	1	0	0	Thankoffering from Clarence Road Baptist Chapel, Southend, per Pastor A. Hogbin	1	7	6
Miss E. S. K.	0	5	0	Contribution from E. Dereham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. J. Layzell ...	0	10	0
Pastor and Mrs. Macdougall	1	0	0	Friends at Aldershot Tabernacle, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	16	0
Mr. G. Newman	2	2	0	Pastor W. Sullivan	0	2	6
Collection at Boundary Road Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor W. Murray ...	2	0	0	Contribution from West Park Street Chapel, Chatteries, per Pastor T. Knight	2	0	0
Pastor S. J. Thorpe	1	1	0	Mrs. Hester Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0	Friends from Hamgate, per Pastor T. Hancock	0	5	0
Pastor E. Last's Bible-class	1	0	0	Pastor G. K. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. O. Hockey	2	2	0	Pastor G. A. Miller	0	10	0
Mr. C. Roberts	5	5	0	Mr. F. Whittle	5	0	0
Collection at Dorman's Land Baptist Chapel, per Pastor N. Heath ...	2	0	0	A friend	0	10	6
Mr. W. F. Masters	5	5	0	Pastor J. S. Hockey	0	10	0
A few friends at Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine	3	7	0	Contribution from Harrington Baptist Church, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton ...	1	1	0
Contribution from teachers at South Woodford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Matthews	1	1	0	Per Pastor T. W. Medhurst:—			
Collection at Cariton Baptist Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor N. T. Jones-Miller	2	4	6	Alderman R. Cory, J.P.	5	5	0
Mr. T. Gurney	0	5	0	Mr. John Davies	1	1	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0	Mr. Samuel Grey	1	1	0
Mons. C. Buchel	2	2	0	Mr. William Grey	1	1	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0				8 8 0
Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0	Pastor F. James	1	0	0
Mr. R. Bomford	2	2	0				
Misses A. and M. Gould	4	0	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Contribution from South Leith Baptist Church, per Pastor D. Tait ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer ...	3	3	0
Pastor J. Bennet Anderson ...	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Seaton ...	2	2	0
Contribution from Barking Baptist Church, per Pastor H. Trueman ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. T. Dives ...	1	1	0
Contribution from Southwood Lane Baptist Church, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Thora ...	1	11	6
Pastor W. Seaman ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. W. H. Harrauld ...	1	1	0
Mr. C. H. Price ...	5	5	0	Miss Harrauld ...	1	1	0
Pastor J. Dickie ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. W. Harrauld ...	2	2	0
Miss Dransfield ...	1	1	0	Miss Smallridge ...	1	1	0
Mr. Edwin Boot ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Miss Reavell ...	5	5	0
Mrs. Boot ...	0	10	6	Mr. Charles Dew ...	3	3	0
Mrs. C. E. Blakeway ...	0	10	6	Rev. E. S. Neale ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Dunman ...	0	10	6	Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Mayers ...	2	2	0
Miss N. A. Boot ...	0	10	6	Mr. G. Apthorpe ...	1	1	0
Mr. John Jackson ...	2	2	0	Mr. John Short ...	3	3	0
Mr. Rawlings ...	5	5	0	Mr. James Clarke ...	25	0	0
Mr. Henry Keen ...	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Harvey ...	1	1	0
Rev. W. Stott ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ford ...	2	2	0
Messrs. A. and J. McLaren ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Hawkey ...	3	3	0
Pastor C. L. Gordon ...	0	5	0	Miss Thorpe ...	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon, and friends at South Street, Greenwich ...	20	0	0	Mrs. Phillips ...	1	1	0
Contribution from New Brompton Church, per Pastor W. Blocksidge ...	3	5	6	Mr. C. Phillips ...	5	5	0
Pastor R. J. Williamson ...	1	0	0	Dr. and Mrs. Downen ...	2	2	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Jersey, per Pastor W. Bonser ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Raybould ...	5	5	0
Mr. H. Packham ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Richardson ...	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Virtue ...	5	0	0	Mr. A. C. Hollands ...	2	0	0
Mr. Chas. Archer ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Higgs and family ...	50	0	0
Miss C. Sharman ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs and family ...	30	0	0
Contribution from Salem Baptist Church, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards ...	3	0	0	Mrs. Miller ...	10	0	0
Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill ...	10	0	0
Pastor J. Briggs ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Higgs ...	5	0	0
Pastor James Smith ...	0	7	6	Miss A. R. Habershon ...	8	3	0
Contribution from Lansdowne Baptist Church, Bournemouth, per Pastor A. F. Corbet ...	2	2	0	Mr. J. Allum ...	2	2	0
Pastor A. Wood ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Beadle ...	0	10	6
Rev. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S. ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Foyle ...	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. B. Sawday ...	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Williamson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Davenport ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Downing ...	5	0	0
Rev. W. and Mrs. Hackney ...	5	0	0	Mr. F. Thompson ...	1	1	0
Rev. W. H. Gausson ...	3	0	0	Miss Wate ...	2	2	0
Dr. and Mrs. A. McCaig ...	10	0	0	Miss Hooper ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Pearce ...	5	0	0	Miss C. Pearce ...	1	1	0
Pastor T. Hancock ...	0	10	0	Miss J. Pearce ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Upton ...	4	4	0	Miss J. Wilson ...	5	5	0
Mrs. Spurr ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. Betts ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Virgo ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. Newland ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney ...	2	2	0
Mr. A. Norman ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Oldfield ...	1	1	0
Mr. John Hall ...	6	0	0	Pastor and Mrs. F. C. Carter ...	5	0	0
Mr. H. Corry ...	2	0	0	Mr. J. B. Meredith ...	10	0	0
Pastor J. Doubleday ...	1	0	0	Miss M. Pearce ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer ...	3	3	0	Miss Stanley ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Charlesworth ...	1	1	0	Miss E. Pearce ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. Round ...	1	10	0	Mr. E. Pearce ...	5	0	0
Mr. E. Walker ...	1	10	0	Mr. W. Vinson ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norman ...	3	3	0	Mrs. Vinson ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Godbold ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Potier ...	10	0	0
Mr. S. P. Catterson ...	4	4	0	Pastor W. Williams ...	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cook ...	10	0	0	Mrs. S. E. Sortwell ...	3	3	0
Mr. Wm. Mannington ...	20	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell ...	2	2	0
Mrs. J. Thompson ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. James Hall ...	10	10	0
Miss Upton ...	1	0	0	Miss L. Hall ...	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Noble ...	1	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joiner ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Wollacott ...	5	5	0	Miss M. Joiner ...	1	1	0
Miss Wollacott ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Stevens ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Hooker ...	1	1	0	Rev. J. Arnold ...	10	0	0
Mr. F. Hooker ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wilson ...	3	3	0
Miss Straker ...	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Neal ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Perry ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Osborne Neal ...	4	4	0
Miss Kerridge ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Essex ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Morgan ...	10	0	0	Mrs. M. Mackey ...	0	10	6
Mrs. J. B. Parker ...	5	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Bonfetto ...	0	10	6
				Mr. H. Arnold ...	1	11	6
				Mr. and Mrs. W. Mills ...	5	5	0
				Miss Mills ...	1	1	0
				Mr. B. Mills ...	1	1	0
				Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett ...	3	3	0
				Miss Butcher ...	1	1	0
				Miss Stephenson ...	0	5	0
				Mr. and Miss Spreadbury ...	4	4	0
				Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett ...	3	3	0
				Mr. J. V. L. Burrett ...	0	10	6
				Mr. E. Falkner ...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby ...	10	0	0
Mr. F. Mullis ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Tinniswood ...	3	3	0
Mrs. Sillitoe ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pitts ...	1	1	0
Pastor W. Kirk Bryce ...	4	4	0
Mr. J. Keevil ...	5	0	0
Miss Palmer ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. M. Whittaker ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Harden ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Philcox ...	2	2	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend ...	5	0	0
Miss Winter ...	2	2	0
Mr. John Pearce ...	10	0	0
Miss N. Johnston ...	1	0	0
Ebenezer ...	4	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cordrey ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willcox ...	12	12	0
Mr. G. C. Heard ...	5	5	0
Mrs. J. W. Lindsay ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Warren ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh ...	2	2	0
Miss E. Scott ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell ...	5	0	0
Mr. C. Goddard Clarke, J.P., L.C.C. ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Goddard Clarke ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Dyer ...	1	1	0
Miss Madge ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Olney ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Olney ...	3	3	0
Mr. H. K. Olney ...	3	3	0
Miss S. K. Olney ...	2	2	0
Miss A. K. Olney ...	2	2	0
Mr. G. H. Beeman ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell ...	3	3	0
Miss Russell ...	1	1	0
Mr., Mrs., and Miss T. G. A. ...	5	5	0
Mrs. Thomas Brown ...	0	10	0
Miss E. Bryan ...	0	10	6
Miss Katie Neal ...	2	0	0
Miss E. J. Emery ...	50	0	0
Mr. James Tait ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Percy ...	2	2	0
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wagstaff ...	4	4	0
Mr. Shepperd ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Manning ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Winckworth ...	5	5	0
Mrs. Bailey ...	1	1	0
Miss Ash ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. E. Chadwick ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rugg ...	5	0	0
Miss Sayer ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spice ...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Fisher ...	5	5	0
Mr. G. William ...	1	10	0
Mr. R. B. Henderson ...	1	0	0
Mr. D. Henderson ...	1	1	0
Mr. M. H. Foster ...	2	2	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett ...	5	0	0
Messrs. G. W. Russell and Son ...	1	1	0
Mrs. G. W. Russell (In Memoriam) ...	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Bullman ...	1	1	0
Mr. B. B. Blake ...	1	10	0
Mrs. S. G. Wicking ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson ...	6	0	0
Mr. Hill ...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Davies ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne ...	5	5	0
Mrs. Moss ...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway ...	5	0	0
Mr. W. G. Rue ...	1	1	0
The Misses Buswell ...	8	8	0
Pastor Sydney J. Jones ...	2	2	0
Miss M. A. Dickens ...	1	1	0
Mr. M. Romang ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fuller ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Tyson ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Jordan ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. T. Stevens ...	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. McLaren ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. Vincent ...	1	1	0
Miss E. Vincent ...	0	7	6
Mrs. E. Jeffery ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Harris ...	2	2	0
M. S. G. ...	0	10	0
Contribution from Cottage Green Baptist Church, per Pastor T. S. Burros	1	1	0
Contribution from Burton Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Askew ...	1	0	0
Contribution from Bow Road Baptist Church, per Pastor F. H. King ...	1	1	0
Contribution from Dudley Baptist Church, per Pastor E. Milnes ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain ...	1	0	0
Contribution from Southport Baptist Church, per Pastor T. L. Edwards ...	7	15	5
Pastor J. W. Colley ...	0	10	0
Pastor D. Honour ...	0	10	0
Contribution from Eythorne Baptist Church, per Pastor G. Stanley ...	3	5	6
Mr. T. H. Olney ...	100	0	0
Mrs. Lane ...	2	2	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder ...	2	2	0
Miss C. Clarkson ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Kyffin Freeman, F.C.S. ...	1	1	0
Mr. John Coutts ...	5	5	0
Miss St. Clair S. K. Trotter ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stead ...	2	2	0
Mr. H. Burman ...	5	0	0
Pastor W. Gillard ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Laidlaw ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Nagle ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Summers ...	5	5	0
Pastor E. A. Carter ...	2	2	0
Pastor E. Spanton ...	0	5	0
Contribution from Faringdon Baptist Church, per Pastor H. Smith ...	1	0	0
Part collection at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor W. C. Minnie	2	14	9
Pastor W. O. Minnie ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Graham ...	5	0	0
Mr. W. Woods ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. O. Serpell ...	3	3	0
Mr. E. J. Hill ...	2	2	0
Contribution from Morley Baptist Church, per Pastor C. Welton ...	0	10	0
Pastor G. A. Webb ...	0	5	0
Mr. F. Leete ...	1	1	0
Pastor J. Hillman ...	0	10	0
Contribution from Salem Baptist Church, St. Peters, per Pastor J. Castle ...	1	0	0
Pastor W. Goucher ...	0	7	6
Pastor T. Greenwood ...	5	0	0
Pastor J. McAulane ...	0	5	0
Contribution from Totteridge Road Church, Enfield Highway, per Pastor A. W. Welch ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Hassell ...	2	2	0
Miss E. E. Jones ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Haskin ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Baker ...	2	2	0
Pastor I. Levinson ...	0	5	0
S. S. ...	1	0	0
Pastor J. C. Carile ...	1	1	0
Contribution from Paradise Row Church, Waltham Abbey, per Pastor G. H. Kilby ...	1	1	0
Pastor F. Smith ...	2	2	0
Pastor T. L. Johnson ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Beeves ...	0	2	6
Collection at Tunbridge Wells Baptist Tabernacle, per Pastor W. Usher, M.D. ...	3	8	9
Pastor J. H. Grant ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean ...	21	0	0
Pastor F. H. White ...	3	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood ...	10	0	0
Mr. Cecil Searle ...	4	4	0
Mr. Geo. Gibbs ...	1	1	0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
The Lighthouse S.S. Bow, per Mr. H. Odell	...	1	0	0	Mr. Jas. Leiper	...	1	0	0
Per F. R. T.				S. M. F.	0	5	0
Mrs. Howard Blight	...	0	10	0	Mr. A. A. Stephens	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Collingwood	...	0	5	0	Mr. G. D. Forbes	...	0	10	0
Mr. T. R. Johnson	...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss C. J. Spurgeon	...	0	3	0
Mr. L. Pewtress	...	0	10	0	Mr. J. E. Lefevre	...	0	4	2
					Farthings, Balham	...	0	2	6
					Mrs. Grimes	...	0	1	6
Mr. C. Ibberson	...	1	10	0	F. G.	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Corby	...	0	5	0	Mr. H. Webster	...	0	10	0
A thankoffering	...	0	10	0	Fillebrook Junior C. E. S., per Miss A. Taylor	...	0	4	8
Collected by Mr. A. H. Lockwood	...	0	10	0	Stamps	...	0	0	6
Mr. L. Horner	...	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Hood	...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Gurney	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Lawrence	...	0	3	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	...	10	0	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson	...	0	5	10
Mrs. Beves	...	0	2	6	Miss L. Bibby	...	0	1	6
Mrs. E. Barrett	...	0	10	0	G. S.	0	4	0
Teachers of the South Woodford Baptist Sunday-school	...	1	1	0	Mr. W. D. King	...	1	0	0
Miss Sadler	...	0	10	0	Mr. J. O. Cadwaladr	...	0	5	0
Miss M. Sadler	...	0	10	0	Mr. B. Whitworth	...	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. McFarlane	...	0	12	11	A friend	...	0	6	0
Mr. W. Brown	...	0	12	8	Mr. W. A. Nathan	...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Davies	...	2	2	0	Mrs. R. Taylor	...	0	5	0
Miss M. J. Brittain	...	2	0	0	Dr. W. J. Van Someren	...	5	5	0
Mr. F. Jackson	...	1	1	0	Mr. T. Evans	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Wilkinson	...	0	2	6
Miss A. Collins	...	0	5	0	From Clifton, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	1	10	0
E. G. Ampert	...	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. R. Kirkpatrick	...	2	11	0
Mrs. Whatley	...	0	5	0	Readers of <i>The Life of Faith</i> per the Editor	...	4	0	6
Mr. J. B. Meredith	...	2	2	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	...	1	1	0
Mr. L. P. Roff	...	0	5	0	Ben Ledi	...	0	4	0
M. W., Bristol	...	0	5	0	Mr. Woolnough	...	0	5	0
Thankoffering from Bethesda Free Church, Sunderland, per Mr. H. W. Cothay	...	0	2	0	Mr. J. McLroy	...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Webber, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	...	0	7	6	Kent	...	0	2	6
Mr. John Woodward	...	100	0	0	Executors of the late Mr. John Neal	...	90	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	...	100	0	0	Trustees of the Thomas Porter Equipment Fund	...	200	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	...	10	0	0	Executors of the late Miss Maria Heath	...	10	0	0
Mr. G. F. Dean	...	5	5	0	The late Miss Mary Earl, per Mr. J. Earl	...	53	7	2
Mrs. Brookes	...	0	2	6	Executor of the late Mr. W. Wood	...	5	0	0
Mr. F. Flanders	...	1	0	0	<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir</i> :-	...			
Stamps, Putney	...	0	1	0	Bromley Baptist Chapel	...	9	0	6
Mrs. Pickering	...	0	5	0	Paradise Road, Clapham	...	1	17	6
Miss C. Barrett	...	0	5	0					
Mr. G. Humphreys	...	5	5	0					
Mrs. M. Everest	...	0	5	0					
Miss A. Leeder	...	0	5	0					
							£899	16	2

List of Presents, from April 15th to May 16th, 1899.—Provisions:—24 Bath Chaps, 99 lbs. Lard, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon; 1 ton Potatoes, Mr. W. J. Graham; 21 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. W. Ottaway; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 19 lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes; 50 quarterns Bread, Mrs. Henderson; 27 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. Jewers; 30 lbs. Butter, Messrs. J. Pentelow and Son.

Boys' Clothing:—2 Day Shirts, Mrs. Brownson; 1 Shirt, Miss L. Bailey; 49 Night Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Shirts, 6 Vests, Miss A. K. Nias; 6 Day Shirts, The Beulah Baptist Chapel Working Meeting, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Mrs. H. A. Cunningham.

Girls' Clothing:—3 Articles, Mrs. Brownson; 67 Articles, and a present for each girl in No. 4 House, Miss A. E. Jones; 4 Articles, Miss L. Bailey; 26 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 20 Articles, Miss A. K. Nias; 24 Articles, The Beulah Baptist Chapel Working Meeting, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Mrs. H. A. Cunningham; 4 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley.

General:—2 Bolster Slips, Mrs. Wilkinson; 24 Beech Chair Rails, Messrs. Jonas Smith & Co.; 2 loads Firewood, Mr. G. Boxall.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1899.

District Subscriptions:—		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	...	11	5	0	Southern Baptist Association	...	60	0	0
Maldon, per Pastor O. D. Gooding	...	3	15	0	Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	...	1	5	0

The 32nd Annual Report
OF THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE
Colportage Association,
1898.



PRESIDENT: PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, LONDON, S.E.7

Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

founder: — CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, 1866.

President: — PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

Hon. Treas.: — C. F. ALLISON, Esq. Hon. Sec.: — C. P. CARPENTER, Esq.

Committee:

S. R. PEARCE, Esq., <i>Chairman.</i>	FRANK THOMPSON, Esq.
J. J. COOK, Esq.	JOSEPH PASSMORE, Esq.
JAMES HALL, Esq.	EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq.	H. H. SEATON, Esq.
M. LLEWELLYN, Esq.	A. S. TATNELL, Esq.

Secretary: — Mr. STEPHEN WIGNEY.

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 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.

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.

THE ASSOCIATION IS UNSECTARIAN IN ITS OPERATIONS.

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Butts; and Post Office Orders made payable to MR. S. WIGNEY, 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.

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT, 1898.

BY the gracious assistance of a faithful covenant keeping God, the Committee have been permitted to carry on the operations of the Association during another year, with abundant tokens of His blessing resting upon the various departments of the work, and are thus enabled to present the Thirty-second Annual Report, in a spirit of thankful praise for all the past, of glad complacency concerning the present, and of hopeful confidence with regard to the future.

Notwithstanding many drawbacks, and amid difficulties of various kinds, the Association has not only maintained its circle of influence, but is enabled to record an increase of districts occupied, and the indications of spiritual results are no less encouraging than those of bygone years. FIFTY-EIGHT DISTRICTS have been occupied in 1898, and the sales for the year have amounted to £6,061 3s. 1d., which in view of the increased distribution of low price Books and Periodicals, may be considered very satisfactory. These sales represent a total of 610,612 publications, a seed sowing which the Divine Husbandman can make to bear much fruit. The 6,212 services conducted by the Colporteurs will also doubtless yield abundant results; many have been of a special mission character, and there have been multiplied testimonies as to the gathering in of new converts to follow Christ.

It was quite early in 1898 that the present Secretary was appointed to take charge of the general working of the Association, and one of the first steps taken in the interests of the work was a somewhat drastic revision of the catalogue of Books and Magazines distributed by the Colporteurs; this enabled both the Committee and their agents to entertain a more confident assurance that the Divine blessing would

follow. Steps have also been taken to secure a more careful examination by selected readers, of all new works which it may be in contemplation to introduce into the Stock, than has been the case in the past.

At the Annual Meetings of the Association in May, nearly the whole of the Colporteurs came up from their various districts and a most successful series of gatherings were held (by the kind arrangement of the Trustees) at the Memorial Hall, Stockwell Orphanage, some for Conference and others of a more public character. It was upon this occasion when in full assembly that "The Colporteurs' Prayer Union" was formed, the members of which are pledged to daily prayer on behalf of the work of the Association. All Christians interested in Colportage work are eligible for membership, and there is now a goodly band enrolled to unite in intercession for spiritual results in all districts.

With the month of July "The Colporteurs' Messenger" was started, having in view the recording of interesting details concerning the progress of the work and the keeping in frequent touch with the many friends scattered throughout the land; the monthly issue has been well received, and in some localities a considerable circulation has been secured. It is hoped that the Association will become more extensively known and assisted through this medium.

The lamentable destruction of the Metropolitan Tabernacle by fire, on April 20th, called forth the keenest sympathy and interest of the Colporteurs, and loyalty to the Association and its President constrained them to make efforts in their various circles to assist the "Restoration Fund," with the result that during the year a sum of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas was handed to the President on their behalf towards the rebuilding of the Sanctuary. During the year the Committee of the Association has been strengthened by the addition of three gentlemen to assist in its deliberations.

It will be seen that notwithstanding the absence of several large amounts from the subscription lists, the general fund shows an advance upon recent preceding years; the Committee are, however, most anxious to secure a considerably increased list of regular subscribers to enable the work to be carried on with greater efficiency and with extended aims; the fact that some districts where good work is being done are insufficiently guaranteed, and also that in some very poor localities, the Colporteurs can only secure very limited sales, makes it imperative that a *larger general fund* shall be secured,

and the Committee urgently appeal both to those who love the work, and to all who revere the memory of the founder, to aid them in this direction.

The very sincere thanks of the Committee are accorded to all who have kindly helped forward the work throughout the year, whether by prayer, personal interest, or pecuniary help, and they would specially acknowledge gifts of tracts for free distribution from the Religious Tract Society, and the Stirling Tract Enterprise, a welcome gift of books from Colonel Philips, a supply of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Sermons from a friend, the hospitality afforded to the Colporteurs during the period of Conference, and every other token of goodwill towards the Association.

It is thus with grateful hearts that the Committee record the experiences of the past year, and as they press forward with hopeful anticipation, they look up to the "All Wise God" for grace, guidance, and success, assured that He will give renewed encouragement, and cause that augmented usefulness shall attend the continued efforts of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

THE WORK DESCRIBED.

In the hope that readers of the report will become increasingly interested in the work of the Association, and with a view to afford the fullest information possible, the following particulars are given.

The Association.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association was founded by the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon in 1866. Moved by deep concern about the thousands of the population whose only reading was of a baneful or erroneous character, he started the work with the object of extending the circulation of the Scriptures, and of diffusing such sound religious literature as would conduce to the spiritual welfare of the people. From the first this was entrusted to godly men who, moved by love to Christ and a desire for the salvation of souls, would pursue their calling with a distinct spiritual aim, and increase their influence by friendly visits to the homes within their districts, also taking up direct Christian work as opportunity afforded. The Association has from its inception been governed by a Committee of gentlemen who appoint the agents, oversight the finances, and generally watch the interests of the work.

Proposals are made from the Association to supply a Colporteur to any district for which £45 a year is guaranteed, provided the funds will permit. The average cost of each Colporteur is nearly £80, and the

balance between the district payment and this sum has to be met by such profits from sales as may be available, and when this is insufficient from the General Fund. The application for districts is largely in con-



CARRYING THE PACK.

nection with the smaller towns and villages, although there have been almost from the first some Colporteurs within the London area. In some cases the arrangements are made through Associations of churches, and there are at present some such Associations to whom no less than six Colporteurs are furnished.

The Colporteurs.

What are their special qualifications? Whence do they come? What is the nature of their work? Such are questions which often arise, and upon which we propose to give information. The first qualification for a Colporteur is sterling Christian character. He must be a man who has been soundly converted, and who is so eager to be engaged in work for Christ, as to be willing to take up a life of real persistent labour, for a comparatively small stipend. It is this spirit of eagerness which usually leads to the application for appointment as a Colporteur. Our Colporteurs are men who have filled quite a variety of positions in life, and have been engaged in all sorts of vocations in different parts of the country. We might enumerate among those who seek the position, men who have been carpenters, gardeners, miners, travellers, house decorators, salesmen, tailors, printers, etc.—each, as a rule, having had some experience in Sunday-school and Home Mission work.

Our Colporteurs are not often men who have had college education, but such as have experienced the sterner training of direct contact with the business activities of the world, and have acquired practical knowledge in Christian service in the churches with which they have been connected. Three of the leading qualities which should be found in every Colporteur are—earnestness, industry, and common-sense. The majority of our men have settled in life; some are surrounded by a large family, and it is always a satisfaction when visiting a district, to find that the Colporteur's household is exercising a Christian influence upon their neighbours. The Colporteur devotes the bulk of his week-days in pursuing his calling as a vendor of Bibles and Christian literature. This brings him into direct contact with the houses of the people, and enables him to sow the good seed from morning until evening.

The evening Christian work engaged in, and such Sunday services as are conducted by the Colporteurs, are voluntary engagements taken up solely from love to Christ, and the desire to render as much useful service as possible according to the necessities of the district. The Colporteur generally succeeds in securing the friendly confidence of the people among whom he labours, both old and young.

It is very noticeable that while there are points of similarity in most Colporteurs, there are equally points of divergence; some are quiet and plodding, others more boisterous and impulsive; some have a preponderance of commercial gift, while others are at their best when on the platform or in the pulpit. It is an advantage that this is so, seeing that



THE BIBLE CARRIAGE.

the requirements of districts vary, and selections can be made which will suit all. Colporteurs are generally good stickers. We have men who have occupied the same district for long periods, ranging up to over

twenty-five years' duration, and there have been those who by reason of infirmity or age having had to discontinue their beloved work, have found it a most trying experience to relinquish duties which have been a joy to them throughout.

The Districts.

Various ideas exist as to the localities most suitable for Colportage work. If we expressed an opinion upon the subject, we should suggest that almost all districts where people abound are suitable; the rural parts where book shops are few need the Colporteur, and no less does the crowded town where *bad* book shops abound. We like to think of the "Man with the Knapsack," calling from house to house in the priest-ridden village, and we also like to contemplate the Colporteur presiding at his stall, among the many other vendors in our busiest thoroughfares of London.



CYCLING WITH LIGHT LOADS.

The districts connected with our Association are of a character to cover all the range from town to country life. It is our endeavour to furnish a worker wherever the necessary guarantee subscription can be secured. A Christian lady or gentleman may be moved with compassion for those who need the Bread of Life, and they offer personally to provide the required amount, so that a district may be opened in a specified locality. A church with one or two outlying Mission Stations are desirous of securing a godly man to assist in evangelizing the surrounding inhabitants; a Colporteur is considered the most adapted instrumentality, and from the church, proposals are made, and the necessary sum raised. Sometimes it is an Association of churches, and at another time a simple Sunday School; thus districts are opened and often continue to carry on this beneficent work for many years.

Our districts will sometimes be financed by Congregationalists, sometimes by Baptists, and sometimes without denominational bias at all. The localities occupied by our Colporteurs extend to Yorkshire in the North, Isle of Wight in the South, Norfolk in the East, and Devonshire in the West, and are scattered about very freely both in England and Wales. There are two denominational Associations each of which are responsible for six Colporteurs, while others undertake two's and three's. It seems a grievous pity that there still remain so many towns and villages where a Colporteur might be employed to the greatest advantage, but where no such agency exists. We believe that Colportage work might be many times multiplied with the best results if Christians, either individually or in the aggregate, were led to adopt it as one of the most suitable means of evangelizing the people. The amount, £45 per annum, required by the Association, is so within the capabilities of Christian folk in almost any neighbourhood, that the opening of a district should be a work of the simplest character, as the amount can be readily subdivided among just so many as could easily contribute a share in accordance with their means.

We would impress upon our readers that the work is one which persons with very limited means are able to undertake. The Christian Endeavour Societies in a given district, anxious to carry on Home Mission work, have but to share the responsibility, and in return for the comparatively small outlay falling to each, an active worker, devoting his whole time to the dissemination of God's Word, and healthy literature, and going from house to house bearing testimony for Jesus, can be secured. From an economic point of view Colportage is such a desirable agency that districts should be opened within every ten square miles of the kingdom.

The Literature.

Recognising that the Colporteur's primary work is the "Sale of Books," it becomes at once an interesting question to ask, What kind of books does he sell? What are the contents of his pack? What sort of seed is he sowing from day to day? In reply to these and kindred enquiries, we would point out that first and foremost the Colporteur's endeavour should be to disseminate "the Scriptures," that living and unadulterated "Word of God" which is the best book of all, and which should always take precedence of every other; Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, and Portions should figure in each day's business as the Colporteur pursues his calling.

Starting with this, we would next remark that the books sold by the Colporteur should then be as fully as possible in harmony with that Word of God. We do not think it wise to narrow the range of the literature supplied unduly, but there should be nothing sold by a Christian organization which would be inconsistent with the revealed mind and will of God.

In these days it is somewhat difficult to draw the line of selection, as both with books and periodicals there will often be a great deal of matter that is most desirable, but mingled with it there will be that

which is open to question. The wheat and the tares thus grow together and cannot be separated. In these matters the Association endeavour, by securing the kind services of friends in reading new works as they are published, to maintain the tone and character of that which is distributed by the agents.

A large quantity of bright, readable literature, such as is issued by the Religious Tract Society, and kindred publishers, may be found in the Colporteur's stock, and that of a character to suit all ages of readers.

Christian folk are catered for with Devotional Works, Bible Helps, Sermons, etc. For the careless and indifferent the Colporteur is furnished with striking Gospel books by such writers as Spurgeon, Moody, Meyer, and Murray, and Mrs. Menzies' "Traveller's Guide" is always to the front. The little ones are not overlooked either, and sweet messages which come from Him who is the "Children's Friend," are set forth in books and magazines, bright with story and attractive with illustration.

Among the wares of the Colporteur not the least important are the beautiful Wall Texts which are now issued in such charming variety, and at prices which enable them to become the adornments of the humblest homes. We count these "Invitations and Promises from the Word" most valuable in forcing a consideration of truth, as they constantly hang before the eyes of those who can be induced to purchase them.

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. MORGAN, Mrs. FULLER, Mrs. FREEMAN,
Mrs. PARKER, Mrs. FORD, Miss SWAIN, Miss SMEE, Miss HEILBROUN,
Mrs. PERCY, Miss C. PEARCE, Miss J. PEARCE.

The good work of the Ladies has been carried on with persevering regularity during another year, and many welcome packages of clothing have been received in the homes of the Colporteurs, affording comfort to the body and sunshine to the heart.

A working meeting is held every alternate Monday at the Pastors' College from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m. Any friend who can spare the whole or portion of the time will receive a hearty welcome.

Parcels may be addressed to Miss HOOPER, Secretary, Ladies' Colportage Working Society, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

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 1898:—

BOOKS.

	VARIOUS TOTALS.	INCLUSIVE TOTALS.
Bibles... ..	7,111	64,850
Testaments	3,719	43,675
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	1,040	22,401
" John Ploughman's do.	2,710	31,668
" Books (various) ...	2,189	67,730
Almanacks (various)	7,435	
Penny Illustrated Books... ..	113,763	
TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS		155,134
" SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND CARDS		99,398
" PENNY STORIES		113,763

PERIODICALS.

Adviser	1,920	National Temperance Mirror... ..	1,303
Appeal	1,643	Notes on Scripture Lessons	2,424
Band of Hope Review	7,740	Our Little Dots	4,250
Band of Hope Treasury	1,753	Our Own Gazette	2,912
Child's Own Magazine	3,650	Prize	5,940
Colporteurs' Messenger	15,000	Sunshine	3,897
Gospel Trumpet	4,895	Silver Link	2,340
Herald of Mercy	1,636	Good Tidings	10,235
Juvenile Missionary Herald	1,545	Chatterbox	3,664
Baptist Messenger	1,780	Our Darlings	1,048
British Workman	5,664	Sword and Trowel	4,524
British Workwoman	2,088	Young England	2,744
Child's Companion	4,357	Boy's Own Paper	2,568
Children's Friend	6,120	Girl's Own Paper	6,379
Cottager and Artisan	6,288	Quiver	9,604
Family Friend	17,040	Sunday at Home	2,643
Friendly Visitor	3,168	Miscellaneous Magazines... ..	63,153
Home Words	3,744	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons	10,595
Infants' Magazine	3,720	Woman at Home	2,160
Mothers' Treasury	1,584	Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Sermons	5,000
TOTAL PERIODICALS		242,321	

These figures give some idea of the sales made in 58 Colportage Districts. In addition to this the Colporteurs distributed gratuitously upwards of 59,677 Tracts, made about 249,460 visits, and conducted 6,212 services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association:—

£210,317 2s. 10d.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, with Districts occupied during 1898.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Friends in locality.
Dorking	Surrey... ..	S. Townsend	1873	A. Chabot, Esq.
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. C. Evans & Sons.
Evesham	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton	1874	Local Committee.
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizen	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Mears	1874	Messrs. Greenwood Bros., "In Memoriam."
Wellow	Hampshire	W. Hodge	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Bartlett	1875	Oxfordshire Association.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost	1876	Miss E. A. Tyler.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	J. Gilpin	1876	A. Maw, Esq.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bellamy... ..	1876	R. W. S. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington... ..	Do.	G. Botwright	1876	Southern Baptist Association.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	Hadleigh Congregational Church.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
Bower Chalke ...	Salisbury	W. Hardiman	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
Swadlincote	Derbyshire	J. P. Allen	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	W. Vinson, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridgeshire Association.
Repton	Staffordshire ...	C. Payne	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew	1882	Mr. E. Sharwood.
Tewkesbury	Gloucestershire...	R. Dodds	1882	Rev. W. Davies.
Thornbury... ..	Do.	C. G. Hicks	1882	Rev. A. O. Moore.
Great Totham ...	Essex	T. Bendall	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrhiwceiber ...	Glamorganshire...	S. Holly	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Aylesbury	Bucks	Job Smith	1883	Messrs. J. E. Taylor and Thos. Gurney.
Melksham	Wiltshire	A. Walker	1884	Mrs. H. Keevil.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire ...	S. Bartlett	1884	J. Smallwood, Esq.
Greenwich	Kent	W. Beer	1886	Rev. O. Spurgeon.
Estover	Devon	H. Cope	1887	H. O. Serpell, Esq.
St. Margaret's ...	Kent	B. R. Slater	1889	} Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Cowfold	Sussex... ..	J. Brooker	1889	

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Egham	Surrey... ..	H. E. Cole	1889	Home Counties Baptist Association.
Chard	Somersetshire	G. Willstead	1889	Western Baptist Association.
Corton	Wilts	Thos. Haines	1889	Thos. Harris, Esq.
Barrow	Suffolk	Hy. Webb	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Eastchurch... ..	Sheppey, Kent	T. M. Mead	1890	L. H., Anonymous.
Horsforth	Yorkshire	J. Ford	1890	Miss Bilbrough.
Sittingbourne	Kent	J. Morey	1890	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Horsell	Surrey... ..	R. Fifield	1890	Home Counties Baptist Association.
Newington and Walworth	Surrey... ..	G. Powell	1890	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
Denmead	Hampshire	A. W. Gould	1890	Southern Baptist Association.
Earls Colne... ..	Essex	T. R. Todd	1891	Mr. J. A. Tawell.
Cowling Hill	Yorkshire	S. Parkes	1892	Cowling Hill Baptist Church.
Catford	Kent	G. Chant	1893	J. G. Priestley, Esq.
Wallingford	Berkshire	W. Bird	1893	W. Davies, Esq., Toronto.
Withington	Herefordshire	S. Watkins... ..	1894	W. H. Godwin, Esq.
Canterbury	Kent	A. R. Richards	1894	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Langley Moor	Durham	R. Dodds	1895	J. Raw, Esq.
Bridgnorth... ..	Shropshire	V. E. Thurston	1897	G. Lloyd, Esq.
Taunton	Somersetshire	J. W. Knee	1897	T. Penny, Esq.
Dereham	Norfolk	A. Portingall	1897	Rev. H. Freeman.
Codicote	Herts	H. Bowden... ..	1898	A. Lockhart, Esq.
Uphill	Kent	A. R. Richards	1898	} Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Frant	Sussex	A. Prestage	1898	
Sevenoaks	Kent	J. Brooker	1898	
Bramber	Sussex	T. Bignell	1898	

No. of Districts occupied during 1898 :—58.

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Higginbottom, Mr. and Mrs.	0	10	0
Hegarty, Miss	0	5	0
Hiley, Mr. W.	20	19	6
Hagger, Mr. A.	0	1	0
Hall, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Hall, Miss (Collecting box)	0	5	0
H. M.	5	0	0
Harris, Mr. T.	5	0	0
"In loving memory," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	50	0	0
In memory of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis	1	1	0
Jiff, Mr., per Mr. H. Mears	0	0	0
Johnstone, Mr. G. P.	1	0	0
Johnson, Mr. Edward	2	2	0
Johnson, Mr. Edward (Part proceeds of sale of mottoes, photos, etc.)	2	0	0
Jenkins, Miss Lizzie (Collecting box)	0	5	6
Leverton, Mrs. W.	0	2	6
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N.	10	0	0
Ladies' Colportage Working Society (Collecting box)	0	14	0
Leverton, Master Horace (Collecting box)	0	8	6
Mannington, Mr. W.	3	0	0
Milne, Mr. C. A.	10	0	0
MacGill, Dr.	0	10	6
Marshall, Mr. J., per Mr. H. Mears	1	0	0
M. A. K., per Mr. S. R. Pearce	0	5	0
M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
Mayer, Mrs.	0	2	0
Murtell, Mr. E. J.	0	10	0
Mead, Mr. and Mrs. J.	2	2	0
Marnham, Mr. J.	2	2	0
Macnicoll, Miss E.	0	2	6
Masters, Mr. R. J.	0	10	6
Mullis, Mr. T.	0	10	0
Mears, Mr. H., Collection at Ealing	1	6	3
Mabey, Mr. A. J.	0	10	6
Morgan, Mr. F.	0	5	0
Mears, Mr. H., Collection at Brentford N. B.	5	0	0
Neal, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Nisbet, Col. R. Parry	5	2	0
Orphanage Boys' Christian Band	0	2	11
Olney, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Olney, Mrs. W.	0	10	6
O. B.	10	0	0
Olney, Mr. T. H.	5	0	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	10	0	0
Priestley, Mr. E.	0	16	0
Philcox, Mr., per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	5	0
Penny, Mr. T.	1	1	0
Price, Mr. O. H.	3	11	0
Parry, Mrs. A.	0	10	0
Price, Miss Annie N.	0	10	6
Patrick, Mr. S.	0	5	0
Phillips, Mr. Charles	1	1	0
Passmore, Mr. Joseph	2	2	0
Pearce, Mr. A.	0	10	0
Pource, Mr. S. R.	1	1	0

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
President's Birthday Fund	10	0	0
Phoebe, per Mr. E. Ives	20	0	0
Portingall, Mrs. (Collecting box)	0	10	0
Pearce, Miss Grace	0	10	1
Powell, Mr. G.	0	2	3
Percy, Mrs.	0	2	6
Payne, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Raybould, Mrs. E.	5	0	0
Rogers, Mr.	0	2	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	4	11	6
Raffield, Mrs. (Collecting box)	2	0	8
Rainbow, Mrs.	1	2	6
Reeve, Mr. A.	1	1	0
Rawlings, Mr. E.	5	5	0
Rabbits, Mr. E. J. Whittuck	5	5	0
Rogers, Mr. Matthew	1	1	0
Ranney, Mrs. M. E.	0	2	6
Stevens, Mrs.	0	5	0
Spurgeon, Mrs. T.	0	10	0
Sale of Reports	0	9	8
Spliedt, Miss E.	1	0	0
Sinclair, Mrs. E. A.	0	10	0
Smith, Mrs.	0	2	6
Sadler, Miss	0	5	0
Spurgeon, Pastor T., per	2	10	0
Smith, Mr. J. Spencer	0	2	6
Sawday, Pastor C. B.	0	10	0
Seaton, Mr. H. H.	0	10	6
Smith, Miss Lily (Collecting box)	0	5	2
Tarrant, Mr. and Mrs.	0	2	0
Tarrant, Miss	0	6	0
Thorn, Mr. R. H.	0	6	0
Tatnell, Mr. A. S.	0	10	6
Thompson, Mr. J.	0	5	0
Thompson, Mr. Frank	1	0	0
Upton, Mrs. F.	5	5	0
Van Notten Pole, Miss	0	15	0
W. S., per Pastor T. Spurgeon	0	7	6
Walters, Mrs. C.	3	0	0
Wagstaff, Mr. and Mrs. C.	1	1	0
Willecox, Mr. W. H.	1	1	0
Windmill, Mrs.	0	10	0
Williams, Miss Clara	0	2	6
West, Mr. A. H.	0	5	0
Wilkinson, Mrs. R.	0	10	0
With a Widow's Prayers	0	1	0
Wigney, Mr. and Mrs. S.	1	1	0
Wigney, Mrs. S. (Collecting box)	1	0	0
Wilmot, Mrs. G.	0	12	0
Weekes, Mrs. F.	0	7	0
Wagstaff, Miss Grace	0	6	0
York, Miss E.	0	10	6
			£353 14 4
Legacy. Trustees of the late Mr. John Fisher	25	0	0
			£378 14 4

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.

Extracts from Letters, and Colporteurs' Journals.

From J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

"Another man ever since."

"One morning in November, soon after starting upon the day's journey, a man working on the road, to whom I spoke, told me the pleasing news that about four years since he heard me preach at the Wesleyan Chapel at W——, and the Word was so blessed to him that he had been another man ever since."

From J. W. ANDREW, of Sellindge.

"A grand sermon; it did me lasting good."

"Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons have been, and still are, the food of many souls in my district; one person told me she so much enjoyed them, that when the clergyman called to invite her to his church, she took up one of the sermons and said, 'If you would preach such sermons as these I would go to church, even though I had to crawl there on my hands and knees.' 'That was a grand sermon which I bought last month, it did me lasting good.'"

From R. BELLAMY, of Fritham.

"A comfort to an aged saint."

"A dear aged lady has just passed away to Heaven, whom I visited month by month for over two years. The nurse told me that I had been a means of much comfort and help to her from time to time. Two days before her death she enquired when I should come, and when I called upon the following day we had a very sacred time, and as I withdrew, it was with tears that she bade farewell to me wishing me God's blessing. Among other books this lady had bought from me for distribution were no less than twenty copies of 'Around the Wicket Gate.'"

From W. BEER, of Greenwich.

"Interceding for the prisoner."

"A young woman who used to attend our Hall has fallen into wrong-doing, and for unlawfully pawning dress pieces that were not her own, has been imprisoned for 14 days. We prayed for her, and I wrote to the magistrate telling of her surroundings, and asking him to be lenient with the prisoner. He sent me a nice letter in reply, and by the light sentence given, we had proof also that our prayers were answered."

From T. BENDALL, of Great Totham.

"Among the fruit-pickers."

"I have once more been out amongst the fruit-pickers speaking for the Master, and I think this has been the best year I have known. About 500 people are engaged, and when they sit round having their dinner I go among them distributing tracts and having personal conversation with many of them; after this I invite some to come and help me sing for a quarter-hour. All sorts of people gather around and listen to the words of life and peace, giving earnest attention. I have been greatly cheered."

From T. BOULTON, of Evesham.

"Visits a source of blessing."

"The Colporteur's visits to the homes are a source of blessing, affording comfort, encouragement, and consolation, and sometimes becoming the means of conversion. We could not get into the homes if we had not our books to offer, and thus when they prove a help there is a double result."

From W. BIRD, of Wallingford.

"Teaching the imbecile."

"One of my customers has an only son who is an imbecile. Thinking that something should be done to make the message clear and plain to him, I one day started singing 'God is love, I know and feel,' and repeated it again and again until he could sing it with me. I then taught him the little prayer, 'Lord, show me myself.' When leaving the house he shouted excitedly, 'God loves me!' Upon my next visit his mother remarked that he had been talking about me ever since my visit. He again called out as I was leaving, 'God loves me!'"

From H. BOWDEN, of Codicote.

"The confessional."

"One day a customer who had once been a Roman Catholic gave me some interesting particulars of her experiences. Referring to the first occasion upon which she went to confession, she described how the priest instructed her to tell him all, and keep nothing back. She remarked, 'I had such a lot to tell him, it made me resolve I will be careful not to do so much wrong in the future, so that I may have fewer sins to confess.' I explained that this is how we should now resolve with regard to our true Priest."

From J. BROOKER, of Sevenoaks.

"Connected with the waterworks."

"One day when going along a country road a man eyed me with my knapsack somewhat closely and enquired, 'Beg pardon, sir, but are you connected with the Waterworks?' I replied, 'Yes.' He then asked, 'Are you an inspector?' I again replied in the affirmative. He proceeded to ask, 'Is anything wrong?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'seriously so.' I then talked of Jesus, the Water of Life, the sinner's need, and thirst, and the serious fact that so many will not come and drink of the satisfying stream. It was but a seed sowing, perhaps to spring up and bear fruit after many days."

From G. BOTWRIGHT, of Lymington.

"A glad, sad story."

"I sold a book some time since to a servant in a household, which was much blessed, awakening interest first in the servant and afterward in her mistress. The book was then posted to a brother, a gay young man, who read it and afterwards wrote to his sister to say how much good it had proved to him. A few days later the young man was kicked by a horse and killed on the spot. The sister and mistress were greatly impressed, and I have good hopes of their being truly converted to God."

From G. CHANT, of Catford.

"Resting on the Rock of Ages."

"An aged Christian has just died whom I, some years ago, first invited to our Mission Hall. He came to hear the Word and listened with deep attention. He shortly took the temperance pledge, became a regular attendant at public worship, was convinced of sin, sought and found the Saviour, and has lived for some years a faithful and consistent Christian, his only regret being that the greater part of his life had been wasted. I visited him frequently during his illness, and was with him almost to the last. His testimony was most clear, and firmly rooted and grounded in the faith, he finished his course with joy, resting on the Rock of Ages."

From H. E. COLE, of Egham.

"Some good books."

"An old lady who cannot get out to a place of worship tells me she could hardly do without 'Spurgeon's Sermons' on Sundays, and that as she sits and reads she can seem to hear the late beloved preacher's voice. Some of the aged have told me that the books called, 'Precious Truths for Everyone,' and 'The Traveller's Guide,' are a great blessing, especially now that the eyes have grown dim and they are unable to read smaller print."

From F. COLLIER, of Swaffham Prior.

"Talks with a consumptive."

"I have often called, both on my rounds and when conducting Sabbath services, upon a young man slowly passing away with consumption. I would sit and talk awhile about Jesus and His love, and then offer prayer with him and his mother. His end came somewhat unexpectedly, but realizing that he was about to depart, he bade his mother and friends not to sorrow. He said, 'I know that Jesus is my Saviour, and He will take me safely home.' The mother afterwards told me that it was through the Colporteur's quiet talks that her son had been enabled to find peace and rest in Jesus."

From R. DODDS, of Tewkesbury.

"My dear Spurgeon."

"A lady belonging to the Church of England, who is one of my best customers, and purchases C. H. Spurgeon's books and sermons month by month says, sometimes, 'I don't know what I should do without my dear Spurgeon (of course this refers to his works).

"And when I call to see her, she greets me with a smile,
With many kindly words she speaks, in plain and homely style;
She always has a word of praise for Spurgeon's works so dear,
And when depressed and weary will oft my spirit cheer."

From E. GARRETT, of Axbridge.

"The only one who calls to say a good word."

"Some of my customers look forward to my monthly visits, and if I happen to be a day or two behind time conclude that I have given up the work, or am ill. Many tell me that I am the only one who calls to say a good word about the best things all through the month. If the clergyman calls, which is not often, he never says anything to them about their souls."

From J. GILPIN, of Ironbridge.

"I have come to tell you."

"About two-and-half years ago, a young man who had long been connected with my Mission Hall, left the town to take a situation in a distant part. He had been with me as Sunday-scholar, teacher, Band of Hope worker, tract visitor, and I may say assistant colporteur. When home for the holidays he called and said, 'I want to thank you for all the interest you have taken in me. Your influence and teaching, under God's blessing, has made me what I am. In my situation I have sometimes been tempted to do wrong, and at such times I have seemed to hear you, in your familiar way, say, "Albert, don't." I have come to tell you this, that you may be encouraged to do all you can for other young men under your care.'"

From G. HARRIS, of Cardiff.

"A very hearty Welsh welcome."

"The people of my district, which is a very large one, are great admirers of our late beloved President, and for his sake they extend to me a very hearty Welsh welcome. Every Lord's Day I preach to the miners of the colliery districts, and many from time to time have found peace with God through my ministry, while it is my frequent privilege to administer baptism by immersion to these converts. The recent strike became a little drawback to me with regard to sales, but it is now all right again, and the future looks bright and hopeful. Some time ago a Roman Catholic had a bookstall in Cardiff Market, but he had to give it up, being unable to get customers for his poisonous literature. I have since taken the stall, and am doing exceedingly well on Saturday nights, selling the Word of Life and Christian books."

From A. FROST, of Claverly.

"The charcoal-burner's hut."

"Some time ago when on my rounds, as it was raining heavily, I asked permission to take shelter in the hut of a charcoal burner. I got into conversation, and was listened to with great attention as I read the story of the Prodigal Son. One aged man seemed much moved, and with flowing tears he asked, 'Is that true?' I replied, 'Yes, it is true,' and told him of God's love for the penitent sinner. He acknowledged himself to be a prodigal, and I have reason to hope that he there and then came with confession of sin to the great Father. We sang and prayed, and it was, at least to me, one of the happiest times I have ever known."

From A. W. GOULD, of Denmead.

"A pastor's testimony."

"I have been encouraged by hearing that my superintendent gave his testimony as to the value of the work of the Colporteur before the Southern Baptist Association. He stated that he did not know what he should do without the assistance of the Colporteur in connection with his church. I was the Colporteur who acted as secretary, took frequent services, administered the ordinance occasionally, and helped in many ways, besides carrying out the objects of Colportage."

From W. HODGE, of Wellow.

"Books that have been a blessing."

"A doctor recently came to my house, and looking over my case of books spoke highly of my work, saying that he found among his patients that my books and visits had alike been useful. A lady who bought 'Sunday Crumbs,' said that nothing had ever done her so much good as this. 'The Traveller's Guide,' 'Good Tidings,' 'Spurgeon's Sermons,' 'Colporteurs' Messenger,' 'The Way to God,' &c., have also been the means of blessing. I praise God for these results, but am plodding, praying, and trusting that I may see greater things than these."

From C. G. HICKS, of Thornbury.

"Now, that's beautiful!"

"Recently I called at the home of an aged man, and had the opportunity of talking with him about the best things. He was so deaf that I had to shout into his ear, but as I told him of the love of Christ and of His death upon the cross as a substitute for us, he exclaimed, 'Now, that's beautiful!' I was so thankful to be enabled to explain so that he could understand, and it is my hope and prayer that he may trust in Jesus."

From J. KEDDIE, of Maldon.

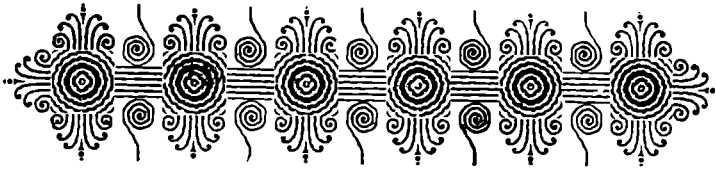
"He threw the newspaper away."

"A farmer's wife told me a little story concerning her son; the young man was in a dying condition and entirely without a thought concerning his soul. The newspaper was his only companion, and being in a nervous condition he would not consent to my paying a visit. She bought 'Good Tidings' for him to read, and it became a means of impressing him so that he threw the newspaper away once for all, became a changed character, and the mother says he is a different person now and rejoices in the truths he learned from the Colporteur's book."

From H. MEARS, of Brentford.

"Waiting for the train to come along."

"One day when very weary I was waiting for the train and conversing with the station-master. I at last induced him to buy a copy of 'Around the Wicket Gate.' I assured him that if he would read it he would never regret doing so. A month later, when I met him, he told me that he had read the book, and that it had been such a blessing to him that he had passed it on for a friend to read and he wished for another copy for himself. I soon supplied him and pray for further blessing."



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JULY, 1899.

The Saving Name of Jesus.

A SERMON PREACHED IN A TENT,
AT ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE, ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1857,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matthew i. 21.



WE never knew how sweet it was to have a friend until we saw our Lord Jesus Christ locked to us in the bonds of friendship. When a person is dear, everything connected with him becomes dear for his sake. Even Christ's "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia." His robe becomes a robe of dignity because He has worn it; the place He has stepped upon becomes dear because He has set His foot upon it; the lightest word He has used becomes precious for His sake. Sweet words become glorious, and common words become sweet, because He has uttered them. The words Husband, Brother, Friend, all become fuller of meaning when applied to Him. Jesus! it is the Name which moves the harps of Heaven to melody.

"Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,—
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string."

If there is one of our Lord's titles that is more precious than another, it is this Name,—Jesus. It is woven into the very warp and woof of our sweetest psalmody. Many of our hymns begin with it, and

scarcely any, that are good for anything, end without it. We are ready to say, with good George Herbert, "It is the music with which the bells of Heaven ring; a song in a word, an ocean for comprehension, an oratorio in two syllables, a gathering up of the hallelujahs of eternity in five letters." If we had only that word, Jesus, and were to preach nothing else for a sermon, it would be enough to make a child of God spring upon his feet, and leap for joy.

"He shall save His people." Ask the Sabbath-school child the meaning of salvation, and he will probably answer, "An escape from hell"; and it is just possible that the child's parent would give the same reply. Certainly, this answer is not untrue, but it is not the correct or legitimate meaning of the term salvation. Deliverance from hell is only one of the effects of salvation; it reaches from the gates of hell up to the pearly gates of Paradise, and stretches from where time finds us up to the very throne of God. Salvation means more than merely an escape from perdition and an arrival in glory.

I. First, SALVATION IS DELIVERANCE FROM OUR DEATH IN SIN.

Jesus finds His people "dead in trespasses and sins;" He, by His Spirit, quickens them into life because they are His people. In these days, many strange doctrines are taught; some people say, "If you begin the work, then God will carry it on." That is true; and yet, good as many of the people are who say so, it is not easy to utter anything which is more misleading. If men could and did begin, God would probably help them; but, then, they never do begin. You have heard of the story which the Romanists tell about St. Denis and his head. After his head was cut off, they say that he walked a thousand miles, carrying it in his hand. A wit, who heard this story, replied, "I have no doubt about the thousand miles, after he had taken the first step; that is where the difficulty lay;" and, in like manner, the difficulty in the case of the sinner's salvation lies in the first step.

If a man can really take the first step by himself, what need has he of God to help him? If any man here could raise the dead out of their graves, I can easily understand how, afterwards, he could keep them alive by feeding them. It would be a perilous thing for a man were God to say to him, "You must quicken yourself." God wants nothing of any man when He first begins with him. He finds the sinner abhorring Him, but He does not expect nature will produce grapes from thorns. God finds the sinner destitute of life, and He gives him life; He finds the sinner destitute of everything that is good, and He Himself supplies all the sinner needs, by His own grace casting out all his sin. We may preach on for ever; but, unless God the Holy Spirit shall begin the work, it will be of no more use than if we preached to stocks and stones.

Some people do not like this truth as a doctrine, but they agree with it in practice. They say, "Such preaching will do harm;" but my business is to preach the truth, and not to trouble myself about any supposed harm that may follow from it. If God has taught us this doctrine in His Word, surely we must preach it. We may be quite sure that God cares more about consequences than we do, and we

need not fear to proclaim anything that He has revealed. Did any of you ever meet with a true Christian, who said he began the work himself? Do not all believers join in saying, "God first began the work in us; Christ, by His Spirit, taught our feet to tread the Heavenly road"? Although some ministers may mystify this truth in their preaching, yet they all agree with it in their prayers. Although they may confuse their hearers with their "ifs", their "maybe's", their "buts", and their "peradventures", yet in their hearts they all believe it. They know on whose head to place the crown. Salvation is all of the Lord from first to last. He begins the work, and it would never be finished unless He also put the top-stone upon the edifice.

II. After the Lord has delivered men from their death in sin, then comes the second Divine act implied in the text, SALVATION FROM EVERY PHASE OF SIN IN THE CONSCIENCE, AND OF EVIL IN THE HEART.

Dead men do not feel anything. Stab that corpse through and through, there is no feeling in it. Drag out that dead body; pile heavy weights upon it; cast a mountain upon its shoulders; there is no weariness, no grief, no pain, simply because it is dead. How sensitive, on the contrary, is a living body! Like that also is the difference in the soul before and after conversion, before and after spiritual quickening. Some of us can remember when Moses tied us up to the halberds, and flogged us with the great ten-thonged whip of the law; we recollect how our own conscience rubbed brine into our wounds; how, when we lay down on our bed in our prison-house, we found it to be a mass of spikes, and when we went about our business in the day, we thought we saw everywhere the avenging angel of Jehovah. Our constant cry then was, "My sin, my sin!" "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But when the Lord Jesus came to our rescue, the load of sin rolled off our back, our wounds smarted no more, and we began to dance and clap our hands in merriment of spirit. Others of you can also remember when Jesus, as the Sun of righteousness, first shone into your poor dark spirit. I have always thought that first day when I believed was not a day of time at all; it seemed like a little bit of eternity sent as a foretaste. You know that good old John Bunyan said, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, that when Christian saw the cross, his burden rolled off his back, and he gave three great leaps for gladness. So it was with us; we thought we could have leaped into Heaven there and then. This was the realization of the meaning of the blessed Name, Jesus. There is no way of ever being saved from the anger of God against sin, but through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ the one and only Saviour and Redeemer of the guilty. We must ever bid the sinner look to Christ Jesus, and to Him alone.

There was a young man, in Edinburgh, who was intended for a missionary. He said, "I will begin to work for the Lord in our own town; why need I go away to be a missionary?" He had not gone far, one morning, when he met one of the old Musselburgh fish-wives, carrying her load. "Well, friend," said the young man, "here you are, with your burden on your back; did you ever feel your spiritual

burden?" She replied, "Do you mean the burden that John Bunyan wrote about? I got rid of that many a year ago, but I did not go John Bunyan's way to work." The young man thought the woman had deceived herself, but she continued, "That man, Evangelist, was not a preacher of the gospel in its fullest sense; he said to Christian, 'Do you see that *gate*?' He should have said, 'Do you see that Cross? Keep JESUS CHRIST in your eye till you come to Him.' I made a short cut, and went straight away to Christ on the cross." "But, my good woman," he asked, "did you never go through the Slough of Despond?" "Oh! yes, sir; fifty times and more, but it is a great deal easier to go through it with your burden off than on." John Bunyan was right, and yet he was, in a sense, wrong; the way most people go is round by hedge and ditch, as he described; but the gospel road leads straight away to the cross. Look to Jesus, with all your sins, with all your doubts, with all your fears; naked and guilty, just as you are, look to Jesus. Everything besides Jesus is a fallacy, a deception, and a lie.

III. What next does Jesus do for His people? HE SAVES THEM FROM THE POWER OF SIN IN THEIR LIVES.

The grace that does not make a man better, is not worth talking about. If people, after their conversion, live as they used to live before, their conversion is of the wrong sort. I daresay there are some such people in this part of the country. "*God's dear people*," they call themselves; they are very "dear"—dear at any price. "God's peculiar people." They are very, very "peculiar." They tell us, "There are not many such as we are!" It is a great mercy that there are not many such, or it would be bad for the morality of the country. They are ready to go as high as ever you like in doctrine, but not an inch in holy living. I have no fellowship with that sort of people. Tell me that a man can lie, and drink, and swear, and yet talk about his conversion; I tell you his conversion is not worth a button. I would say to all such, "Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." We shall not put off sin entirely till we are in our winding-sheet; but unless men show the fruits of conversion in their lives, they need converting again. Let it never be said that grace leads to licentiousness. It does not. Jesus saves His people, not *in* their sins, but "*from* their sins."

Remember that I do not find fault with this doctrine because some people abuse it, as I do not throw away all hemp because some men hang themselves with a hempen rope. No; we must have holiness where men profess conversion. We will not believe that a man is converted, unless he is converted from his sins. I feel sometimes as though I could hurl thunderbolts at the base caitiffs who say that they live in sin, "that grace may abound." Their condemnation will be just. They understand much of the Scriptures, they can split any hair of doctrine; but, alas! their practice does not agree with their preaching. They boast of their humility while they are as proud as Lucifer. That kind of spirit will not do, beloved. God's children will not be perfect in this world, but they will strive after perfection; they will desire to slay every sin, for the Lord Jesus Christ saves "His people from their sins," and so makes them whole every whit.

IV. The next thing is, JESUS SAVES HIS PEOPLE FROM ANY POSSIBILITY OF THEIR FINALLY RETURNING TO THE CONDEMNATION OF THEIR SINS.

Some people say that a man may be in Christ to-day, but out of Christ to-morrow. I have no faith in any such doctrine. Let those who have, try to get comfort out of it when in distress; they may pick at that bone long enough before they will get any meat off it. I was walking one day with a person who was an Arminian. All at once he said, "Do you see that man over the hedge? He has been regenerated three times to my knowledge." I replied, "He may have been regenerated *in your way*; but I will be bound that he needs to be truly regenerated, and I pray that God the Holy Ghost may regenerate him, and then the work will be effectual." Children of God to-day, and children of the devil to-morrow! What a precious doctrine to believe! I have been pardoned, but God will condemn me after all! Such a doctrine is beneath the dignity of God, and I may add, beneath the dignity of man, too. The gospel I have to preach is a gospel of everlasting certainties.

"Once in Christ, in Christ for ever,
Nothing from His love can sever."

But some of you believe that God's children may fall away, and perish. Now I have a puzzle for you, and you may take until this day month to answer it. The Bible says, in many places, that, if apostasy be total, it is final. "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." (Hebrews vi. 4—6.) I hold that this doctrine, as written in Scripture, is as clear as daylight. "Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his saltness, wherewith will ye season it?" If grace in the heart could die out, if the Divine life could be wholly extinguished, the backslider would be as much lost as if he were already shut up in the pit. You let your saints tumble away, and then put them into the covenant again by restoring them to church-fellowship. Make these passages square with your practice of restoring those who fall away if you can. If grace were to die out, there would be no hope for the person; but the mercy of it is that the grace of God never does die out. "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." The cloths on your table were washed yesterday, but there is a stain left which you cannot get out; so, in like manner, Jesus does not take the stain of sin wholly out of His people until they die. Though Rahab was saved, she was called a "harlot" centuries after her death; Simon, too, never lost the name of "the leper." Never until we die shall we be "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing"; but then we shall "be holy and without blemish." Then, Christian, will thy doubts be wholly gone, thy propensities to sin will all disappear; then there will be war with Amalek no more, and the last Canaanite shall be driven out of the

land. It were a blessed thing to rise in newness of life, and be with Jesus for ever. It were well worth dying, if that be the only road to glory everlasting.

“With thy glorious garments on,
Holy as the Holy One.”

It is truth that we sing when we say, “holy as the Holy One.” Then we shall know to the full the truth of our text, Jesus “shall save His people from their sins.” I am aware that I have not expounded this text as I should have liked to have done; but I trust I have made it plain to all my hearers that salvation is deliverance from the dominion, the power, the blemish, and the penalty of sin.

(To be concluded next month.)

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

I TOLD my dear readers, last month, “what a £5 note did in Demerara.” As a sequel to that paragraph, I transcribe the following letter, which Miss Barlow (the missionary) sent in acknowledgment.

“Beloved and honoured friend,” she writes, “I cannot find words to thank you for your kind letter, and the gift of £5 for the different objects you mention. When I read your letter, my whole heart seemed to go out to you in love and gratitude, and then it turned to Him, whose you are, and whom you serve, in devout praise and thankfulness. I shall use part of your kind gift to my own work in sending for some more copies of *A Cluster of Camphire*, for it is full of God's own comfort for every phase of need and sorrow. I am sending one of the copies you gave me to a much-trying worker amongst the East Indians, and another goes to Mrs. Craig, who lost her husband a few weeks ago under very painful circumstances. He went into the interior to collect orchids for sale in London, was taken ill, and compelled to send his two attendants back for medicine; they lost their way in the jungle, and wandered for nine days, until they found the riverside, when they were quite weak from exhaustion. A search-party went to look for Mr. Craig, and found his remains lying in the hammock where he had been left. There were one or two entries in his pocket-book, speaking of his failing strength, the last one was, ‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ It is comforting to know that, when no human aid was near, the Saviour was with him, safely holding him in His embrace. It is an awful grief to Mrs. Craig, who has had sorrow upon sorrow for many years, but in this last great trial the Lord has raised up many friends for her who have subscribed enough to send her and her bonnie twin-girls home to Scotland. I know she will value your precious words of comfort beyond expression. Now, with a heart full of love and gratitude, and praying that God's choicest blessing may rest on you and yours,—

“Yours lovingly,
“ANNA BARLOW.”

In my reading, this morning, I came across some "acceptable words" from the pen of H. W. S., which seem to me effectually to disperse the gloom and mystery in which some souls envelop the all-important act of faith in God:—"I beg of you to recognize the extreme simplicity of faith; namely, that it is nothing more nor less than just believing God when He says He either has done something for us, or will do it; and then trusting Him to keep His word. It is so simple that it is hard to explain. It is nothing at all tangible. *It is simply believing God.* Like sight, it is nothing apart from its object. You might as well shut your eyes and look inside to see whether you have sight, as to look inside to discover whether you have faith. You see something, and thus know that you have sight; you believe something, and thus know that you have faith. The virtue does not lie in your believing, but in the thing you believe. If you believe the truth, you are saved; if you believe a lie, you are lost."

As the slenderest strand of silk may afford a "clue" to the most mysterious of "mazes", so may these few words safely conduct some poor "Much-afraid" into "the secret place of the Most High."

* * * *

Referring once again to the advance of the translation of dear Mr. Spurgeon's works into Spanish, I note with great pleasure that his wonderful little book, *The Clue of the Maze*, has been published in this language by the Religious Tract Society. This is an admirable effort, for, in conjunction with the Sermons, if it please God to work by these means, it cannot fail to impress and direct any heart seeking after God. It is, as its sub-title declares, "a voice lifted up on behalf of honest faith," and its beloved author's aim was to assist the reader to "fight his doubts, and gather strength." The need of such a guide is unspeakably great among those who are just awaking to a sense of their responsibility before God, and the awful danger of living in the sin of unbelief. May the small volume go forth laden with unnumbered blessings for the people who have long sat in the darkness of ignorance and superstition!

Added to this hopeful encouragement, I have had the joy of receiving from Barcelona, five new Sermons, very neatly got up, accompanied by the following most encouraging letter:—"Dear Madam,—You will be pleased to know that your husband's Sermons, translated into Spanish, are having a larger circulation here than we expected. We have very few copies left of the first three editions. By the extracts from letters which I send, you will see how they are appreciated. A missionary writes from Galicia:—'We are immensely pleased with Spurgeon's Sermons, and have a conversion, or at least the last step in it, to record through the reading of "The New Birth," as well as another interesting case of awakening by the same discourse.' Another brother says:—'It is the best addition we have had to our Spanish literature for many years.' A Spanish Evangelical periodical, called *La Revista Cristiana*, says:—'We salute these new publications with great joy; they come to fill a long-felt vacant place.' We have now published eight Sermons, and have two more

translated, and almost ready for the press. We have had the pleasure of sending several parcels of the Sermons to the Philippines, since Manila fell into the hands of the Americans. I presume some copies have reached Aguinaldo and his 'ministry'! Let us pray for this country, which has hitherto been closed to all gospel light."

Oh, friends, do not your hearts long to have some little share in this work which promises such glorious results?

* * *

From a heap of letters by my side, from "our own men," containing loving acknowledgments of the Conference gift of this year (Vol. III. of the Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon), I have selected the following tender and gracious remarks as being illustrative of the fact that my dear husband's memory is cherished as deeply and gratefully as ever.

Says one:—"He is still to me, beyond all others, the *living* preacher. His words touch me as no others can do. He had 'life more abundantly,' and that abundant life exerts quickening power still. I can never tell how much I owe to him, and none can ever know how much I loved him."—Sweetly epigrammatic is the first student's testimony:—"That which to you has been a *labour* of love to prepare, is to me a very *luxury* of love to peruse."—Another writes:—"I thought I knew much of dear Mr. Spurgeon and his great work before, but it seems as if I had known nothing till I read these splendid volumes. The fact which has most impressed me is the marvellous way in which God used His honoured servant in the salvation of souls; and nothing, I believe, is more needed in the Church to-day than that this should be told out, and held up, and pressed home upon the hearts of all God's people."—One pastor, who is also a personal friend, says:—"This life-record is of thrilling interest to us; there is no book which could give joy to our hearts like this precious volume. Our glorified President was the strongest personality it was ever my privilege to meet. He did more than any other being to show me what Christ is, and what, by the grace of God, a man can be, as a man, a minister, and a helper of his fellow-men."

The next witness possesses the gift of prophecy:—"This 'Life' is, in a sense, the best memorial of our beloved leader, for it will become, in time, the mother of movements, the moulder of character, and a standard of appeal."—Then there is a special note of tender sympathy in the following words from a London minister:—"It is a wonderful work, a marvellous and vivid reproduction of the man. You, and you only, who knew and loved him best of all, could *so* tell the story of his life; and you, I am sure, can imagine with what feelings the men who sat at his feet must read this truly charming history."—A Scotch brother writes:—"The volume came last Saturday, and I must confess that, after getting through my work, I sat up reading it till two o'clock in the morning! It is charming reading, and the book to me is more precious than gold! It is one of the works of the century, and will remain through the years as a landmark in history. What a lift heavenward did our beloved President give to this generation! What mighty forces for evil did he check, and what moral wildernesses

became, through him, gardens of the Lord!"—Again, in brief words, a very winning tale is fully told:—"Far into the night, I read these wonderful pages, all glowing and tremulous with tender affection for the sainted man whom we were proud to call 'our dear President.' My heart is full of gratitude to you, for your loving toil in your weakness, and for your generous gift."

S. S.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LXVII.—PASTOR JOHN GARD, OF GUERNSEY.



WERE you, gentle reader, ever at Montacute, Somersetshire? How we pity you if your reply be in the negative! For, besides your not having seen one of the prettiest bits of scenery to be met with in many a day's march, you have never "been to meetin',"—which, when translated for the benefit of the uneducated, means you have not attended a service at Montacute Chapel. Had you been privileged, as some of us have been, you would have heard such singing of the old hymns, to the old tunes, as you could never forget

even though you should attain the title of "the oldest inhabitant." Besides which, if you had cut your wisdom teeth, and had therefore a sweet one for genuine Calvinistic theology, you would, for at least once in your life, have had a good feast upon the truth as it is in Jesus.

How I should like to see one of the modern-thought gentry dishing up some of his German hash down there! What a lively half-hour he would have afterwards! But if you want to get at the heart of things, and be quite sound in the faith as it is with all Montacute boys and girls, you would need to have passed through the Sunday-school. The very mention of the school, brings back to many of us, scattered as we are to-day all over the world, troops of happy memories of blessed days spent there, and of many a well-fought battle over Divine Foreknowledge, Election, Particular Redemption, Effectual Calling, Final Perseverance, and kindred themes, all of which were, to us, as simple as A B C, and as plain as a pike-staff, for were we not then well drilled in the Catechism which was written to teach definite truth, and not simply to show us the way round the corner just when we were likely to meet with a statement of doctrine that did not square with some people's likes or dislikes? Thank God for the dear old village chapel, its Puritan pastors, and its God-fearing Sunday-school teachers!

Pardon our long preamble. We have been led into it, among other reasons, because it was at Montacute that our dear cousin, JOHN GARD, first saw the light, natural and spiritual. In reply to an enquiry, put to him in the early days of his spiritual life, as to the means by which the great change had been wrought, his answer was:—"The seed was sown in Montacute Sunday-school, and it sprang up at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville;" thus furnishing us with a further proof that "one soweth and another reapeth," and reminding the large town and city churches that, if they neglect the village churches, it will be at their own peril and to their certain loss.

Soon after our friend had found Christ for himself, he was anxious to tell others the story of free grace and undying love. Nor had he far to seek for an audience in the many-millioned city. First, a class of young men was gathered; and, then, at various mission-halls, an attentive congregation was instructed. Best of all, souls were saved. There was a growing desire, which was encouraged by those who knew him best, to give himself up entirely to the sacred work of the ministry of the Word. To that end, entrance to the Pastors' College was sought, with the result that, in the last batch welcomed by our glorified President, Mr. Gard found a place. How little did the young student then anticipate that it would be his mournful privilege to help to carry, from the College to the Tabernacle, on that memorable Monday night, February 8, 1892, the olive casket containing all that was mortal of dear Mr. Spurgeon!

During his four years' College course, he was rarely at leisure on the Lord's-day. Indeed, for nearly three years of that time, he served the church at Hornechurch, Essex. At the end of his College term, the friends there were anxious that Mr. Gard should settle with them; but the hand of the Lord, it was felt, pointed in another

direction, and subsequent events have, during the past five years, fully justified the decision then made.

The Baptist church in Guernsey is one of the many that, to-day, owe their rise, instrumentally, to the generous, self-sacrificing aid and fostering care of our ever-revered President. How wisely he used to discover the needs of a place, and then send a man to occupy the position, never forgetting him or his needs in the new and always-trying sphere! God bless and send timely aid to those who are seeking to follow loyally where our beloved Mr. Great-heart led so valiantly!

Up to 1890, there was no English Baptist church in this lovely island; but, at that time, a few friends having expressed their wish for a commencement, the Lord clearly pointed out the pioneer pastor in the person of Mr. Snell, one of the associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, a brother who did good work so long as the state of his health permitted him to remain at the post. The then disused All Saints' Episcopal Church being for sale, Mr. Spurgeon, aided by friends who delighted to thus serve the Lord through him, purchased the old building, and up to the time of his home-going, handsomely augmented the pastor's income. The inhabitants of Guernsey will never forget the memorable visit of the dear President, who certainly did not spare himself in his efforts to help the young cause. On one day, he conducted a prayer-meeting at 7 a.m., preached at 11, 3, and 7, and also spoke on the lawn of the Government House Hotel, the day's services realizing £100 for the funds.

Since the advent of Mr. Gard, the church has become entirely self-supporting, and not only has the chapel been filled, but many have been added to the Lord; so that a larger meeting-place was sorely needed, especially as the old "church" is far from being an ideal auditorium, and the Sunday-school has to be carried on in hired premises. Happily, at this juncture, "the powers that be" signified their resolve to purchase the Baptist Chapel, so as to make needful street improvements. The bargain was struck on terms of profit to the church, and a splendid site was secured, upon which, as we write, a capital set of buildings is being erected, including a chapel to seat 600 persons, and a schoolroom to accommodate 400 children.

Pastor Archibald G. Brown has engaged (D.V.) to preach the opening sermons on September 27; and if Mr. Gard can secure £700 more, he will be able to open the new premises free of debt. He ought to do so, for there should be no debt on God's work; and, especially, on a building which will be *one of the many memorials of the ever-beloved C. H. SPURGEON*. It would be cruel to hamper this church with such an incubus, for, in addition to its being at a holiday resort where an open house has to be kept for a congregation that must be always coming and going, it is so far away from the sympathy and aid that come from nearness to other churches that it is apt to be forgotten. Did you ask, "Where can I send my mite?" To Pastor John Gard, 10, Belmont Road, Guernsey.

J. S. HOCKEY.

C. J. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XVIII.—BY PASTOR R. S. LATIMER, OF WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

“While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.”

BOYHOOD is not usually credited with being favourably disposed towards sermons. I was no exception to this rule;—but the Sermons were! And thus it comes to pass that I have many note-books filled with outlines of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons preached during the years 1868—1870, the period of my residence in the Stockwell Orphanage, when I was twelve to fifteen years of age. I recall with what vivid pleasure I followed the method of the dear preacher's expositions, and gained my first insight into the art of sermon-construction and composition. I will not admit that the great Tabernacle held, among all its thousands, a more appreciative or rapt hearer than the small boy who sat, at our beloved Gamaliel's feet, among the orphans on the lower platform.

Since those days, I have constantly enjoyed our President's pulpit ministry through the printed page; and I write now to mention the two discourses that, together, have thrilled my heart beyond anything else in his writings, or, for the matter of that, in all the sphere of pulpit literature with which I am acquainted.

On Lord's-day morning, September 7, 1890, Mr. Spurgeon was led of the Spirit of God to choose for his subject the leper who came to our Saviour with the prayer, “Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.” The Sermon is to be found in Vol. XXXVI., at page 481, under the suggestive title, “And Why not Me?” The sequel to it is given by Mr. Spurgeon himself in a delightfully original and practical discourse on “Fever,”—brain fever, yellow fever, scarlet fever, intermittent fever, &c., &c.,—preached on the Thursday evening following, and published in the same volume at page 625.

On that Sabbath morning, in the great throng that pressed into the Tabernacle to hear the message of life, was “a woman of the city.” Miserable, self-tortured, hopeless; fearful lest anybody should resent her presence as an intrusion; wishful to bury for a brief hour the thought of her bitter and blighted life in the passing interest of the popular service, she stood in the crowd, and listened. Even in reading the preacher's sentences on the still and silent page, you can feel the throb of his great heart, and witness his agony of spirit that his hearers and readers might be saved. I cannot think that anybody could read that Sermon without tears. Mr. Spurgeon might have known of the presence of that abject, shrinking soul, with the “disease of despair” upon her, in the midst of the great array of eyes that looked upon him, so directly did he speak to her.

“No one among you knows,” said he at the outset, “where God's Word will fly this day. Our congregation is a singular one, made up of persons of every condition of life. In it there are specialities of character unknown to the preacher. God has brought them hither. I have a burning thirst upon me for the salvation of souls. Where is the man or woman who will ‘give me to drink’ by coming to my Lord?”

The first and main division of the discourse was devoted to showing that the leper came to the Great Healer on his own initiative. After depicting the loathsomeness and horror of the disease, and how all shrank back from contact with the afflicted one, the dear preacher pleaded, "Is there such an one before me? Do your relatives shun you? Do people in decent society avoid you? Oh, that you had grace and faith to come to Jesus, just as you are, and fall at His feet, and worship Him; for rest assured that He can make you clean, and give you a name and a place among His people."

In language aflame with the genius of sublime compassion, he pictured the profligate "afloat on the ocean of life, *an abandoned wreck*," and then continued:—"Poor soul, why will you die? If there be such a person now before me, I pray, from my heart, that he or she may now, with fixed determination, come to Jesus. O ye angels, may ye now have cause to cry out again, 'Behold, there came a leper, and worshipped Him!' There is *one* hand that would fain lead you to Jesus; I stretch it out to you this morning. There is yet *one* heart that would plead with you to seek salvation; and if there be not another in the whole world, yet come along with you, come just as you are, and show your misery to the Lord of mercy. Men have written out your death-warrant, but the Lord Jesus has not signed it. They call you a castaway; but the Lord gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Again and again, in the course of the Sermon, the preacher turned aside to this pathetic personal pleading with the despairing soul, away in the throng before him, who truly found herself "in the midst, before Jesus," on that memorable morning. He showed how the leper "must have felt himself abashed as a lone man in the midst of the multitude. Well he might; for he had no right to be there. Does anybody this morning say, looking round on this great audience, 'Here am I, a stranger to everybody; nobody knows me; and if they did, they would not associate with me. I am out of place among the people of God'? Do you feel as one lost in the crowd? The crowd being there was nothing very remarkable; but the leper's coming to Jesus was a very notable fact,—a scene worth looking at. Hence we see the word, 'Behold!' He is coming! Yes, he dares to come! The crowd makes way. The leper falls at Jesu's feet! Glory be to God, the leper is at the feet of Jesus, where infinite love and power are bending over him! My friend, will you not make a dash for it at this moment? You need not rise up and make any manifest demonstration; but you *can* bow in spirit at the feet of our Lord. Never mind the crowd. Come, before the crowd disperses. Though angels will see it, and devils will see it, yet come. Oh, that I could cry, 'Behold! here is a sinner who now, at once, and in this place, casts himself at Jesu's feet!' Grant it, O Lord! God, the Holy Ghost, work it, and work it now!"

Those prayers were heard in Heaven, and instantly answered.

On the following Thursday evening, in the course of the Sermon,

aforementioned, on "Fevers," Mr. Spurgeon said:—"I had a great trouble last night; I will not tell you what it was, a great trouble to my heart; but, this morning, I had a great joy which I will tell to you. It came through this note:—"Dear Sir,—I feel so happy to tell you that the Lord has pardoned a poor outcast of society. I got into your place, in a crowd, hoping nobody would see me. I had been out all night, and was miserable. While you were preaching about the leper, my whole life of sin rose up before me. I saw myself worse than the leper, cast away by everybody; there is not a sin I was not guilty of. As you went on, I looked straight away to Jesus. A gracious answer came, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." I never heard any more of your sermon. I felt such joy to think that Jesus died even for a poor harlot. Long ere you get this letter, I trust to be on the way to my dear home I ran away from. Do please pray for me that I may be kept by God's almighty power. I can never thank you enough for bringing me to Jesus."

Mr. Spurgeon added, "If it had not been for that bit concerning going home, I might have had some doubt about her conversion; but when a fallen girl goes home to her father and mother, it is a safe case. This gives me joy; do you wonder? To see souls saved, is Heaven to me."

Ah! he sees vast multitudes of them now,—the fruit of his own marvellous ministry. What a Heaven his must be!

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGIION.

"A MIGHTY WEAPON."

A PLEA FOR THE TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE founder of Institutions outlives the orator, but C. H. Spurgeon was both of these, and still lives in each capacity. His sacred oratory is echoing the world around. Through his weekly Sermons, and his monthly Magazine, we rejoice to hear his voice. Long may the music last! But the Institutions that he founded are destined to stand even if the products of his voice and pen shall have ceased to issue from the press before the Master comes. These are his standard and standing works. The College and the Orphanage will never be allowed to cease their beneficent work, so long as the world still needs the gospel, and widows and orphans are in the land. But the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association is, equally with these, one of C. H. Spurgeon's Institutions, nor can it be allowed to languish while harmful literature continues to be issued, and Romish principles are disseminated on every hand. The best way to honour the memory of the great preacher is to perpetuate his Institutions till the need for them has ceased to exist.

It is three and thirty years ago since the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle gathered together a few of the faithful members, told them of what had been done in Scotland by the colporteurs, and

urged them to rally round him in an effort to take the Scriptures and wholesome literature to all the villages of old England. There and then the Association was formed whose specific object it was "to increase the circulation of religious and healthy literature among all classes, in order to counteract the evil of the pernicious publications which abound, and lead to much immorality, crime, and neglect of religion."

A year after its inception, the honoured President said, "The word 'colporteur' is a horribly ugly name. I have heard it called 'coal-porter,' and it has been thought that a Colportage Society was a Society for carrying coals. Now that is very nearly correct. It is a Society for carrying live coals about; and those live coals, I believe, set many a place on fire. In our own country, the sale of religious books has always been a main help to the cause of truth." It is noteworthy that, thus early in its career, the good work was crippled by an impoverished exchequer. "*This Society,*" said the President, "*languishes for want of funds, but it is one which, under God, would be A MIGHTY WEAPON if it were well used.*" He concluded a paragraph which, by the way, was italicized, evidently because of its urgency, with words that are remarkable even from him for their holy audacity, and faith in God. There is something more than a touch of pathos in them, too. "*We are overworked, and have in hand enterprises beyond our means; but God's work must be done, and we may soon be dead; therefore, O Lord, send help to Thine own cause!*"

This is magnificent! The overweighted worker cheerfully espoused yet another task, because the call was from above, and because the night was coming when no man can work. Then did he turn with hands outstretched to Heaven for fresh supplies. Nor did he ask in vain. True, the exchequer was never overfull, and extension was slow compared with what the leader hoped. "Oh, that we had a hundred men at work in the dark villages of England!" he constantly cried. Ere he passed to his reward, ninety-six districts were occupied! Sometimes, however, things were looking the reverse of cheerful. As a rule, the President wisely kept the dark side to himself; but I happen to know that he could, an he would, have written frequently as he once did, "The funds of our Colportage Society are so far behindhand as to discourage us greatly. We shall take it as an indication to stop the work at the end of the year, unless it is more assisted; this we shall greatly deplore, as much good is being done." Such a message brought friends to the rescue, and for a while the anxiety was relieved, but all too soon another whip-up was required.

I know that he never ceased to marvel that such "a mighty weapon" was not wielded by many more willing hands. The same wonderment is upon us. Everybody admits that Colportage work is "a mighty weapon"; but, oh, so few are prepared to use it well! Its marvellous power has been proved again and again. Most people know how great a part it has played in all reformations and revivals. Everyone can see at a glance that the weapon is far-reaching, double-bladed, and keen of edge. They must know, too, that it is the most inexpensive of all forms of Christian enterprise, for it is as nearly self-supporting as can be. It has everything to recommend it to Christians

who rightfully look for a good investment for the funds of which they are the Lord's stewards. A combination of Christian Endeavour Societies, for instance, could support a colporteur, and work much good in a district.

I venture to declare that the weapon has already been used well by those who have employed it during these many years. How delighted we were to hear the hearty testimony of the brethren at their recent Conference! What glad news the last Report contains! The colporteurs (we have fifty-eight just now) are a band of men whose hearts the Lord has touched. That is why they touch the people's hearts. They are not book-sellers merely; they are preachers and pastors, evangelists and visitors. Some of them are amongst the most versatile of men. They will do anything to win a heart for Jesus.

At the risk of being charged with sounding our own trumpet, I will further declare that the weapon has been well used by those who have the work in charge. The officials are men of God whose hearts are in the work. The Committee is still formed of business men,—members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church,—who gladly devote much time out of their busy lives to this service for the King; and the superintendents in the various districts are equally devoted.

Is it too much to ask that so mighty a weapon should be used well by those who can supply the sinews of war? Some contributors have been generous and faithful for years, and many of the Tabernacle people, despite the special and ever-growing strain upon them, are rallying yet again; but we want a greatly-strengthened subscription list, and more capital. Would to God that some rich friend (or, perhaps better still, a number of comparatively poor ones) would send along £500 to ease the financial pressure, and to create a little elbow-room!

Equally anxious are we to see the regular subscribers' list increased. Why, there are many suitable men waiting in the market-place, and we cannot hire them, though, truth to tell, the wage is small enough. These earnest men will trudge all their days, with 40lbs. on their backs, an average of 13 miles a day, for a mere labourer's wage,—24s. per week or thereabouts. If this were all their labour, the remuneration might be counted sufficient by some; but, as I have said, they are ministers, and teachers, and temperance workers, too. Hard as they toil from Monday to Saturday, I suppose Sunday is the busiest day of all. 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 is guaranteed, if the funds of the Association permit." What a drawback that word "if" is, to be sure! At present, *they do not permit*, unfortunately. *Unfortunately*, indeed! for never was such a work more needed.

Will not some amongst the various sections of the Lord's people, for "the Association is unsectarian in its operations," determine to use this mighty weapon well? Is it to lie idly by? Is it to rust in its scabbard? Is it never to be sharpened nor furbished?

Some of us are determined to use it well, if only the means are forthcoming. Use us well, and we will use it well. This is one of



“THE MEN THAT SELL THE BOOKS.”

the great legacies that has been left us. We are put in trust with the Colportage Association. Come, good friends, let us hear you say in chorus, "We will regularly send you help. If you and the other officers will manage this branch of the King's business, we, so far as in us lies, will relieve you of financial burden. Please find enclosed—cheques, postal orders, or stamps." Ah! this is what we have been hoping and praying for. Surely the Lord will send us help from the sanctuary, and strengthen us out of Zion. To Him we look, on Him we lean. My dear, dear father's words fit our lips too:—"We are overworked, and have in hand enterprises beyond our means; but God's work must be done, and we may soon be dead; therefore, O Lord, send help to Thine own cause!"

Going to Hear Mr. Spurgeon.

"SPURGEON is coming," "Spurgeon is coming," was the news circulated, many years ago, in a certain quiet Berkshire town. The inhabitants were all upon the tip-toe of expectancy, and were looking forward with evident delight to the visit of the youthful, rousing, and rising preacher. The talk of the town soon became the topic of discussion in the surrounding villages.

In one of these secluded hamlets, there lived a member of a Baptist church who resolved, if possible, to be present at the service. Anxious to swell the crowd, he unfolded his purpose to his two fellow-labourers in the barley field, and invited them to accompany him. The men readily fell in with his proposal;—not so, however, their master.

When his permission was sought, this is how he answered them,—“Wh-o-o-o-o? Wh-o-o-o-o? Go and hear wh-o-o-o-o?” “Mr. Spurgeon,” was the reply; “he is a famous Baptist minister, who is drawing great crowds in London.” “Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Spurgeon,” grunted the farmer; adding, with much greater emphasis than attention to the rules of grammar, “Who-o-o’s Mr. Spurgeon? I wants my barley cut. If you goes, you’ll go for ever.”

Nothing daunted by this rebuff, the man turned to his mates, and cheerily said, “We’ll have a try.” And so they did. I should like you to hear that enthusiastic country Baptist tell the story. With a smile, he relates how they were hardly into bed before they were out again; and, on that glorious harvest morning, as he swung his scythe in the barley, with every stroke he said, “Spurgeon! *Spurgeon!* SPURGEON!!!” So it came to pass that the barley was all down early enough for him and his two companions to go and hear the celebrated preacher in the afternoon. I may add that this worker in the harvest field has always felt himself well repaid for going to hear Mr. Spurgeon; it is one of the red-letter days of his life; and surely his attitude and action constitute a comment of exceeding force upon the old saw, “Where there’s a will there’s a way.”

ISAAC O. STALBERG.

The New Testament Conception of Pastoral Authority.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,
BY PASTOR HUGH RODGER, ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.

DEAR PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN,—“The New Testament Conception of Pastoral Authority” is one of the last subjects I should willingly have chosen in face of such an assembly; but, having submitted to your authority, I claim your kindly patience.

The phrasing of our theme, most happy to say, excludes the necessity of dealing with any “developments” of doctrine or practice outside the Book of the New Covenant. For nowhere is confusion worse confounded than in the realms of Church history following apace upon apostolic times. It is, in itself, a signal demonstration of some Divine indwelling force that the Christian Church still stands, in spite of all attacks from without and apostacies from within. The gates of hell have oft drawn near, and opened their dark, devouring mouths, but they have not prevailed against it. “The city of God remaineth!”

There is no call, therefore, in this connection, to discuss the theory of apostolic succession, “of which fiction,” says Dean Alford, “I find no trace in the New Testament.”

In similar fashion, we are saved from pursuing the doubtful rise of the episcopate. Bishop Lightfoot, whom all New Testament students delight to honour, confesses that, up to the year 70 A.D., no distinct sign of episcopal government had appeared in Gentile Christendom, but gives it as his opinion that, “during the historical blank which extends over half a century after the fall of Jerusalem, episcopacy was matured, and the Catholic Church consolidated.” But one would like, as the foundation for such an assuming structure, something more solid than a “historical blank.” And to the irrepressible mind of Dissent, the query may even arise,—If the historic episcopate began during a historical blank, where is it likely to end?

For our present purpose, however, we have nothing to do with the historical blank, and nothing to do with the many historical blots that have followed. A New Testament conception, if found in its pristine power, has the advantage at least of being clear and clean. Hence we leave the lower reaches of the stream ecclesiastic, polluted by the tread of wild, conflicting passions, and unspiritual alliances, for the fountain of water that gleams like crystal. There we sing with gladness the ancient song, “Spring up, O well!”

“Lo, while yet the song is singing,
Breaks the living water through,
Like the tears of earth unspringing
From her eyes of deepest blue.”

This is the well which Christ's own princes and nobles have digged for us in the desert, by order of the Law-giver.

In this Book of the New Covenant, it is true, there are no distinct

commands respecting Church polity ; but, instead, the plain enunciation of moral principles and the breathing record of early Church practice : these are the sources of Christian conviction on the matter, the springs from which our ideas and inspirations alike must be drawn, and these, moreover, are found to be in perfect harmony with all that lies deep in the nature of spiritual things.

Now it stands to reason that our conception of the pastorate will be largely dependent upon our conception of the Church. And to us, as Free Churchmen, the danger is ever near that, in the excess of our individualism, we may fail to rise to the sublime idea of that Divine Institution which Christ claimed to establish when He said, "I will build My Church;" and fail to grasp the glory of that spiritual community of many brethren, that ransomed communion of saints, which is assuredly part of the mighty purpose of God.

The vision of a great historic institution, embracing all the lands of earth and all the ages of men in the visible uniformity of a Catholic Church, is, from certain points of view, magnificent. But it is paltry and artificial in the light of the higher and more spiritual conception which dominates New Testament teaching like the blue arch of summer's noonday.

Jesus Himself came preaching the Kingdom of God, unfolding the mysteries of that majestic ideal, now to be realized, which ancient seers had beheld, and sweet singers had sung. And, evidently, in the Master's mind, Kingdom and Church are one. "The keys of the Kingdom of Heaven" are identical with those of Christ's own Church. For what is the Church but the Kingdom of Heaven made visible on earth, built up of believing souls enlightened from on high, who truly and heartily confess the Christ? And to the Church thus formed the King speaks, "What things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven: and what things soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." The spiritual perception of the members of that spiritual assembly, and their consequent action in Church discipline, are so to be in harmony with eternal right that they shall be ratified in Heaven.

Again, the words of the risen Saviour seem stronger still in their suggestion of spiritual authority: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." That the charge, whatever it means, was not a mysterious power given to the apostles alone, is manifest from the parallel account of the same interview: it was to "the eleven gathered together and them that were with them." It is the Christian *Ecclesia*, inbreathed by the Holy Ghost, which is to be the very embodiment of Christ on the earth. The Saviour's spiritual presence in the assembly, large or small, constitutes it a Church, permeating its life as with the fragrance of Immanuel's land, investing it with a power that is vital and momentous.

In the apostolic writings, frequent glimpses are given of the glory that excelleth. The metaphors used are throbbing with suggestiveness, and the language staggers under the weight of spiritual splendour imposed upon it. The Church is the city of the living God, the temple of the living God, a spiritual house for a holy priesthood;

it is the bride of Christ, one with Him in spirit and communion; it is the body of Christ, identified with Him yet subject to Him, as the members of the body are directed by the thought and volition of the brain.

It ought to be to us an inspiration that our own Christian community, though small and poor it may be, is, if sound and spiritual, a part of the great corporate body of Christ. And if chosen to the Christian ministry, it may well be to us as the very dignity of Heaven that we are called to stand in such honoured and intimate relation to "the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."

The pastoral office exists solely for the benefit of the Church, for its order and guidance, its upbuilding and perfecting, till the fulness of the Divine ideal be accomplished. While not essential for the being, it is necessary for the well-being of the mystic body of Christ. The risen Redeemer "gave some to be apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists";—these belong to the Church universal; "and some pastors and teachers";—these to the Church local and individual. The form of the phrase "pastors and teachers" (without the article) points at once to a closeness of connection between the two functions, which is amply justified by the fact that, in practical organization, they are generally found united in one person.

What, then, is the authority of the Christian pastor and teacher? It were easier far to tell what it is not. The principles laid down by the Master Himself for rule in His Kingdom take, oftentimes, a negative shape. Warnings and rebukes were needed because of a proneness to self-seeking. "If any man would be the first, he shall be last of all." "And He called to Him a little child, and set him in the midst of them." "And He said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles have lordship over them, and they that have authority over them are called Benefactors. But ye shall not be so." In Christ's Kingdom, aristocracy is measured by ministry; nobility by lowliness. The greatest Benefactor of all (*Χριστὸς Ἐνεργήτης*) could say on earth, "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."

It has to be confessed that the strong tendency in human nature to assert itself is not yet dead. As in the early Church, there is still found here and there some Diotrephes, "who loveth to have the pre-eminence." And some tinge of the Diotrephic nature is found in most of us.

"But man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal."

The authoritative airs assumed, even in the Church, by those who think themselves to be something, would be laughable, if the whole case were not so utterly sad. Sure enough, the New Testament conception of pastoral authority is nowhere approaching to that of the high-handed cleric who bears himself towards his parishioners after the impressive manner of the village dominie of ancient times, ruling his youthful rabble with his rod. In this noble task of domineering,

the clerical pedagogue has sometimes for his assistant, sometimes for his head-master, the lord of the manor. "*But ye shall not be so.*"

It is certain, also, that the true idea of pastoral authority has no relation to the priestly, the sacerdotal, or the superstitious. The plain fact requires to be repeatedly emphasized that never once do the New Testament writers apply sacerdotal terms to the Christian ministry, though these were so familiar and so ready to hand. In the dispensation of the Spirit, there is no sacrificing priesthood save that which includes every believing soul: "A holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ." What is to be feared in the Catholic Revival, once working in darkness and stealth, but now growing bold and blatant, is not merely the excess of Ritualism, but the claims of the clergy to the exercise of functions supernatural, and the possession of authoritative powers that rank even above the Scriptures of God. These priestly pretensions, making void the Word of God through mere tradition, are being enforced by the dominant party of the Anglican Church in a manner that means stern warfare if our Protestant faith is to be maintained "in England's green and pleasant land." In face of the prevalent force of priestcraft, some hearts are failing them for fear, but stronger hearts are rising in strenuous indignation that mortal men should claim the prerogatives of our one Mediator, our great High Priest. Depend upon it, such clerical claims are far removed from the doctrines and practices of the early Church leaders who were so eminently guided by the Spirit of Christ. The whole sacerdotal system exalts an official caste to a position of lordship over the Church which must, in a measure, usurp the honour of the Master Himself. "*But ye shall not be so.*"

In the endeavour to find something more positive concerning our subject, it may be wisest to examine the words used in the New Testament to describe the pastoral function. John Ruskin has said that a chief part of culture consists in finding out the exact meaning of words. Let us try to be cultured, for once in a while!

First of all, we meet with the term ELDER (*πρεσβύτερος*). The corresponding name is found in the dim dawn of Israel's history, and when, at the very last, that great Apocalypse of things that are and things that are to be breaks upon the heart and mind of the beloved disciple, he sees "in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures, and *in the midst of the elders*" (the representatives of ransomed human nature), "a lamb standing as though it had been slain."

In the earlier days of the Jewish nation, there were elders in the camp, and elders in the city; and when the synagogue worship arose, there were elders in the synagogue. Although too much stress may be laid upon it, there can be no doubt that the primitive forms of Church government and worship, especially among Hebrew Christians, were largely moulded by the usage of the synagogue. In the Book of Acts, the first mention of elders comes quite incidentally, a suggestion, surely, that the office was already familiar.

The word proclaims itself to be a relic of the patriarchal form of government; though the root idea of honourable age was gradually merged into that of wisdom or capability. Even as early as the days

of Elihu, it was discovered that "great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment." And to touch lightly upon later times, it is said that, when Queen Elizabeth sent a youthful ambassador to one of the Continental courts, and some complaint was made because of his youth, the brave Queen Bess replied to this effect, "If I had known that you measured wisdom by beards, I would have sent you a goat." Strange as it may seem, youth is no disqualification even for eldership.

On the other hand, the elder is to be no novice, no new convert; he must be possessed of the ability and stability needful for his holy work. The term doubtless tells of dignity, and suggests a deference and respect due to one in a representative and responsible position. According to the Revised reading, there is a beautiful touch in the introduction of that famous letter from Jerusalem to the Gentile converts:—"The apostles and *elder brethren* unto the brethren which are of the Gentiles." The pastor in the church is an elder brother, to whom the other members of the family may look up for sympathy and guidance and help,—an elder brother to whom honour is due.

Next we glance at the term BISHOP (*ἐπίσκοπος*), also rendered "overseer", which is used interchangeably and synonymously with "elder", though, it may be, the latter has a somewhat wider and more inclusive sense. This word points to the one function of oversight, being applied by classical writers to an inspector or superintendent of any sort; and, naturally enough, being distinctively Greek, it is only employed in the New Testament in connection with the Churches mainly if not entirely composed of Gentile Christians. Its use is also limited to those who have the oversight or partial oversight of a single Church. But the charge, even of a small assembly of souls redeemed, is no mean work. The one tone of authority arising from the office of a bishop is just this,—he is to "take care of the Church of God." As John Bunyan quaintly rhymes upon the matter,—

"Another badge this officer doth wear
Is that of overseer; because the care
Of the whole house is with him. He's to see
They nothing want, nor yet abusèd be
By false intruders, doctrines, or (perchance)
By the misplacing of an ordinance."

Another such word, common with us, but seldom occurring in the New Testament, is PASTOR (*ποιμην*). In its Latin form, it only appears once in our version; but the good old Saxon word "shepherd" is of more frequent occurrence. This, however, is chiefly employed in reference to our Lord Himself, "the great Shepherd of the sheep," "the Shepherd and Bishop (Pastor and Overseer) of our souls." In this ministry of the Church of Christ, we are called to be like unto Him, the chief Shepherd, who, as pictured by His own series of winsome parables, in the morning leads out His flock to the pasture-lands, in the scorching heat of the day is the entrance to shade and shelter, while in the darkening hour He defends His sheep from the ravening wolf. "I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

When Peter, in his old age, would lay the charge upon his fellow-elders, he chooses the pastoral figure: "Tend the flock of God which is among you, exercising the oversight, not of constraint, but willingly, according unto God: nor yet for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as lording it over the charge allotted to you, but making yourselves ensamples to the flock." Does not Peter remember, as he writes, that scene by the shore of the beautiful sea, the question that went to his heart of hearts, "Lovest thou Me?" and the solemn charge to shepherd both the lambs and the sheep? Ah, yes! the first qualification for the pastorate is no mere mechanical link that binds men to the past, but a strong constraining love which binds men to a living Saviour, and brings its own authority.

Other words are used to describe the same office and work. We will not venture upon a discussion of the term "angel of the church," being more and more inclined to the belief that, in keeping with a Book of strange symbolism, its use is highly figurative, pointing, perhaps, to the pervading spirit of the Church. "The seven stars are the angels of the seven Churches: and the seven candlesticks are the seven Churches;" but is not the star a light of the heavens, and the candlestick rather of the earth?

There are at least two other expressions, however, which call for attention. One occurs in Paul's earliest Epistle, the book that is nearest in time to Pentecost. It is, "*them that are over you in the Lord.*" The word (*προϊστάμενοι*) might be rendered Presidents or Rulers. And the only position in the Church which answers to the description is that of elder, bishop, pastor. This office is according to the will of Christ. The true pastor and teacher is His own gift; and the control vested in the man gifted by Christ is not solely derived from the members of the Church, but flows from the Master Himself. This presidency or rulership, of which the apostle speaks, is *in the Lord*. And it is the part of the Church, acting, even in the choice of its officers, not for its own sake, but for Christ's sake, to recognize with honour and affection those spiritual guides who bear the marks of the King's gift. "We beseech you, brethren, to know them that labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them exceeding highly in love for their work's sake."

Another such expression is the phrase translated "*them that have the rule over you,*" literally, "your leaders," which is thrice repeated in one chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. No doubt the word (*ἡγούμενοι*) has a strong emphasis of authority, being applied in civil matters to rulers and governors. The rule of the pastor is that of leader, foremost in every good word and work; while the obedience and submission of those who are led is that of affectionate and willing service. This rule is altogether different from any arbitrary or self-assertive sway. The wife promises to obey her husband (though some brethren, seeking to improve upon Paul's system of morality, have erased that wholesome word from the marriage ceremony); yet the true wifely obedience savours nothing of bondage or constraint, but all of loyalty and love. This is the attitude which the Church ought to maintain toward its chosen pastor after the courtship, the proposal, and the public espousal.

Nor is the position of leader in a Christian Church by any means a sinecure; it is fraught with weightiest concern. "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit to them, for they watch in behalf of your souls as they that shall give account."

Now, in each of these terms, descriptive of the pastoral office and work, there is some tone of authority, but ever such as stands in perfect accord with a loving brotherhood. The main duties of the pastor are those of teaching and ruling. The pastor is a shepherd, (not a sheep-stealer, by the way,) and his calling is to feed and guide the flock.

In the task of teaching, the true authority is from above. To every disciple is given the sacred privilege of witnessing for Christ; but the pastor is specially chosen by the church for the work of public instruction, and if in his right sphere, elected and appointed by a higher Hand. It is on the strength of his Master's clear commission, with the seal upon it of the ever-present Spirit of truth, that he faces the delightful duty, the dread responsibility. Does anyone ask for his authority, he points to the strong Son of God to whom has been given all authority in Heaven and on earth. When Cornet Joyce came, at Cromwell's command, to remove Charles I. from Holmby House, the royal prisoner asked him where was his authority. "There, behind me," said the soldier, pointing to the body of horsemen that had accompanied him. It was enough. Our authority to call men to submission is there behind us in the kingly Christ and in His hosts of spiritual power. And the more we rely upon Him, the more commandingly shall we speak the Divine truth that sways the souls of men, the more clearly shall we echo the tone of Him who taught "as one having authority, and not as their scribes."

Again, as with teaching, so with ruling. One is our Master in Heaven, the ascended Christ; one is our Master on earth, the Spirit of God, the Divine Administrator of the Church. We have no authority to enact new laws, but only to work in accord with the will of Christ, under the guidance of His good Spirit. The Church is free, but to follow her Lord, to obey the commands of her King and Head, to uphold the crown rights of the Redeemer; free, but to submit to the controlling power of the almighty Spirit. The pastor, alike leader and servant of the Church of Christ, may be likened to the man at the wheel, who must steer not merely by the suggestions of the crew, but according to the captain's mandate and the shining of the steady stars. Whether it means saving or sinking, he must hold his rudder true. And if this be done in the right mode and spirit, with firm hand yet tender heart, the Captain will smile upon him from above, the ship is bound to weather the blast, and all will be well. And the officer thus actuated by the spirit of power and love and discipline is deserving of the Church's praise: "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially those who labour in the word and in teaching."

Pastoral authority, then, so far as we can reach the New Testament conception, is nothing outward, formal, or artificial; it is no mere official adornment, "empty and fine, like a swordless sheath;" it cannot be pinned on the coat like a prize medal, donned like the

livery of Bumbledom, or transferred from one to another by any mechanical means whatsoever; it is a strength of the spirit, a power of character. You may make a priest, an ecclesiastical "father", out of any wanderer who goes to sojourn that he may find a place, if only, like Micah, you possess the ephod and the teraphim; but for the making of a true pastor and teacher, *a man* is wanted. It is noteworthy that, in the list of qualifications needful for the work of elder or bishop, the bulk of them are excellences of Christian character, rather even than of ability, qualities of godliness and manliness. And these, by grace Divine, are within reach of the humblest of us. A mere Baptist preacher may be of little account in the eyes of the world; but if possessed of Christian character pure and strong, he may merit somewhat of the eulogy passed by Chrysostom on the first Baptist preacher, when he said that Herod might have kept his oath and yet have saved the life of John the Baptist, for that oath only bound him to the half of his kingdom, but John the Baptist's head was worth more than all his kingdom. Yes, he may even rise to a fulfilment of the heavenly prophecy concerning that same brave preacher, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord." This is the greatness that endures, and brings enduring power. The true authority comes not to him who claims it with self-assertive arrogance, but to him who deserves it. You and I have been glad, in days that are past, to call a matchless man of God "the Governor," and to yield with readiness to his authority, not because of anything he claimed to be, but because of what he truly and transparently was; and the nearer we attain to his strong character, the nearer shall we come to his power with God and with men; the farther we enter into the secret place where he abode, the larger will be our measure of pastoral authority.

"The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted
Is in God's sight a fool;
But he in Heavenly truth most deeply gifted
Sits lowest in Christ's school."

The more we learn of Him who is meek and lowly in heart, the more we walk in His steps,—

"Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love
Who stilled the rolling wave of Galilee,"—

the higher will be our authority in life and leadership, the stronger our sway for good. The model of our ministry is to be seen in the Servant of Jehovah, the very soul's delight of the Eternal, who showed in humblest servitude the path to Heaven's royalty, who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." It is when we give our life that we truly live our life; it is when self is lost in the ministry of love that the true authority is won.

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

VII.—IN THE WORKHOUSE.

THE Spring sun shed a flood of light through the deep French windows at the upper end of a long ward on the women's side of a Workhouse Infirmary. The sunshine made a great space for itself on the floor, and left part of its wealth on a corner of the table on which the convalescents had their meals.

In a wicker chair near the casement, right under the shower of gold, sat a little old woman with a check shawl over her shoulders, her happy, eager, yet peaceful face hemisphered with the white frill of the workhouse cap. Her hands were folded over each other, her gaze was turned full up to the light. She was blind. Yet, as we watched her contented look, we knew that there mingled with her welcome of the sunshine a vision of the soul, for she drew her satisfaction from a higher Heaven than the azure domain of the bridegroom of Spring.

Blind Sally and her husband came into "the House" together. For over fifty years they had fought the battle which falls to the lot of the poor; and, at last, through old age and infirmity, were left stranded in the Union. In the early days of their residence, we had often seen them sitting side by side in some sheltered spot, Sally's hand having found its nest of shelter and comfort in the clasped palms of her aged husband. They were not shy of this simple token of affection, which was the assurance to the sightless wife that the partner of so many wedded years was by her side. They were not tired of each other, as are many unfortunate couples who drift at last to the Workhouse.

The old man fell ill; then their outdoor idyll ceased. Sally went into the women's ward for good; only making a journey periodically, as she was able, to the men's side, when she would stroke the face she could not see. In her own quarters, she won the love of nurses and patients alike. It is not always the case that the inmates of a Workhouse Infirmary get along smoothly with one another, or with the authorities. Some sick ones, thus situated, show what often renders life hard in other places beside the Workhouse, namely, bad temper, impatience, ingratitude, and a resentful disposition.

The principal of a ladies' school once took one of her young pupils with her on an errand of mercy to an Infirmary ward. A tall old woman, of forbidding aspect, instantly tossed the clothes from her, and, trembling with passion, sprang from her bed in the direction of the young girl, shaking her fist at her, and crying, "Go away! Go away! I can't bear the sight of you!" As the attendants came to the rescue, the old woman whimpered, "I was once a beautiful girl like her."

Blind Sally did not rail at those who still had sight. Although she was surrounded by poor people who were ill, and dying, she was the same cheerful happy soul from day to day. The secret is soon told. She had other meat beside that served from the Workhouse

oven. On "fish days," the nurses would take care that Sally had no trouble with the bones. A like tender regard was shown for the soul of this "old disciple" by Him who, in the early morning, served a meal of fish and bread to the toilers of the night. Work-house bread is neither so wafer-like nor so white as that which daintily invites at five o'clock teas. Sally's share of the common loaf often looked coarse; but she divided her portion of the Better Bread with the Highest in the land. She was no longer a pauper, but a King's daughter when "the sacred feast, which Jesus makes," was on the board.

She knew the sweetness of the words of Watts, nor needed natural sight wherewith to sing,—

"Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love."

So we found her, on that sunny morning, sitting where the rays shone upon her withered hands.

"How old are you?" we asked.

"I was eighty last May," she replied.

"You seem always cheerful," we went on.

"Yes," she answered, "everybody is good to me, and the Lord is best of all."

"Then you do know the Saviour?" we put in.

"Bless Him, yes!" she said quickly. "He makes my heart like a summer's garden."

"What do you do when the cold winds come, and you feel old and weak?" This we asked to draw her out.

"Hide closer," she instantly responded with a shrewd smile. "Doesn't it say, 'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety'?" Then she warmed up, and her wrinkled face looked quite beautiful as she added, "He has helped me through so much, it is all too late to doubt Him now."

"Shall you ever have your sight again?" we ventured to enquire.

She looked at us as if she could see, and said quietly, "Not here; but when I get home, I shall. It says, in the Bible, 'They shall see His face.' Yes, I shall see then."

We laid our hand reverently on that dear old head. As we did so, a pair of shining black eyes met ours. Their possessor, a consumptive girl lying in a bed close by, showed by her look how eagerly she had been drinking in the conversation with Blind Sally. Going to her, we laid our hand gently over the hot parched hand stretched out on the coverlet.

The essence of sick visitation is a quiet soothing manner. If you greet with the hand, touch as gently as though you were bringing forth a fine chord from a sensitive string. We learned this, many years ago, from the late Sir William Gull. *His* touch and voice, on a memorable morning when life hung in suspense, linger with us yet. There are notes, once evoked, that seem to hover in the vicinity of the spirit all through the years.

"How are you?" we said to Lizzie, for so she was known all through the ward.

"Getting nearer the Better Land," was the unexpected reply.

"Do you fear the rest of the journey,—the narrow seas, shall we call them?"

She shook her head, with her great eyes still seeking ours.

"Why not?" we asked.

"Because I'm trusting Jesus."

The next time we came through the ward, Lizzie's bed was occupied by another. The pauper girl had come into her fortune. One morning, at the breaking of the day, she heard her Lord's call, "Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away." She arose, and followed Him, leaving the vesture of her earthly state to be put aside. And as she went, she was healed. Unseen by the nurses of the night, she passed, transfigured by that call of love, for He who beckoned beautified! Is not that the secret of the greatest of all translations?

When we heard that Lizzie was gone, we went up to the open glass doors, and leaned over the verandah. We looked out on the fair Spring prospect without seeing it. Our mind was full of the possibilities of that Great Exchange.

The superintendent nurse stepped up to us, and our mind woke to nearer things.

The "House" stood high, and the ward was one of the upper floors. From the verandah, a vast view spread forth. The town stretched away to the left, and straggled in patches of new houses into the valley beneath. Beyond lay a river, and then the hills rose again, covered with glorious woods clothed in the hues of Spring. Here and there, substantial residences nestled. A church spire rose above the trees, an asylum for orphans appeared to the left; while, on the far right, lay one of the historic parks of the land. The valley was flooded with sunshine, intermittently interrupted with the exaggerated shadows of fleecy clouds. We had been thinking of "the land of far distances," and of the prospect which filled the vision of the poor ward's patient on that other Spring morning.

Sheer below, in sheltered sunny spots, old people dozed the morning hours away.

"Come with me," said the nurse, "I want you to hear something." We went back into the ward, to the bed of an aged woman, a new-comer, suffering from a severe fracture.

The old lady took no notice of us. "Granny, let the gentleman hear you sing!" the nurse called almost in the ancient's ear. The request was repeated. Slowly the old dame opened her eyes.

"Sing what you sang to me yesterday," coaxed the nurse.

"Hey?" at last came in a quavering voice. But she had grasped the situation, and bringing her hands very slowly together in the form of prayer, she piped out, in a most tremulous key,—

"Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

The singer's voice grew stronger as she essayed another verse,—

"Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear,
And turns their hell to Heaven."

It is impossible, in this quiet prose, to describe the effect, at least on one hearer, as that anthem from the aged quiveringly made its way over the ward full of sick people. Perhaps the present writer is imaginative. Perhaps he made an application all his own. But, as he listened, he wished that every door were opened wide, and every ear unstopped, so that each one of that strange aggregate of stranded people might receive the joyful sound.

"How long have you known that?" we asked the singer.

"Ever sin' I was a gell."

"How old are you?" we enquired.

"I shall be eighty-nine come the 29th of May."

"Do you know the meaning as well as the words?" we ventured to ask.

"Ever sin' I was 'leven," was the old dame's answer. "My teacher took pains with me. She wanted me to have a Bible o' my own. They were dear when I was a gell. My teacher paid half, and I paid half, it was 'leven shillin'. I've kep' it ever sin', and I've got it now."

With a twist, she put her brown wrinkled arm beneath the bolster, and brought out the most wonderful Book in the world to her and to us. All through the years of that long life, it had been her stay; and, at last, it lay under her head in the Workhouse Infirmary.

The full morning came to an end, but the flood of its emotions has not yet gone down. Even as we write, we seem to hear that ancient mother singing—

"Jesus, the Name high over all."

"Harder To-morrow."

THE recent home-going of Mr. Balgarnie, the well-known and much-loved Congregational pastor and evangelist, has reminded me of an incident in connection with some services which this honoured servant of Christ was conducting at a suburban chapel.

A good man, known to me as an all-alive Christian worker, was anxious for the salvation of his "mate", though, strangely enough, he himself was, at that time, neither a Christian nor desirous of being one. The "mate" agreed to attend the special services on condition that his friend went also. The two men not only went to the preaching service, but, by the same compact, they also remained to the prayer-meeting, and it was afterwards discovered that the "mate" was all the while hoping that his companion might thus be saved.

It was in the second meeting that Mr. Balgarnie put to my friend the straight question, "Will you give yourself to Christ?" "Not to-night," was his reply. "But," said the faithful man of God, "it will be harder to-morrow." "Then it will be hard indeed," thought the

man ; and, by the Holy Spirit's gracious working, it was not many days before both men were rejoicing in God's pardoning mercy.

Reader, have you yielded yourself to Christ ? If not, *it will be harder to-morrow*. Nay ; you have no lease of your life, so it may be impossible to-morrow, for to-morrow may never come to you. The Holy Ghost saith, "To day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

"Hasten, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Longer wisdom you despise,
Harder is she to be won."

B. B. B.

Pastor John Clark, the Poet Preacher.

IN writing a brief sketch of Pastor John Clark,* I felt the limitation of space, and therefore concluded that I would leave out any special reference to his literary work. Yet no record of his life could possibly be just which passes by the labours of his brain and pen. It must be more than a quarter of a century since he sent me contributions, in prose and poetry, for *The Ipswich Free Press*, a paper which I conducted for some years. I ventured to suggest that his verses evidenced considerable poetic gift, and that he should cultivate the muse. Pastor Clark is now kind enough to say that I was among the first to encourage him, and I will not deny the soft impeachment, especially seeing that he has wrought so efficiently, and to such good purpose. It has not come to my knowledge that our brother has published any volume ; possibly, the means for so doing have not been available ; but I could well believe that some publisher might be found who would issue a volume, and that the many papers and periodicals which have accepted his writings would very warmly commend them to their readers. *The Gospel in All Lands*, *The Missionary Review of the World*, *The Sunday School Times*, *The British Flag*, *The Christian Treasury*, *The Ram's Horn*, *The Watchman*, *The Watchword*, *The Sword and the Trowel*, *The Children's Friend*, *The Baptist Messenger*, and other papers and magazines have all contained contributions from his pen. When it is remembered that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise wrote expressing thanks for an "Ode of Welcome," and that Dr. Bonar in Scotland, Whittier in America, and C. H. Spurgeon in England, have all written words of appreciation and commendation, it should be possible to make a great success of a volume even in these days, for it would be in demand for reading, recitation, quotation, and song.

A collection of Pastor Clark's short articles and "Pithy Points" would be useful, as suggesting thoughts worth uttering to public speakers who so often miss the mark. Many of these pointed and pungent sayings have been accepted for *John Ploughman's Almanack*, and for Mr. Spurgeon's *Salt Cellars*, and that fact evidences their

* See Mr. Whale's article, in last month's *Sword and Trowel*, on Pastor John Clark, Westchester Station, Nova Scotia.

quality. For Sunday-school and Temperance workers, for revival services and various purposes, these poems would be of great use. Already Mr. Clark has been honoured by having three pieces set to music for Church and Sunday-school gatherings; two have found places in *The Canadian Baptist Hymnal*, and one in *Sursum Corda*, a hymn-book of high repute, published by the American Baptist Publication Society. *The Halifax Herald*, a Canadian paper of some note, occupied nine columns with an account of Mr. Clark and his poetry, and no one could read either the poetry or the sketch of our friend's career without feeling glad that he is one of "Our Own Men." I close this supplemental sketch with a few extracts, beginning with a portion of the poem on "Westminster Abbey":—

"I entered the grand old Abbey,
With calm and reverent tread;
For beneath those marble splendours
Sleep England's mighty dead.

"There kings and queens are buried,
And men that ruled the State;
There rest from all their labours,
The wise, the good; the great.

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"As the doors closed slowly behind me,
Musing, alone, I stood;
Grateful for all that is holy,
Joyful for all that is good."

From a missionary hymn,—*"Tell the Tale"*:—

"Tell the tale of Jesu's love
Fresh from Truth's own pages;
All its hold on man it keeps
Through long-lasting ages.
While to you the passing years
More and more endear it,
Millions of the human race
Die, and never hear it."

From a poem on "The Heavenly World":—

"I do not know where Heaven may be,
Nor need I care to know;
What God Himself has kindly veiled
No creature power may show.
My heart approves the thoughtful love
Which wisely plans it so.

"The space I know is lessening fast
Between that world and me;
Ere long, these weary, waiting eyes
The King Himself shall see;
Companionship with God in Christ
My Heaven of heaven must be."

My heart says, "God bless Brother Clark, and may he have more butter on his bread!" (See *June Sword and Trowel*, page 312.)

W. WHALE.

New Testament Confession and Absolution.

A PAPER READ AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MEN'S BIBLE-CLASS,

BY MR. H. J. B. STEELE.

QUITE a prominent note of the present Church crisis has been the cry of alarm, mingled with detestation and horror, which has arisen from nearly every section of the public, and which has been echoed by both the secular and religious press, at the re-introduction of the practice of auricular confession in the Established Church; and even statesmen have been forced to denounce the practice in no measured terms. That the alarm is well-founded, there is but little doubt. The confessional is not only a hindrance to true religion, but it is also a political menace to the well-being of any State; and Englishmen may well take alarm at the reappearance amongst us of an institution which threatens home, Church, and State alike with its corrupting influence.

There is a sense, however, in which this danger does not threaten us as Baptists and Free Churchmen; but as we are also citizens of the empire, and placed here by God that we may be "the salt of the earth," it behoves us to turn from "wizards that peep and mutter" "to the law and to the testimony," and see if there be, in that inspired record that God has given to us, any direction upon the subject.

I shall, therefore, this afternoon, direct your attention, first, to the confession spoken of in the New Testament; and, in connection therewith, speak as briefly as possible on the forgiveness of sins; and then proceed to examine the errors now being sown broadcast by the clergy of the Established Church and their Popish allies. For the sake of convenience in explaining or setting forth any doctrine inculcated by the New Testament, I will notice and from God's Word refute any erroneous statements put forward by these "blind leaders of the blind."

Two kinds of confession are mentioned in the New Testament. First, the public confession or acknowledgment of Christ as Lord and Master; secondly, the confession or acknowledgment of our sins and sinfulness.

It is with the latter that we have principally to do, this afternoon; but let none imagine that the importance of the former confession can be at all over-estimated. It is a positive command of Christ, accompanied with a most glorious promise, and is, as the apostle Paul points out, in Romans x. 9, the duty as well as the privilege of the believer. Such confession of Christ is made, first, by following Him in His own appointed ordinance of baptism, and then continuously made by a consistent walk and conversation, and a fearless, outspoken, yet withal humble witness for Christ. It needs no words from me to emphasize the duty of thus confessing Christ. May it be our daily aim and prayer that nothing in our life shall tend to make us ashamed to own Christ as Lord and Master, or cause Him to be ashamed of us before His Father and the hosts of Heaven!

The second kind of confession spoken of, viz., the confession and acknowledgment of sin and sinfulness, again divides itself, in both Old and New Testaments, into two, and only two kinds:—1. Confession of the wrong done, made to the party wronged. 2. Confession of all sins to God.

Let us pause for a moment to ask what is the aim and end of all confession. Is it not the obtaining of forgiveness? And are not the two almost inseparable, for is there any forgiveness spoken of in God's Word apart from confession? Nay, further, in our daily dealings with one another, do we forgive apart from confession? Let me illustrate. A man owes me a shilling. He pays me, and the debt is cancelled; but his very paying me is a confession that he owed the money. We confess our sins, then, in order that we may obtain forgiveness.

Now, forgiveness of sins has become possible by the atonement made

by the Lord Jesus Christ "once for all," "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God;" and so the gospel message is sounded forth, proclaiming to all who will accept it, mercy and pardon through the sacrifice of Christ. By virtue of His death, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And it is the non-acknowledgment of our sin that causes it to remain. "Ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth," was said by Christ to those who thought they had no sin to confess. Further let it be remembered that the forgiveness is full and complete. "I will remember their sin no more." "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

It will, then, be granted that confession of sin is made in order to obtain forgiveness. That is, shall I say, the voluntary side of confession? There is, however, in the New Testament, a compulsory side to confession, that which I have laid down as the first kind of confession of sin: the confession or acknowledgment of wrong, to the party wronged. "Confess your faults one to another." In these words does James exhort the members of the early Church, who were suffering manifestly from the punishment meted out to them on account of their sins. Even the most superficial study of the context will suffice to show that James is speaking of bodily infirmity. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." There is but little doubt that, during the time of the apostles, sin was visited by them with a display of their miraculous power, a power even extending to death, as witness the action of Peter in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, and the words of Paul in 2 Corinthians i. 23, and xiii. 10, where he declares that "to spare you I came not as yet unto Corinth," and "I write these things being absent, lest being present I should use sharpness." This power of punishment was also possessed by the Church under certain conditions: "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus" (1 Corinthians v. 4, 5).

James therefore exhorts such as are suffering to send for the elders of the Church, to seek their prayers, and make confession to the parties wronged, that their united prayers might be offered for the healing of the brother who had acknowledged his sin. That this verse has been grievously misunderstood, was patent from the fruits resulting from the public confession practised during the second century; for a good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit, yet so productive of evil was this practice that, at first, the elder members, and afterward an officer of the church, had to be deputed to hear the confessions *first* before they were repeated in public in order to suppress any objectionable matter, thus really depriving them of the real nature of a confession or full and frank acknowledgment of sin. And so evil had the practice become that, in the third century, open confession of particular offences was absolutely forbidden. From a careful study of the Scripture, I am forced to this conclusion, that only where the crime has been one against the public, and publicly practised, should public confession be made. Such a case is recorded in Acts xix. 18, 19, where those who had deceived the people by their conjuring tricks, came and told those whom they had deceived how they had duped them, thus making the only amends in their power.

The second kind of confession of sin, viz., its daily acknowledgment to God, is inculcated by both our reason and the testimony of the entire Scripture. One New Testament reference, and the only *direct* one will, I think, suffice: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." On the other hand, refusal to acknowledge our sin is declared by the apostle to be evidence that the truth is not in us. I am sure it needs no words of mine

to convince of the need of confessing our sin, nor does anyone seriously question, or even question at all, the need of confession. The great question is,—To whom am I to confess? And it is at this point that we join issue with the Papacy and Ritualism. The Scriptures clearly and distinctly point to God as the one to whom confession is to be made. See Joshua vii. 19: "My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him." Ezra x. 10, 11: "And Ezra the priest stood up, and said unto them, Ye have transgressed. . . . Now therefore make confession unto the Lord God of your fathers." Psalm xxxii. 5: "I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." Daniel ix. 4: "I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession." These texts are exceedingly important because they distinctly show that, even at a time when God was pleased to speak through men in a direct manner, yet even His representatives Joshua and Ezra directed the people and the penitent to make confession to God and to Him alone, not to any third party, however good, holy, or wise, he or she might be.

Yet, in spite of the overwhelming testimony of Scripture on the point, and in face of terrible facts, a number of men are to-day inculcating in the minds of the young the doctrine and practice of auricular confession. It would be amusing, if it were not so blasphemous, to examine the excuses put forward for the introduction of this practice. It is, they say, a custom of the early Church, and a Catholic doctrine, whereas it is a matter of plain, incontrovertible fact that it is neither. It is the most modern of all the so-called "sacraments." The earliest date claimed for it by Rome herself is 763 A.D., and then only as being enforced by one single bishop; and it was not till 1215, at the Lateran Council, that it was made an article of the faith. Neither is it Catholic; for, to be such, it must have been in use at all times, in all places, and by all the members of the Church, whereas, until recently, Rome was the only Church practising auricular confession. The doctrine and practice are unknown in the Greek or Russian Church, a body which can boast of greater antiquity than Rome. The practice is of purely Romish origin, and can lay no claim to be sanctioned either by Scripture, the early Church, or even that doubtful and indefinable body, the early fathers.

In order, therefore, that we may the more effectively deal with this question as it arises from day to day in our intercourse with men and women, I will ask your indulgence while I state as concisely as possible the teaching of Rome and her Ritualistic allies upon this subject.

Confession is one of the three parts into which Rome has divided the so-called "sacrament of penance;" viz., "contrition, confession, and satisfaction." But, to all intents and purposes, confession is really "the sacrament of penance," as contrition may, according to the teaching of Rome, be omitted, and the satisfaction demanded is often of a ridiculous nature, such as the repetition of a number of prayers. Rome has declared that penance is necessary to salvation to those who have sinned after baptism, as baptism itself is for the unregenerate. And when we recollect the stress laid by this Church on infant sprinkling, and the miraculous power attributed to it, the lack of which shuts an unconscious babe out of the Kingdom of Heaven, we see the importance, in the eyes of the Papist and his Ritualistic ally, of this so-called sacrament, the lack of which equally debars the man or woman from Heaven. Hence arises the awful dread of the devout Irish peasant of dying without the priest.

We will let the Church of Rome speak for itself. With refreshing clearness, the Council of Trent, the highest authority in the Church of Rome, has decreed:—"Whosoever shall deny that Sacramental confession was instituted by Divine Authority, or that it is necessary to salvation, or shall affirm that the practice of secretly confessing to a priest alone, as it has

ever been observed from the beginning of the Catholic Church, and is still observed, is foreign to the institution and command of Christ, and is a human invention, let him be accursed."

In this plain and straightforward declaration of faith and malediction, we have the teaching of Rome as to the necessity of auricular confession, *i. e.*, whispering into the ear of a third party, the priest, the sins committed against God and our fellow-man; that this is necessary to salvation, and has always been practised in the Church, and is of Divine institution and authority. Understood in the ordinary sense, and tested by Scripture and history, the whole statement is one gigantic falsehood. But when we understand that Rome claims to be Divine, and is herself her own authority, it will help us to comprehend better what she means. Certainly, there is no warrant in Scripture for it, and it most assuredly is foreign to either the institution or command of Christ, for nowhere is there a record in the Divine Word of its institution, and certainly not the shadow of a command for its observance. That it was not practised in the early Church, one of her ablest historians admits, and one of her "authorized" fathers declares that "all state that confession was only introduced by ecclesiastical law."

Rome having replaced the Scriptures by her theory of tradition, and having made the priest absolute, and the Pope infallible, does not, as a rule, appeal to the Word of God for confirmation of any theory she advances. But the activity of Protestants has, in some instances, forced her to try and prove her position from Scripture. Accordingly, the following texts have been pressed into the service. James v. 16: "Confess your faults." This is only half a text, and at its best disproves confession to a priest, for the confession is to be mutual. Acts xix. 18. But this, as we have seen, was a public and not a private confession. Matthew iii. 6: "Were baptized, . . . confessing their sins." Here, again, the confession was made publicly, and was *before* not *after* baptism. Numbers v. 6, 7: "When a man or woman shall commit any sin that men commit, to do a trespass against the Lord, and that person be guilty; then they shall confess their sin which they have done." This cannot mean confession to a priest, for no priest is mentioned; what is prescribed is that twenty per cent. shall be added to the value, and restored to the owner, who has been wronged, and confession made to him.

The Roman doctrine, then, since her appeal to Scripture fails, is of purely human origin; and so we affirm, even though the Council of Trent may curse us with its most terrible anathema.

Let us, for a few moments, turn to study the family likeness between the Romish and Ritualistic confessional. Like the Church of Rome, though it is to be regretted without her outspokenness, Ritualists claim it to be of Divine origin. One book I have, entitled, "A Book for the Children of God," says that it was instituted in the Garden of Eden. Another book, entitled, "Pardon for the Penitent," by Rev. H. E. Hall, declares that "confession before a priest was taught to the Jews by God in the law of Moses. It was taught by S. John the Baptist, and much practised by the people who came to him. It is recommended to Christians by S. James v. 16. *And we find that Christians at Ephesus who, having fallen away from God, were again converted by St. Paul, used it: 'They came and confessed and shewed their deeds.'* Acts xix. 18." I cannot refrain from declaring my astonishment at the mingled audacity and ignorance of the writer applying the term *Christians* to heathen exorcists; but perhaps they *were*, after his kind. They both perform magic, equally false and delusive, whether it be "making Christians" by sprinkling, or exorcising the devil with enchantments.

IN "A Catechism for Catholics in England," penance or confession is declared to be a sacrament whereby the sins which we have committed after

baptism are forgiven, and auricular confession is taught by the writer in a hymn of which the following is a verse,—

“ When I confess with contrite heart,
My sins unto the priest ;
I do believe, from all their guilt,
That moment I'm released.”

“ A Catechism for Little Catholics ” reiterates these statements. I will not weary you with multiplied extracts. One, as to the necessity of confession to a priest, must suffice. The introduction to “ The Priest in Absolution, ” after referring to the authority of certain forms in the Book of Common Prayer, speaks thus concerning absolution, “ This disposes of such notions as that men may confess their sins to one another with the same profit as to the priest. ”

Thus, as can plainly be seen, the likeness between Ritualism and Romanism is both startling and complete. Sins can only be forgiven by a priest. In thus teaching, she is, with the Church of Rome, equally at variance with the teaching of both Old and New Testaments.

Hitherto, I have spoken only of confession. I now come to deal with the question inseparable from it—the power of absolution. On this point the teaching of Scripture is clear and distinct. “ Who can forgive sins but God alone ? ” and throughout the whole of Scripture neither priest, apostle, prophet, nor evangelist, though they did many wondrous works, and wrought mighty miracles, ever pretended to forgive the iniquity of anyone. This is peculiarly the province of Jehovah. “ Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity ? ” “ But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared. ”

Rome and the Ritualists, however, claim for their priests the power to forgive or refuse forgiveness for sins. Their claim is based on John xx. 23: “ Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them ; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained ; ” and, on this ground, Rome curses all who deny the validity of her absolution, and the Ritualist confidently declares, “ No one but the priest is empowered to apply the absolution and remission of their sins, or to exclude from absolution and remission of sins. ”

Now I admit, at first and superficial sight, that this looks like a confirmation of the sacerdotal theory ; but, like the wooden apples in the toy-shop, the difference is found out by examination. In the first place, this power was given to *all* the disciples, both men and women, not to the apostles only ; and one apostle, Thomas, was not with them then, so that the power of absolution, if such be conferred in these words, is the heritage and privilege of every believer. Secondly, this Scripture does not warrant the assumption of any such power by any human being. Nowhere do we find either the apostles or any member of the Church using it. *Nobody has ever attempted to use it* but the Romanists and Ritualists. The Greek Church, though encouraging at the present day mutual confession, and, in certain cases, the consultation of the Archimandrite, does not either claim or exercise this power.

What, then, does the text mean ? Now I want to impress one great fact upon all here present, this afternoon ; and that is, that the Bible, written in the East, is largely an Eastern book, and as such is written largely in figurative language. This will help us in our study, not only of this passage, but of many another text also. This verse is no exception to the rule. Figurative language, the one best understood by an Eastern mind, is employed ; the figures of speech used being first Metonymy, and, secondly, Enallage, or exchange. Metonymy means a change of name, and is often used in Scripture ; thus, the *place* is put for the *inhabitant* : “ Woe unto thee, Chorazin, ” meaning the inhabitants, not the town. The *material* is

put for *the thing made*: "*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,*" meaning, man who was made out of it. The name of the *leader* is put for his *followers*: Christ's words to Peter, "*Get thee behind me, Satan,*" meant that Peter was following Satan in seeking to dissuade Christ from the death of the cross; and His words to Saul, "*I am Jesus whom thou persecutest,*" meaning His followers, and thus showing what a blessed and glorious union exists between them and their Lord.

In all these cases, there is a close relationship between the figure used and the thing indicated. Luke, in recording this visit to the disciples, declares that Christ bade them proclaim repentance and remission of sins through Him. Now, just as "*Chorazin*" means its inhabitants, as "*dust*" stands for man who was made of it, and as the name of Christ Jesus stands for His servants, so the term *ye* stands for *the gospel you preach*. It was their all-in-all, their one business in life to be witnesses unto Him, and to proclaim repentance and remission of sins in His Name.

The second figure used is that of *Enallage*, or exchange, where the thing to be done is described as *completed*, so surely do things that God hath ordained come to pass; and, in other cases, it is used as a declaration of what has been already done. Thus Isaiah was sent to "*Make the heart of this people fat,*" that is, "*Declare it shall be made fat.*" Jeremiah was sent to "*root out and to pull down,*" that is, to declare that they should be. Ezekiel did not come "*to destroy the city*" himself, but to proclaim that it should be destroyed. And, on the other hand, the priest was told to *cleanse* the leper, *i.e.*, to pronounce him clean; and to pollute him, *i.e.*, to pronounce him polluted; and, in the butler's dream, told to Joseph, he says, "*Me he restored unto my office, and him he hanged,*" whereas he meant and was understood to say, "*Me he declared should be restored to my office, and him he declared should be hanged.*"

This will help us to understand the term "*ye remit,*" meaning, if we read the whole verse in harmony with the rules of rhetoric and grammar, and in complete harmony with the teaching of Scripture, "*Whose soever sins the gospel you preach declares to be remitted, they are remitted; and whose soever sins the gospel you preach declares to be retained, they are retained.*" Is it not so, brethren? Is not the gospel the savour of life unto life to many, and of death unto death to others?

But *if*—and I utterly deny that such powers as those claimed by Ritualists and Romanists were conferred,—if, I say, they were, how is it, in describing the work and office of the elders or bishops of the Church, that the apostles never once mention or hint at this great power? For the simple reason that it was never conferred upon or claimed by the apostles. Their one message was, "*Through this Man, is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.*"

I must now pass on to the consideration of another and very important side of this subject. We have seen that it is unscriptural; so far we have acted on the defensive. I now want to take you a step further, and I declare that the system, as now taught, is both blasphemous and immoral, and a menace to the well-being of any community which tolerates it within her borders.

I say it is blasphemous, because it not only puts the priest in the place of God, but declares that he is God. Rome curses with her most awful anathema any who deny this, and tells both priest and laity that it is a fact. The Ritualists are no less explicit; I will just give a few quotations from their own books:—

"Jesus Christ may be there, in the person of other priests, to hear their confession. . . . Jesus does all things in the Catholic Church. . . . Jesus is hidden in the Priest."

Now these statements in themselves are rank blasphemy, but they are increased a thousandfold when these monsters of iniquity are bidden to put questions to children and females that are full of loathsome filthiness,

and that, naturally, lead to a terrible increase of guilt both in the "priest" and the "penitent."

Not only does auricular confession put the priest in the place of God, but it puts the saints and the Virgin Mary on a level with Him. The form of confession used in both Roman and Anglican Churches is identical:—"I confess to God Almighty, to Blessed Mary, and all the saints (or the company of Heaven), and to you, my father." Here all are put upon the same footing, and God is degraded to the level of His creatures. Surely, such wickedness should make us rise, and with all our might denounce and expose so God-dishonouring a practice.

Parallel with its blasphemy must be placed its immorality in the fullest sense of the word, for it has concealed the exceeding sinfulness of sin by its division into two classes, mortal and venial, a distinction altogether foreign to Scripture.

Further, it is immoral, for it is more than a recounting of sins. The confessional is a place where seed is sown to bear fruit another day. "Curse the priest," said one; "I have committed, for the first time, the sin about which he examined me, and of which till then I had been ignorant." Its influence for evil on society is not easily to be reckoned, for it has virtually destroyed the distinction between right and wrong, till, as an Irishman said, "Who could be bothered to do right when wrong was pleasanter and forgiveness so easy?" I have myself heard Roman Catholics, by no means bad ones, making light of their penances. Certain I am that it is no check to evil; and this corruption is being spread in England. I hold in my hand books of preparation for confession, telling children to ask themselves questions foul in the extreme, and if they don't understand their meaning, to ask the priest. I leave you to judge of the effects of such instruction. If its effect upon the people is bad, it is certainly no better on the priest. Says one, whose testimony has been unimpugned, "I have heard the confessions of more than two hundred priests; and to say the truth, as God knows it, I must declare that only twenty-one had not to weep over the secret or public sins committed through the irresistibly corrupting influences of auricular confession."

I say nothing of its further danger to the State, by the knowledge obtained from officials, in the confessional, and transmitted, without *bordereaux*, to any part of the world where it may be of use. Further than this, even as a political system it is intolerable.

But one thing I want to impress upon you, brethren, is that you are responsible for these practices so long as you hold your peace. Go out, then, and tell of Christ the only Mediator. Proclaim the entrance into the holiest to be open through Christ, and show that there is no need of any human priest, for we can come direct to the one great High Priest, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Notices of Books.

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

Looking Forward. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANOTHER daintily - produced half-crown volume in Dr. Miller's well-known style. In this case, he has specially sought to solve "young people's problems," relating to their

parents, friends, Christian career, choosing life-partners, and kindred topics; and the whole of them are treated in such a plain yet kind fashion that the book must be helpful to young men and maidens; and there is much in it that ought to be of service to their seniors also.

George Müller, of Bristol. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

MR. WRIGHT, the son-in-law and successor of Mr. Müller, explains, in the Introduction to this six-shilling volume, that it is not intended to supersede the autobiography, entitled, *Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller*, but rather to contain the substance of those four volumes, with a supplemental sketch of the thirteen years that have elapsed since the last was published. It is a marvellous story, and well deserved to be re-told, and the book containing it ought to help in the perpetuation of the work. Many people may not be aware that "the primary reason for establishing the orphan house" was thus described by Mr. Müller:—"If I, a poor man, simply by prayer and faith, obtained, *without asking any individual*, the means for establishing and carrying on an orphan house, there would be something which, with the Lord's blessing, might be instrumental in strengthening the faith of the children of God, besides being a testimony to the consciences of the unconverted of the reality of the things of God." Right grandly has the great undertaking fulfilled the purpose of its founder; and it has, at the same time, proved of untold value, both spiritually and temporally, to many thousands of fatherless and motherless children.

The other parts of Mr. Müller's life-work—his ministry in Teignmouth and Bristol, his widely-extended evangelistic tours, his Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad,—are all described in this volume; nor is the dark portion of the narrative omitted. One cannot read the record of the young man before his conversion, without magnifying the grace of God which first chose him, and then gradually fitted him for the service his Lord intended him to perform. The portrait of Mr. Müller and other illustrations add to the value of the volume.

The Secret of Achievement. BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN. Nelson and Sons.

THE rather elaborate sub-title of

this handsome 3s. 6d. volume informs us that it is 'a book designed to teach that the highest achievement is that which results in noble manhood and womanhood; that there is something greater than wealth, grander than fame; that character is the only success.' In sixteen chapters, the author admirably carries out his own design mainly by giving pertinent quotations from vast numbers of writers, with striking sayings of various notable individuals, of sixteen of whom portraits are given. The book ought to be of immense value to any young man or woman into whose hands it may come.

Christ Come and Coming. By FOLLAND. Elliot Stock.

HAD the writer understood what the "Coming" or "Parousia" is, as a word which has a definite use, he could never have mixed up things that differ in the manner that is shown here. Mr. Folland, in common with many others, fails entirely to see that "Parousia" is identified, not with the Divine Presence of Jesus, but with *His Presence as God-Man*. The failure thus to distinguish, mars this work throughout, and ruins what would otherwise have been a most important contribution to experimental Christianity. Had Mr. Folland said what he had to say without touching, far less confusing, the central prophetic hope, the result would have been a decided gain. As it is, despite the gratuitous prophetic chaos in which the author revels, the spiritual presence of the Lord Jesus is by him so excellently unfolded and enforced as almost to condone all faults; for he who knows this inner presence is already, in effect, within the sphere of God's underived Heaven.

Watching for the Dawn. By Rev. J. H. TOWNSEND, D.D. Marshall Brothers.

ONE of the many books upon the Second Coming of our Lord that dwell much upon the time of His appearing. With most of it, we heartily agree; but are not sure of the arithmetic of the question. That is the rock upon which many fair prophetic barques have foundered.

The Motherhood of Jesus. Sunday Evening Addresses. By Rev. EVAN THOMAS. S. B. Spaul, The Mall, Ealing.

WE do not like the title of this shilling booklet, nor do we think that four Lord's-day evenings need have been devoted to a topic that might have formed the theme of a week-night lecture. Still, there are some timely words concerning Mariolatry and the present Protestant struggle, which will do good.

"*I Promise.*" Talks on the Christian Endeavour Pledge. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Sunday School Union.

A BOOKLET specially for Endeavourers, and likely to be helpful to them. We are sorry that Mr. Meyer still commends the American novel, "*In His Steps*," after all that has been written concerning its unscriptural teaching.

We rejoice to see that Mr. H. D. BROWN'S admirable penny booklet, *What Christ Did*, published by Mr. A. Holness, has reached its hundredth thousand. It is an excellent antidote to the poisonous volume above-mentioned.

The Making of the Million. Tales of the Twentieth Century Fund. By JOHN ACKWORTH. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SERIES of stories, reprinted from *The British Weekly*, and all intended to show how the Methodist million guineas are being or may be raised. Whatever blessing may ultimately come out of the various Twentieth Century Funds, we regard them, from many standpoints, as anything but an unmixed good.

The Gospel in Baptism. By Rev. F. A. JONES. T. H. Hopkins, 16, Gray's Inn Road.

THE title of this book reminds us of a view of Baptism which is not always remembered. We can hardly be too zealous in exposing the errors taught so widely to-day on this subject; the hydra-headed mischief that

follows departure from the Word here is unspeakable. Still, we must not forget that the best way to overthrow error is to present truth. The author has not, we think, quite reached his own ideal of writing a book that should not be controversial, though he has given us a useful volume to put into the hands of an enquirer on this important question.

Stories of Sea Adventure. By FRANK MUNDELL. Sunday School Union.

ONE of the best of the "Adventure" series, and one that is sure of acceptance in this sea-girt country. Fire, frost, fever, and fog, are four of the worst enemies with which the men of the sea have to contend; but this volume shows how they have overcome them, and many other perils beside. Boys who read it will want to be young heroes, like some here described.

"*A Lost Art*," and other Stories of the East End. By S. C. PENNEFATHER. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

FOUR true stories of life in the East End, affording glimpses of the terrible sin and misery of the poor people in that part of London, and also proving how God's power is sufficient to save the vilest sinner, and to sustain the weakest saint. We hope this little book will be used of God in leading many of His servants to do what they can for the lost, the lone, and the neglected of our great cities and towns.

The Palm-branch and other Verses. By ARTHUR R. SHREWSBURY, Minister of Albion Church, Hammersmith. Elliot Stock.

SIMPLE, devout, and Evangelical,—above the average of ministerial poetry. In the matter of rhythm, even a laureate might learn something from these verses. We cordially commend the little book.

Christ Bearing us Company. By F. J. WILLIAMS. Partridge and Co.

THIS book is largely made up of extracts, and summaries of articles from various sources, bearing upon

the life and rest of faith. "The second blessing, and how to obtain it," would have been a suitable title for the volume. We cannot subscribe to all that is here written; but there is so much that is really excellent, that we feel the perusal of such a book must result in the deepening of the spiritual life.

We have received from Mr. E. Kaufmann, 5, Paternoster Square, a sixpenny packet containing 18 *Gospel Cardlets*. There are six different kinds, and the arrangement of the texts and mottoes is very well done, except in one instance. It is not correct to say that "1899 years ago, Christ died for the ungodly;" to make it accurate, it should read, "1899 years ago, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Gospel Seed for Busy Sowers. Compiled by J. ELLIS. Morgan and Scott.

MANY "busy sowers" will welcome this basket of "gospel seed" in the shape of outlines of subjects, telling illustrations, and hints to workers. It is better, whenever we can, to get our topics direct from the Word; but, sometimes, such hints as are given here will prove helpful to weary workers.

Points and Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers. Compiled and Edited by Rev. JOHN MITCHELL. G. Stone-man.

OVER a hundred texts are here treated, many of them homiletically. It is not a book of sermon plans on the usual lines; no exposition is attempted, but the verses are simply divided, and an illustration is given to each division. The work is well indexed, and will prove very helpful to those for whom it has been prepared. The anecdotes are, for the

most part, much fresher than many we have recently met with.

The Promises. By G. D. SCOTT. W. Boden, 82, Monk Street, Derby.

THE connection between this booklet and its title is almost as remote as the connection between many a sermon and its text. It is a short treatise on justification by faith and believers' baptism. Its greatest merit is its Scripturalness; and for this, it deserves a good circulation.

A Gathered Lily. A Brief Memoir of Mary Elizabeth Barnes, of Malmesbury. F. Kirby.

THOSE who knew this young lady will be chiefly interested in this narrative of her spiritual conflicts, which appear to have been unusually severe for one so young.

The Progressive Life. By H. JOHNSTON. Partridge and Co.

This is a disappointing volume of sermons. From the highly-eulogistic Preface from a friendly (?) hand, we anticipated a refreshing as the result of reading them; but there is no inspiration in them. Commonplace at length, even when pious, is not conducive to keen enjoyment. If these discourses were ever stimulating to hear,—which we doubt,—all their vivacity has evaporated in the process of printing. We are sorry to have to say it; but it is so.

The Common Lot. By ADELIN SERGEANT. Andrew Melrose.

NOT the highest form of story-telling, but without any serious or glaring defects. The characters are, in the main, probable ones, and the incidents conceivable; but there is no note of distinction that commands and holds one's thoughts and memories. One of the crowd of books of to-day that is harmless in tendency and pleasant for the time passing; but it ends there.

Notes.

On Thursday, May 25, THE HOME COUNTIES BAPTIST ASSOCIATION met at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Charles Spurgeon, in the absence, through

illness, of both the Moderator and the Vice-Moderator. The morning and afternoon were profitably spent in devotional exercises and the consideration of important matters

relating to Christian life and work, and the proceedings of the day were appropriately closed with a sermon by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The next quarterly meeting of the Association will (D.V.) be held at Horscham on Thursday afternoon and evening, July 6.

On *Thursday evening, June 1*, the lower hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was crowded with an appreciative audience, gathered to hear Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., re-deliver the address he gave at the College Conference on "The Responsibility of the Individual Soul." Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and conducted the first portion of the service; and, at the close, heartily thanked Mr. Ewing for repeating the important message with which the ministers had been so charmed. The friends at the Tabernacle were just as pleased with it, and enthusiastically applauded the speaker's powerful utterances. They also contributed £30 16s. to the collection in aid of the Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund. Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster are to publish the address, and we would urge all our readers first to study it themselves, and then to circulate it wherever Romanism or Ritualism is disseminating erroneous doctrines or performing unscriptural ceremonies. :

On *Wednesday evening, June 14*, a special meeting of the Young Christians' Missionary Union was held for the purpose of bidding farewell to Mr. R. F. Elder, who is going to labour in Buenos Ayres as the representative of the Pastors' College Missionary Association and the Regions Beyond Missionary Union. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and there was a large attendance of friends, including many of Mr. Elder's fellow-students, together with Principal McCaig, and Professors Hackney and Gausson, who all took part in the proceedings of the evening. The President spoke in highly appreciative terms of our brother, and gratefully referred to the great help he had rendered to all his brethren in the College. Dr. Harry Guinness had a very hearty reception, and his stirring address on Peru and Argentina made all wish that many more workers could be sent to those parts of "The Neglected Continent." He said that Mr. Elder was the first of the Pastors' College men to go out in connection with the R.B.M.U., but he hoped he would not be the last.

Mr. Elder, in his usual bright, happy style, expressed his gratitude for the privilege of being a student in the world-famed College, and a member of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church. He said that he was leaving England with a tear in one eye and a twinkle in the other,—the former because he was parting from so many kind friends and such helpful associations,—the latter because his most earnest hopes and prayers for years were

about to be realized in the mission field to which he was going.

Our brother sailed on June 22, for Tasmania, where he is to hold some services before his departure for Argentina. As far as Hobart, he will (D.V.) have the company of Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon's mother, who is returning to the Antipodes after a year's visit to relatives and friends in England and Scotland.

Collectors and subscribers to the Pastors' College Missionary Association will remember that there are now again two brethren to be supported from its fund.—Mr. Elder, and Dr. Churcher, who is just back on furlough after another term of faithful service in North Africa.

On *Monday evening, June 19*, the annual meeting of THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the Pastors' College, under the presidency of Pastor C. B. Sawday. Addresses were delivered by Deacon W. Olney and Principal McCaig. Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, the President of the Society, was present to receive the gifts of friends: 91 parcels, containing upwards of 600 garments, were brought in,—a great increase upon the previous year's number, which was 468. The work has steadily grown during the past three years, as the following figures from the Report will prove:—In 1896-7, 44 pastors were supplied with parcels, of the average value of £6 15s. 10d.; in 1897-8, 48 brethren were helped, the gifts to them averaging £8 4s. 6d.; and last year, 52 ministers were cheered with presents of the average value of £8 18s. The Committee are anxious to continue to help on the same scale, and there is still great need for their service; they will therefore be very thankful for further contributions of clothing, material, or money. Subscriptions and donations may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Goddard Clarke, "Fairlawn," 157, Peckham Rye, London. All parcels should be addressed to Mrs. Barrett, Hon. Secretary, Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E. Each parcel should contain a card bearing the name and address of the sender, and in addition, a post card should be forwarded to the Secretary, apprising her of its despatch, in order to secure acknowledgment.

The Report contains a sympathetic reference to the loss the Society has sustained by the home-going of Mrs. Bowes, who had been for twelve years the Collector of its funds, and whose place is now filled by Mrs. McCaig. There are also some touching letters from applicants, with their grateful thanks for the help received from the Committee.

COLLEGE.—Mr. James Smith has become assistant to Pastor C. Ingren, Wimbledon :

and Mr. F. J. Walkey is taking the pastoral oversight of the new church which he has gathered at Blackhorse Road, Walthamstow. After the summer vacation, Mr. J. E. Joynes will be settling at Hazellville Road, Hornsey Rise.

Mr. C. E. Coles is shortly to sail for Queenstown, South Africa.

The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. T. L. Edwards, from Southport, to Queen's Park, Glasgow; and Mr. F. T. Passmore, from Carpenter's Road, Stratford, to Frinton-on-Sea, Essex. Mr. S. S. Sarson, formerly of Swindon, has taken charge of the church at Oford and Buckden, Huntingdonshire; and Mr. G. Stanley, of Eythorne, has gone to Faversham. In Canada, Mr. T. Hagen has removed from Almonte, Ontario, to Shoal Lake, Manitoba; and in Tasmania, Mr. H. Wood has gone from Latrobe to Burnie.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Thursday, June 8*, the Seaside Home, at Cliftonville, Margate, was opened by Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon. The silver key, with which the ceremony was performed, was contained in a casket bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, by the Trustees of the Stockwell Orphanage, on the occasion of the opening of the Spurgeon Seaside Home, June 8th, 1899, in grateful acknowledgment of valued services in aid of the Seaside Home Branch, which will ever be regarded as a memorial to her beloved husband, the Rev. James Archer Spurgeon, D.D., late President and Treasurer of the Stockwell Orphanage." At the meeting subsequently held, the chair was taken by Mr. E. V. Barrow, J.P., of Croydon; and addresses were delivered by Pastors Charles Spurgeon, F. B. Meyer, B.A., and V. J. Charlesworth.

On *Tuesday, June 13*, the Trustees elected Pastor Thomas Spurgeon as President of the Orphanage; and, a few days later, he accepted the position, so that he was able to say, at the Festival, that he had been President for three days and a half, or thereabouts, and, consequently, could not be expected to have all the working of the Institution at his fingers' ends, as his beloved predecessors had after they had occupied that post for years. He also added that he had not sought the honour, certainly he had not bought it; rather, had he fought against accepting it, for he had already more than enough responsibilities to bear; but the Trustees had urged that the closest possible connection between the Tabernacle Church and the Stockwell Orphanage ought to be maintained by the Pastor of the one being the President of the other, and therefore he had acceded to their request, relying upon the prayers and practical sympathies of all the friends of the Institution founded by his dear father.

Thursday, June 22, was the day appointed for the Annual Festival and celebration of Founders' Day. It was announced that

there would be a continuous programme from half-past two o'clock; but, alas! there was almost continuous rain from long before the hour of opening the gates until late in the evening. The wet weather must have kept thousands away, but it did not prevent the programme from being carried out in its entirety, nor did it materially affect the two great meetings held in the Memorial Hall, which was crowded on both occasions. Mr. G. H. Dean, J.P., of Sittingbourne, presided at both gatherings; the President spoke at the afternoon assembly, and the Vice-President, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, at the one in the evening; and the other speakers were Revs. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., J. W. Ewing, M.A., C. Joseph, W. R. Mowl, M.A., W. Hackney, M.A., and Mr. J. Williams Benn, L.C.C. Mr. Thomas H. Olney, the Treasurer of the Orphanage, read the general account for the year, and presented illuminated addresses to Mr. Charlesworth and Dr. Soper, expressive of the Trustees' appreciation of the thirty years' service of the head master and the medical officer, both of whom suitably acknowledged the gifts and the kind words with which they were accompanied. A notable feature of the Festival was the arrangement made by Mr. George Apthorpe (a fellow-teacher with C. H. Spurgeon in the Sunday-school at St. Andrew's Street Chapel, Cambridge), for a special excursion by which 300 or more friends came from the towns and villages of Cambridgeshire to see the Institution in which many of them had been deeply interested. This is an example which might be imitated in other districts, next year, with mutually pleasant results.

The Annual Report, which is largely an *In memoriam* record of the late President's connection with the Orphanage, will be included in the next number of the Magazine.

Several Annual Reports have recently come to hand, but we can only briefly notice them.

Pastor Sydney J. Jones has written the record for 1898 of the Orphan Homes and Mission Work in connection with the East London Tabernacle. There is, evidently, as great need of this service as there was during Pastor Archibald G. Brown's long and successful ministry; and for the Orphanage portion, the reserve funds will soon be exhausted if fresh friends do not come up to the help of the present Pastor.

The Annual Report of the Evangelization Society makes special mention of the home-going of Captain Smith, who was its Honorary Secretary for thirty years, and to whose "unremitting efforts and wise devotedness," under the blessing of God, its present wide usefulness is to be attributed. It is an excellent work, worthy of the sympathy and help of all lovers of Evangelical doctrine and evangelistic services.

"Great Things He Hath Done," is the title of the forty-sixth Annual Report of the Open Air Mission, and the instances of blessing recorded in its pages fully prove the truth of the declaration. The increased income during the past year has enabled the Committee to undertake still further work, and they can well and wisely use yet larger amounts if they are placed at their disposal.

The sixty-fourth Annual Report of the London City Mission, and the account of

the last anniversary meeting, need to be read by everyone who wishes to know how much is being done by its agents for the evangelization of the millions of this great city. We can scarcely imagine what London would have been without the City Mission, nor how much worse it would become were this useful agency to cease or diminish its operations.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Lower Hall, May 29, five.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1899.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	...	15,011	9	7	Mrs. Lewis	...	1	0	0
Mr. C. S. Taylor	...	1	1	0	Postal order, "Jersey"	...	1	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage	...				Mrs. Caroline Goodricke	...	1	0	0
Restoration Fund	...	52	10	0	Mr. P. Mackinnon	...	40	0	0
Rev. J. Martin	...	1	5	0	E. J. B.	...	1	1	0
Miss Field	...	3	3	0	Mrs. Howell	...	2	2	0
Mr. Anthony Wall	...	1	0	0	Mr. F. W. Farrington	...	1	1	0
Rev. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	...	15	0	0	Mr. H. Donkin	...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Nicholson	...	1	0	0	Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle, on occasion of lecture by Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.	...	30	16	0
Mrs. S. Brazil	...	2	0	0	Young Ladies' Bible-class, Shoreditch Tabernacle, per Mr. James Frost, leader	...	7	0	0
Miss Belton, per Miss Crumpton	...	1	0	0	From a lover of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	...	1	0	0
Miss Smith, per Miss Crumpton	...	1	0	0	C. E. 10th legion	...	5	0	0
A friend, per Miss Crumpton	...	0	10	0	"Anon," Harthill, Scotland	...	7	0	0
The Misses Crumpton	...	2	0	0	Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.	...	1	1	0
Proceeds of sale of photo albums	...	6	6	0	Mrs. G. Howes	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Blake	...	1	1	0	Mr. Charles Wood	...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Thorpe	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Keene	...	5	0	0
From a few young men, per Pastor A. A. Harmer	...	1	0	0	Pastor N. Papengouth	...	1	19	8
Mrs. Bullmore	...	2	0	0	A. L.	...	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. R. Bayley	...	5	0	0	Mrs. Hoddy	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bensted	...	1	0	0	Mr. Robert Gunstone	...	5	0	0
From Primitive Methodist friends, in appreciation of the kindness of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and deacons, per the publisher of <i>The Primitive Methodist</i>	...	52	10	0	Collected at Baptist Chapel, Luton, per Pastor C. E. Stone	...	7	9	0
Mr. J. McDonald	...	10	10	0	Rev. J. S. Harrison	...	1	0	0
Workers at Bethel Mission, Stamford Street, per Mrs. J. Rattenbury	...	1	15	0	Miss E. E. Jones	...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Orcutt (5 dollars)	...	1	0	5	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Youden	...	8	1	0
Mr. Robert Ellis (5 dollars)	...	1	0	5	Amounts under £1	...	14	1	1
Collection at Working Men's Mission, Collingwood Street, per the Bros. Young	...	3	0	0					
							£16,332	14	2

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1899.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Pitcher	...	1	1	0	Miss M. Tarrant	...	0	2	6
Mr. D. C. Apperly	...	2	2	0	Pastor W. Hobbs	...	0	10	6
Mr. F. L. Edwards	...	15	0	0	Pastor C. W. Walton	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	...	1	0	0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	...	0	2	6
Moiety of collection at Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. J. Gibbon	...	5	16	11	Collection at Ramsden Road Chapel, Balham, per Pastor T. Greenwood	...	4	10	0
Mr. E. Johnson	...	5	0	0	Mrs. Raybould	...	1	0	0
Collection at Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Margate, less expenses	...	3	2	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:				
Friends at Chatsworth Road Chapel, Norwood, per Pastor A. G. Brown	...	10	10	0	May 21	...	2	6	0
Mr. C. Hooper	...	0	2	6	" 28	...	2	12	6
Mr. Stewart	...	0	5	0	June 4	...	2	10	0
Mr. Giles Shaw	...	1	1	0	" 11	...	2	9	5
Miss Passmore	...	2	2	0					
							9	17	11
							£63	10	10

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1899.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
"Ella"		1	0	0	Miss Perkins	0	3	0	
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Atkinson		0	5	6	Mrs. Carter	0	6	7	
H. Mc.S.		0	6	0	Mrs. Harvie... ..	0	4	11	
"For Christ's sake," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon		0	5	0	Mr. Johnson	0	3	0	
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Circles	20	0	0		Miss Gunner	0	8	0	
Mr. Giles Shaw	1	1	0		Mrs. Carter	0	7	9	
Collecting Boxes:—					Miss Humphreys	1	5	5	
Miss Humphreys	0	10	1						3 13 0
Mrs. Cook	0	4	3						£26 10 6

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 15th, 1899.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
S. and N.		3	3	0	Miss M. A. Sargeant	1	1	0	
Mrs. Amos		0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Crawford	0	10	0	
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Russell		0	5	0	Thankful: W. G., West Hallam	0	5	0	
Mrs. H. Richards		0	10	0	Mr. F. C. Peel	0	5	0	
Mrs. Adcock		0	10	0	Miss J. Fletcher	0	5	0	
Miss Horton		1	0	0	Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0	
Abigail, Barton		0	5	0	Mr. D. C. Apperley	2	2	0	
Miss E. P. Horton... ..		1	0	0	Mr. Henry Coles	5	0	0	
Mr. Stillwood		0	3	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0	
Mr. W. A. Harding		3	3	0	The Misses Dixon's box	0	9	4	
Box at Orphanage gates, and office box	1	12	8		Miss E. J. Dixon's farthing box	0	1	2	
Mr. William Howard		1	0	0	Miss Wiseman, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	10	0	
Plymouth		2	0	0	Mr. T. Trounson	0	10	6	
Mrs. E. E. Gearing		0	5	0	Mr. L. P. Rof	0	5	0	
Mr. George Shaw		2	0	0	Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0	
Major-Gen. L. R. Christopher		1	0	0	A. A. A., Portsmouth	0	6	0	
Collected by Mr. F. G. Simpson		0	16	6	Postal order, Ingrow, Keighley	0	1	0	
Mr. Merry		0	5	0	Mr. A. W. Pound	5	0	0	
Mrs. C. Biddall		0	10	0	S. M. P.	0	5	0	
Miss E. Davies		0	2	6	Mrs. Latta	1	0	0	
Scots' Gap Mission		0	10	0	Mr. E. Rawlings	10	10	0	
Stamps, Keighley		0	1	0	South Street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwick, per Mr. Milner Gray	2	2	0	
Mr. John Batten		0	10	0	The Misses Davis	1	1	0	
Mr. E. G. Morris		0	2	6	Miss Grounds	0	1	0	
Mr. A. Marshall		0	10	0	Mrs. G. Howes	0	10	0	
Mr. James Higham		2	2	0	Eastbourne, postal orders, Vauxhall	1	10	0	
Miss Adams and friends... ..		0	7	0	A few friends at Kingskerswell, per Mr. W. P. Austin	0	9	6	
Collected by Master C. V. Eveleigh		0	2	6	Mrs. Rennard	1	0	0	
Mr. George Henderson		0	5	0	Collected by Miss Wilson	0	4	0	
Mr. H. Webb		1	1	0	Per Mrs. James Withers:—				
Mr. R. Brown		0	10	0	Mr. A. Palmer	5	5	0	
Mr. W. H. Skinner		0	5	0	Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. John Mead		4	4	0	Mrs. C. Simmonds... ..	0	10	6	
Firstfruits of new business		0	10	0	Mr. Cowslade	0	5	0	
God's tenth, Swansea		0	10	0	Mr. Brigham	0	2	6	
Mrs. Curtis		0	5	0	Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6	
M. A.		0	10	0	Mr. Ravenscroft	0	2	6	
Miss Harding		0	1	0					7 8 0
Stamps		0	9	0	Mrs. E. Green	5	0	0	
Collected by Miss Frisby... ..		3	0	5	Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.	1	1	0	
Mr. F. Flanders		1	0	0	Miss Coldwell	0	2	0	
Miss J. Pearce		0	5	0	The Misses Gould, per Mrs. Jas. A. Spurgeon	3	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.		5	0	0	Rosneath	5	0	0	
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.S.		5	0	0	Miss Jane Stewart... ..	0	10	0	
Mr. H. S. Nunn		1	0	0	Mrs. L. McPherson	0	5	0	
Miss A. Brien		1	0	0	Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	0	5	0	
Mr. R. Parsons		0	10	0	Mrs. Godfrey's Bible-class	0	6	0	
Mr. Wm. Andrew		0	2	0	Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	1	4	0	
Mr. W. J. Drew		0	5	0	Mrs. R. Bousfield	50	0	0	
Postal order, Andrie		0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood	1	1	0	
W. J. S.		1	1	0	Mr. W. F. Lamb	0	10	0	
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> , per the Editor:—					W. J., Whalsey	0	4	0	
R. Ashby	0	10	0		Mrs. Bradley	1	0	0	
R. Phillips	1	0	0		Mr. G. H. Edwards	0	5	0	
God's tenth	0	10	0		J. B. C.	1	0	0	
A. L.	0	1	6						2 1 6

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Mr. E. J. Upward, J.P.	0 5 0	Master Horace Leverton... ..	0 5 0
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M. S.	2 2 0	Miss Lizzie Keddie	0 4 0
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Phoebe, per Mr. E. Ives	10 0 0	Mrs. Watkins	0 9 4
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Mr. C. H. Price	1 0 0	Ladies' Working Society... ..	0 12 10
A friend, per Mr. G. Powell	1 0 0	Mr. A. Margetts jun.	0 3 9
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Mrs. Ellwood	3 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilmot... ..	0 11 4
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Miss Mary Dodds	0 4 6	Mr. Alavoine	0 3 10
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Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1899.

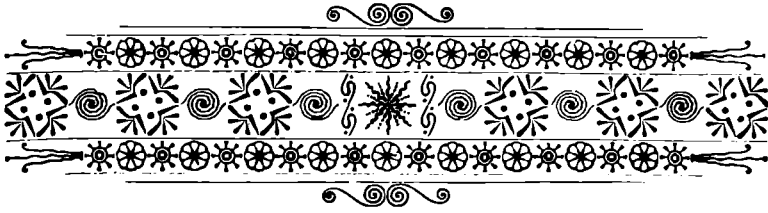
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Mrs. Hoskin	5 0 0	Mrs. Hinton	1 0 0
"A country minister"	0 2 6	Mr. J. R. Bayley	1 0 0
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Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

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THE
Sword and the Trowel.

AUGUST, 1899.


The Saving Name of Jesus.

A SERMON PREACHED IN A TENT,
AT ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE, ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1857,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

*"And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name JESUS:
for He shall save His people from their sins."*—Matthew i. 21.

(Concluded from page 374.)

V.  E have now to declare WHO THEY ARE WHOM JESUS SAVES. Christ Jesus will not save any people but His own. And who are "His people"? Christ's people are those who are His by Divine election; they were chosen in Him from before the foundation of the world. God gave them to Him in the eternal covenant; they are His by sacred union, His by blood purchase, His by omnipotent capture, He made them His by His own strong arm of power; and they are His also by perpetual preservation. They were chosen of Him ere time began, and they have chosen Him in return. All of them will He present to His Father with the words, "Here am I, and those whom Thou hast given Me." "Of them which Thou gavest Me have I lost none."

But who are the people of God? Rowland Hill was once asked to preach a sermon only to the elect. He replied, "So I will, if you will mark them all on the back." But that is the difficulty, and we can only judge them by their fruits. Some people's souls are so small that even a nutshell is too capacious for them to dwell in. In a

place that I know very well, a man said to me, "Religion is in a very low way here; there are not more than a dozen people of God in the town." "Well, friend," I said, "let us sit down and count them." So he began, "Well, there is myself, and—" I knew so much about him that I stopped him at once, and said, "You need not go any further; if that is the best beginning you can make, the rest cannot be worth much." Yet there are people in that town who know far more than that boaster did of the blessedness of prayer and vital religion. That man was like another I have heard of, who was told that he would get on better without the character he had acquired than with it. He had no occasion to fear the consequences if he should lose it, and he had better run away, and leave it, and get a fresh one. Yet that man thought himself better than his neighbours. We ought to hate all such narrowness as that; and get rid of the idea that nobody is to go to Heaven unless he cuts his coat after our pattern, and unless he comes to our chapel. The worst of it is, that the nearer such people approach one another in sentiment, the less they like each other. In a little village I know well, there are two Baptist Chapels, the congregations of which treat one another as if they were cats and dogs; but all the difference between them that other people can see is, that the name of the one place of worship is "Salem," and the name of the other is "Bethel." This state of things ought to be altered as quickly as possible. If I could get my way, I would have old Mrs. Bigotry hung up by the neck; and when she was dead and buried, I would not put any stone to mark her grave. Her body is so bitter that no worms would ever eat it; and I expect that, if she could come to life again, a thousand years hence, she would rise as strong and vigorous as ever. We must get rid of the old dame for ever by burning her in the fiercest fires of love.

Still asking the same question, "Who are the people of God?" let me put to each one of you the personal enquiry, "*Have you been delivered from sin?*" If so, my text warrants me in declaring that you are one of the Lord's people. "Oh!" says one, "you need not ask me whether I am one of His people, for see, I am a minister!" Bah! that is not saying much; for, like a scaffold pole, employed in the erection of a building, you may one day be taken down, and used as fuel for the fire. Did it ever strike you what became of Noah's carpenters? They were all drowned, though they helped to build the ark in which others were saved. Judas, also, who saw Christ's miracles, and heard His words, after all his privileges hanged himself, and so went to his own place. Perhaps another says, "I am a deacon of the church;" and yet another, "I have been a member of the church for fifty years." My dear friends, many an old tree has stood for fifty years, yet it has been rotten inside the whole time, though none have suspected it. The gospel comes to men and women like an officer with a search-warrant, who is looking for stolen or contraband goods. If you say to him, "There is no occasion to look in that copper, or under that bed," the officer will very properly reply, "That is the very place I mean to search most carefully." It is often just where a man thinks and says that the devil is not to be found that he is most truly present.

How stands the matter with each one of you, my hearers? Are you

wise, and confident, and full of fleshly assurance? Let us test and try you a little. How about that yard-measure that was an inch or two short? How about that pound weight that was light? How about that steel-yard? How about that bushel measure that was a little short? Do you sell by it? You are too wise to buy with it. If those are your tricks, it is clear that you are not one of "His people." Do you say, "I only do what everybody else does"? Then you belong to everybody, to the world; you belong to "the goats"; you are not Christ's sheep; clearly you have not been converted; if you continue thus sowing to the flesh you "shall of the flesh reap corruption." You are willing to be as great a rogue as others if nobody detects your roguery; then, do not say you are converted, for when Jesus saves a man, He saves him *from* his sins.

Perhaps you are a master, and have many men toiling for you; and you grind them almost to powder. See, there is the cauldron, throw them in, boil them well; they are only poor people; stir the fire, and turn them round, and get all you can out of them, for they are only the poor! When you have done this, you go and take what you call "the sacrament." You say that you are a Christian, yet you have no pity on the poor, and you oppress the widow and the fatherless! How many professedly Christian people do such things every day; and if their minister dared to rebuke them for it, they would soon let him see that they could get him turned away from his post! But, brethren, whatever the consequences may be, we must speak the truth, and declare that such actions are not consistent with a profession of religion. Possibly, I am addressing someone who is a servant. While the master is close by, the work goes on very fast; but when he is away, you can spend an hour looking over the hedge, and talking to a neighbour; and on Monday morning you wish that Saturday night would soon come. You rob your master when you can, yet you always take what people call "the sacrament." This will not do. Rowland Hill once said, that a man's religion was worth nothing unless his dog and cat were the better for it, unless it made him a better man in every relation of life. When a man is really converted, it makes him a better servant to his earthly employer. The change of heart produces an entire change of life, and enables him to serve God with honour even in that which relates to temporal matters. Be you sure of this, God and Satan will never sit down at the same loom to throw the shuttle by turns; God must have the whole piece to Himself, or He will have none at all. There is no proof of thy salvation unless thou art saved from thy sins.

Perhaps someone here may say, "I know that I am not saved from sin. I am guilty, and must stand here and confess my transgression." That confession of thine leads me to hope that thou hast been delivered from thy death in sin. There was a time when thou didst not weep on account of thine iniquity; nay, thou didst not even know that thou wert a sinner. Do I hear thee say, "My soul is sorely troubled because I cannot find salvation. Oh, what would I not do if God would but look upon me in mercy"? If that is what thou sayest, thou art not "dead in trespasses and sins;" thou couldst not talk so if thou wert dead. Weeping on account of thy transgression is one of

the first signs of thy spiritual renewal. I may tell thee that Jesus loves thee; Jesus has shed His blood for thee; Jesus Christ will have thee as His own, beyond all doubt, for ever and ever. Jesus loves thee, not because thou art guilty, but because thou confessest that thou art guilty; this is part of the evidence that He loves thee, and the more thou dost confess thine iniquity, the more will I believe that thou dost truly belong to Christ.

Reason came along, one day, and seeing a man naked and sick, said, "He can never enter Heaven; for there is no such thing as nakedness or sickness there." But *Faith* said, "Thank God that the man is naked and sick; for Christ Jesus came into the world to clothe the naked, and to heal the sick." *Reason* argues white from white, but *Faith* argues white from black. You remember the notable method of argument that Martin Luther adopted, when Satan came to him. The devil said, "Martin Luther, you are a great sinner; and, therefore, you will surely be damned." But Luther answered, "I will cut off thine head with thine own sword. It is quite true that I am a great sinner, but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Are you, my friends, real *bonâ fide* sinners in your own apprehension? If so, I have a glorious gospel to preach to you. I have heard of a man, who kept in his house a stout piece of rope for the special benefit of sham beggars. If you are only pretended sinners, there is the ten-thonged lash of the law to drive you to conviction; but if you are real sinners, I have a real gospel to preach to you. Jesus Christ died for sinners. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and those for whom He has died cannot perish, God will not first punish Christ, and afterwards punish the sinner for whom He died. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." You know that this is the gospel declaration. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Believe, then, that Jesus died for you a sinner. Are you a sinner? Do you really know that you are a sinner? Then, do you dare to tell me that you cannot believe that Christ Jesus died to save sinners? When my God says a thing, I demand that you should believe what He says. God is the God of truth, He can never lie. Now, you admit that you are a sinner; that is a settled point with you. Is there a tear of penitence in your eye? Is there a consciousness of true repentance in your heart? You say, "Ay, that there is, with a vengeance! I stand in the very foremost ranks of sinners." Then, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and, as soon as with the heart you believe, you shall rejoice. If you refuse to believe in Him, you may well keep on groaning and sorrowing. God will bring you to trust in Christ Jesus, sooner or later, if you are one of "His people." May He be pleased to make you believe in Christ Jesus now!

Often, it is our blunders that are instrumental in saving souls, more than what we mean to say. Good old Matthew Wilks, when reproved for his oddities in preaching, said, "Stop a minute while I run upstairs." Producing a list of names, he said, "Now, all these precious souls profess to have been converted to God through my oddities; so, please God, I will keep to my oddities, for they pay well."

I would not mind what I said, could I, even by my blunders, be the means of leading a soul to Heaven. The Lord often guides His servants to do singular things in order that sinners may be saved. When George Whitefield was at Providence, in Rhode Island, he was staying with a family the members of which were not truly religious. The devil said to Whitefield, "This man and his wife and sons have been very kind to you; you must be very gentle with them. Do not say anything to them about their need of salvation." God, in His mercy, thought very differently; and, the night before Whitefield left the house, the Lord would not let him sleep. The Divine message seemed to be, "Now, George Whitefield, these people have been very kind to you; it is your duty to inform them of their true condition in the sight of God." So, early in the morning, before leaving the bedroom, Mr. Whitefield took off the diamond ring from his finger, and scratched on a pane of glass in the window the sentence, "ONE THING THOU LACKEST." The people of the house had an intense reverence for Mr. Whitefield, and immediately he was gone, the master of the house went into the room where his guest had slept, and at once saw the writing on the glass. A tear welled up in his eye, when the meaning of that sentence flashed upon his mind. He burst forth with the exclamation, "He never said a word to us about our souls, but this proves that he loves us!" He called, "Wife, come up here!" She came, and the children came up with her. They together joined him in saying, "We did all we could to make him happy, but we did not succeed, for he was anxious about our state before God." Father and mother, sons and daughters, fell weeping together; they knelt down, the whole six of them, and confessed their sins to God, and sought pardon through the blood of Jesus; and, ever afterwards, the members of that family were exemplary followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. My friend, Dr. Armitage, of New York, has in his congregation one of the daughters, and she has the pane of glass as a treasured possession.

I have often before told the story of my own conversion, and it has been published many times; but it cannot be told too often, so, as it may possibly be of use to some persons now present, I will relate it again. While I was quite a youth, I was the subject of many religious impressions, and these were of so painful a character that I might truly have been called a miserable wretch. At last, I determined to attend a place of worship three times on the Sabbath, and to go to every chapel in the town where I lived, to see if I could find the Saviour in any one of them. It was not without prayer that I formed this resolution; and, day after day, I cried to God to save me. I must confess that I never heard the gospel preached in any of the places where I went. I say this without any disparagement to the ministry of my native town, for the ministers there were good men and true; but one preached the experience of a child of God, and I had nothing to do with that; another told of the future blessings of the regenerated, and these did not apply to me. On one Sunday, the text would be, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked;" and on another Sunday, "The wages of sin is death." I only became worse and worse after hearing discourses which drove me well-nigh to

despair; and then came another text for good people, but not a word for me. At last, I found out a little Primitive Methodist Chapel, up a narrow street. I had heard that the singing there was so loud that it split people's heads. Well, I went, and I found that they sang quite as loudly as I liked to hear. Presently, a tall thin man ascended the pulpit, and took for his text, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Now, that was what I wanted to hear. I knew it was intended for me; and, indeed, the preacher fixed his eye upon me, and, pointing at me with his finger, said, "Young man, you are in great distress of mind." I was, sure enough. "Then," said he, in a voice of thunder, which I shall never forget, (my voice seems nothing to his,) "LOOK—LOOK TO JESUS NOW, AND BE SAVED! Are you not now lightened of your burden?" I felt as though I could have sprung into the air; for I had looked, and my burden of sin had left me, and now I can say,—

"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."

I think the essence of the gospel ought to be put into every sermon; I would say to my brethren in the ministry,—Have a shot at the sinners any way, at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of every discourse. The random shots, like the sharpshooters in the army, often tell the most. Some preachers are so cold, both in their manner and their delivery, that they seem as if they did not themselves believe what they are saying; but how can we be cold when we think of Christ? There is the Lord Jesus, hanging on the cross; and from His pierced side is pouring out a stream of blood. That blood is shed for thee, poor sinner. Look to Jesus; it is all He bids thee do. He does not say thou art to see Him; thou art but to look. When thou seest a man in the distance, the view may be misty, or thy sight may be dim, so that thou dost not see him clearly; but, here, if thou lookest to Jesus, thou art at once saved. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." May God give thee grace to look unto Jesus, and be saved! Amen.

NOTE.—In *The Sword and the Trowel* for 1895, pages 477—483, there are the notes of a Sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, on the text, Matthew i. 21, preached at Belfast in 1858. Comparing the two discourses, it will be seen how the beloved preacher, while following the same general outline, yet varied the filling up as he preached in different places. These two Sermons from the same text are fair specimens of the manner in which he told out "the old, old story of Jesus and His love," forty years ago, as he went from town to town, and village to village, proclaiming "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Let it be borne in mind that these discourses were addressed to large assemblies of people who were hearing the preacher for the first time. A Sermon from the same text, preached at the Tabernacle, in 1878, will be found in Volume XXIV. of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 1,434. It will be interesting for readers of the Magazine to compare these three discourses.—T. W. MEDHURST.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"No darkness at all."—1 John i. 5.

THE greatest of all studies is the study of God. Theology is higher and deeper than all the other ologies combined. "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" The Scriptures are our surest guide. The Word of God must reveal God.

It seems to have been the special mission of the beloved disciple to declare what God is. From other writers we learn what He does, and what His attributes are; but John declares, "God is Spirit—God is love—God is light." These are His very nature. These are God's definitions of Himself. The doctrine that "God is light," is quoted as the summary of Christ's teaching. "This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you." Jesus was here to make the Father known. The burden of His message was, "God is light." This was the life-text of Him who was Himself the brightness of the Father's glory.

This message John desired to pass on. The apostle sought no other theme than He had who sent him. He desired only to re-message the transcendent truth, "God is light." The summary of Christ's teaching should be the substance of all *he* had to teach. Oh, to declare only "the message which we have heard of Him"!

The apostle declares this great truth first in its positive and then in its negative form. He cannot be too explicit or emphatic. There must be no mistake about God. If the centre is out of position, the circumference will be all awry.

"*God is light.*" That is positive. He is all that light implies, and involves, and effects. Light stands with all men for intelligence, and holiness, and truth. It speaks, to the scientist at least, of power. To all eyes it symbolizes happiness. As to its ubiquity and glory also, it sets forth the great and glorious God. A better, fuller definition could not be. The all-pervading light, the source of life, and health, and charm, diffusing its benefits with unbiassed benevolence, and conquering all unwholesome influences, is a fair if faint emblem of Israel's good and gracious God. What we know as the light is the best comparison we have to the incomparable Jehovah; yet, when we have reverently contemplated Him under that image, we remember that the Holy Ghost saith not that He is like the light, but that "God is light." He is the source and centre of all that light typifies. With Him are the treasures of wisdom. God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness. A God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is He. He is the happy as well as the holy Lord God. He has set His glory above the heavens, and the whole earth shall yet be filled with it.

Agreeably with this doctrine, we note the suggestive fact that God has seen fit to reveal Himself as light. The fiery pillar and the bright Shekinah declare that "God is light." The illuminated face of Moses, and the glittering garments of the transfigured Saviour say,

"God is light." The light above the brightness of the sun that felled Saul of Tarsus to the ground, and the dazzling glory of Him who walked among the golden candlesticks, repeat the truth that "God is light." Moreover, it is written of the city where God doth dwell, "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light."

What the light does for our bodies, and for other creations round about us, that our God is ever doing for our true selves. Light reveals, it communicates joy, it clothes with beauty, and brings health and blessing. He who is without God is without hope. Perpetual night reigns where God is excluded. To be in the dark, is to be cut off from Him. Banishment from His presence is "outer darkness." Pause, my soul, and contemplate the God with whom thou hast to do.

"O God! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight."

"*And in Him is no darkness at all.*" Merely to declare this great truth, does not suffice the inspired writer. He must emphasize it by expressing the same truth from quite another standpoint. He would make assurance doubly sure, so he follows up the statement with a denial of its opposite. This is quite a feature in John's style. I quote one of many examples:—"All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." He not only affirms that a thing is so, but he guards it from all possibility of misapprehension. God is light, and only light. He is light alone. "And darkness—in Him there is none at all." He is excellence without limit, and without taint. His wisdom is inscrutable, His holiness immaculate, His truth unquestioned, His glory unsullied.

There is no mistaking God, just as there is no mistaking the sun. One has supposed a crippled child, who had never seen the light of day, being carried out to see the sun. At night-time, he wondered at the artificial lights, and at the moon and stars, and said of each, "Is this the sun?" But when they bore him into the open day, he asked no questions. The sun needed no introduction. Some, indeed, have worshipped other gods, and said, "Is this the Sun?" Yet, when on them the true Light shone, they saw their folly, and repented of their sin.

Even the sun has spots. Even the glowing furnace has some less lurid spaces. Even the long days of our English summer, prolonged as they may be by the bright moonlight, cannot last the four-and-twenty hours. Of God alone can it be said, "And darkness—in Him there is none at all." How is it, then, that we are sometimes haunted with suspicions concerning Him? There is no need for them; they are unfounded and faithless. If darkness there be, it is with us;—in Him, there is none whatever. Wherefore does our unbelieving heart say, "Does He know? Can He understand? Has He forgotten? Will He be just? Does He remain the same?" These questionings are unkind and wicked. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."

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



BEULAH BAPTIST MANSE, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

I THINK my dear readers will like to see the accompanying view of the "dear little Manse" at Bexhill;—those of them who have contributed to its erection certainly will; and I am hoping that, to others, the sight of it may be a gentle reminder that I still need help before this after-part of the work can be counted as complete, and out of hand. As I trust this is the last time I shall bring this matter before my friends, I will briefly tell the story of the building of "Beulah Cottage." This is its dear tenant's name for it, as he does not think it dignified enough to be called "The Manse."

It will be remembered that the Chapel stands in a prominent position at the junction of two roads, both of which are being fast filled up with villa residences. There was a narrow strip of land, of a somewhat awkward shape, left vacant by the side of the Chapel, and there was good reason to fear that it would be occupied by workshops, or perhaps by machinery, which would have been very disturbing to the well-attended week-night services, and altogether

out of harmony with the house of prayer, where already so many hallowed associations are enshrined. Accordingly, the freehold plot of ground was purchased; Mr. Moore, the architect of the Chapel, gladly prepared plans for the small residence; and Mr. Thomas, the builder, as gladly agreed to erect it at a rate which would compare very favourably with ordinary building operations, while the material to be used in its construction would render it more fit to be the neighbour of our "beautiful Beulah" than an unsightly store-yard and workshops would have been.

Although the house looks narrow from the outside, in consequence of the scanty plot of land available, it is a cosy and very comfortable abode, containing seven rooms. These have been planned and carried out with great judgment and care by the two friends referred to above, to whom we owe many grateful thanks for the *love* they put into their work, as well as the efficiency they brought to bear upon it. Pretensions to beauty, the little Manse has none; it is a modest dwelling, content to cling close under the shadow of the house of prayer,—a swallow's nest under the eaves of the sanctuary. The illustration, here reproduced from a photograph, shows it already finished and inhabited, and I am sure my friends will all join with me in praying that while Pastor and Mrs. Hockey live, it may be to them "the house of God," and when the home-call comes, it may prove the very "gate of Heaven."

The money for the land and house has been temporarily provided; but it is intended, as soon as the total amount (£650) has been raised, to incorporate the premises in the Trust Deed relating to the Chapel and School-chapel, so that the whole block of buildings shall be the property of the Church.

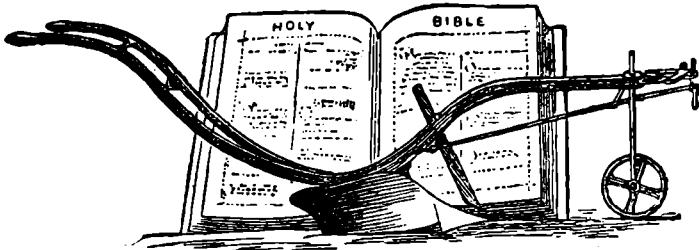
From the list in the present number of the Magazine, it will be seen that over £200 is already in hand towards the amount required. This is little enough, truly; but I have promised the Lord to give personally whatever sum He directs to this object, and some friends, who do not wish their names to be known, are ready to give one hundred pounds. I am waiting on God about the matter, and am confident that He will incline some generous people to give liberally, that the desire of my heart may be gratified, in the completion of the work in this small but important and necessary detail.

August 17, 1899, will be the first anniversary of the opening of the Chapel, and that day is to be set apart, at Bexhill, for special thanksgiving for all the Lord's goodness during the past year, and throughout the whole history of this successful service; and the giving of thanks will be accompanied by practical proofs of gratitude and interest, in the presentation of thankofferings for the Manse Fund. If any of my dear friends desire to share in this final effort to perfect my memorial to my beloved husband, they will gladden my heart more than words can tell by sending their contributions, either to Mr. Hockey or to myself, before or after the 17th instant.

S. S.

The Nyassa Industrial Mission.

BY PASTOR ALFRED WALKER, SHOREHAM, KENT; GENERAL SECRETARY.



THE BOOK AND THE PLOUGH

IN the April number of *The Sword and the Trowel* a paragraph appeared giving an account of one of the usual Monday evening prayer-meetings at the Tabernacle, when our young friend, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon Page, (nephew of the ever-revered Pastor C. H. Spurgeon,) who was then on the point of starting for missionary work in British Central Africa, bade farewell to his friends. To-day, as we are writing these lines, the first letter from Mr. Page, after his arrival in Africa, lies before us. At the meeting referred to, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon spoke some exceedingly kind and sympathetic words, both with regard to his young kinsman, just girding on the armour, and to the Society which was sending him forth. This Society—THE NYASSA INDUSTRIAL MISSION—receives valuable help from the Young Christians' Missionary Union and other Institutions at the Tabernacle, while it numbers among its leading friends and supporters many whose names have long been intimately connected with the Tabernacle Church.

In common with other excellent Societies, it is doing useful work for Christ abroad; but there are certain points, in its methods of working, in which it differs from Missionary Societies of the ordinary type, and it is these points of difference which attract special attention from those who are interested in the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom among the natives. The advocates of Industrial Missions believe that the Industrial principle greatly increases the working power of missionary agencies, wherever circumstances are favourable to its adoption, and that it is particularly adapted to the circumstances of uncivilized communities, such as those amongst whom the Nyassa Industrial Mission has found its sphere of service. It may not be amiss, therefore, to take the present opportunity of giving a brief description of the country and people where the Mission is working, and to speak also of the particular methods which have been followed, and the measure of success with which God has favoured the work. We believe the conclusion reached will be, that the Industrial method, if accorded a fair and patient trial, will justify its claim to be regarded as, under suitable conditions, one of the most hopeful and promising forms of missionary work.

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

Nyassaland is the name given to the district which stretches along the Western shore of Lake Nyassa, and reaches thence, down the banks of the Shire, Southward to the great Zambesi river. It lies between the Portuguese territories on the one hand, and those of the Chartered Company on the other, and has been constituted a British protectorate under the direct control of the Crown. Lake Nyassa is the third in size of the great African lakes, the discovery of which has so completely revolutionized our ideas as to the interior of the Dark Continent. Instead of being a parched and arid wilderness, as Central Africa was once deemed, the Nyassa country is a land of rivers and streams, while in the Shire Highlands, the district with which we are more immediately concerned, the land attains an average elevation of 3,000 feet; with Mount Milanje raising its majestic towers to the height of over 10,000 feet, clad on many of its slopes with magnificent pine forests, unknown elsewhere in Central Africa. The soil is fertile, the sandy wastes so generally associated with the African landscape being entirely unknown. Rice grows in the lowlands so abundantly that Sir Harry Johnston, the first British Commissioner for the country, says:—"There is no reason why the shores of Lake Nyassa should not produce enough to feed the whole world;" while the Shire Highlands have become famous for coffee of the very finest and most aromatic flavour.

Lake Nyassa was discovered by Dr. Livingstone, who found the country around it a miniature paradise, well cultivated, and marked with every sign of prosperity. He returned, a few years later, to find it a desert. The slave-raiders had swept, like the blast of a simoom, across the land. The villages had been burned, the fruitful fields and gardens devastated, and the people murdered or driven away. The heart of the great missionary was moved by the horrors which he witnessed, and he wrote home to plead with Christians here on behalf of the suffering people of Nyassaland. The Universities Mission was the first response to this appeal, followed, shortly after Livingstone's death, by the Missions of both the Free and the Established Churches of Scotland; while, still more recently, other Societies, the Nyassa Industrial Mission among them, are pressing in to share the burden, and, it is hoped, the blessing.

THE PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

It is in the district already spoken of as the Shire Highlands that the Nyassa Mission is carrying on its operations, and, by the preaching of the gospel, by itinerating visits from village to village, by the establishment of Mission Schools, and in all the various ways usually employed by Missionary Societies, is labouring to bring the people to a knowledge of God through Christ.

We will now proceed to describe those special methods of working which distinguish this Society from other Missions, and account for the title of an "Industrial Mission," by which it is known. In outline, it is thus. Upon Plantations belonging to the Mission, the natives are gathered together, and taught to cultivate coffee under the supervision of the missionaries. Every morning, early, before the

day's work begins, a short service is held, at which all the native labourers are present. Then, when the hours of labour are over, which in that hot climate means early in the afternoon, school is held. This is gladly attended by a large number of the younger men and lads who work on the Plantations. They are taught, first of all, to read the New Testament, and thus a splendid opportunity is afforded for the missionary to give lessons on its spiritual truths. On the Sunday, the earlier hours are occupied by worship with the native Christians, and Christian Instruction Classes for those who have already received some measure of spiritual enlightenment. Some of the native helpers afterwards go forth to visit the neighbouring villages, and preach the gospel there also, accompanied, when possible, by the missionary.

THE MISSION PLANTATION.

The base of operations is the Mission Plantation. This is the pivot on which the Industrial method works. To the Mission Plantation, as a centre, the natives are gathered for instruction; and from it, as a centre, Christian influences radiate into all the region around. The reason for adopting the Mission Plantation system needs to be carefully stated, since it is a subject on which some misapprehension exists. Apparently, it is thought by some that the system has been adopted mainly because it helps to create an income for the Mission, and because the revenue from the cultivation of the coffee is expected to become a very acceptable item in the balance-sheet. The principal argument in favour of the plan is sometimes supposed to be that, if the Industrial missionary does a little less in the way of preaching and evangelizing among the people, than he otherwise would, yet as he earns his own living, and helps by his Industrial work to pay the cost of the Mission, the gain on the whole is greater than the loss, and the loss, whatever it is, may well be incurred for the sake of the compensating advantages.

This view of the case is misleading. Undoubtedly, Industrial Missions help to defray their own cost, and will in time become self-supporting, and probably even self-propagating; but if this result were attained only by sacrificing the evangelistic work of the Mission, it would be a sad, and even fatal error. On the contrary, it is claimed for the Industrial method that, in circumstances such as prevail in British Central Africa, it helps the evangelistic work of the missionary by increasing his opportunities of usefulness, and enabling him to use them to greater purpose. Instead of his energy being divided, and therefore diminished, by engaging in Industrial pursuits, it is really laid out to better advantage. He is not only brought into contract with a larger number of people, but brought into close and constant contact with them; and if he be himself the right type of man, this will enable him to exert a more potent influence for good than his fellow-labourer who is confined to ordinary methods. The relations between the missionary and his native labourers are not the same as those between employer and employed, for the missionary has no prospect whatever of any personal gain or advantage, and he works with them as fellow-labourers for the Mission itself, which exists for

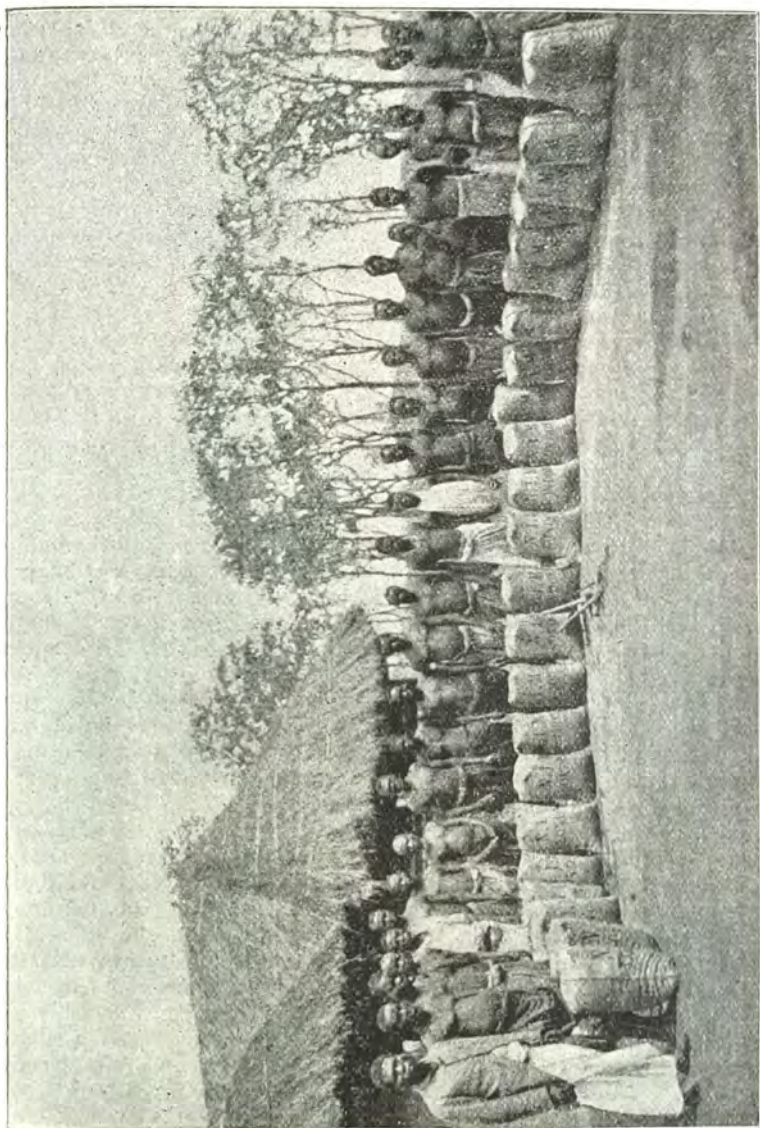
no pecuniary gain, but solely for the propagation of other Mission stations, as agencies for the further spread of the gospel.

THE INDUSTRIAL METHOD AS AN EVANGELISTIC AGENCY.

The way in which the Industrial Method thus becomes, in British Central Africa, such an effective evangelistic agency, may readily be shown. To begin with, *it is calculated to arouse the minds of the natives from their apathy, and to create in them an interest in the gospel.* Wherever the gospel goes, it generally encounters some peculiar local difficulty, which indisposes the people to give heed to it, and care must be taken to present the message in such a way as to overcome these hindrances. In the region now spoken of, the great local hindrance, no doubt, is found in the innate idleness of the people. Labour is not a necessity of life there;—at least, not to the men. The women work for their masters; they till the land, and all the drudgery of life falls to their lot; but the men look upon manual toil as below their dignity. This state of mind does not prepare an entrance for the gospel. One of the most hopeful signs, indeed, is when the people begin to be ashamed of this style of living; and it is one of the first effects of the gospel upon them. The example and influence of the missionary, who comes among them to live a life of labour for their sakes, is a sermon in itself; and, often, the first sermon to which they pay any real attention.

Then, *the labour on the Plantations brings the natives into close personal contact with the missionary,* and they see, in his conduct, a daily living illustration of the gospel he preaches. If they understand little about Christianity in the abstract, like many other people, they can appreciate its beauty when they see it exemplified in daily life. And it is no small thing, for these wild, untaught heathen, to be brought, in their ordinary toil, day by day, under the influence of a man who so loves them that he has given up home and prospects of temporal advancement, that he may spend his life among them, in order to uplift them to better things. The difference between such a man and the ordinary planter is obvious. Hence it comes to pass that, while the planter often finds it hard to secure a sufficient supply of labour, the natives come readily for employment at the Mission Plantations, and some are now offering, if land can be allotted to them, to remove their villages, and build their huts nearer the Mission-station. Ordinarily, the missionary must wait until he has learned the language before he can begin to preach; but the Industrial missionary has this advantage, that he begins to preach the moment he sets foot on the Mission Plantation. His conduct, amongst the natives who serve under him, is itself a testimony concerning the grace of God which they cannot fail to understand.

This leads up to the observation that *the Industrial Method enables the missionary to reach a much larger section of the population than could be the case in any other way.* For, although the population is considerable, it is scattered over a very wide area, and it would take a long time to reach any large number if the missionary relied entirely upon itinerating visits to the various villages; and these visits to any one place could only be paid at long intervals. But better opportunities arise when the men come in large gangs, and frequently from long



NATIVE CARRIERS WITH NYASSA INDUSTRIAL MISSION COFFEE.

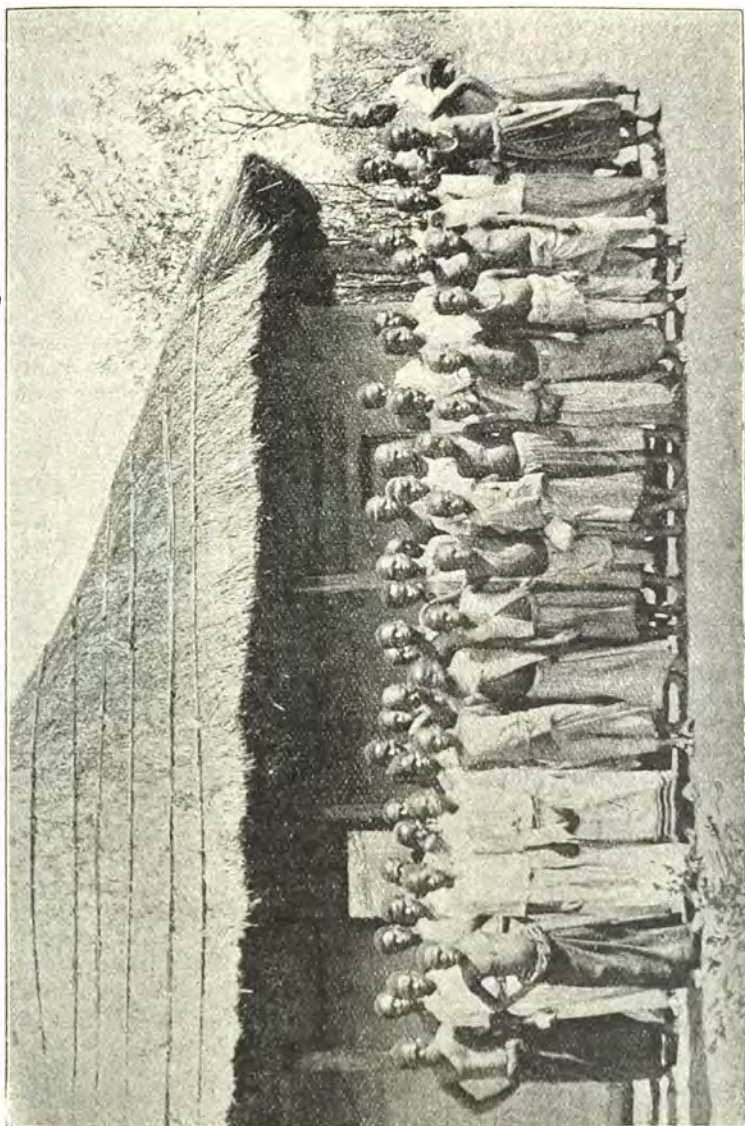
distances, to work on the Plantations. At the present moment, on one Plantation alone, about 250 are employed, quite half of whom are Angoni, a warlike and savage race who formerly kept the whole country in alarm by their murderous raids. Yet now, from a hundred miles away, these men come seeking employment, and when the season is over, they return to their own land and tribe, carrying the news of the Word they have heard, and the treatment they have received while working for the missionaries, and so the whole country is being to some extent influenced for good.

For these reasons, the promoters of the Nyassa Mission are convinced that the Industrial Method is the most effective way of bringing the gospel to bear upon the races of British Central Africa; and if no monetary benefit resulted from it, they would still adhere to the present plan because of its superior advantages as an evangelistic agency.

Of course, it may be said that all this looks well in theory, and it is a very pleasant picture of the missionary teaching his black dependents the arts and industries of civilized life, and training them for eternal life as well, bestowing upon them all the blessings of Christianity, and at the same time helping to contribute largely to send those blessings on to others; but the question will doubtless be asked,—Is it practicable, and, as a matter of fact, does it work out as well as it appears on paper?

The present experiment has not yet had sufficient time to enable a full demonstration to be made of its soundness, but some advantages have been established beyond dispute. It has often been confidently stated that the attempt to combine the Industrial with the evangelistic in missionary work is bound to result in failure, and that one or other of two things is sure to happen. Either the planter will absorb the missionary, or the missionary the planter. Either the man will grow good coffee, but will be a poor missionary, or he may be a good missionary, but he will only grow poor coffee; indeed, that he cannot be both a good missionary and a good planter, and in aiming at the two things will probably fail in both.

It may suffice to say that, so far, in the Nyassa Mission, events have entirely falsified this prediction. With regard to the Plantation work, circumstances have not yet permitted the Likabula station to entirely meet its expenses, and the Cholo station has only been occupied about eighteen months; but, last year, a sum of nearly £250 was received from the sale of coffee on the London market, while that grown on the earlier Plantation was of such excellent quality that it was thought worthy to be sampled for the Imperial Institute, and the sample is on exhibition there to-day, as a specimen of what the country can produce; so that our brethren have not failed as planters. And this has not been purchased by neglect of the chief work of the missionary. At Cholo, the second Plantation, Mr. and Mrs. Deeach commenced working only last autumn, amidst a people, not only strangers to the gospel, but so unfamiliar with European life that they had never seen a white woman, and came in crowds to stare at Mrs. Deeach as a great curiosity.



SOME OF THE CHILD SCHOLARS.

Yet, among them, the Word of God has made headway, and an enquirers' class of nearly 40 members has been formed within a few months. We do not call them converts yet, and they need much instruction; but their hearts have, at least, been opened to attend to the things spoken, and they are meeting regularly to learn more concerning the truth they have heard.

The work of the Nyassa Industrial Mission has been tried at present only on a small scale, and with very limited resources; but enough has been ascertained already to prove that we are on the right lines, and it seems as if the Church of Christ in general must work on similar lines if she is fully to carry out the great command to preach the gospel to the whole creation. We are like men digging for the precious metal, and who have already struck into a seam where the soil is veined with golden ore. What we need now is to persevere with redoubled energy. We have received enough encouragement already to demand our heartiest thanksgiving, and to call forth earnest prayer; and if these are joined with renewed effort, we shall see the glory of God in the conversion of many from among the heathen.

Jesu's Coming Glory.

THOU hast known Thy deepest sorrow,
 Jesus, Lord, enthroned on high;
 But Thy highest pleasure waits Thee,
 And Thy cup of fullest joy;
 When, before Thee, in the glory,
 All Thy ransom'd ones shall stand,
 Cleansed, and clothed, and crowned for ever,
 Heaven's triumphant radiant band.

Won by Thee from death's dominion,
 By the travail of Thy soul,
 When the judgment of Jehovah
 O'er Thee terribly did roll;—
 Won by Thee, the mighty Victor,
 Oh, the joy to meet Thee there,—
 Without spot or wrinkle, blameless,
 Greatly happy, sweetly fair!

Yes, Thy highest glory 'waits Thee,
 And the day is coming soon;
 Oh, the holy, blissful rapture,—
 Oh, the high, eternal noon,—
 When, beyond the reach of evil,
 Bride and bridegroom, side by side,
 She shall rest for ever joyful,
 And Thy heart be satisfied!

ALBERT MIDLANE.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XIX.—BY PASTOR JAMES DOUGLAS, M.A., BRITTON.

MY earliest recollection of "the prince of preachers" dates from July, 1855, when he paid his first visit to Scotland. (See Vol. II., chapter xliii., of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*.) My home was then in Glasgow, and on the particular Sunday morning I have in mind, while on the way with my parents to our usual place of worship, my father, noticing a poster announcing that C. H. S. was to preach in Hope Street Baptist Church, suddenly stopped, and said, "Let's go and hear young Spurgeon." The suggestion being instantly acted on, we were ere long inside the sanctuary in question. I can recall my feelings as a boy, not quite ten, as I gazed on the two men in the pulpit,—the one florid and awe-inspiring, my subsequent tutor, Dr. James Paterson,—and the other, the wonderful stranger, whose advent had moved the great city, of complexion pale, and, as it seemed to me, with a cherubic face. It is impossible for me to record much of that service. I went through it in a state of semi-trance. That bell-like voice awoke new chords within me, and I listened like one above the clouds, and in a sphere of rapture.

I have an impression that, in his Sermon, on the evening of the same day, upon Revelation xiv. 1, there was, towards the close, a most striking passage about what was to take place when he arrived in Heaven. Descanting on this topic, he said that, recently, he had in a discourse affirmed that he would sing the loudest of all the redeemed before the throne. "On coming down from the pulpit," the preacher continued, "I was met by an old woman who said to me, 'You have made *one* mistake in your Sermon this morning, sir.' 'Thank God if I have not made twenty,' I replied. 'But what is the one mistake?' 'You said, when you got to Heaven, you would sing the loudest; but I shall do that, for who has such cause to extol free grace as I have?'"

Years rolled by, and my next glimpse of C. H. S. was in the City Hall of Glasgow, during my student career, in the winter session, I believe, of 1866-7. It was an eventful night; the great hall packed, the leading luminaries of Glasgow on the platform, the preacher in his happiest vein, and "Sermons in Candles" the theme of his lecture. It would be idle to dwell upon an effort held in general memory still, so Biblical in subject-matter, spiritual in tone, homely in treatment, and popularly captivating in effect. Needless to say, where fifth-rate copies make the night lustrous, the result that evening was like a grand illumination. I had induced a Highland student to accompany me; but had I foreseen the consequences, I would have taken precautionary measures,—his struggles at the close to obtain a copy of the *Sword and Trowel*, containing an epitome of the lecture, being painful to witness.

In my judgment, the Sermon of Sermons is the one entitled, "A Sense of Pardoned Sin." Though I did not hear it preached, I question if a better discourse was ever delivered by a sinner saved by

grace. It seems to me as if the tongues of men and of angels had been given for the occasion, and fired by love. How difficult it is to do justice to experiences transcendental, none know better than preachers who have themselves proved what it is to be caught up to the third heavens of Divine emotion, and to have had a survey above the stars. In this Sermon, utterance does not fall far short of that upper realm of being, where God's deep things lie, and which makes Heaven in possession. Happy those who can experimentally follow the preacher in this flight, and to whom "the sense of pardoned sin" lives and must live in the Paradise of God.

A Sermon which was, to me, a perfect marvel in the delivery, but which the preacher himself made nothing of, having strung it together on his way from "Westwood" to the Tabernacle, was one preached from the text, "A sower went forth to sow." I am still inclined to give this discourse a high place, not only because of the excellence of the matter, but also because of the admirable specimen it furnishes of the variety of touch which was one of Mr. Spurgeon's many-sided traits. It reminds me, as I recall it now, of the circus veteran, my hero in childhood, who at his annual visit to the old town in Scotland where my early days were spent, fascinated me by his horsemanship, representing quite a string of characters at one performance, changing his dress some twenty times while flying round the track. I am not sure that the above illustration is a happy one, but it may help the reader to the thought I would express, namely, the singularly kaleidoscopic line of treatment sometimes adopted by Mr. Spurgeon, and which was part of his wondrous furnishing.

Another discourse that lives in my memory, delivered in his later years, is the one preached on "Peter's Wife's Mother." I was just in time to hear the text announced, and that was so far helpful, but having got into "a brown study" on the way, I could not for some minutes catch the rapid playful movement of the introduction, which was sending quite a ripple of smiles all over the place. At last, by a supreme effort, I gathered my wits together, and found that no surgical operation was necessary to keep pace with the preacher's humour. That difficulty surmounted, the Sermon was like a series of hospital cases ably diagnosed and spiritually treated.

Without going too fully into details, the Sermons in which I most revelled were those having such a pivot as this: "He brought them out that He might bring them in." C. H. S. (glory be to God!) knew how to preach a gospel *minus* contingency; and, often, my soul, under the spell of the Word, became like the chariots of Ammi-nadib. Why cannot we have more of this class of preaching to-day,—the preaching which sends the pilgrims on their way sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem? Christ's sheep need to be led into the pastures of "Full Assurance;" and they would be, if they had men to lead them who knew whom they believed.

There are *two points* about Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons that deserve

special mention. The first is, that the Sermon was a living embodiment of the Text; and the second is, the spiritually searching quality of the Truth as therein uttered.

The first point noted was ever in evidence. I am not aware of any discourse I ever heard him deliver wherein the spirit of the Text was not dramatically rendered. Posture, tone, emotion, thought,—all reflected the very soul of the inspired words. It was as if the seed of the Word fructified and blossomed in the preacher's own personality. If the Text was an interrogation, the Sermon, and the man behind the Sermon, formed a sustained query; if a simple gospel statement, then all the preacher's movement, accent, and elaboration only made the simplicity the more transparent; if a challenge (see Job xxxiv. 33), then the fact brought the preacher forth like a knight brandishing his drawn sword. This feature, I am sure, must live in the remembrance of all who heard C. H. S. with any measure of intelligence; and when we remember the endless distinctiveness there is in the spirit of the inspired Word, the fact adverted to tells of the rarest and most invaluable of all endowments.

Indeed, there is but one thing which rises higher still, namely, the second point to which we have referred as distinguishing Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons,—*their spiritually searching power*. This, however, is unsusceptible of any human explanation. We can only say,—*It was so, for so it pleased God the Holy Ghost*. The sovereign wonder in the Sermons of "the prince of preachers" is the signal measure of the Holy Spirit's application of them. This is something deeper, higher, greater than all other excellences combined. It pleased God to make the Word in his hands a self-emptying power in his hearers' hearts. Not only can I affirm this from my own experience, but I can confirm it from the testimony of many others. Over and over again have I had the fact attested by living witnesses,—the latest being a Presbyterian minister, from Ohio, whose case was related to me, from his own lips, only a few days ago. I recall, as I am now writing, the case of an entire stranger, who made a similar avowal to me as we were travelling together by rail from the North to our great city. Such an aspect of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons is too wonderful for words. In this connection, we lose sight of the servant, and lay our grateful tribute at the Master's feet, where the dear preacher himself would wish it to be laid.

Making an Impression.

BY F. E. MARSH, SUNDERLAND.

AT one of the railway stations in the North of England, recently, a man, whose clothes were covered with lime, got into one of the carriages of a train. He was evidently employed in a neighbouring lime-kiln. His fellow-passengers made room for him, and only wished him in a compartment by himself, as, brushing against them, he left his mark upon one and another. Far from scorning the travelling toiler, who had an equal right with ourselves to the use of the carriage, we are indebted to him for a practical lesson. As the Lord's children, let us

be so clad that, wherever we go, we shall leave a lasting impression behind us. A man is often known by the clothes he wears; here is an inventory of a Christian's wardrobe:—

"The armour of light" (Rom. xiii. 12).

"The Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. xiii. 14).

"The whole armour of God" (Eph. vi. 11).

"The breastplate of righteousness" (Eph. vi. 14).

"The breastplate of faith" (1 Thess. v. 8).

"The heart of compassion (r.v.), kindness, humility, meekness, longsuffering" (Col. iii. 12).

"Love" (Col. iii. 14).

If these were worn by Christians, under all circumstances, we should be able to make a deeper impression than we do at present upon those with whom we come in contact.

I Would Rather.

I'D rather have God's working than my own !
 For all my best is broken, soiled, and marred ;
 But when He works, the work is perfect work,
 And easy what to me is always hard.

I'd rather have God's treasure than my own !
 Mine is but dross, and His the purest gold ;
 So I turn out my wealth, that His rich hand
 May better fill what I thus better hold.

I'd rather have God's keeping than my own !
 I, the young nestling, keep myself ? Absurd !
 His eagle-wings, His strength, and His alone,
 Must keep the nest, and me, His unfledg'd bird.

I'd rather have God's choosing than my own !
 He knoweth when, and what, and how is best :
 I should choose pebbles, He the precious stone
 That will reflect Heaven's glories, bright and blest.

I'd rather have God work, and give, and keep,
 And choose for me, than let the dearest friend
 Usurp His place : for I can trust my God
 Where earthly wit and earthly love must end.

I'd rather—yes, I'd rather have God's cross
 Than have the world's poor crown, with all its flowers.
 I'd rather God's denial, censure, loss,
 Than all the gain that fortune sometimes showers.

Lord, let me see Thy working day by day,
 Receive Thy gifts, enjoy Thy keeping might ;
 Take what Thou chooseth, for again I say,
 I'd rather ; for Thy deeds are always right.

WILLIAM LUFF.

The Honeysuckle Bush.

BY J. DINNEN GILMORE.

PICKING up a book, some time ago, I lighted upon the following sentence:—"When the bees find the honeysuckle bush, it's not easy to drive them away." I smiled as I read the words; but, somehow, I could not get rid of them; they kept running in my mind. I tried to forget them, but it was no use, they still kept running there; and, strange to say, I began to associate them with Christians and the Word of God, and soon they ran this way:—"When men find the sweetness of the Word, it's not easy to drive them from it."

The Word of God reaches and touches man as he is, shows him himself, reveals to him his God, speaks of grand possibilities, and points him to a way of escape from sin, its guilt and consequences, and assures him of a peace, deep, and real, and true. A popular philosophy, taking for its basis the common experience of mankind, teaches that peace is logically impossible, that all nature is full of blind and endless striving, that existence means desire, and desire means misery, that thus the world and life are fundamentally evil, and there is no escape from discontent, except in insensibility and extinction.

But the Word of God has a grander philosophy, and teaches a diviner lesson; there we find that the Lord Jesus Christ waits to be gracious, offers to bring the life of all who trust Him into accord with the music of God's perfect universe. The Bible is still the Book of books, the Book *par excellence* for the nineteenth century, and for the much-talked-of twentieth century, too. Man is groping in darkness, struggling for a higher and truer life. A cold philosophy, a chilly science, leaves him as it found him, without a single ray of light, or making, if possible, his darkness darker to him. But he turns to the Word of God, and finds it a light to his feet, and a lamp to his path.

What a grand "honeysuckle bush" the Word of eternal truth is! Men of every nation and tongue find it to be sweet unto their taste. Men of every rank and calibre profit by it. Here is a merchant, and from its pages he learns how to buy and sell honestly. Here is an artist, and he finds himself surrounded by costly works of art, of every shade and colour and description. A painter, and he discovers pictures drawn by a master-hand, and hung in massive frames. An architect, and he finds arches of wondrous span, buildings of costly design and skilful execution. A builder, and he sees lofty towers, mighty walls, and spacious houses. A Christian, and he finds "a balm for every wound, a cordial for his fears;" his sorrow is turned into joy, he exchanges the garments of mourning and heaviness for the spirit of praise and thankfulness. An anxious one, and he finds a road that leads him straight to God; a way that ends in peace and rest; a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. A careless one, and he finds that—

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

All sorts and conditions of men find here a compass by which they are enabled to steer out of the "great storm" into a "great calm." Men have the effrontery to tell us that this grand old new Book is "a tissue of fables," that its day is done, its power gone, its authority discredited, its circulation diminishing. Is it so? Ask the British and Foreign Bible Society, and other Societies, that have now issued the Bible in over four hundred different languages and dialects. This Book wields a power over the lives and destinies of men such as no other book has done, can do, or ever will do. He who wrote it says of it, "My Word shall not return unto Me void."

* * * *

We look back and read the names of some who have tried to tear it to pieces, to demolish it, and we are confronted with a long list of men possessing keen destructive criticism, mighty genius that made some tremble for the ark of God, logical acumen, scientific knowledge, and yet the Divine message goes on its way, unruffled and undisturbed, "its eye not dim, nor its natural force abated." Lucian styled it, "The latest folly of the world's madhouse." Celsus called it, "An arraignment of falsities." Voltaire said, "It took twelve men to build up Christianity; he would show the world that one man could pull it down."

These have fared no better than the wild sea-birds that come sweeping up in the tempest and the night against the hospitable pharos that is firmly built upon the rock, and strike themselves dead against it. As well might a man try to stop an express train by hurling a snowflake at it, as to think, by his puny strength, however rich his gifts or noble his faculties, to stop the onward march of this blessed Book. God is in it, God is with it. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail;" and, O God, Thy Word is truth!

THE BIBLE IS A STANDING MIRACLE.

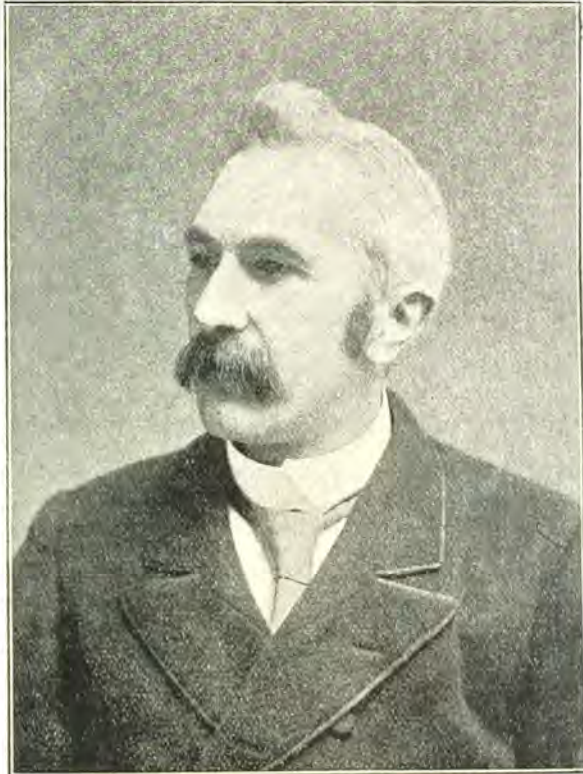
In spite of every assault, it lives still as pure as ever, every line of sceptical scribbling wiped off its page. Long-continued though the warfare has been, it knows no defeat. For 1,700 years, it has been assailed on every side, but throughout all this period it has been grandly victorious, and it remains to-day the most uniquely-glorious Book which the world has ever known. Given in the wisdom of God, and by the inspiration of God, it has been preserved by His providence against all attempts at its destruction. "No fire has ever yet burnt it up. The tooth of time has not devoured it. Age has worked in it no decay. The lapse of centuries has not made it obsolete. The Gibbons, the Humes, the Paines, and the Voltaires of earth have not driven it from the world. Science has not harmed it, and civilisation has not outgrown it. The progress of human thought has not outlawed it. The errors and heresies of professed friends have not strangled it. It still lives, and is destined to live to the end of time." Yea, more than that, for "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the Word which by the gospel is preached unto you."

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

LXVIII.—PASTOR ISAAC O. STALBERG, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

MY first pastorate was a truly happy one, and the memory of it is hallowed. Dear KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, very pleasant thoughts cluster around thee, and centre in thee! It has been a great pleasure to me, of late, to renew associations with the ancient town, and to have been instrumental in introducing to the pastorate of one of its churches, “ a brother beloved in the Lord.” He is one who deserves a place of honour among “ Our Own Men.”



PASTOR ISAAC OCTAVIUS STALBERG is “ of the seed of Abraham,” after the flesh, and also after the Spirit, his father, Isaac Stalberg, being a convert from the Jewish faith to the faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His son was born in London, on July 27, 1857, and was educated at the Grammar School, Hoddesdon, Herts. He was converted to God in early childhood, and then knew and loved the Saviour; but it was at the age of seventeen that he experienced

that *decided spiritual quickening* which enabled him assuredly to say, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new;" "I know whom I have believed." This decided change was brought about under the faithful ministry of the Rev. Henry Elliott Fox, vicar of Christ Church, Westminster, and that of his curate, the Rev. W. C. Noyes.

Mr. Stalberg continued in the Episcopal Church until he was about 20 years of age, when he became convinced that, for infant sprinkling, there was no warrant in the New Testament, and that believers' baptism alone was the baptism "noted in the Scripture of truth." As soon as he saw the commandment of Jesus, he determined to obey it, and thus to avow his love to his Saviour. He was baptized, and united himself in membership with the Baptist Church at King's Road, Reading, then under the pastoral care of the well-beloved William Anderson, who laboured so successfully there up to the time that he was called to the higher service of the Church triumphant.

Our friend's first attempt at preaching was, like that of the justly-celebrated Robert Hall, a failure. His nervous trembling caused him to break down, and he resolved he would attempt to preach no more. God, however, had called him to the ministry of the gospel of His Son Jesus Christ, so, after three years' silence, he had once more to open his mouth, and tell to sinners round what a Saviour he himself had found. During the time of his enforced silence from preaching, he was, however, far from idle; but was a diligent, active labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. He engaged in the work of teaching a class of about forty poor boys, half of whom were Jews; and here his earnest labours were owned of God. Soon after he was received into fellowship at Reading, Mr. Stalberg began to preach in the villages around. He entered the Pastors' College in the year 1882, and continued as a student there for three years, enjoying the friendship and presidency of the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon, to whom he was ardently attached. He was a painstaking student, beloved by his tutors, and by all his class comrades.

In the year 1885, he entered upon his first pastorate at Faringdon, Berkshire. During his four years' ministry there, the chapel was renovated, sinners were converted, and additions were made to the fellowship of the church of "such as were being saved." Among these, and, if I am not mistaken, the first of the sisters baptized, was Miss Annie Carter, who is now Mrs. I. O. Stalberg, the beloved wife of our beloved friend and brother.

At the close of his successful pastorate at Faringdon, Mr. Stalberg received and accepted a hearty invitation to the pastorate of Stanwell Road Baptist Church, Penarth, an increasing and fashionable watering-place, situated four miles from Cardiff. He sustained the charge of this church from January, 1889, with vigour and earnestness, and was successful in erecting a handsome chapel, and of adding many to the membership of the church, up to the year 1898, when he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church assembling at Bunyan Chapel, Norbiton, Kingston-on-Thames. During his pastorate at Penarth, our brother won the love, esteem, and confidence of all the Nonconformist ministers in the Cardiff district, and exercised a

devout and thoughtful ministry. He was a conscientious and diligent visitor of the sick, an earnest student, and a laborious pastor. In his pastoral work, he was ably assisted by his excellent wife, who, by all who intimately knew her, was and still is accounted to be a model pastor's wife. Not a little of our brother's success in the ministry is owing to her tact, and the genial way in which she has seconded all his efforts.

Since Mr. Stalberg has been at Kingston-on-Thames, his ministry has been greatly blessed, and a considerable number have been baptized and added to the church. On not a few occasions, members have said to the writer of this sketch, "Thank you for introducing to us such a pastor. The more we know of him, the more we love him; and his wife is just what a pastor's wife should be." Our brother has a splendid field for labour at Kingston, he has the right kind of people to labour among, and the Lord is blessing his labours, and will bless them. Mr. Stalberg has occasionally courted the muse. We conclude our sketch with a portion of the verses written by him on the never-to-be-forgotten occasion of the home-going of our beloved friend and leader, C. H. Spurgeon:—

"Rest! Christian warrior, rest!
 Not rest of slumber;
 Rest which the blessed know,
 That happy number
 Who find 'tis service still
 That makes them blest,
 And gladly, yet unwearied, serve
 With holy zest.

"Rest! Christian warrior, rest!
 Oh, how inspiring!
 But we, not yet, must dream
 Of our retiring;
 Wide is the field where still
 God's foe doth reign,
 His galling yoke must broken be,
 In Jesu's Name!

"Rest! Christian warrior, rest!
 The word is cheering;
 The fleeting moments tell
 Our time is nearing,
 When, past the darkness of
 Long-reigning night,
 We'll welcome the eternal morn
 Of glory bright."

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

VIII.—MY LADY'S GARDEN.

THE gentler sex does much to foster floriculture. Their grace of person and general purity of pursuit put them at once in touch with the beautiful in bine and blossom, bough and bud. Here,

their imagination finds facility of expression, and their sense of adornment ample scope. When the Bridegroom in the Canticles likens the spouse to a jealously-guarded garden, and her virtues to pleasant fruits, He not only uses a figure strikingly appropriate, but He helps to suggest to the mind the sympathy which ever exists between the lady of the house and the streams and trees of the domain. In classic times, the Greeks and Romans peopled their glades and waters with nymphs and dryads; and no more peaceful or heart-helping scene can meet the eye to-day, than to see the matron with gloved hands, in her leisure, attending to her flowers; the cottager's wife gathering her fruits and herbs; the widow training her window plants; or young girls, in the Summer meadows, threading daisy chains, and weaving crowns from the wild convolvulus.

As a rule, a woman is not nearly so good a gardener as a man, yet she puts more into the soil, and gets more out of it. The occupation is, rather, the index of her thoughts, and the mirror of her character. Give the man a garden, and his tendency will be to appraise his products at City value, to grow his plants for exhibition, his cut blooms for the shop. He will be tempted to drop into nursery phraseology, and to regard the earth and its fruits and flowers from the utilitarian point of view. Let a woman have charge of a garden, and, ere long, you will see, in odd corners, old-fashioned medicine plants, and the flowers in vogue fifty years ago. You will find less system, and far fewer up-to-date excellences; but you will be sure to meet with old favourites,—many perennials, for women dote on such plants,—and you will also be certain to come across all kinds of growth with heart-soothing and suggestive names. For the woman makes a diary of her garden; she tells her soul's story to the earth which responds in sweet-briar, heartsease, and honesty, or in some lovely fragile thing with petals white as Heaven, and a sweet perfume which carries you back in thought to the home at Bethany. In her little front plot, the lonely woman ignores the shadow of poverty, and loses the sense of her isolation. She even forgets, amid the opening leaves, that she is growing old. With the poetic subtlety of her nature, she will see that, as the months march by, each shall have a retinue of blossoms, and even if out-of-doors the stems are stark, she has still her sunny window full of green, with flower-spikes here and there, wherewith to greet the fleeting Wintry morn. Let woman but have a chance, and she will spell out her feelings on a garden border, and you may find the key to the hieroglyph unawares. Should you do so, take care to treat the writer with that rare courtesy which should ever accompany, but which is so often absent from, our discoveries of each other.

Thus woman breathes her feelings into the ear of Mother Earth, and the elves of flowers whisper them back to her in the rhythm of the wind, with many a mysteriously-added answer. With respectful reverence, we ask to be forgiven our thought-reading. But is it not so?

* * * *

We remember a lady, as stiff and angular as David Copperfield's aunt, possessed of a garden as precisely kept as herself. But her

trim suburban lawn, with its edging of flowers, oft revived our tired eyes when, emerging from the underground class-rooms of the *Alma Mater* of those days, we sallied forth on Saturdays, to a country contrast; for, at the house of this Priscilla, a "prophet's chamber" was provided for the student-preachers till the Sabbath was past. Our spinster hostess, with the one maid who served her, would frequently be in the garden on our arrival. With great dignity, and a certain austerity, she would draw off a long glove ere greeting us. She was very tall; old-fashioned as to dress, which was mostly black. Her hair was straightened down after some forgotten feminine notion that had long ago passed away from the plates of fashion. A little girl of our acquaintance wrote, concerning an elderly lady she had met, that she was "a dear old *sole*." Correcting the spelling, our friend was the same. Beneath all her precision, there was genuine kindness; and her love for "the cause" led her, out of her comparatively slender means, to covet the "privilege" of entertaining the student-pastors. At family prayer, she took the reading of the Scriptures herself, committing the prayer to the brother who might be present. When meals and devotions were over, you were left to meditate. This you could do in a cool room, filled with the scent of roses placed in an ancient china bowl. Through the open door you got a view of the sun-flooded garden; and you could, if you chose, go forth beneath the trees, and meditate still.

Ah, that garden! How well-kept it was! How full of old-fashioned shrubs and flowers! And so quiet! Here the jaded student could dream away the interval between the services. There was no master with a conscience troubling him lest the conversation should flag; no deacon to put the yearling preacher through his paces; no spoiled child to leave marks of fruity fingers on the ministerial cuffs; no interesting young ladies to enquire, "Mr. Bass, do you sing?" No, the student could muse over his sermons,—or his sweetheart,—with the bees and the birds as his companions, amid the fruit trees, the roses, tall lilies, sweet-williams, and mignonette, till the tinkle of a little bell called him in to tea;—then, in the coolest of rooms, out of cups with a family history, he would drink the inspiring beverage, while his hostess, as upright as a soldier, presided at table, and a maid, as demure as her mistress was proper, stood humbly at her elbow, and took her orders in signs. Truly, the house *was* a trifle still; but, of course, one was able to save up a great deal of energy for the evening service.

Peace be to the memory of this motherly martinet! We received many kindnesses at her hands. She had a genius for tidiness, and a mania for polish. Her garden reflected the one attribute, and her house the other. She is in her element now, for she has long since gone to that Home where there is nothing out of place.

* * * *

Another garden comes into view,—only a little enclosure between a cottage and the road. Stooping down, and turning the earth with a trowel, is a diminutive woman. The cottage has been her home, wife and widow, for well-nigh fifty years. The great tide of life has

ebbed and flowed, but she has drifted no further than to her work in the High Street, and back to her cottage at night. Like a moored boat, when the day-tide has come, she has floated out to the length of her tether, and when the evening has returned, she has slipped back again to the old spot. Through the years of her widowhood, she has earned a precarious living by upholstery. Her only places of recreation have been her chapel and her garden. At the former, she has always been among the first present, and in the latter, we have seen her, on many an evening, trimming her box borders and privet hedge, and watering her flowers. In the centre of the garden, there grows a splendid *Philadelphus coronarius*, while near the fence are two very old lavender bushes. It is one of the simple gratifications of the grower to give away sprigs of lavender and saplings of syringa. She is very poor, and the bestowal of her plants is one of the few ways of liberality left open to her. This she delights in, and would make you believe that the favour is all on your side in deigning to receive. With all the delicacy of good breeding she gives, which is not so common as to be allowed to pass unrecorded. It is in such gardens as this poor woman's, that perennials flourish; it is here that many-coloured primulas come out every Spring, where the auricula and polyanthus retain their popularity, while Michaelmas daisies cheer the fall of the year.

We think, as we stand on a Saturday evening with this good cottager amid her flowers, how much relief to widowhood, how much rest after toil in old age, this garden must have afforded her. It has been as a babe to this childless woman,—ever needing attention, never getting more than a year old. Some time ago, the old lady had an accident, and was confined within the hospital for many weary weeks. The ward tables were bright with red covers, relieved with vases of fresh flowers. But these sufficed her not. She longed for the humble home, and the things that she had trained every day. And they longed for her as for their mother. The bine over her window fell about, like the hair of a neglected girl; weeds encroached upon the flowers, like intrusive people upon the confidence of their betters; the leaves died, and there was no one to bury them; grass grew upon the garden path, as sins will do upon a prayerless life-way. When the little woman at last returned, ere she could well walk, she ventured, with shaky limbs, among her treasures, and she and they grew strong again together.

* * * *

Opposite to the cottage just described, rises a high wall. Behind that wall, are glass-houses and grounds full of rare growths. Here, too, the presiding genius is a daughter of Eve. With wealth at her command, in happy spinsterhood she dwells, no male biped hectoring round. Yet is she a sweet foster-mother, and the children of a dead sister call her blessed.

If you will listen to a lecture on what art will do when grafted on to Nature, come with us. "It is toward evening, and the day is far spent." Mayhap, One will join us who will open unto us the Scriptures. Let us walk beneath these laden trees; let us step into

these houses, vaporous with Indian heat. Give now imagination wings, and let it flit here, and alight there, on illustrations of that most wondrous of truths, "the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls." Here are three apple trees in one;—a trunk of coarse fibre, with no pedigree to boast of, bearing, on this side, a good rough businesslike fruit; and, on the other, such apples of gold as could be set before a king. Both fruits are grafts, and may represent two types of Christian, evolved by grace from our common manhood; or that rarer combination when sound practical judgment and high spiritual enthusiasm bear fruit together in one life.

But come within the houses. Here are melons fertilized by a process as delicate as it is extraordinary; the ultimate luscious fruit being an intervention and triumph of gardening skill. Here are English hot-house grapes with an aroma and flavour which place them among the first-fruits of the vintage; here are tangerines superior to anything imported. And of flowers, there are *Gloxinias*, whose glorious blooms, originally all drooping, have been trained erect to set their beauties forth. Here, also, are *Begonias*, whose primitive stock came from South America and India, but which, under cultivation, have blossomed forth into a perfect paradise of rich colours and silver-marked foliage. Here are orchids,—the wonderful *Cypripediums*, called by Darwin the aborigines of the orchid world, disappearing in their native wilds, with strange rapidity, but multiplying under the hand of culture, with singular facility, when their simple wants are supplied. *Cattleyas*, too, are here, with wings of bloom eight inches across; so beautiful as to transport one's soul, and to force the irresistible conclusion,—If man can do this, what cannot God do in the realm of the spirit? Orchids, again, "amethyst-tongued," suggesting the spoken gems of the gospel; *Dendrobis* from Assam, a blaze of glory, and "a bed of spices"; *Lelias* and *Oncidium*s, which might move an atheist to revise his barren negations. When we have carried away with us, from this nursery of delights, an *Oncidium macranthum*, we have been inclined to paraphrase old Izaak Walton's apostrophe, and cry, "Lord, how hast Thou spread the fields of Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such blooms on earth?"

Our friend, who owns this enclosure, has given us many a choice flower; but, for the matter of that, so have they whose only garden was the plot by their cottage door. Thus, more than once, have we been able to place roses, as white and delicate as freshly-fallen snow, upon the pillow of the dying; and, full often, have we filled a vase with lovely growths, and set it on the communion table of the sanctuary, to suggest a *Magnificat* to the incoming worshipper. For what are flowers to him who hath eyes to see, and ears to hear their language? Are they not the greetings of God?

* * * *

More gardens spread before our mind's eye, to which the title of this chapter might apply. One especially, wherein we have spent many soothing and soul-deepening hours;—one filled with memorials of the great and good, preserved as precious by a lady's hand, and appreciated as such by the many pilgrims privileged to enjoy. The story of that garden remains to be told some day.

The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. III.*

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS IN SECULAR NEWSPAPERS:—

“The third volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* fully maintains the interest of its predecessors. It covers what may be termed ‘the institutional period’ of the great preacher’s life, including the opening of the Tabernacle, the founding of the Orphanage and the Colportage Association, and the building of the Pastors’ College. Although the autobiographical element does not enter so largely into the story, the mosaic of letters, speeches, sermons, and stories of Spurgeon, and the contributions of old students, and especially of his son, present to the general reader a fairly complete portrait of the great human soul in the fulness of his powers, and unveil some of the sources of his remarkable influence. . . . In the chapters devoted to the Pastors’ College, Mr. Spurgeon is seen at his best. We hardly know which to admire most; his accurate discernment of character, his inimitable and almost irrepressible humour, his strong common sense, his marvellous intellectual versatility, or his robust Evangelical faith. . . . Many of the stories of Spurgeon, in circulation to-day, are more or less apocryphal, but there are enough authentic anecdotes here to satisfy the most inveterate appetite. The chapters on ‘Foreign Travel’ and ‘Pure Fun’ are well written and absorbingly interesting;—indeed, there is scarcely a dull page in the volume. Spurgeonic wit and humour, epigram and satire, flash out everywhere. Like the two previous volumes, this one is profusely illustrated, the cartoons from the comic papers being not the least attractive, while the frontispiece portrait of the great preacher in his later years is ‘a speaking likeness.’”—*The Morning Leader*.

“We have before us another volume of Mr. Spurgeon’s ‘Life.’ It will be welcomed by those who knew and admired the great preacher at the Tabernacle, for it gives most graphic accounts of the enormous work carried on there, also the founding of the Pastors’ College, the Orphanage at Stockwell, the Colportage work, &c. The strain of preaching, Sunday after Sunday, to immense congregations, told on the Pastor’s health, and Mr. Spurgeon had, periodically, to seek rest and change abroad; and his descriptions of Alpine scenery, Continental cities, and travelling experiences, are given in his racy and genial manner. The volume has a charm all its own. It might be condensed; but, possibly, those who knew best this great and good man will not wish a line left out. Spurgeon had a great work set for him to do in the world, and right nobly did he accomplish it.”—*St. James's Budget*.

“The third volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, the great work of his wife and private secretary, for which the diary, letters, &c., of the deceased preacher supply abundant material, begins with the opening of the spacious Tabernacle, that centre of Church life to which the earnest evangelist added other important institutions in due time. The abundance of detail in the work, so far as it has gone,—another volume will complete it,—is simply amazing. For this reason it will be the more highly prized by those who came under the spell of the preaching or the personal influence of the subject of the *Autobiography*. The period covered is from 1856 to 1878, when Mr. Spurgeon was in his prime, full of energy, and pressing forward the great theological and benevolent objects on which he

* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by HIS WIFE, and his Private Secretary. Vol. III. 1856—1878. 334 pages, Demy 4to. With 114 Illustrations, including *facsimile* reproductions, in many colours, of pictures sent home from Rome by MR. SPURGEON. Price, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all booksellers and colporteurs.

had fixed his mind. Two chapters of 'Memories' of his father are contributed by Pastor Charles Spurgeon, and great interest is sure to be taken in Mrs. Spurgeon's chapters on 'Some Reminiscences of Foreign Travel,' which strikingly exhibit Mr. Spurgeon's deep admiration of fine scenery. A portrait of the latter, as he was in his prime, forms a frontispiece to the volume."—*The Leeds Mercury*.

"The third of the four volumes of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, like the previous two, affords exceedingly interesting reading. Perhaps, since the Rev. J. Wesley, there is no ministerial life which can supply so much varied incident as that of the late Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, or from whose writings and utterances can be obtained so much that is worth recalling. These volumes are compiled from his diary, letters, and records, by his wife and private secretary; and, so far, the work has been done most excellently. Mr. Spurgeon, though he was a strong denominationalist, and had what to many were regarded as narrow views of religious truth, was a man with a loving heart and generous spirit, and was, in fact, in life, and work, and disposition, very much broader than his creed. Though he was the minister of only one church, he exercised an influence which touched a great many, and through his numerous written works will continue to have an influence for many years to come. The present volume—in appearance as handsome both inside and out as the other two,—touches on many phases of the great preacher's life, and gives, in a pleasant way, much information respecting the institutions and people associated with the church he presided over. For the most part, he is made to speak for himself. . . . The illustrations are very numerous, and beautifully done; and the work, when completed by the fourth volume, will form a truly admirable memento of one who has, perhaps, done as much as, if not more than, any other preacher of modern times towards the spreading of pure evangelistic teaching."—*Hull News*.

"The third volume of this work has recently been published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, and not a word need be said to recommend it for its interest and value. Mr. Spurgeon, judged by the multitudes who were eager to hear him, and the results which followed his remarkable appeals, was the greatest preacher of the century; and great as is the impression which he has made upon our time, it is possible that a study of his life, after an interval farther removed from the period of his actual work, may reveal reasons for admiration which are not apparent now. That has sometimes happened, and it may happen again; for, curious though it may seem, the student of a career, who is separated by a generation from the close of it, is sometimes better able than the contemporary to form an estimate of its intensity and its worth. It is clear, from the contents of the volume before us, and there was evidence of the same thing in Volumes I. and II., that public opinion of Mr. Spurgeon underwent a remarkable change during the earlier years of his ministry. Some of the illustrations which have been introduced into Volume III. point to quite an evolution of attitude. In the case of thousands of persons, who did not pretend to have any regard for the higher objects of Mr. Spurgeon's work, admiration took the place of cynicism in the course of a short decade; and when the distinguished preacher died, there were few who did not frankly concede to him the unique position to which he was so justly entitled.

"We can imagine that readers of Vols. I. and II. will come to Vol. III. with keen expectancy, and they will not be disappointed. There are here such chapters as 'The Tabernacle Opened,' 'Notable Lectures and Addresses,' 'Memorable Services at the Tabernacle, 1861-1874,' and there is not a really dull page to be met with. The most casual perusal of this volume would strengthen the conviction that Mr. Spurgeon was a man of many talents. Not only in the pulpit, but in the administration of church and philanthropic affairs, and the shrewd common sense which at all times

he displayed, he was a giant, and he won the devotion of his people for this reason, as well as on account of his peculiar gifts as a pastor. . . . The volume is a handsome one, every way worthy of the contents, and there are numerous illustrations. Some of them are eloquent of the occasion or the circumstances which caused their production."—*The Bristol Observer*.

"Charles Haddon Spurgeon's life was a fruitful, inspiring influence upon his fellow-men; and his words burnt into the consciousness, for out of a full soul he spoke. His words were touched with a living coal from the highest altar of religious conviction. His Christianity was intense, his words bodied forth realities. He spoke and men listened. Not only the vast concourse at the Tabernacle, but the world of religious-minded English-speaking people was his congregation, and thousands who came within the circuit of his humanizing power perused, and still peruse, his printed sermons, when the magnetism of the spoken word is not. Power is often misplaced, opportunities are often misused; but Charles Spurgeon had the inalienable strength of the true Christian; his opportunities were hewn by unflagging energy of soul and purpose. Out of the fulness of the man came thoughts and words which, by their very humanity, heat of conviction, and virility of intellect, compelled attention. Mr. Spurgeon's influence was essentially with the people. His sermons were unconventional, outspoken, vivid: his name remains a symbol of staunch faith, penetrating insight, and the deliberate boldness which, backed by logic and the force of facts, spells power. So striking an individuality were not improperly sketched as a model of a Christian life, well lived. The task has been accomplished, for, in *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, we are presented, by his wife, and his private secretary, with the picture of the man. His diary, letters, and other records are the material used to supplement Mr. Spurgeon's own narrative. Already two volumes have appeared, the third has now come from the press, and a handsome library edition it is. The fascination of a great man's life—and Charles Spurgeon was a great man,—is more effective after the subject's death. A biography is more terse, it is more sprightly, than a life observed during its course, be the individual never so interesting. Mr. Spurgeon's life was full of incident, full of noble thoughts, stirring aspirations, and brilliant ideas. His sermons, lectures, and letters crystallize these into a crisp form. Mrs. Spurgeon's bright poetical descriptions, and the editorial judgment used in the selection of extracts from the great preacher's writings, add to the piquancy of the reading. Many sides of character are shown, and striking incidents, demonstrating the cordiality of the great pastor's relation with his flock, abound. Mr. Spurgeon never followed the line of self-interest. His interest in life was the good of his fellows."—*The Preston Guardian*.

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EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS IN RELIGIOUS PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

"We give a very hearty welcome to this new volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. We are not surprised that it has been greeted with a chorus of approbation by the Press generally, for it is, like its predecessors, a grand volume, and well worthy of all the good things that have been said about it.

"In reading it, the interest never flags; to those who knew Mr. Spurgeon, much of it is not new, but the whole is so deftly arranged, and the story is so interestingly told, that a charm is thrown over the things new and old. The chapters dealing with the holiday travels at home and abroad are specially delightful; not the least attractive being Mrs. Spurgeon's own account of the journeys which she had the joy of sharing. The chapters of reminiscences by Mr. C. Spurgeon are a valuable contribution, and will be prized by many. The account of the blessing upon the printed sermons

is choice reading, and gives one a glimpse of the world-wide influence exerted by *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. But, indeed, it is very difficult to say what portion is best, where all is so good. It is a book to be read and treasured. Its value is enhanced by the many excellent illustrations, and we would specially draw attention to the frontispiece, which strikes us as the finest photograph of Mr. Spurgeon in his later years that we have ever seen.

"The sense of Mr. Spurgeon's goodness and greatness grows upon us as we read, and keener becomes the sorrow for his loss; but we rejoice that such a gift was bestowed upon men, and this book reminds us how much we have of him still in his printed works, and it will itself serve most worthily to perpetuate his memory."—*The Pioneer Review*.

"The wisdom of publishing the Standard Life of Mr. Spurgeon at intervals, in successive volumes, becomes more apparent with every succeeding volume. It was a busy life, and covered a large space, and even the ordinary two-volume Biography would fail to do justice to it. His was, in addition, an epoch-making ministry; and the book is a revelation to the reader of the things which we have left behind, and of the struggles through which a rational effort to fulfil the duties of the gospel ministry had to force its way. No one should miss a page of these records in which there survives the charm of that thought and phrase which made the man so dear to thousands who still mourn his removal."—*The Christian Leader*.

"The publication of the third volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* will serve to renew the keen sense of loss so universally felt when the Church of Christ on earth was bereaved of that wonderful personality. It is remarkable how much has already been revealed of his life and ministry, but the volume now issued proves that more still remains to be told. We find no diminution of interest; the compilers appear to have endless resources of incident available, and they seem to be weaving, with singular skill and sympathy, the various portions of the life-story into a compact record that will, for the value it represents, find permanent and conspicuous place in the history of the closing century. . . . There is every evidence that this third handsome volume has had as much care bestowed upon its preparation as its two predecessors. We feared that, spread over so extensive a surface, the interest would hardly be maintained, but, so far, we see no thinning down in the quality of the material. The subject continues to add proof upon proof of its immortality. Charles Haddon Spurgeon lives before us again upon every page of his *Autobiography*. We congratulate Mrs. Spurgeon and her helper, Mr. Harrauld, upon the tenderness as well as discrimination which have hitherto marked their labours; and we acknowledge also the care and admirable workmanship displayed by printers and publishers. The production of a worthy account of a life so unique in nobility and power stands for invaluable service to this and the generations following. May that service find all the encouragement it deserves!"—*The Baptist*.

"There has been no lack of interest in the *Spurgeon Autobiography* so far, but the third volume, which is just published, must be voted the most interesting of them all,—at least from the point of view of the general reader. There is not a page in it that does not form valuable reading to those who would understand the secret of the marvellous influence which the great preacher exerted, and the enduring fame which he left behind him. . . . To attempt to give gems from the book, would occupy six times the space at our disposal, even if it were desirable to do so. But they would give no idea of Spurgeon. To know the man, you must read the book; and this third volume of the biography proves more conclusively than ever that this 'Life' is one which no student of the religious history of our times can afford to neglect."—*The Sunday School Times*.

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.

All Endeavourers and friends of the C.E. movement will be glad to read the Report of the Convention, held at Belfast, Whitsuntide, 1899. Those who were unable to share in the memorable gatherings will be pleased to have the reports of addresses and meetings, together with portraits of prominent Endeavourers. If you want to know what wearers of the C.E. have done, are doing, or are going to do, get this shilling booklet of 180 pages, edited by Rev. W. Knight Chaplin, and published by Andrew Melrose.

Mr. Bullock's three Midsummer volumes—*Home Words*, *Hand and Heart*, and *The Day of Days*, keep up to the high mark reached by their predecessors. They are only sixpence each in paper covers, and contain much profitable reading for the holiday season. Nonconformists can "skip" any articles that are too churchy for them to enjoy.

We have received a packet of *Text-cards* for children to work in silk or wool. Mothers and teachers will find them just the thing to interest their little ones; and when finished, they will be suitable for hanging on the walls of mission-rooms, hospitals, etc. The texts will please the eye, and we hope, reach the hearts of both workers and readers. The price is 1s. 2d. per packet of six, post free; and they can be obtained of Miss J. Brown, Trelawney Road, Falmouth.

The Teacher's Red Book. Brief Hints and Helpful Counsels for Sunday-school Teachers. By F. F. BELSEY. Sunday School Union.

It is to be hoped that this will be the teacher's well-read book; for, then, the scholars also will be benefited. Mr. Belsey's long experience as a teacher of teachers is here condensed into a shilling manual which ought to have a large sale and a long career of usefulness.

Pitfalls in Bible English. By J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A. Charles H. Kelly.

THIS is an interesting and useful work, but a shade extreme. Not a few of the "pitfalls"—if such they can be called,—it would grieve us to see filled up. Thus "After" in the sense of "According to", and "Forward" in the sense of "Ready" or "Willing", it would be ruthless to touch. The like applies to "Pitiful", "Convenient", "Common", "Peculiar", and some other words. We ought not to have our noble Bible language levelled down to the minimum of intelligence, and modernized up to date. There are other things to be thought of beside the progressiveness of reform. We want, as far as possible, to think the sacred thoughts of our fathers in the very diction with which their Scriptures and ours make us familiar. This aspect of the case seems to have no weight with Mr. Clapperton. All the same, his book is excellent in its way; and, undoubtedly, some of the "pitfalls" needed to be pointed out, lest unwary travellers should fall into them.

Glimpses of the Glory-land. By Rev. R. MIDDLETON. Jarrold and Sons.

ALL books on Heaven which we have yet seen, including the present one, have a common fatality attending them; their writers invariably flounder in the mire of astronomic conceptions. Real "Glimpses of the Glory-land" have nought to do with the visible creation that now is; nor with its centre of gravity; nor with any construction on the basis of it. Heaven is on a totally different plane; and to be reminded, in such a connection, of the centre of gravity round which all worlds and systems revolve, is utterly fatuous. As we have indicated the key, and the proof in Holy Scripture is abundant, perhaps someone may be led to follow up the clue.

"*Tell Them;*" or, *the Life Story of a Medical Missionary.* By GEORGE D. DOWKONTT, M.D. Liverpool: J. A. Thompson and Co., 24, Elliot Street.

A CAREER full of incident, varied gospel effort, and signal Divine interposition. It is, therefore, a life story worth telling; and as the price of this narrative is only a shilling, it ought to be well circulated.

Chenna and his Friends, Hindu and Christian. By EDWIN LEWIS. With a Memoir of the Author. By his WIDOW. Religious Tract Society.

AN interesting story from the pen of the late Rev. Edwin Lewis, missionary at Bellary, South India, 1866-98. It shows how, amid struggle and difficulty, the good work proceeds; and how the native embodiment of gospel truth is as patent evidence of living fruit as the centuries supply. We are reminded, by this work, that "the Kingdom of God does not come with outward show," yet that there is a sure reward for those who labour in the Master's vineyard. To Europeans in India, scarcely anything is known of the larger part of the native Christian community. They see the Anglicized side of the work, but of the greater portion—that which has to do with the true Christianizing of the Hindus,—they are in ignorance. This plain narrative furnishes the key to a true analysis.

The memoir of the author, supplied by his widow, who has herself departed this life since she completed this tribute, is *admirable*. Mrs. Lewis has given no glimpse of herself, but she has filled in her husband's portrait exquisitely. Edwin Lewis was exceptionally gifted, a prince of itinerating missionaries, a versatile linguist, an unwearied labourer, a man of a winning disposition and grand reach of aim.

Two Commissions. A Brief Memorial of Digby Henry Dent. By his SISTER-IN-LAW. Marshall Bros.

THE story of how the Lord first saved and then used a young officer for a few years here. We believe that, by

the publication of this booklet, the noble life so beautifully described in it will speak to every reader to the praise of God's grace. This, we know, is the sincere prayer of the esteemed writer, to which we add our hearty "Amen."

Memoirs of the Life, Times, and Writings of Thomas Boston. Written by himself, with Appendices. New edition, 4s. nett. W. Wileman, Bouverie Street.

THE publisher deserves the hearty thanks and practical support of all lovers of the gospel and of good men, for the service he has rendered to the cause of Christ by the re-issue of this Christian classic. What a man of God this "Etrick Shepherd" was! This book is worthy of a place by the side of Baxter's *Reformed Pastor* and Rutherford's *Letters*; could we give it any higher commendation?

A Soliloquy on the Art of Man-fishing. By THOMAS BOSTON, A.M., Probationer. With Introduction by Rev. D. D. F. Macdonald, M.A., Minister of Swinton and Simprin. Gardner, Paisley and London.

WHEN you have read this little book, you will not be surprised that the Lord so greatly used the writer of it as a fisher of men. As we have read it, we have prayed that it might fall into the hands of some large-hearted soul who could and would present a copy of it to every student for the Christian ministry. What a revival of religion would follow in the wake of a race of men baptized with Thomas Boston's baptism! The Lord hasten such a glorious time!

The Supper of the Lord. By H. C. G. MOULE, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

WE are somewhat sorry this is a mere pamphlet, for it is much too good for pamphlet form. We have read it with intensest appreciation. In our judgment, this treatise is eminently Scriptural, analytical, and cogent; and, in the interests of vital truth in these perilous times, cannot be too widely read and disseminated.

The Logic of Salvation; or, Lessons in Theology. Compiled from Holy Scripture, and Annotated, by FREDERICK WILLS JENNINGS. John F. Shaw and Co.

A VERY serviceable little handbook of Theology. It might to advantage be considerably enlarged, as some doctrines and the ordinances are not dealt with. As it is, it should prove very helpful to young Christians, and to teachers of senior classes.

Cups of Cold Water. By E. M. B. With Preface by E. G. A. A. Bachhoffner, 162, High Street, Clapham, S.W.

WHY there should be so much semi-anonymity about this little work, we do not know. There is nothing to be ashamed of in these brief papers; they are as refreshing as streams from Lebanon; their cost is only 6d.

Relationship with God. By C. E. STUART. (2nd edition, revised.) W. Blatchley, 27, Lancefield Street, Queen's Park, W.

WE are persuaded that much of the mischievous teaching of the present day is due to the misapprehension of man's relation to God. Creatorship and Fatherhood have been confounded, and sinners have been deluded into imagining themselves to be the children of God simply on natural grounds. We most firmly believe that regeneration is absolutely necessary to spiritual kinship with the Divine. We cannot say that this pamphlet is altogether a satisfactory treatment of this important theme, but it is evidently an honest endeavour to present the subject in a Scriptural light.

Is the Christian Ministry a Sacerdotal Priesthood? A Question for the Present Crisis. By Rev. E. KEIGHTLEY BOLTWOOD, B.A. Elliot Stock.

A DECIDED negative is given to this important question in this pamphlet. It was preached as a sermon, and is now published by request; it should be scattered broadcast through the land; and if bishoprics are worth

having, this curate ought soon to receive one.

Job, an Appreciation. By Rev. J. HUNT COOKE. S. H. Burrows and Co.

A LEARNED and original analysis of the Book of Job. A paper which gave pleasure in the hearing, and was well worth publishing.

The Man who Feared God for Nought. By OTIS CARY. Elliot Stock.

THE Book of Job done into verse, and not improved thereby. How could it be when, as Thomas Carlyle said, "It is one of the grandest things ever written by the pen"? It is a Divinely-inspired poem as it stands; and to translate it into human lyric, is not to strengthen, but to weaken it.

Creation: according to Science, and according to Revelation. By H. D. BROWN. Alfred Holness. Price twopence.

THE subject needs a wider canvas, but Mr. Brown's pamphlet well deserves perusal, and is the line of true direction. How God has been pleased to express His initiative in Creation, is the great fact to be explained; and, as we were not beside Him at the time, nor was any man His counsellor, we are absolutely dependent on His own announcement. Science can throw no light on this fundamental requirement; Revelation alone can. Science is simply *a posteriori* reasoning, based on the assumption that only that knowledge is scientific which seeks verification along the path of natural process alone. Hence, there is no stop to this course of thought till we reach the visionary haze of the nebular scheme. But even that has to be explained, and if no other explanation of the universe is ultimately thinkable save that contained in Genesis i. 1, then the true beginning is that which God Himself by His fiat has constituted. Howbeit, this, in the nature of things, as any man of science or sense must see, cannot be ascertained by *a posteriori* reasoning; it can only be known by Revelation.

A Threefold Cord. By FRANK TARANT. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

A LOVE-STORY which may teach engaged couples the need of mutual trust if they are to be truly happy. A jealous young minister is, without reason, made to doubt the love of his young lady, and the man who wants to entice her away from him sows seeds of suspicion in her heart; and, in consequence, they both have a very sad time. In due course, all is cleared up, and the tale ends, in the orthodox style, with a wedding. There is some religious teaching in the book, which is published at 3s. 6d.

What shall we Think of Christianity?
By Wm. NEWTON CLARKE, D.D.
Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS work consists of three lectures on "Christian People," "Christian Doctrine," and "Christian Power." Apparently, all is said that can be said, and the sum of knowledge is presented in a nutshell; but we doubt the utility of this compendious method of adjudging and appraising Christianity. The fruit bespeaks ingenuity of thought, and powers of generalization, rather than the deep vision that centralizes the cross of Christ, and slays all human glorying there.

Notes.

It may save some disappointment if we inform "our own men" that the list of recipients of this year's Conference Present (if residing in the United Kingdom) is closed, in accordance with the announcement, made twice at the Conference, and also in the May and June *Sword and Trowel*, that June 30 was the last day for applications for it to be made. Notwithstanding that fourfold notice, no less than ten brethren have written in vain for the volume, and it would be a tolerably safe thing to prophesy, "Still there are more to follow." We wonder how many of these will, in preaching, use their experience as an illustration of the way in which, in far higher matters, others miss the desired boon through neglect or delay.

The success of the agitation against seven-day newspapers should be an encouragement to all who are seeking the overthrow of similar evils. One of these is the organization of seven-day concerts at the Crystal Palace, with the natural accompaniments of extra trains and a great increase of Sunday labour and Sabbath desecration. This is a matter which intimately concerns Christian people all over the country, for tens of thousands of them have been in the habit of visiting the great glass-house at Sydenham at the Sunday-school, Temperance, and other great festivals; it is a question whether they can continue to do so, with a clear conscience, under present circumstances. The clergy and ministers of various denominations in Norwood have protested against the recent innovations at the Palace, but their action should be vigorously supported by all the representative bodies that have been in the habit of meeting there year by year.

In addition to this evil of the seven-day concerts, there is another which needs most earnest consideration. The theatrical attractions have so largely superseded the

educational that it would be better for Christian people to abstain altogether from visiting the place, which is now more hurtful than helpful to the crowds of young people who gather in the grounds and buildings. We would especially urge the Committees that are arranging the 1900 Convention of the Y.P.S.C.E. seriously to consider whether they would not do more harm than good by taking large numbers of young people—many of them Christians,—into such associations.

The Tabernacle Church, notwithstanding its own heavy burdens, still aids various public movements to the full extent of its power. The collections on Hospital Sunday realized £70; and, on *Lord's-day morning*, July 16, the sum of £35 was contributed to the Centenary Fund of the Religious Tract Society, after a sermon by the Pastor from Romans xvi. 1, 2.

To help to raise the £6,500 still needed for the Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund, holiday collecting cards are being issued, so that friends may obtain contributions in the various places to which they go during their vacation. The amounts guaranteed upon the cards range from five shillings to five guineas, and they can be obtained of Mr. F. H. Ford, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

During the Pastor's holiday, the preachers at the Tabernacle will (D.V.) be as follows:—August 20, Pastor C. Spurgeon; August 27, Pastor H. O. Mackey; September 3, morning, Pastor W. Whale; evening, Pastor C. B. Sawday; September 10, Mr. Henry Varley; September 17, morning, Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D.; evening, Pastor C. B. Sawday.

On *Tuesday evening*, July 4, the annual meeting of the YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION was held at the College, under

the presidency of Dr. Harry Guinness. The Secretary reported that, during the year, the seventh Missionary Circle had been started, and the chairman expressed his hope that similar agencies would be put into operation all over the country. He said that he thought the support of missionaries, in the future, would greatly depend upon the small gifts of many donors, and he alluded to various forms of self-denial by which the missionary revenue might be increased.

The proceedings at the meeting were of a varied character. Mention was made of the home-going of Mrs. Ross Phillips, and of eight Swedish missionaries on the Congo, and resolutions of sympathy with the bereaved husband and Society were passed. A hearty welcome was given to Dr. and Mrs. Churcher, of Sousse, Tunisia, the address of greeting being read by a little girl, who also presented a beautiful bouquet to the lady-missionary. Dr. Churcher gratefully thanked the friends for all their prayerful and practical sympathy, and then, in a bright address, described the difficulties and encouragements of the work. He specially referred to the growth of the Medical Mission, and the many opportunities thus afforded, not only of healing the body, but also of pointing the patients to the great Physician who could cure the soul-sickness of sin. The closing address at the meeting was given by Rev. Tolefree Parr, the President of the Y.C.M.U. for the year; and the whole gathering must have greatly helped to foster the missionary spirit among all who were present.

On *Wednesday evening, July 5*, the Conference Hall of the Pastors' College was well filled for the monthly meeting of THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, at which Pastor D. H. Moore gave an interesting and powerful address upon various phases of his life as sailor, fireman, evangelist, and pastor, specially mentioning the manner in which he had been brought into antagonism with the drink traffic and the drinking customs of society. The Vernon Chapel choir sang at intervals during the evening; and, at the close, they and their Pastor were heartily thanked for their kind help to the Tabernacle Temperance work.

COLLEGE.—The students are now away for their summer vacation, which ends on August 8, when several new brethren are expected to join them.

In memoriam.—On July 6, another of "our own men"—Pastor John Bateman, of Niton, Isle of Wight,—received the home-call, after only a few days' illness. It is somewhat singular that his ministry commenced and closed at Niton, where he first settled in 1867. From there he went to Leicester, then to Harston, afterwards, for a few months, to Tue Brook, Liverpool, then to Hanley, and, about eight years ago, he returned to Niton. In each place, he led

an active life, and did good service, not only for the church and denomination with which he was connected, but for the general benefit of the neighbourhood in which he lived. He was an earnest and faithful preacher of Evangelical doctrine, and he will be greatly missed, especially by his beloved widow and four children, for all of whom we entreat the sustaining and upholding grace which only the Comforter can give.

COLPORTAGE.—One of the most pleasing features of this work is the constancy with which the colporteurs labour on in their Districts from year to year. Quite a number of our men have exceeded twenty years of continuous service, and the following extract from the annual report of our agent at Poole might describe the experiences of many of them:—"Twenty years ago, I began calling, canvassing, and seeking to create a taste for pure literature throughout the villages, hamlets, and outlying parts of this large District, by showing to parents copies of the many good monthly periodicals suitable for their own and their children's reading. Now I am supplying those very children's children with the same, very much enlarged and improved, or with others which were not then in existence. Of the parents, since become grandparents, many have gone home, ministered to until the last by the colporteur, in some cases, the only visitor bearing God's Evangel; in most cases, the chief and last, who at their request has officiated at or followed their dust to the grave, in some instances also having been the human instrument in leading them to the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! it is a very pleasing retrospect to think of the many, many hours of those twenty years spent in explaining the way of salvation, and urging the importance of immediate decision, especially in remembering how many precious souls have yielded to the gospel's claims."

During the past two months, the Secretary has visited various Districts, conducting services, and taking part in anniversaries at Barrow, Uphill, Sellindge, Monks Eleigh, Maldon, etc., in the hope of stimulating interest in the work of the Association.

We are glad to say that a new District is about to be opened at Ilminster, Somersetshire, where we expect to place a worker who will, we trust, be greatly blessed as a dispenser of good literature, and a winner of souls.

The article by the President, which appeared in the *July Sword and Trowel*, has doubtless been perused with interest by many; we look for results in the opening up of new Districts, and the enrolment of many new subscribers. Funds are greatly needed, and all amounts received will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Lower Hall, June 29, four.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Amount previously acknowledged	15,332 14 2	Collection at Mare Street Chapel, Hackney	18 10 4
Interest on deposit	11 1 1	Proceeds of Cinematograph Exhibition at Byron Hall, Liverpool, per Pastor F. G. West	3 0 0
Mr. K. A. Gillanders	1 0 0	Mrs. Medway	5 0 0
"Evesham"	6 0 0	Amounts under £1	13 0 0
Miss Hookley	1 1 0	Collecting Cards:—	
Messrs. E. and A. Heap	1 1 0	Master B. Broomfield	0 4 6
A. Z.	1 0 0	Mrs. J. Lewis	0 13 0
Miss Maconicoll	1 0 0	Mr. A. E. Philp:—	
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, O.I.E. (4th donation)	15 15 0	Miss Mary McCurdy	10 0 0
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	50 0 0	Mr. A. C. Woodbridge	1 0 0
Mr. A. E. Passmore	25 0 0	Mr. Ohas. Spurgeon Scott	5 0 0
Mr. John Macbeth	1 0 0	Mr. James McCurdy	4 0 0
Mrs. S. Harvey	1 0 0	Mrs. James McCurdy	2 0 0
Mr. J. Townsend	10 0 0	Mr. Robert McCurdy	2 0 0
Miss Spliedt	2 0 0	Amounts under £1	0 4 0
Mr. Buckmaster, contents of counter-box	3 13 0		24 4 0
Collected by Mr. Weekes	1 1 0	Miss L. Crickett	2 6 0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Noble	2 2 0	Mrs. I. Ward	1 10 0
Mrs. J. B. Wright	1 1 0	Mrs. R. Hawes	1 10 0
Miss Cheffins	1 0 0	Miss Sayer	2 6 3
Mrs. R. Parfitt	1 0 0	Pastor G. W. White:—	
Mr. James Cobain	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Arlow	5 0 0
Miss Brierley	1 0 0	Mr. George Spicer	3 3 0
Rev. J. A. Stooke	1 0 0	Mr. I. F. Clunie	1 1 0
Anon.	2 0 0	Mr. F. G. Fitch	1 1 0
Miss Tully	1 0 0	Lady Meux	2 2 0
Mr. Geo. Tolley	1 0 0	Amounts under £1	0 14 0
Mrs. W. S. Ashby	1 0 0		13 1 0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	3 2 0	Collecting Boxes:—	
Mr. Gray Campbell Fraser	1 0 0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Loan Tract	
Mr. Thomas Drake	10 0 0	Society Mothers' Meeting	0 14 4
Mrs. H. Cawdell	1 0 0	Miss Simmons	0 6 7
"To encourage you"	1 0 0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	8 7 1
Mrs. Dale	1 0 0		
"Child of a King"	1 0 0		
Mr. C. Carnegie	1 0 0		
Mr. J. P. Hooton, N.Z.	2 0 0		
		Total	£15,593 2 4

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Rev. S. Attlee	1 0 0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0 2 6
Mrs. Hinton	1 0 0	Mr. Wilson	1 10 0
M. H. B. S.	0 10 0	Mr. Johnson, per Pastor T. Spurgeon (Buck's legacy)	10 0 0
Mrs. Duncan Sharpe	0 5 0	Mr. R. Beck	1 0 0
Mrs. E. Tunbridge	0 10 0	Mrs. Lewis	1 0 0
Collection at Erith Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. E. Martin	3 0 0	Miss Roan	0 10 0
Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster	50 0 0	E. S. K.	0 5 0
In memoriam, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis	2 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—	
Kensal Rise Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Maycock	1 2 0	June 18	1 13 6
Miss Spliedt	2 0 0	25	2 12 3
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 1 0	July 2	1 15 3
Mrs. M. Ferrin	1 1 0	9	1 12 2
Mrs. Yates	0 10 6		7 13 2
Mrs. W. S. Ashby	1 0 0		EST 0 2

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. S. Church	0 8 0	Penny auxiliary at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Mrs. Ruils	3 0 0
Miss Spliedt	2 0 0		
"For Christ's sake"	0 3 0		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Y.P.S.C.E., Beulah Baptist Chapel,				Mrs. Hayward	0	5	0	
Thornton Heath, per Miss Harraid...	0	5	0	Mr. D. Browning	0	3	7	
H. McS.	0	12	0							
<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>				Miss Harris				8
Stroud Baptist Church—				Mrs. Howard				0
Mrs. Soper's class	2	8	4	Mrs. Westbrook				11
Mr. Browning's class	0	1	0	Miss Vanner				0
Pastor W. T. Soper	0	5	0							6
Miss Davis	0	2	7							6
										£11
										16
										6

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. and Miss Bayley	3	0	0	Mr. Samuel Friddy	0	10	0
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0	Mrs. C. D. Le Feuvre	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Taylor	1	1	0	Mr. A. Tessier	0	10	0
Miss M. Gent	0	10	0	Mrs. Dodwell, Senr.	0	10	0
Mr. F. Bailey	0	2	9	Three friends, per Mrs. Dodwell	0	3	0
Mrs. H. Heffer	1	1	0	Mrs. Zuber	0	8	8
Mrs. D. Sharpe	0	10	0	A. A. J.	5	0	0
Mrs. Sale	0	5	0	Mr. E. Collins	0	5	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0	Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0	Miss M. Fraser	0	8	0
Mr. P. Cockerill	0	10	6	Mr. T. W. Doggett	3	0	0
Miss J. Permain	1	17	0	Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Jackson	0	5	5	Mr. A. Beckingsale	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Brown	0	8	11	Mr. F. Beckingsale	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Shearman	6	0	0	Dr. J. A. Dunbar	2	0	0
Mr. A. Casley	0	2	6	Mr. E. Mounsey	2	0	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake	1	13	0
Mr. H. Sainsbury	0	1	0	Mr. B. Carey	1	10	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0	Mr. Thos. Greening	1	6	0
Mr. I. Holborow	0	10	0	A. M. W.	1	1	0
Miss Farley	2	0	0	Mr. F. Mullis	1	0	0
Mrs. J. M. Knight	10	0	0	"Unit"	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Stevens	0	15	0	Collected by Master J. Maynard	0	3	11
Evangelists' Training-class	0	9	9	Miss E. Wren	0	2	0
Miss Hedman	0	2	0	Mr. T. Field	0	5	0
Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0	Mr. O. Rodway	0	3	9
Presentation Almanacks, per Miss Baker	0	4	6	Miss M. E. Furlong	0	2	0
Collected by Miss A. Everett	1	13	2	Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	0	2	6
Mr. A. Fennings	100	0	0	Mrs. Jno. Roberts	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Hogg	1	1	0	Miss Maynard	0	5	0
In memoriam, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis	2	0	0	A country minister	0	5	0
Messrs. Horn & Co., and employees	2	15	0	Mrs. L. Marshall	0	1	0
Old Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Guildford:—				Mrs. C. Knock	0	5	0
Girls' box	1	1	8	Postal order, Lower Weston, Bath	0	2	0
Boys' box	1	8	7	Mrs. G. Spencer, collected at Sunday tea-table	0	5	0
Infants' Class box	0	11	7	Miss S. Cabban	0	5	0
Young Women's Class box	0	18	1	Collected by Miss L. Pears	0	3	6
Young Men's Class box	0	13	0	Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	10	0
Mr. P. Pickett's box	0	15	0	Collected by Miss D. Bowman	0	1	6
Mr. G. B. Pickett's box	0	6	6	Collected by Miss A. Williams	0	10	0
Miss Parson's box	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Voysey	1	0	0
Odd farthings	0	0	2	Collected by Mrs. A. G. Richardson	0	5	0
				Collected by Mr. E. Vincent	0	10	6
				Collected by Miss E. J. Pickard	0	10	0
				Collected by Mr. H. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. A. Dice	1	0	0	Collected by Miss G. Cobley	0	2	0
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. Wm. Andrew	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Straw	0	15	0
Mr. Wm. Andrew	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. C. A. Pavay	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Knowlman	1	0	0	Collected by Master A. Myhill	0	2	0
Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0	Collected by Miss J. England	0	10	0
Mrs. Williams	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. E. Moase	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Toller	0	2	6	Miss Scarfe	0	1	0
Miss Hayball	0	2	0	Rev. S. R. Young	0	2	6
Miss L. Gould	0	10	0	Mrs. Dowson	0	10	0
Stamps, Kilmarnock	0	5	0	Mr. Hartswell	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Barnes	0	5	0	Mrs. O. H. Gibson	0	5	0
Miss E. Holford	0	1	0	Mrs. Warriner	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sloan	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Wain	7	10	0
A sermon reader	0	1	0	Mr. D. Mc Kercher	0	5	0
Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	0	1	0	Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0
Master Johnnie Burt	0	10	0	Mrs. Knott	0	2	6
Misses K. and F. Pearson	0	10	0	Miss F. Hall	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Joslin	0	7	6	Collected by Miss N. Wilehin	0	3	6

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. E. Elford	0	12	6	J. B. ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Wakeley	0	5	0	"His store" (through one of His			
Collected by Miss Cox	1	15	6	stewards)	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Robins	0	19	0	Mrs Spackman	0	5	0
Stamps, Gloucester	0	2	6	Mrs. Hose	0	5	0
Mr. William Wheway	0	10	0	Mr. Rose	0	5	0
Mr. Bradbury	0	2	6	Mr. R. Matthews	0	10	6
Mrs. A. Payne	0	2	6	A. A. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. George Chesney	0	10	0	Mr. George Fisher	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Evans	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. C. Hull	3	0	0	Mrs Baskcomb	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Creech	2	2	0	Mr. A. Wells	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	1	1	0	Mr. B. Phillips	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Dales	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. Waterman	1	10	0
Mrs. E. Yallop	1	0	0	Mr. H. G. Mansell	1	1	0
Mrs. Beard	0	14	0	Mrs. E. W. Bell	1	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	11	0	Collected by Mr. C. B. Casey	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Freestone	0	10	0	Miss Barker...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Sear	0	10	0	Postal order, Lavenham, Suffolk	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Collins	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Snape	0	11	0
Mrs. J. Everett	0	10	0	The late Mr. Wm. Staff	1	1	0
Mr. J. Everett	2	2	0	Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Mr. F. Dillistone	2	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Allen	0	5	0
Mr. J. Campbell	2	0	0	Collected by Miss K. Sivers	0	6	6
Mrs. H. Kingston	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Clegg	0	9	0
Mrs. Boden	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Collingwood	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Staff	5	0	0	Collected by Miss K. R. Smith	0	3	6
Mr. H. J. Curtis	1	0	0	Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	12	0
John and Ann Potts	2	0	0	Collected by Misses S. M. and E. Ford	0	6	0
Mr. F. Kent	0	6	0	Collected by Mrs. Ford	0	2	6
Mrs. G. Bantick	0	5	0	Collected by Master P. Scott	0	3	8
Mrs. Weekly	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0	15	0
Miss Frost	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0	2	6
Mr. E. J. Raby	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0	3	6	Miss M. Rayner	0	6	9
Mr. George M. Rabbich	0	5	0	Collected by Miss H. Hillier	0	4	0
Miss R. Daniell	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. W. E. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. George Eldridge	0	5	0	Collected by Miss H. E. Chapman	0	13	0
Mrs. C. J. Porter	0	5	0	Collected by Miss J. Green	0	12	6
Mr. J. B. Elgar	0	2	6	Miss Hewlett	0	1	0
Mrs. F. Cook	0	3	0	Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Miss Fort	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Duckerson	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Porter	0	10	6	Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0
Mr. T. S. Stevenson	0	10	0	Miss Underhay	0	5	0
Mr. William Howard	0	2	6	A friend	0	2	6
Mrs. Goadin	0	3	0	Mr. T. Steer	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Chapman	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	0	Mrs. Allen	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. Hinder	0	10	0	Mrs. W. Lawrence	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. Blake	0	5	0	Mr. J. Gillett	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Clarke	1	8	0	Mr. L. Clayton	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. Jenner	0	9	2	Collected by Miss A. Hawgood	1	10	0
Collected by Miss L. Staveley				Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	4	0
Pastor J. W. Campbell	0	2	6	Rev. O. Heywood	0	10	0
Mr. John Cockett	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Cockshaw	0	10	0
Mr. Edginton	0	10	0	Collected by Miss J. Cockshaw	0	18	0
Mr. F. J. Gardiner	0	10	0	Mrs. Vague	0	2	0
Mr. A. W. Staveley	0	10	0	A friend, per Pastor N. Dobson	1	1	0
Miss Staveley	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Munro	0	10	0
Mr. A. Southwell	0	5	0	Mr. J. Foulkes	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Tyars	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Robins	0	15	0
Miss C. M. Bellars	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. Henry Thompson	2	0	0
Mr. M. Le Pla	0	2	6	Collected by Miss S. M. Clubb	1	1	0
Mrs. Gardiner	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. Cobley	0	13	0
Miss Gardiner	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. E. Forsdike	0	5	0
Mrs. Boulton	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. E. Wright	0	3	0
Mrs. Hewitt	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. W. Vincent	0	6	0
				Mrs. Owen	0	2	6
				Mr. E. Shepherd	2	2	0
Collected by Miss L. Harrison	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Lee	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Robinson	0	10	0	Mrs. R. Datty	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Garrod	0	2	0	Miss Briggs	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0	7	3	Mr. J. Buttinson	3	0	0
Collected by Miss H. Wood	0	4	0	Collected by Miss R. Platt	0	9	0
Collected by Miss A. M. Hughes	0	7	6	Mr. Belcher	0	10	0
Mr. George Tingey	20	0	0	Mr. William Newton	0	5	0
Belle Isle Bible-class, per Mr. W. Colbert	2	0	0	Mr. Simpkin's Bible-class, Lansdowne Baptist Chapel, Bournemouth	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0	Mrs. A. Alston	1	1	0
Miss Riddell	1	1	0	Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0	Mr. A. V. Soul	0	2	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	6	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor W. Kelsey	0	2	6	G. M., per the Editor of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	5	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Lewindon	0	12	0	Collected by Miss J. H. Mann	4	0	6
Mr. S. T. Hudson	0	2	6	Mrs. H. Woolland	0	10	0
Mr. William Jooss	0	5	0	Miss J. Stewart	1	0	0
The late Miss McKenzie, per Mr. J. Nicoll	1	0	0	Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Postal order, Appleby	0	6	0	Miss R. Frost	1	0	0
Pastor E. H. Brown	0	5	0	Miss T. Bird	1	0	0
Mr. George Wood	0	3	6	Mr. C. Hooper	0	4	0
Miss N. Mizen	0	2	6	Mrs. Parsons	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Slade	1	9	0	Pastor Wm. Sullivan	0	6	0
Miss M. Ryder	0	10	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	2	6
Collected by Master J. Chamberlain	0	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Mrs. Dawson and sister	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Boggis	0	7	6
T. G. Clapham	1	0	0	S. B. S.	2	2	0
Mr. A. Levitt	0	10	6	Mr. F. Scarsbrook	0	10	6
M. T., Thessalon, Ontario	1	0	2	Mrs. B. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. R. Finlayson	0	10	0	Mr. Beck	1	0	0
Mr. T. L. Hankin	1	1	0	Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0
The late Mrs. Smith, per Mr. George Foden	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. W. J. Lewis	1	1	0
Rev. W. Priest Peck	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Dale	0	5	8
Stamps, New Cross	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Holmes	0	3	3
Campbourne Dorcas Society, per Miss E. Musk	0	6	6	Mr. J. Jackson	8	0	0
Collected by Mr. P. Durnell	0	4	0	In memoriam, Mr. C. Chester	0	10	6
Mr. H. D. Collingridge	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Malin	1	0	0
Mr. C. Seden	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Miss L. George	1	7	0	Mrs. C. M. Stopford	3	0	0
Mrs. Reed	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. J. A. James	2	16	0
Mr. J. E. Stephens	0	5	0	J. C. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Dawes	0	2	0	Mrs. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Buchanan	0	10	0	Postal order, Acorington	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Robertson	0	2	6	Mr. W. Marikram	0	2	6
A widow	0	2	6	Mr. L. P. Roff	0	5	0
Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0	Collected by Miss M. Cairns	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. G. Bligh	0	11	6	S. M. P.	0	5	0
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons	1	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Collected by Mr. J. D. Hardie	0	3	6	Madame Van Gogh	1	0	0
Mr. E. Dawson	0	7	6	M. H.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson	0	14	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Burgess	1	11	2				
Collected by Mrs. E. Moore	0	4	10	Collected by Mrs. Barnden	1	9	8
Mr. C. L. Kaufmann	5	5	0	Mr. T. Holden	1	0	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0	Miss E. Randall	0	1	6
Mr. J. B. Dixon	0	5	0	Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	1	0	0	Mr. J. Benson	0	10	0
Miss Mathew	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Benson	0	10	0
Miss A. Cromwell	0	5	0	Miss Benson	0	10	0
Miss L. Ferratt	0	10	0	Mr. C. Benson	0	10	0
Mr. F. Holmes	0	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith	0	10	0
Captain E. L. Simpson	0	2	6	Mrs. F. J. Blight	0	5	0
Collected by Master L. F. Carlile	0	18	6				
Collected by Mrs. Honour	1	5	0	Mr. Wm. Bidmead	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Phillips	1	0	0	Miss Sladen	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. N. Cooke	0	15	0	Collected by Miss Wallace	0	10	8
Richmond Street Sunday-school, per Mr. W. R. Everett	17	17	0	Per Miss K. A. Taylor:—			
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0	Collected by Miss Geal	0	9	9
Miss Lightbound	0	2	6	Oroham Road, W. Croydon, Sunday-school Flower Service	0	10	6
Mr. W. J. Tull	1	0	0	Christian Inasmuch Society	1	1	9
Collected by Miss Hammond	0	4	1				
Mr. John Grant	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. W. Boys	2	2	0
Miss F. Stock, per Miss S. Fryer	0	5	0	"Bessie"	25	0	0
Mr. A. J. Robbina	5	0	0	Miss Maxwell	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. Goodman	4	4	0	Mrs. H. Warriner	0	2	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	Mr. S. A. Snell	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Allen	0	13	10	Mrs. E. W. Diver	0	2	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Box at Orphanage gates, and office box	0	4	10
Mr. and Mrs. Cattell	2	2	0	Mr. R. Parsons	0	10	6
Half-year's interest on £5,000 Debenture bonds, Messrs. Cory Bros. and Co., Ltd.	120	16	8	Executors of the late Miss Mary Pendlebury	50	0	0
Mrs. S. Wells	1	1	0	Executor of the late Miss Jemima Arthur	10	0	0
Miss L. Jacob	1	0	0	Executors of the late Miss Helen Gray	6	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Eaton	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Ann Parry	90	0	0
H. M. F.	0	3	0	Executors of the late Miss Eliza Norman	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. P. S. Wigney	0	16	6	M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
Miss J. Allen	0	3	0	Mrs. E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Hill	0	6	0	A friend, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	10	0	0				

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Newland	1	1	0
Miss M. Sadler	0	10	0
Miss Sadler	0	10	0
Mr. A. S. Tatnell	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
Mrs. W. S. Ashby	1	0	0
Mr. Chas. Carnegie	1	0	0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	2	8	8
<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—</i>			
Cambridge Auxiliary, per Mr. Geo. Apthorpe	50	0	0
Pioneer Mission	2	2	0
Baptist Total Abstinence Association Annual Meeting at City Temple	4	19	0
National Liberal Club	2	2	0
Sale of programmes, Paradise Road, Clapham	0	7	8
C.E.S., South London Tabernacle	2	1	0
<i>Received at Annual Festival, June 22nd.</i>			
<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>			
Abrahams, Miss	0	4	0
Allan, Miss	1	14	4
Anderson, Miss A.	0	5	3
Andrews, Mrs.	0	3	0
Appleton, Miss	1	2	10
Ayres, Miss L.	0	4	3
Atkinson, Mrs. S.	0	2	9
Anon.	0	6	8
Bailey, Miss	1	0	0
Banks, Miss	0	10	3
Barnard, Mrs.	0	5	9
Barnard, Pastor J. H.	0	5	0
Barnes, Mr. T.	1	0	0
Barrow, Mrs.	0	13	7
Basket, Miss	0	14	7
Black, Miss	0	4	5
Blake, The Misses L. & E.	0	12	10
Bradford, Mrs.	0	3	1
Branch, Mrs.	0	6	0
Branscombe, Master P.	0	4	8
Bray, Mrs.	0	2	4
Brazier, Mrs.	2	13	4
Bedwin, Mrs. M.	2	12	3
Becliff, Mrs.	0	12	8
Bennett, Mr.	0	1	7
Bennett, Mrs. R.	0	3	3
Bennington, Miss	1	4	10
Hest, Mrs.	0	12	5
Bingham, Mrs.	0	5	4
Bishop, Mrs.	0	3	1
Bridle, Miss B.	0	1	4
Briggs, Mrs.	0	5	4
Boughton, Master H.	0	4	5
Bowerman, Miss	0	4	10
Bowyer, Miss	0	1	11
Box, Mrs. J.	0	2	6
Boyce, Miss G.	0	8	7
Brooking, Mrs.	0	6	8
Brown, Mrs.	0	2	6
Burbridge, Miss	0	3	5
Burgess, Misses E. & A.	0	5	11
Burn, Mr. S.	0	6	9
Burrows, Master B.	0	2	11
Burton, Mrs. W.	2	4	2
Buswell, Miss	1	7	7
Butt, Miss D.	0	5	5
Butler, Mrs.	0	14	10
Buyzman, Master C.	0	4	5
Buyzman, Miss G.	0	1	5
Calvert, Master F.	0	5	2
Champness, Mr.	0	8	3
Chapman, Mrs.	0	8	1
Clark, Miss	0	3	9
Clark, Miss	0	5	10
Clarke, Miss	0	6	11
Crawford, Miss	0	4	5
Crawford, Master T.	0	3	11
Crawford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Smith	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.
Creasey, Mrs. G.	1	1	0
Ching, Miss F.	0	5	1
Chiswell, Master C.	0	1	0
Chittock, Mrs.	0	9	8
Cobby, Miss E.	0	16	0
Colley, Mr. A.	1	1	6
Collier, Miss	0	8	6
Collier, Miss D.	0	0	11
Cooke, Mrs.	0	3	6
Corry, Miss	1	16	0
Coutts, Miss I.	1	13	3
Cover, Miss N.	0	4	8
Cowen, Mr. and Mrs.	0	6	5
Coxhill, Mrs.	0	6	5
Clow, Miss	1	5	9
Crow, Miss	0	8	7
Cully, Miss F.	0	3	8
Church, Mr. F.	0	7	7
Darby, Mrs.	0	4	5
Dareh, Miss	0	9	3
Davis, Mrs.	0	5	4
Davies, Mrs.	0	3	4
Dennish, Mr. A.	0	9	1
Dobson, Mrs.	0	1	3
Dobson, Miss	0	1	4
Dobson, Mr.	0	6	11
Dodds, Miss R.	0	3	6
Dorin's, Mrs., Bible-class	0	9	2
Dunn, Mrs. J. T.	0	12	6
Durwin, Mrs.	0	10	2
Dykes, Mrs. W.	0	15	0
Eaton, Miss	0	2	0
Edgley, Mr.	0	10	7
Eyles, Miss	0	2	5
Elliott, Miss	0	11	9
Ellis, Mrs.	0	4	1
Edmonds, Master	0	2	5
Escott, Miss R.	0	2	2
Escott, Miss	0	3	10
Franklin, Master	0	1	8
Franklin, Miss	0	3	7
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	6	6
Fitch, Mrs.	0	3	3
Fitness, Master H.	0	1	10
Forsdike, Mrs. F.	0	8	0
Fosdick, Miss S. A.	0	15	0
Fuller, Miss E.	0	3	8
Fuller, Master L.	0	8	8
Fuller, Mrs.	0	14	8
Furling, Mrs.	0	4	5
Gater, Mrs.	0	4	5
Grant, Miss	1	1	10
George, Master E.	0	2	5
Giles, Master H.	0	2	7
Giles, Master B.	0	2	2
Griffiths, Miss	0	1	4
Godbold, Mrs.	0	19	8
Goode, Mrs.	0	5	7
Goodman, Miss	0	2	5
Goslin, Mrs.	0	5	2
Grose, Master	0	3	1
Grove College girls, per Miss Wade	0	16	0
Gubbins, Mr. S. J.	1	4	9
Harding, Miss	0	4	6
Harner, Miss	0	2	6
Harrald, Miss	2	4	4
Harris, Mr.	0	10	7
Harris, Miss	0	7	9
Hart, Mrs.	0	10	0
Hassenden, Miss D.	0	5	0
Haylor, Miss	0	11	4
Hewitt, Miss L.	0	2	3
Higgs, Miss	1	14	11
Higbam, Miss H.	0	4	2
Higham, Miss V.	0	2	4
Higham, Miss	0	1	3
Hitchcock, Miss A.	0	1	11
Hodsdon, Miss	0	4	2
Horn, Mr. W. J.	2	8	2
Hornal, Miss E.	0	4	9

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Hornal, Miss M. ...	0	4	2	Reading, Mr. W. H. ...	1	0	3
Horwood, Mr. ...	0	6	3	Reckenzaun, Miss T. ...	0	8	5
Howard, Master W. ...	0	2	11	Reckenzaun, Miss ...	0	1	6
Howard, Mrs. ...	0	6	0	Richardson, Miss ...	0	12	8
Howells, Miss ...	0	14	0	Richardson, Mrs. E. ...	0	5	11
Huitt, Miss E. ...	0	4	6	Richardson, Miss L. ...	0	3	9
Hunter, Miss F. ...	0	2	11	Riddington, Miss ...	0	18	10
Irene, Miss ...	0	1	6	Ring, Miss ...	0	2	0
Jago, Mrs. ...	0	18	0	Robert Street Sunday-			
James, Mrs. ...	0	3	10	school, per Mr. Everett	0	9	4
Jarvis, Miss ...	0	4	8	Roberts, Miss ...	0	3	1
Jeal, Mrs. ...	0	3	2	Ross, Miss A. ...	0	4	10
Jenkins, Miss S. ...	0	1	2	Rumsey, Mrs. ...	0	5	10
Jenkins, Miss K. ...	0	1	5	Russell, Mrs. ...	0	3	0
Jewell, Miss ...	0	3	7	Sampson, Miss H. E. ...	0	4	6
Jewhurst, Miss ...	0	9	3	Saqui, Miss ...	0	1	11
Jifkins, Mrs. ...	0	3	6	Spall, Miss ...	0	11	6
Jifkins, Miss ...	0	9	6	Spaul, Mrs. ...	1	1	4
Johnston, Miss ...	0	14	2	Standing, Mrs. ...	0	4	2
Jones, Miss E. E. ...	3	1	5	Sewper, Miss E. ...	0	1	6
Jones, Miss ...	0	6	2	Shears, Mrs. ...	0	11	0
Jones, Miss G. ...	0	9	5	Stephenson, Miss ...	0	1	10
Jones, Mrs. J. ...	0	10	0	Speh, Miss ...	1	15	0
Kerridge, Miss ...	2	18	5	Stewart, Master J. ...	0	6	9
King, Miss E. F. ...	0	2	9	Skinner, Miss ...	0	2	1
Lamb, Mrs. ...	0	4	7	Spiller, Mrs. ...	0	4	0
Lansdowne, Miss G. ...	0	5	0	Soar, Mr. W. E. ...	1	18	10
Lansdowne, Miss M. ...	0	1	7	Scott, Master J. E. ...	0	1	5
Le Seigneur, Mrs. ...	1	0	5	Scott, Miss G. ...	0	3	4
Lee, Mrs. ...	0	1	10	Strong, Mrs. ...	0	14	4
Littlejohn, Miss ...	0	1	0	Smith, Master T. ...	0	5	3
Lockyer, Master W. ...	0	2	3	Smith, Mrs. ...	0	4	11
Lockyer, Master P. ...	0	1	10	Smith, Mrs. ...	0	4	5
Lott, Miss ...	0	3	1	Smith, Miss O. ...	0	3	8
Lott, Miss E. ...	0	3	1	Smith, Miss M. ...	0	2	1
Luckhurst, Mrs. ...	0	9	0	Sullivan, Mrs. ...	0	4	2
McCrombie, Mrs. ...	0	9	8	Surry, Master L. ...	1	1	9
Mackey, Mrs. ...	0	10	0	Schutte, Master W. ...	0	14	10
Madison, Miss E. ...	0	3	1	Taylor, Miss S. J. ...	0	12	1
Marshall, Mrs. ...	0	4	10	Taylor, Mr. ...	0	4	10
Matthews, Miss ...	0	3	0	Tregear, Miss G. ...	1	2	11
May, Miss A. ...	0	3	6	Trevelyan, Miss ...	0	5	6
Messent, Master H. ...	0	7	1	Tingley, Miss A. ...	0	5	6
Middleton, Mrs. ...	0	2	9	Toler, Miss ...	0	1	9
Morris, Mr. ...	0	15	6	Towers, Miss D. ...	0	1	10
Morgan, Miss ...	0	8	6	Thompson, Mr. ...	0	2	7
Nears, Mrs. ...	0	4	3	Tucker, Mrs. ...	0	8	11
Nelson, Miss ...	0	10	6	Turner, Miss M. ...	0	4	4
New, Mr. C. ...	1	3	1	Tudor, Miss ...	1	0	0
Newton, Mrs. ...	0	1	4	Underwood, Miss ...	0	6	2
Norman, Mrs. ...	0	7	2	Years, Mrs. ...	0	17	3
Noble, Mrs. ...	0	5	0	Veats, Mrs. ...	0	2	7
Oakes, Mrs. ...	0	3	4	Waddell, Miss ...	0	7	11
Oldrieve, Miss ...	0	8	0	Waite, Mrs. ...	0	8	6
Oxenford, Mrs. ...	0	14	6	Walton, Mr. ...	0	14	1
Orton, Miss ...	0	4	1	Ward, Mrs. ...	0	6	2
Osborne, Mr. D. ...	0	2	9	Wathing, Mrs. ...	0	14	6
Pain, Mrs. ...	0	9	5	Watts, Master ...	0	1	10
Palmer, Mrs. ...	0	6	0	Weeks, Miss ...	0	3	10
Pankhurst, Mrs. ...	0	5	0	Welch, Miss E. ...	0	7	6
Parker, Mrs. ...	3	1	0	Wellington, Miss ...	0	1	3
Parker, Master H. ...	0	1	2	Wenham, Mrs. ...	0	4	6
Pavey, Miss ...	0	6	3	Westbrook, Mrs. ...	0	16	2
Pawsey, The Misses A. & E. ...	0	15	3	Wren, Mrs. ...	0	5	0
Pearce, Miss ...	1	5	0	Wicks, Miss ...	0	4	8
Pearce, The Misses J. & L. ...	1	3	1	Wiffen, Mrs. ...	0	3	7
Pearson, Miss F. ...	0	1	10	Wilkins, Miss L. ...	0	4	5
Peck, Mrs. ...	0	3	8	Williams, Mrs. ...	0	12	5
Peploe, Miss K. ...	0	3	2	Willis, Mrs. ...	0	1	5
Perrin, Miss E. M. ...	0	4	0	Willmott, Mrs. (In memory of			
Perrin, Mr. J. P. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. G. Willmott) ...	0	14	9
Prebble, Mr. W. ...	1	1	7	Windsor, Mrs. ...	0	5	4
Preston, Miss ...	0	1	2	Winter, Miss ...	0	3	11
Pinder, Miss ...	0	3	5	White, Master ...	0	1	0
Pitt, Mrs. ...	0	3	6	Whiting, Mrs. ...	0	5	8
Price, Master S. ...	0	2	2	Wittington, Miss ...	0	16	3
Potter, Miss ...	0	6	0	Woods, Miss ...	0	5	3
Powell, Mr. A. H. ...	0	7	9	Yewen, Miss ...	0	7	8
Pulling, Miss ...	0	1	4	Young women employés of			
Plummer, Miss N. ...	0	5	0	Messrs. Freeman and Hild-			
Randall, Miss ...	0	17	7	yard, per Miss Marshall	0	8	7

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Boxes under a shilling ...	0	10	8						
<i>Collecting Books:—</i>				182	15	8			
Allum, Mrs. ...	2	0	0						
Barrett, Mr. H. ...	2	10	0						
Broughton, Mrs. ...	0	7	0						
Brown, Miss ...	1	2	0						
Butt, Miss D. ...	0	1	5						
Causton, Miss E. ...	1	10	0						
Crawford, Mrs. ...	1	10	0						
Coleman, Mrs. ...	0	10	0						
Evans, Mr. W. J. ...	8	7	10						
Howes, Mr. C. ...	0	8	2						
Laver, Mrs. ...	2	0	0						
Noble, Mrs. ...	0	6	0						
Per Miss K. E. Buswell:—									
Mr. E. J. Prebble ...	0	5	0						
J. B. ...	1	0	0						
Mr. J. C. Bumsted ...	1	1	0						
				2	6	0			
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0						
Tiddy, Mrs. E. R. ...	1	19	6						
				22	7	11			
<i>Donations:—</i>									
A member ...	0	10	0						
A. and E. ...	0	10	0						
Andrews, Miss and Master	0	10	0						
Bailey, Mrs. ...	0	5	0						
Barr, Mr. C. ...	0	5	0						
Bartlett's, Mrs., Mothers' Meeting ...	0	15	0						
Bown, Mr. H. ...	5	0	0						
Buckmaster, Mrs. ...	1	8	0						
Carter, Mrs. ...	1	0	0						
Charles, Miss ...	0	5	0						
Collin, Mrs. ...	0	10	0						
Cooper, Mr. J. ...	1	1	0						
Cullingham, Mr. J. ...	0	10	0						
Drayson, Mrs. ...	0	10	6						
Dean, Mr. G. H., J.P. ...	21	0	0						
Everett, Mrs. and son ...	0	5	0						
Fern, Mr. Charles ...	0	10	0						
Fullerton, Miss C. ...	0	5	0						
Godfrey, Miss ...	0	7	6						
Goodwin, Miss M. ...	0	5	0						
Harmer, Mrs. ...	0	10	6						
Hudson, E. ...	0	2	6						
Johnson, Mr. E. ...	1	0	0						
Jones, Miss S. ...	0	5	0						
Jones, Miss M. ...	0	7	0						
Kay, Mr. F. W. ...	0	10	0						
Kewer, Miss ...	0	10	6						
Keylock, Miss ...	0	6	0						
Knight, Mrs. J. E. ...	0	4	0						
Larwill, Mrs. ...	0	15	0						
Layzell, Mrs. ...	0	3	0						
Legg, Miss K. A. ...	0	5	0						
Limebeer, Miss ...	0	5	0						
M., per Pastor C. B. Sawday	0	10	0						
McCaig, Dr. ...	1	1	0						
Moore, Mrs. P. ...	0	10	6						
Newbury, Mrs. ...	0	15	0						
Olney, Mr. T. H. ...	20	0	0						
Page, Mrs. ...	5	0	0						
Pearce, Mr. Edward ...	5	0	0						
Pound, Mr. ...	1	1	0						
Per Mrs. Mott:—	2	10	0						
Mrs. Davies ...	1	0	0						
Miss C. Miller ...	1	0	0						
Miss Miller ...	0	10	0						
				5	0	0			
Per Mr. William Olney:—									
Mrs. Olney ...	1	1	0						
Mr. H. K. Olney ...	1	1	0						
Mr. W. Olney ...	2	2	0						
Anon. ...	1	1	0						
				5	5	0			
Per Pastor C. Spurgeon:—									
Lord Overton ...	5	0	0						
Mr. S. T. Lancaster ...	5	0	0						
				10	0	0			
Per Pastor T. Spurgeon:—									
Mrs. Cartwright ...	0	10	0						
Mr. Thos. Johnston ...	0	10	0						
				1	0	0			
Rogers, Mrs. G. ...	0	10	0						
Sawyer, Mr. ...	5	0	0						
Schneider, Mr. F. W. ...	1	0	0						
Spredbury, Mr. and Miss	2	2	0						
Spelman, Mrs. ...	2	2	0						
Stewart, Mrs. ...	2	2	0						
Stewart, Mrs. R. ...	0	2	6						
Snow, Mr. W. J. ...	1	0	0						
Turley, Mr. J. ...	1	10	0						
Wayre, Messrs. W. and Son	3	3	0						
Weeks, Mrs. ...	0	5	0						
White, E. and M. A. ...	0	10	0						
Woodcock, Mrs. ...	2	2	0						
X.Y.Z. ...	0	10	0						
				117	16	6			
Collections at meetings ...	33	13	11						
Ladies' stall: sale of work, &c. ...	24	5	4						
				£1,206	4	5			

List of Presents, from June 15th to July 14th, 1899.—Provisions:—5 bags Potatoes, Mr. E. W. Dixon; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; a quantity Lettuces, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 28 lbs. Bacon, "J. H."; 17½ lbs. Tea, Messrs. Bakewell Bros.; 350 Eggs, Anon., per G.N. Railway; a quantity Bread, Mr. Williamson.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—1 worn Jacket, 1 Overcoat, &c., from Porth, R.S.O.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—2 Articles, "J. D."; 7 Articles, Miss Briggs; 33 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Elggs; 43 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 15 Articles, Mrs. Musk; 2 worn Dresses, Mrs. W. Patterson Kerr; 50 Articles, Chatsworth Road Baptist Church, per Miss Wright; 16 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 51 Articles, The Ladies' Working Society, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, Hants, per Mrs. Aylett.

GENERAL:—1 hamper Cut Flowers, Baptist Church, Faversham, per Mr. S. Goodfellow; 2 volumes "Morning and Evening Readings," Mrs. Tyler; 1 dozen bottles Stephens' Marking Ink, Mr. Wolland; 15 Plants, Mr. G. Wells; 1 Hall Lamp, for Seaside Home, Mr. A. J. White.

SALE ROOM:—2 Articles, Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill, per Mrs. Cunningham; 3 Articles, Miss Smithyes; 1 Bed Rug, Miss Pound; 18 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Anstin; 4 Dolls Pastor J. Bougourd; 2 Fancy Articles, Miss Aukland.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>							
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough ...	11	5	0	Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey ...	10	0	0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley ...	10	0	0	Sellindge, per Mr. C. Walter ...	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Sellidge, per Miss Thomas ...	1	1	0
Sellidge, per Mr. H. Headley ...	0	10	0
Sellidge, per Mr. W. E. Pledge ...	1	0	0
Sellidge, per Mr. H. Rigdon, jun. ...	0	5	0
Sellidge, per Mr. J. Swinnard ...	0	10	0
Sellidge, per Mr. W. G. Tester ...	6	0	0
Sellidge, per a friend ...	3	10	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell ...	10	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil ...	11	5	0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood ...	10	0	0
Cowling Hill, per Messrs. Wilson and Son ...	10	0	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0
East Dereham, per Pastor H. Freeman ...	11	5	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies ...	1	10	0
Ilminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe ...	11	5	0
Axbridge, per Miss L. Wall ...	2	0	0
	£119	6	0
<i>General Fund:—</i>			
	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. A. Sinclair ...	0	5	0
Collections at Uphill ...	1	10	0
Miss Ward ...	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. A. Leverton ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Wagstaff (collecting box) ...	0	2	1
Surrey Mission, for Pirbright, per Pastor E. Roberts ...	5	0	0
Miss Louisa Howard ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Rawlings ...	5	5	0
Mrs. Brown, Farnham ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Rennard ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ford ...	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. Mead ...	2	2	0
M. H. B. S. ...	0	10	0
In memoriam, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis ...	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Bocoock ...	0	10	0
Mr. Newland ...	1	1	0
Mr. Cochrane ...	0	4	0
Mr. E. Priestley ...	0	4	0
Stamps from Birmingham ...	0	1	0
Miss Roan ...	0	7	6
Mr. F. Elgar ...	0	10	0
"Church of England" ...	1	0	0
	£23	1	7

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

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.
A thankoffering from a sermon-reader ...	3	0	0
M. H. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Pollock ...	0	10	0
"Dinna forget" ...	1	0	0
<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
Mr. D. Laansma's scholars, U.S.A. ...	1	4	7
C. R. ...	1	0	0
H. O. N. ...	0	7	6
	£7	7	1

Beulah Baptist Chapel Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to July 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	180	3	9
Mr. B. England ...	0	3	6
Pastor G. W. Linnear ...	0	2	6
Pastor James Smith ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Stewart ...	0	5	0
Mrs. G. ...	5	0	0
Dividend ...	21	5	4
Mrs. Lees ...	1	0	0
"Homeward-bound" ...	1	0	0
H. Windmill ...	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	10	0	0
In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel ...	1	18	0
	£201	16	1

Special Notice.—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel MANSE FUND, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President or Treasurer of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

Founded 1867

By C. H. SPURGEON.

Trustees and Committee of Management:

President:

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-President:

CHARLES SPURGEON.

Treasurer:

THOMAS H. OLNEY.

CHARLES F. ALLISON.

WILLIAM HIGGS.

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JAMES E. PASSMORE.

WALTER MILLS.

FRANK THOMPSON.

SAMUEL R. PEARCE.

JOSEPH PASSMORE.

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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 Gynaec and Aural 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.

Bankers:

LONDON & COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED,
NEWINGTON BRANCH.

Head Master:

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary:

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE & SONS, WHITECROSS STREET, E.C.
1899.

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

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 the denominational connection of their friends, 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 charity.
 - 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 endeavour to bring up the children in “**the nurture and admonition of the Lord.**”
 - 8.—Being cast upon “**the Fatherhood of God**”, the children 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,

1898-99.

In Memoriam.

JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON

PRESIDENT AND TREASURER.

A FEW days before the close of the financial year, the sudden death of Dr. JAMES A. SPURGEON deprived the Institution of the last member of the original Board of Trustees, who, for upwards of thirty years, had been closely identified with its management.

The news, which came with startling suddenness, was received by all classes of the community with every expression of sincere grief and regret. By those who were of his immediate circle the shock was severely felt, as it was, also, by those who were associated with him in Christian work.

That his death would be sudden was not only the fear of his friends, but the certain conviction of his medical adviser. The heart mischief, which resulted from serious illness, had become more apparent of late, but although he was careful to avoid undue excitement and exertion, he wisely concealed his fears from his friends and maintained his usual routine of work and recreation. There was nothing in his appearance or manner during his last few days to excite suspicion that the end was near; indeed, his health seemed to have improved. He preached with ease and comfort to himself on his last Sunday, and spoke of feeling unusually well on Monday; on Tuesday he kept two appointments in London, one of them at the Mission House, then on Wednesday, March 22nd, the end came under circumstances of an almost tragic character.

Having an appointment at the Star Life Office, of which he was a valued director, his son saw him comfortably seated in the train on his way to London Bridge. The morning was bitterly cold, and he must have been seized with a sudden illness on arrival, as he resolved to rejoin the train and return home. Not alighting when the train stopped at Croydon, he was either in a state of coma or life was then extinct, the latter being probably the case. At Preston Park, Brighton, the ticket collector failing to arouse him, it was discovered that he had died as he sat in the carriage without a struggle. May we not say, "Thrice happy he, who, when his time shall come, reclines his weary head in peaceful sleep, then wakes to sleep no more"?

Letters, telegrams, and resolutions very soon attested the most widespread sympathy, the expressions of regret revealing a sense of loss, the magnitude of which cannot as yet be estimated in all its far-reaching

issues. Press and pulpit alike bore generous testimony to the worth and work of the departed as an upright citizen, a sincere Christian, a true friend, and a faithful minister of the Gospel.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE was held at the Stockwell Orphanage on Monday, March 27th.

The teachers and children were all present. Mr. Charlesworth conducted the service and gave a brief address. The singing by the children was very pathetic. The Rev. W. Cuff engaged in prayer, and Rev. J. Hunt Cooke addressed the children. The platform was draped in black, on which were hung several beautiful wreaths of flowers, one from the girls and boys, another from the Sunday-school teachers, another from the Orphanage staff of officers. All were dressed in mourning, and the serious attention and quiet expression of sorrow for the loss will never be forgotten by those who were present. The Dead March in "Saul" was played on the organ with much feeling, all present standing. It was a memorable occasion, which will probably abide for life in the memories of the children and other mourners who were there.

Resolution by the Orphanage Trustees.

"That on this the first meeting of the Board since the lamentable death of our President and Treasurer, Dr. JAMES A. SPURGEON, which event took place suddenly, on Wednesday, March 22nd, 1899, we express our profound sympathy with the widow and her two fatherless children; also with the aged father, Rev. JOHN SPURGEON, now in his 89th year, and with the other members of the bereaved family. We also resolve to place on record our grateful appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the Institution from its foundation, by Dr. JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON. For upwards of thirty years he served the cause of the Orphan with an untiring devotion; and by his sound judgment and experience in all matters of finance, he has laid the Institution under a debt of obligation which we hereby desire to acknowledge.

"By the removal of Dr. JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON, we have lost the last member of the original Board of Trustees, men of faith and zeal, whose memory we shall ever lovingly cherish and honour, as 'workers together with God. These were the Lord's gifts to the church, and in recording our acknowledgment of the services they rendered, we ascribe the glory of their life and ministry to our Triune God."

A copy of the above was forwarded to Mrs. James A. Spurgeon, and a letter of sympathy sent to the aged father, Rev. John Spurgeon.

It was after retiring from the pastorate of the Tabernacle and the presidency of the Pastors' College, that Dr. JAMES A. SPURGEON was free to devote himself more entirely to the interests of the Orphanage as President and Treasurer, and it is owing very largely to his business capacity and financial skill that the Foundation Fund has reached its present magnitude. From the counsels of the Committee he will be sorely missed, as he was fully acquainted with the details of the work of the Institution from its commencement. It was a desire he and Mrs. James Spurgeon cherished, that "before he went home," he might see a sea-side home branch occupied by delicate children, and a capital fund provided for its maintenance. Some seven thousand pounds have been secured, but about three thousand more must be raised to complete the undertaking. Those who wish to honour his memory—and they may be numbered by thousands—will, we hope, be willing to contribute towards this good work, upon which his heart was set, and which will be regarded as his abiding memorial.

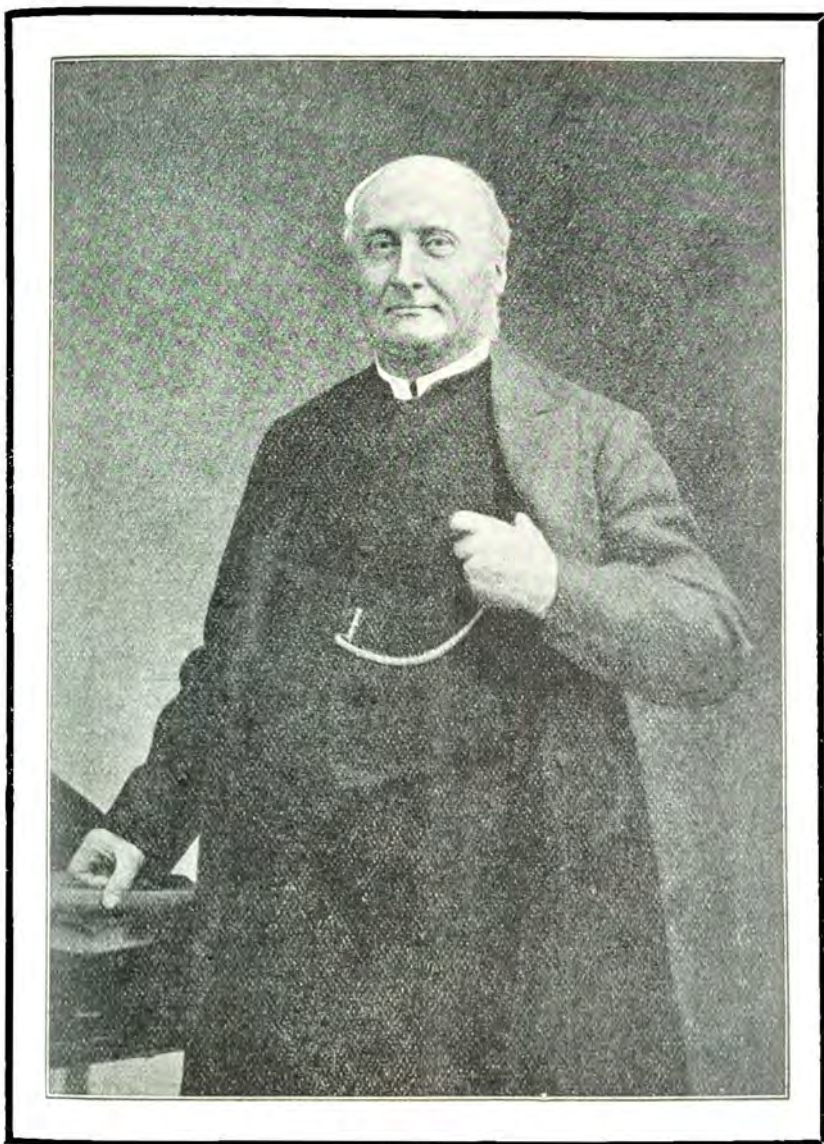


Photo by]

[Thiele & Co.

JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON, D.D., LL.D.

June 8th, 1837—March 22nd, 1899†

TWO THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED & SIXTY-THREE ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1899.

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics and Printing Trades ..	526	Soldiers	11
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	311	Journalists	11
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	284	Surgeons and Dentists ...	9
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	255	Solicitors	7
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	240	Cooks	5
Mariners and Watermen ...	75	Architects and Surveyors ...	4
Farmers and Florists ...	71	Firemen	4
Ministers and Missionaries ...	64	Royal Engineers	4
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	59	Butlers	3
Railway Employés	54	Auctioneers	2
Commercial Travellers	49	Photographers	2
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	26	Inspectors	2
Police-men & Custom House Officers	24	Bandsman	1
Commission Agents	22	Gentleman	1
Post Office Employés	18	Vaccination Officer	1
Accountants	17	Exhibition Proprietor	1
TOTAL	2,163		

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	866	Presbyterian ...	32	Roman Catholic ...	4
Baptist	573	Brethren	21	Moravian	2
Congregational ...	216	Bible Christian ...	4	Salvation Army ...	2
Wesleyan	172	Society of Friends	4	Not specified ...	267
TOTAL	2,163				

NOTE.—These Tables show the inter-denominational character of the Institution.

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—

Balham	12	Harlesden	1	Plaistow	3
Barnsbury	4	Harringay	1	Poplar	8
Battersea	32	Hatcham	1	Rotherhithe	13
Bayswater	9	Haverstock Hill ...	4	Shadwell	2
Bermondsey	109	Herne Hill	2	Shepherd's Bush ...	2
Bethnal Green ...	9	Highbury	6	Shoreditch	5
Blackheath	1	Holborn	10	Silvertown	1
Bloomsbury	2	Holloway	25	Soho	7
Borough	12	Homerton	4	Southwark	38
Bow	22	Hornsey	13	Spitalfields	1
Brixton	52	Horselydown	6	Stepney	7
Bromley	5	Hoxton	15	Strand	2
Brondesbury ...	3	Islington	41	Stratford	13
Camberwell	66	Kennington	20	Streatham	5
Camden Town ...	12	Kensington	11	Stockwell	11
Canonbury	1	Kentish Town	10	Stoke Newington ...	12
Chelsea	13	Kilburn	17	St. John's Wood ...	4
Clapham	27	Kingsland	3	St. Luke's	4
Clapton	13	Lambeth	73	St. Panoras	9
Clerkenwell	17	Lewisham	10	Sydenham	3
Dalston	5	Limhouse	6	Tottenham	13
Deptford	9	Marylebone	23	Vauxhall	9
Dulwich	13	Mile End	10	Walworth	70
Edmonton	1	Newington	23	Wandsworth	28
Finsbury	5	New Cross	18	Westminster	13
Forest Gate	4	Norwood	21	Whitechapel	4
Forest Hill	1	Notting Hill	14	Willesden	4
Fulham	10	Nunhead	7	Wood Green	6
Hackney	24	Paddington	11		
Haggerston	2	Peckham	68		
Hammersmith ...	7	Pentonville	5		
Hampstead	5	Pimlico	8		
				LONDON... TOTAL	1,291

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	7	<i>Durham</i> , Durham	1	<i>Hampshire</i> , Gosport	2
" Leighton Buzzard	1	" Middlesbrough	2	" Hayling Island	1
" Luton	2	" South Shields	2	" Headbourne -	
" Tingrith	1	" Stockton	4	" Worthy	1
<i>Berks.</i> , Ardington Wick	1	" Wolsingham	1	" Landport	4
" Chieveley	1	<i>Essex</i> , Ashdon	1	" Lymington	1
" Childrey	1	" Barking	1	" Newbridge, I.W.	1
" Faringdon	1	" Boxted	1	" Newport, I.W.	3
" Maidenhead	2	" Braintree	2	" Pokesdown	1
" Newbury	5	" Brentwood	1	" Portsmouth	5
" Reading	34	" Burnham	1	" Portsea	1
" Slough	2	" Chelmsford	2	" Ryde, I.W.	1
" Uffington	1	" Chingford	1	" Romsey	1
" Wantage	2	" Coggeshall	1	" Sandown, I.W.	3
" Wargrave	1	" Colchester	3	" Southampton	10
" Windsor	1	" Dunmow	1	" Southsea	7
" Wokingham	1	" East Ham	3	" Totton	1
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> ,		" Epping	2	" Waterlooville	1
" Chesham	1	" Grays...	1	" West Cowes, I.W.	2
" High Wycombe	1	" Great Bardfield	1	" Winchester	2
" Princes Risboro'	1	" Great Braxted	1	<i>Herefordshire</i> , Kingston	1
" Winslow	2	" Halstead	1	" Ledbury	1
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		" Harlow	2	" Michaelchurch	1
" Cambridge	8	" Hatfield Heath	1	" Ross	1
" Cottenham	1	" Ilford	2	<i>Hertfordshire</i> ,	
" Histon	2	" Leyton	4	" Berkhamstead	1
" Landbeach	1	" Leytonstone	8	" Boxmoor	1
" Linton	1	" Little Ilford	2	" Codicote	1
" Newmarket	1	" Loughton	1	" Dunstable	1
" Scham	1	" Maldon	9	" Hemel Hempstead	2
" Waterbeach	1	" North Woolwich	2	" Hertford	1
" Wisbech	2	" Ongar	1	" Hitchin	1
<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	" Paglesham	1	" Hoddesdon	1
" Chester	1	" Plaistow	1	" Redbourne	1
" Hyde...	1	" Rayleigh	1	" St. Albans	2
<i>Cornwall</i> , Falmouth	4	" Romford	4	" Ware	1
" Fowey	1	" Southend	3	<i>Huntingdonshire</i> ,	
" Penzance	3	" Stanstead	1	" Fenstanton	1
" Porthleven	2	" Thorpe-le-Soken	1	" St. Neot's	1
" St. Columb	1	" Upminster	1	<i>Kent</i> , Ashford	4
" Truro	2	" Wakes-Colne	1	" Belvedere	2
<i>Derbyshire</i> , Alfreton	1	" Walthamstow	13	" Bexley	3
" Belper	1	" Wanstead	1	" Blackheath	2
" Derby	5	" West Ham	3	" Boughton	1
" Matlock Bath	1	" Witham	2	" Broadstairs	1
" Swadlincote	1	" Woodford	6	" Bromley	5
" West Hallam	1	<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol	8	" Canterbury	1
<i>Devonshire</i> , Appledore	1	" Cheltenham	3	" Charlton	3
" Axminster	1	" Cinderford	1	" Chatham	5
" Bideford	1	" Cirencester	2	" Cranbrook	1
" Brixham	4	" Fairford	2	" Crayford	1
" Dartmouth	1	" Gloucester	2	" Dartford	1
" Devonport	3	" Nailsworth	1	" Deal	3
" Exeter	2	" Painswick	1	" Dover	3
" Hatherleigh	1	" Stroud	2	" Eastchurch	1
" Newton Abbot	1	" Tewkesbury	1	" Eltham	1
" Plymouth	4	" Weirstone	1	" Erith	1
" Stoke...	1	" Wotton	1	" Eynsford	2
" Torquay	4	<i>Hampshire</i> ,		" Eythorne	1
<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole	3	" Aldershot	1	" Folkestone	5
" Lyme Regis	1	" Bournemouth...	6	" Goudhurst	1
" Portland	2	" Christchurch...	1	" Gravesend	4
" Swanage	1	" Fleet	1	" Greenwich	16
" Weymouth	3	" Fremantle	1	" Hollingbourne	1
<i>Durham</i> , Darlington	1	" Farnborough...	1		

<i>Kent</i> , Lee	2	<i>Norfolk</i> , Attleborough	1	<i>Surrey</i> , Cranleigh ...	1
" Maidstone	5	" Dereham	1	" Croydon	28
" Malling	1	" Holt	1	" East Moulsey ...	1
" Margate	8	" Lynn... ..	3	" Farnham	1
" New Brompton	8	" Norwich	4	" Godalming	2
" Northfleet	2	" Yarmouth	1	" Godstone	1
" Orpington	3	<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,		" Guildford	1
" Plumstead	9	" Brackley	1	" Horley	1
" Ramsgate	3	" Kettering	2	" Kingston	4
" Rochester	3	" Northampton	2	" Leatherhead ...	1
" Sevenoaks	2	" Oundle	3	" Mortlake	1
" Sittingbourne	4	" Peterborough ...	3	" Norbiton	1
" St. Mary Cray	1	" Rushden	2	" Penge	5
" Swanscombe ...	1	" Thrapstone ...	2	" Putney	2
" Tonbridge	1	" Walgrave	1	" Red Hill	1
" Tunbridge Wells	5	<i>Northumberland</i> ,		" Reigate	1
" West Wickham	1	" Newcastle	1	" Richmond	2
" Whitstable	6	<i>Nottinghamshire</i> ,		" Selhurst	1
" Woolwich	1	" Bingham	1	" Surbiton	2
" Wrotham	1	" Nottingham	2	" Sutton	6
<i>Lancashire</i> ,		" Retford	1	" Thornton Heath	1
" Ashton-under-Lyne	3	" Sutton	1	" Tooting	4
" Blackpool	1	" Worksop	1	" Wallington	1
" Bolton	1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> ,		" Wimbledon	2
" Fleetwood	1	" Banbury	2	" Woking	2
" Liverpool	9	" Chinnor	1	<i>Sussex</i> ,	
" Manchester	4	" Chipping Norton	3	" Beeding	1
" Morecambe	1	" Kidlington	1	" Brighton	12
" Rochdale	1	" New Headington	1	" Buxted	1
" St. Anne's-on-Sea	1	" Oxford	7	" Chichester	4
<i>Leicestershire</i> ,		" Thame	1	" Faygate	1
" Leicester	1	" Witney	1	" Hailsham	1
" Loughborough	1	<i>Rutlandshire</i> ,		" Hastings	5
" Lutterworth ...	1	" Uppingham	1	" Horsham	2
<i>Lincolnshire</i> , Alford ...	1	<i>Salop</i> , Aston-on-Clun	1	" Lewes	2
" Boston	2	" West Felton ...	1	" Newhaven	1
" Grimsby	5	<i>Somersetshire</i> ,		" Portlade	1
" Lincoln	5	" Bath	2	" Pulborough ...	1
" Stamford	1	" Curry Mallet ...	1	" St. Leonard's ...	2
<i>Middlesex</i> , Acton	4	" Taunton	3	" Seaford	1
" Barnet	1	" Wellington	1	" Worthing	1
" Brentford	2	" Weston	1	<i>Warwickshire</i> ,	
" Chiswick	2	" Yeovil	1	" Birmingham ...	8
" Cricklewood ...	1	<i>Staffordshire</i> ,		" Coventry	2
" Ealing	2	" Bilston	1	" Leamington ...	1
" Edmonton	3	" Burton-on-Trent	1	" Oxhill	1
" Finchley	1	" Stourbridge	1	" Quinton	1
" Hampton-Wick	1	" West Bromwich	1	<i>Wiltshire</i> , Calne ...	1
" Harlington	1	" Wolverhampton	1	" Chippenham ...	1
" Harrow	2	<i>Suffolk</i> , Aldborough	2	" Devizes	2
" Hendon	2	" Bungay	1	" Downton	1
" Hounslow	2	" Bury St. Edmunds	2	" Pinton Stoke ...	1
" Isleworth	3	" Clare	1	" Salisbury	2
" Old Hampton ...	1	" Fressingfield ...	1	" Summerford ...	
" Roxeth	1	" Halesworth	1	" Magna	1
" Southall	1	" Ipswich	8	" Swindon	2
" Teddington	1	" Southwold	1	" Trowbridge	1
" Walham Green	3	" Stanstead	1	" Warminster ...	1
" Wembley	1	" Stowmarket	4	" Westbury	
" Whetstone	1	" Woodbridge	1	" Leigh	1
<i>Monmouthshire</i> ,		<i>Surrey</i> , Addlestone ...	1	" Wroughton	1
" Abergavenny ...	1	" Barnes	4	<i>Worcestershire</i> ,	
" Blaenavon	1	" Bletchingley ...	1	" Cradley	1
" Maindee	1	" Buckland	1	" Evesham	1
" Newport	10	" Catford	1	" Hampton	1

Yorkshire, Bedale ... 1	Wales, Abërystwyth ... 1	Wales, Hay 1
" Burley ... 1	" Brecon ... 1	" Holyhead ... 1
" Leeds ... 2	" Bridgend ... 3	" Llanbister ... 1
" Goole ... 1	" Builth ... 1	" Llandudno ... 1
" Sheffield ... 1	" Cardiff ... 19	" Llanelly ... 1
COUNTRY...TOTAL 825	" Carnarvon ... 1	" Narberth ... 1
	" Cilgerran ... 2	" Rhyll ... 1
	" Dowlais ... 1	" Swansea ... 3
	" Haverfordwest 3	WALES ... TOTAL 42

Scotland, Dunfermline 1	Scotland, Larbert ... 1	Ireland 2
	" Lennoxtown 1	

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31st, 1899.

FROM LONDON DISTRICTS:—

Bethnal Green ... 1	Hammersmith ... 1	Poplar 1
Brixton 2	Hornsey 2	St. Pancras ... 1
Borough 1	Kensington ... 1	Stepney 1
Bromley-by-Bow ... 1	Kilburn 1	Stockwell 2
Camden Town ... 2	Lewisham 1	Silvertown 1
Camberwell 1	Nunhead 1	Tottenham 2
Clapham 3	Newington 2	Walworth 2
Chelsea 2	New Cross 1	Wandsworth ... 2
Fulham 1	Plaistow 1	Whitechapel ... 1
Hackney 1	Peckham 2	TOTAL 41

FROM COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES:—

Bedford ... 1	East Ham ... 1	Lincoln ... 1	Plymouth ... 1
Beeding ... 1	Falmouth ... 1	Newport (Mon) 3	Plumstead ... 1
Bingham ... 1	Gosport ... 1	Norwich ... 1	Rochester ... 1
Birmingham 2	Greenwich ... 1	Nottingham ... 1	Ross 1
Bristol ... 1	Hatherleigh ... 1	Oxford ... 1	Southampton 1
Cambridge ... 1	Hemel Hempstead ... 1	Penzance ... 1	Teddington ... 1
Coventry ... 1	Kingston ... 1	Peterborough 1	Tunbridge Wells 1
Croydon ... 3	Lee 1	Pulborough ... 1	TOTAL 38
Dartford ... 1		Putney 1	

FROM WALES:—Cardiff, 1.

TOTAL ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR, 80.

The above tables, while they tell of want relieved and sorrow solaced, 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.

TOTAL DISMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR:—

Boys, 36; Girls, 49. Total, 85.

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London 1,291	Wales 42	Ireland 2
Country 825	Scotland 3	
TOTAL 2,163.		

IN RESIDENCE AT THE TIME OF WRITING THE ANNUAL REPORT:—

Boys, 240; Girls, 212. Total, 452.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The Annual Meeting was held on February 2nd, when addresses were given by Pastor A. G. Short, of Herne Hill, the Superintendent of the School, Mr. W. J. Evans, and Mr. Charlesworth, the Head Master of the Orphanage. This re-union of the voluntary Teachers and the members of the Orphanage Staff is always greatly enjoyed, and unifies the spiritual work of the Institution.

At the Quarterly United Services addresses were given by Rev. Thomas Hooper, of Camberwell; Rev. C. B. Sawday, Tabernacle; Rev. Thomas Currie, of Clapham; Rev. Dr. Springett, M.A., Brixton; and Mr. Newton Jones, Sunday School Union. We are most grateful to those good friends for their valuable services to the Institution.

The Sunday-school Prizes, subscribed for by the Teachers and other friends, were distributed at a Special Meeting to 229 Scholars, by the Head Master.

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, Conducted by the Brixton Auxiliary of the Sunday School Union.

SUBJECT :—“The wonderful words and works of Jesus.”

Our Scholars secured 16 prizes; and 85 first-class, and 110 second-class certificates.

YOUNG CHRISTIANS' BAND.

Present Membership, Boys, 32; Girls, 43. Total 75.

Special Meetings are held monthly, addressed by local friends.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

Present Membership (including former Scholars), Boys, 210; Girls, 400. Total 610.

BAND OF HOPE.

Thirty meetings were held during the year. Addresses and Lectures were given by the Superintendent, Mr. W. J. Evans, and other friends.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE COLLECTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission in North Africa	1	6	1
Baptist Missionary Society	8	4	2
Do., for the support of a boy and girl at Wathen Station, Congo River	10	0	0
Indian Sunday-school Mission	3	6	3
Continental do.	1	9	1
Ragged School Union Holiday Homes	2	3	0
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work	20	0	0
Teachers' Collection for Tabernacle Re-building Fund	3	6	6
	£49	15	1

We bespeak for our earnest band of 38 voluntary workers the prayers of all our friends, that the blessing of God may still rest upon their labours.

MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

To the President and Committee.

Gentlemen,

I have the pleasure to submit my 30th Annual Report for the year ending 31st March, 1899.

Our freedom from epidemics has been a great cause for thankfulness. We have had, in a minor degree, the usual run of youthful ailments, and three cases of surgical interference for deformity. Mabel Field, with a bad family history, succumbed to consumption.

The loss to our Orphanage by the death of our esteemed President, is deeply to be deplored. His last effort, the Sea-side Home, is now in evidence. The plan of drafting the younger children there, and educating them on the Kindergarten principle is excellent, and the mental and physical advantage will be at once apparent; and as a home for some of our more delicate or convalescing children, it will be of incalculable value.

My thanks are due to our Honorary Consulting Staff, whose services are so freely at my disposal. To the Board of Management, and the Officers of the Institution, a heavy debt of obligation is due. All their help has strengthened my efforts to make Stockwell Orphanage an Institution, second to none in the point of health standard.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM SOPER.

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 **Christmas 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."

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 the 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 our former pupils 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 is a student in Cheshunt College, and another is in training as a medical missionary.

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 feel 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.

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 be a great joy to the Managers if the ordinary income were always equal to the current expenditure, so that legacies may be reserved to supply the falling-off in donations when old friends resign their stewardship and go home.

The collecting boxes and books and children's cards have brought in, during the year, the sum of £913 5s. 5d. Once a quarter, we arrange to meet our band of willing helpers, to thank them for their efforts to sustain this 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, by cheque or postal order, 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 £229 16s., 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 from the Christmas Dinner-Table Fund was £189 10s. 6d., for which we desire to express again our very hearty thanks. We hope this custom of making a thank-offering at the Christmas dinner-table for the orphans at Stockwell, will prove a permanent and an increasing source of income. Envelopes for this purpose may be obtained by writing to the Secretary.

On the last Sunday in January, being the date of Mr. Spurgeon's death, many of our Sunday-schools arranged for a collection to be made for the Orphanage; the sum realized was £65 17s. 4d. If the custom were more generally observed, as we trust it will be, this amount will be largely increased.

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, should not divert contributions from local claims, but rather stimulate 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. Friends can help the Institution by arranging for meetings to be held in their town or district.

"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. May the Lord bless all our helpers for their kindness to His little ones.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer.

Address—The Secretary, The Stockwell Orphanage, London, S.W.

TO INTENDING BENEFACTORS.

By an Act of Parliament, bearing date August 5th, 1891, land and houses may 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 persons 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, 1899.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education :—			
Salaries and Wages	2,343	1	7
Provisions	4,416	8	5
Clothing	1,610	10	5
Laundry	513	5	1
Fuel, Gas, and Water	900	11	1
Books and School Requisites	323	8	0
Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses	255	10	4
Excursions and Travelling	41	5	2
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	224	9	5
Gardening and Sundries	68	7	5
	<hr/>		
	10,696	16	11
„ Printing, Publications, Advertisements, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	1,049	15	10
Repairs and Alterations, &c.	1,181	10	3
„ Furniture, Fittings, Bedding, &c.	595	3	11
„ Poor and General Rates	135	0	0
	<hr/>		
	13,658	6	11
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1899	481	16	2
	<hr/>		
	14,140	3	1

	£	s.	d.
By Donations and Subscriptions :—			
General	4,007	1	1
Boxes and Books	913	5	5
Services of Song (less expenses)	60	14	9
	<hr/>		
	4,981	1	3
„ Legacies	3,794	10	
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates and Taxes, &c.)	4,559	11	11
	<hr/>		
	13,335	3	10
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1898	804	19	3
	<hr/>		
	14,140	3	1

Audited and found correct, this 14th day of June, 1899.

THOMAS H. OLNEY,
Treasurer, } Trustees.
 WILLIAM HIGGS,
 FRANK THOMPSON,

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*

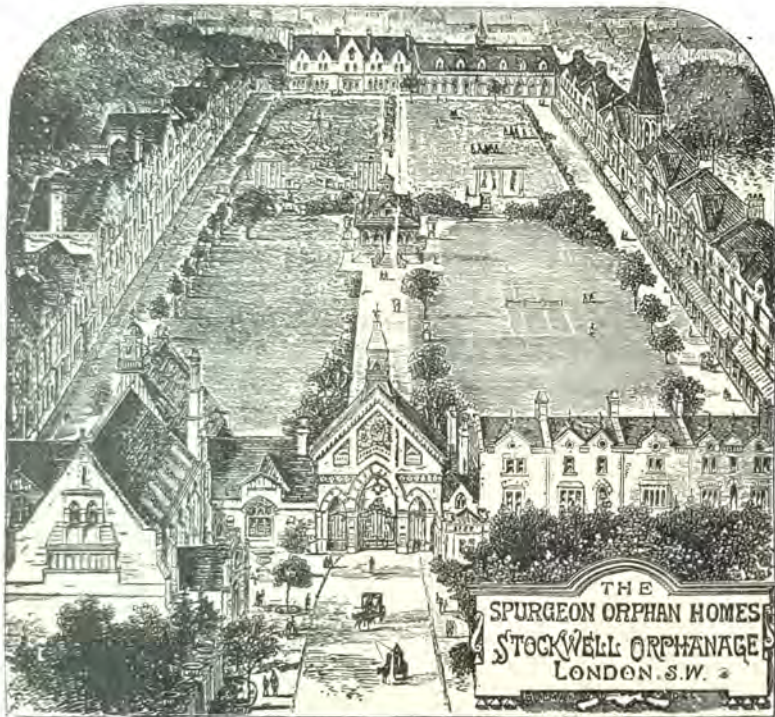
W. W. BAYNES, } *Auditors.*
 F. WHITTLE,

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

The STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

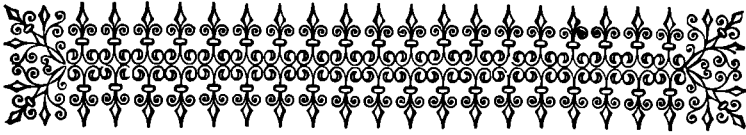
A Home and School
for Five Hundred Fatherless Boys and Girls.

Founded by C. H. SPURGEON, 1867.



INSCRIPTION ON THE FOUNDER'S MEMORIAL:

“THE objects of our care, are not far to seek. There they are at our gates: widows worn down with labour, often pale, emaciated, delicate, and even consumptive; children half-famished, growing up neglected, surrounded with temptation! Can you look at them without pity? We cannot! We will work for them through our Orphanage, as long as our brain can think, and our pen can write, and our heart can love. Neither sickness nor weariness shall tempt us to flag in this sacred enterprise.”—C. H. SPURGEON.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

Points Never to be Forgotten.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, DELIVERED
ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON, TWENTY YEARS AGO,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



HOPE no brother, who comes into this College, will ever forget that he is a CONSECRATED MAN. I presume that is what each man here really is; if not, he certainly has no right to be in our ranks. He could not have been accepted as a student merely because he was a man of ability, or a fluent speaker. This College was never founded merely to impart knowledge;—that work can be better done at the Universities, and it was and still is well done in many a Collegiate establishment. My object, in founding this Institution, was that consecrated men might here receive suitable training for the Christian ministry. It was my purpose that they might here have their natural powers developed and increased, that they might discover their latent capacities and abilities, and use them to the greatest advantage, and that they might here become better acquainted with the methods and implements of our holy warfare, and so go forth well equipped for the service to which we trust they have been called of God.

Hence, brethren, there are none of you who can ever live for the sake of making money, or for the purpose of winning honour or fame among your fellow-men, without breaking your vow of consecration to the Lord. It is impossible for any one of you to live for himself, unless he becomes a traitor to his King and Lord, and to all the professions he has made as one of the disciples of the Master who have heard the Divine command, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." It remains impossible for any man here henceforth to live for any aim but the highest; he cannot have other than the loftiest desires perpetually actuating him. You have come now to give your whole souls up to the one end of glorifying God by the

winning of your fellow-men unto Christ. First and foremost, as the centre of the target you are aiming at, must be the glorifying of God. The heavens and the earth are proofs of the Creator's power; but a higher honour has been conferred upon you than upon them. You have been ordained, from before the foundation of the world, that, in your body, soul, and spirit you should glorify God. He separated you from your mother's womb, and called you by His grace for this express purpose. There was something about your very birth which proved that you were the Lord's, set apart unto Him for ever. Possibly, there are prophecies, that were long ago uttered concerning some of you; and, certainly, with regard to those of you who came from Christian homes, multitudes of prayers surrounded your cradles. What the Jesuit says he is, that you really are if you are what you ought to be. His motto, "For the greater glory of God," is truly yours. His name is yours, far more than it is his; you are the true "Society of Jesus," pledged to live, henceforth, for Christ and His gospel, and for no other object.

Remember, brethren, that you are to be consecrated men always. It is not merely at certain times and seasons that you are to be consecrated men, but always;—in your work, but equally so in your recreation; for, if there are recreations that are not in harmony with your consecration to Christ, they are not such as should be engaged in by you. Take care that your recreation is always what the word implies, a re-creation; not a desecration. You are to be sanctified men in your domestic relationships;—sanctified when alone, and sanctified in public, dedicated for ever to the one sole and only purpose for which you were made, that you might "glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever." You are called, beyond the rest of mankind, to make this your one aspiration; and to carry it out into practical effect by seeking to win souls, and to feed the flock of God. Do not imagine that you will ever fulfil the Divine purpose if you do not aim at the winning of souls. I do not believe that God is glorified by the reading of pretty little essays, or the delivery of grand oratorical addresses. If ever the harps of Heaven ring with new melodies, it will not be because of the matchless oratory of a marvellous speaker; but it will be when sinners' tears are made to fall through the rod of the gospel striking their rocky hearts, and causing the penitential floods to flow forth. Then is there wrought a miracle of mercy, and sinners are converted, while saints are encouraged, and instructed, and made to adore the Lord.

David said, "Awake up, my glory;"—"my tongue, the glory of my frame,"—I suppose he meant. A human being is exalted infinitely above a mere brute beast because he can speak; and a minister of the gospel is vastly superior to an ordinary man because he can speak with lips which have been touched with the live coal from God's altar. Our tongue is the two-edged sword with which we smite the enemies of the Lord; yet there must ever be much tenderness manifested in the use of that sharp weapon. Our lips should be lips of persuasion, that convince with love. They should be like hives full of honey stored by the bees; they should drop with sweetness for the refreshing of the sons and daughters of men; yet all we

say must be for the glory of God alone. That a man should seek to be a minister, in order that he may get a large following, and be called great and successful, seems to me to be sad indeed; but, brethren, you and I will never do so, will we? We are God's men, we belong to Him, and to Him alone. Do you not remember what Jonah said to the shipmen even in that time of unfaithfulness when he tried to run away to Tarshish, instead of going to Nineveh as the Lord had bidden him? He was in a wicked temper, and no mistake;—cross-grained, and disobedient to the Word of the Lord; yet, even under such unfavourable circumstances, when the mariners asked him, "What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?" he gave them a noble answer, "I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of Heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land." That was a strange description of his occupation, or his country, or his people; but it must be true of you and of me, too. If we ever do get into an ugly temper, and try to run off Tarshish way, we must still remember that we "fear the Lord."

That is one thing never to be forgotten by you, brethren,—that you are consecrated men, set apart, dedicated unto God and His holy service. The sacred chrism is as much upon you as ever it was upon the heads of kings, or priests, and even more so, for "ye have an unction from the Holy One." I can say, with the prophet Samuel, only more truly than he could say it, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me." Well, then, brethren, do not desecrate that sacred head, do not pollute those consecrated lips, do not prostitute to minor objects that noble spirit in which God the Holy Ghost Himself deigns to dwell.

Next, I want to say to you that, *as you are consecrated men, you must lay yourselves out to serve the Lord.* I hope we all feel that we really want to serve God; and the way in which we can best serve Him is by doing our duty, and the duty of to-day is to-day's duty. That sounds very much like a platitude, but it is not one. You have not merely to be preparing for the labour of to-morrow, and speculating about what you will be and do in ten years' time. Do not be always talking about what you mean to do when you are settled, or what you will be when you get to your work. If you do not do your duty now, you will not be likely to do it then; if you neglect the duty of to-day, you are not likely to attend to it by-and-by. I do not want to hear you say what you expect to do on the first of April, 1889; but if I wished to know what you will probably be ten years' hence, I should form an opinion from what you are in this year of grace, 1879. Well, then, as I am a consecrated man, and I am, therefore, to glorify God, I will endeavour to do it by serving Him faithfully to-day. You cannot do to-day's work to-morrow; all that you can do to-morrow, you are bound to do when to-morrow comes. If this day passes without God being honoured by you, there is one day of your lives that will be a blank for ever. If a particular obligation that comes upon you to-day,—whether it is to sit in the class, to take part in your College prayer-meeting, or to talk to some little child at home,—if that duty, whatever it is, is left undone, this day will have a flaw in

it which cannot be removed. Perhaps, the most important obligation upon you, at this time, is the acquisition of knowledge that will be of service to you in the future. Then, attend to it with all diligence.

Another point that must never be forgotten is, that *to-day's opportunities of usefulness will never come again*. This I do know, that the opportunities of usefulness this current Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, never can return to you. There may, possibly, be opportunities very like them on the next Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, but the special and peculiar opportunities of this particular time never will come back to you. You may tell me that, if a certain wave breaks upon the shore, and rolls back towards its native element, it will be met by other waves, and perhaps be carried once more to the same spot; but that is not possible. Other waves will come, but *that* wave will never again return, it is gone for ever. So, as students, you have opportunities, at the present time, which you will not have again; and if you do not utilize each of these years, and months, and weeks, and days, and hours, and even minutes, as they come and go, you will never be able to use them at all.

Then remember, also, that you are to get all the good you can as well as to do all the good you can; and it must never be forgotten that *the advantages of to-day will not return to you*. I have frequently heard a very sorrowful confession made by those who are now in the ministry. Again and again, a brother has said to me, "Oh, Mr. Spurgeon! I am sorry I did not make better use of my College course; I am persuaded that I should more highly value certain studies now than I did when I had the opportunity of pursuing them." Ah! they regret what they lost by neglect, but the regret cannot make up the loss to them; and it will be the same with you, brethren, if you do as they did. You cannot have that class over again if you do not make use of it ere the time for it goes by. Other harvests may come to the world after the present one; but the farmer who does not reap his corn this year, will lose this year's harvest, and he will lose it irretrievably; no other season's bounty will be a compensation for his loss of the crop that God gave him for the present time. It ill becomes a consecrated man to lose anything that he can use for his Lord; so take care, brethren, that you wisely utilize all your advantages, occupy your opportunities, and fulfil your duties, while you can.

Here is another very great platitude, yet it is one that must never be forgotten by you;—*Nothing will ever come out of you that is not in you*. I pray that you may not have either empty heads or empty hearts; I have heard of both those evils having existed in remote ages, if not in later times. You have probably known or read of people who have been afflicted with that troublesome complaint, *cacoëthes scribendi*, a propensity for scribbling; and there have been men who have suffered from a still worse disease, which I have sometimes called "diarrhœa of the lips." It has seemed as if oceans of verbiage have flowed from their mouths, yet there has been nothing whatever that has been worth hearing. Through want of sense, they talk nonsense; for lack of consolations for the righteous, they have plenty of abuse of everyone who does not agree with them; and not being themselves

established in the truth, they teach all sorts of errors. You must yourself be filled with good matter, or else you cannot pour out that which will be of service to others. Set your poor earthen pitcher right under the place where the springhead sends forth its streams; let it stand there till the water flows in, and flows out, and flows over, let it keep on flowing in sweet and clear, and when the time comes for it to be carried away, that the thirsty may drink from it, it will not disappoint their longing desires. You cannot expect to be of service to your Lord, and to your fellow-creatures, without studying, acquiring, and retaining all that you possibly can of the truth of God. It must be allowed to run in, but it must not be permitted to run out again until the time comes for you to pass on to others what you have received. Some brethren have a fine way of giving the truth free course; they let it go in at one ear, and out at the other! In their case, it would be well if we could stop up one of their ears, so that, when the truth once went in, it would remain in.

If you are really to be full, in the right sense of that word, it is not merely reading and study that are required, but your own experience of the things of God will be a grand preparation for preaching. The best preachers are those who can say, with the Lord Jesus Himself, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." To retail second-hand wares, may be left to those who buy their sermons at nine shillings a dozen, or get them supplied for nine-and-sixpence a quarter; but you and I, brethren, have no money to spare for buying sermons of that sort; and we would not buy them, however much money we might have. If we are really called of God to preach the gospel, we shall be enabled by the Holy Spirit to make our own sermons, even as the spiders spin their webs out of their own bowels. A Christian minister has to go through many experiences, not only on his own account, but for the sake of others. So, my brother, when you are depressed, glory in it, for you are now learning the way to cheer the depressed; rejoice, for you are now being qualified to become a comforter of others. If it should be your lot to suffer affliction, to endure penury, to be the subject of scorn, slander, and misrepresentation,—whatever the trial is, accept it joyfully, and sing, amid it all,—

"Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

Let all your experience assist to complete your fulness. Do not be empty, brethren; especially, be not like those who are full of their own conceit, and therefore are more empty than if they had not even that in them. Do not be what we generally call "sticks." There are great bundles of them to be seen, and we do not wish to increase the number.

Another thing that must never be forgotten is, that *every day your character is being formed*. I think that, especially during his time in College, a man is forming himself, or being formed, for life. What you are here, is very much what you will be throughout your whole

career. You are now like the clay on the potter's wheel, you are being turned, and shaped, and fashioned for the future. I have no doubt that some of you will, throughout your entire ministry, bear the mark of the tender touch of your tutors; and I should not wonder if you carry away impressions of the graving tools of your learned fellow-students, who so kindly try to improve you by their gentle and kind criticisms. In any case, your character is being formed; so be careful to cultivate everything which will be helpful, and seek to root up anything that would be harmful to yourself or to others. We are, all of us, a little better or a little worse, and perhaps a great deal better or worse, every day we live; we are, constantly, either hindering the work of the Spirit, or else we are feeling, more and more, the force and power of His gracious working. Therefore, yield yourselves absolutely up to Him, to be moulded and fashioned according to His blessed will; yea, as Paul pleaded with those in Rome, who were "called to be saints," so do I say to you, with all my heart, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

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

MANY very kind things—and some of the opposite sort—have been said concerning the three published volumes of my beloved's "Life." These breezes of criticism have, naturally, invaded the Work-room, and stirred up its hitherto peaceful atmosphere as they alternately fanned or fluttered the worker. The work itself has not been disturbed by them, because it was, from the very commencement, placed so absolutely under the Lord's control and management that, confident of His direction and approval, earthly judgments seemed to be of extremely little consequence, and the compilers have gone steadily on, "by evil report and good report," till the end of their labour of love is now fairly coming into view.

But I confess that I am amazed at the way some critics show their impatience,—not only to know more than I *can* tell them,—but to be informed, straightway, of matters which remain to be discussed and revealed at the proper time and place when we arrive at them.

"Why are we not told this, that, and the other?" say they. If they had waited till the completion of the work, they might have found such a complaint unnecessary; yet it has several times been made,—by those from whom I expected fairer treatment,—with an injustice which has surprised and grieved me. Is it usual, I wonder, thus to antedate the cheques of criticism, and then make an outcry because they are not cashed?

I have some sympathy, however, with one of the latest reviewers, who remarks:—"We want to get nearer to the secret of his (Mr. Spurgeon's) unparalleled power as a preacher of the gospel. In his Sermons, nothing is more remarkable than the compass and variety

of his allusions, the opulence and beauty of his illustrations; where did he get all this? What books did he read? and—a question more apposite still—when had he time to read them?”

So far as we are able, the two latter enquiries will be answered in the fourth volume; but when we are asked, “*Where did he get all this?*” we feel the question is scarcely a reasonable one, and our only possible reply is, “Who hath made man’s mouth? Have not I, the Lord?” “This is the Lord’s doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.”

This same writer lays down the theory that the dear preacher’s power “was not the fruit of immediate inspiration; it demanded close and constant training;” and he concludes his paragraph with the words, “we long to learn the secret.” What if I were to tell him my well-founded conviction that the true source and cause of the eloquence he admires, was chiefly that “immediate inspiration,” the idea of which he disallows?

Mr. Spurgeon was prepared and equipped for exceptional service by the God to whom all things are possible. He lived so constantly in the Divine presence, was so absolutely dominated by the Holy Spirit, and so completely surrendered to God’s will, that the Lord could fully use, and abundantly show forth His power in him. “Immediate inspiration” is no strange thing to those servants who are “the temples of the Holy Ghost.” It was given freely in the days of old; it was promised by Christ Himself to His disciples; it is realized frequently by those who have so yielded themselves to God, in their daily life and conversation, that their minds respond to His faintest impulse, as an Æolian harp whispers its music to the breath of every passing breeze. Surely it is vain to try to analyze the material and construction of such a mind as God gave to Mr. Spurgeon; it was designed and adjusted for a special work, and this work was grandly accomplished “to the praise of the glory of His grace.”

So “the secret,” if there be one, lies in God’s hands, and can be discovered only by appeal to Him.

Perhaps those who so earnestly desire to understand Mr. Spurgeon’s marvellous power, will be grateful to me for this suggestion.

* * * *

I have to thank many kind friends for help in the matter of the Manse at Bexhill; and, as the days pass by, and we leave the Thanksgiving and Anniversary Services behind us, I feel convinced that there will be still greater cause for gratitude to God and to them, in the completion of the work. He has graciously set the seal of His approval upon it all, and my heart sings praises to Him at every remembrance of it. No one, standing opposite the Clifford Road, where the two ways meet, and looking upon the block of beautiful buildings which stretch down the street, free from all burden of debt, and dedicated to the glory of God, and the extension of the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, could refuse to see His hand in it all, or refrain from saying, “What hath God wrought!”

Better still, the Lord is building up His own “Church” within the enclosure of the Chapel walls, gathering together a company of men

and women who are saved with His great salvation, and whose lives shall glorify Him, we trust, by their holy walk and conversation. The dear minister at "Beulah" covets earnestly this "best gift"—the grand reward of "souls for his hire," and we labour together with him in prayer that this "chief joy" may be his constant portion.

I am so glad that he has the little lodge under the shadow of "Beulah." I like to think of him as living at the very gates of God's house, for this Zion is so dear to him and his good wife that they "take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof." Long may they serve their Master there!

Our *Sword and Trowel* lists for September have to be made up on the 15th of August, thus just missing the days of Thanksgiving and Anniversary. So the *completed* account cannot appear till the October Magazine is issued. Then, *all* donations will be included, and I anticipate that the list will have grown exceedingly, so that we may rejoice afresh in the goodness of God, and triumphantly point to the "FRUIT" which we shall see appended to this wonderful chapter of the Lord's faithfulness and love.

* * * * *

A very sweet and encouraging letter lies on my desk at this moment. It was received some time ago; but it has been read on many occasions, and is as fresh and fragrant as ever. I record it, that my dear readers may see how lovingly the Lord uses that which He enables me to write for Him. I count it no small joy to minister, even in this limited degree, to those who love and are loved by Him. My correspondent says:—"It has grieved me to know you have been suffering so much of late; but, like the plant which, when crushed, emits its sweetest odours, so I pray that your pains and sorrows may be a means of rich blessing to many of God's children. May I just tell you how singularly appropriate to my circumstances, and to my spiritual need, has been every line you have written in the *Sword and Trowel* this year. Your words have been messages from the Lord Himself to my poor famished spirit. He knew my need, and spoke to my heart; but He 'must needs go through' 'Westwood' to do it. I do thank God for you and your help, and I always ask Him to bless you richly."

S. S.

An Appeal to Christians.

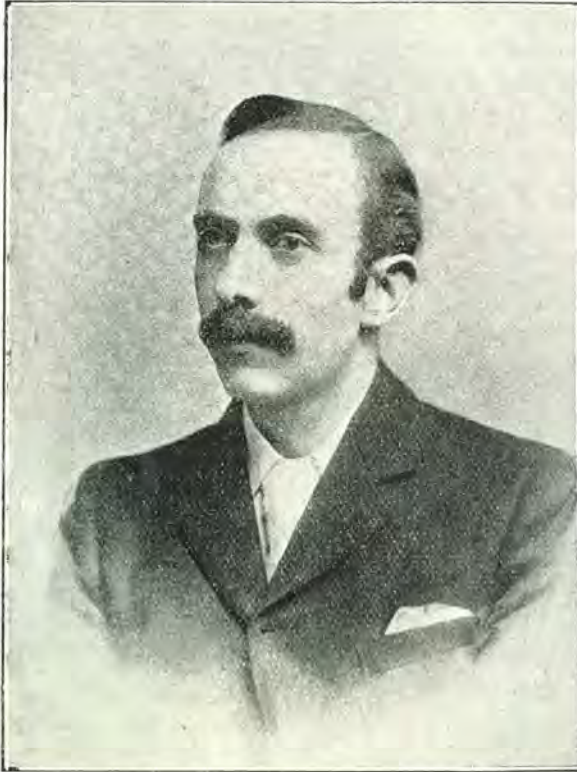
WILL you *think*, every day, about the eight hundred millions of people in the world, or perhaps even more, who have never yet heard the gospel? Ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do for them?"—Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.

Will you *pray*, every day, for these eight hundred millions who are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death?—Luke x. 2.

Will you *give*, daily, (if it is only a penny or a halfpenny,) and exercise some self-denial in order to send the gospel to these hundreds of millions of immortal souls?—2 Cor. viii. 9.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

LXIX.—PASTOR T. E. TITMUSS, SPRING HILL, BIRMINGHAM



BIRMINGHAM is a great city,—great in many respects. Its municipal enterprise and achievements are proved, amongst other things, by its Free Libraries and daring scheme for the supply of water from Wales. Its political history is distinguished by splendid names and forceful energies. Its educational advantages are magnificent, embracing a fine and efficient system of Board Schools; a wealthy and progressive Grammar School foundation, from which world-wide scholars have proceeded; institutions like Mason's College, out of which is to be developed a University which will help the sons and daughters of Birmingham to gain the higher culture, and more fitly to fulfil their obligations in the world.

Its religious life, of late years, has been enriched with many noble spirits, and by some few famous leaders, like George Dawson, Charles Vince, and Robert William Dale, who as contemporaries wrought together for the advancement of their fellow-citizens, and carried the name of Birmingham everywhere. At the present time, there is one

man whose renown seems to rival theirs, while his spiritual influence may possibly be superior. The Rev. J. H. Jowett stands alone in the popularity of his preaching. But, during the days of Dawson, Vince, and Dale, there were many men, noble, faithful, godly, Christlike ministers of Jesus, who bore the heat and burden of the day; won the esteem and affection of large classes of the people; brought salvation into the lives of multitudes; and carried on the service of Christ's Church without the gilded applause, and far-sounding reputation attendant on special gifts. It is so to-day. While one name is heard on all hands, scores, yes, hundreds of richly-taught and experienced men are serving Christ not less acceptably amongst the crowded population of Birmingham. Amongst these faithful men is the brother whose portrait adorns the preceding page, and whose past career I wish to indicate. MR. TITMUSS has now been for six years the pastor of the Baptist Church at Spring Hill; and his work has been so successful, and uniform, that it will be worth while to recognize and set forth the elements in his character which have produced this result.

He was born in Battersea, about the close of 1862, and rejoices in the memory of a mother whose pure and gracious influence has, in no small degree, moulded the life of her son. In the earlier days of boyhood, his father was constantly moving about, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, carrying on his business of a contractor, and so the mother's care was peculiarly impressive. Vigorously Nonconformist, she supported with all her heart a village church at Essendon where they went to reside.

When the boy was about thirteen years old, his father settled in that place as a farmer; and, later, when he left school, the youth joined his father, and spent some ten years in this congenial employ. When nineteen years old, he came under the convincing power of the Holy Ghost; and after several weeks of deep conviction of sin, he entered into the joy of believing;—not through any special services, or human agency, but by the Word alone. One morning, feeling keenly his need of a Saviour, there came into his mind two passages of Scripture. The first, this: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and with it was born the hope that he was one whom Christ came to save. Immediately afterwards, Christ's own gracious promise followed: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." Like a message from Heaven, it led hope on to expectation; and he resolved, there and then, to cast himself on Jesus, and put His Word to the test. In a few minutes, all was well. He had the blissful assurance that he was "accepted in the Beloved," and knew that he had "passed out of death into life."

He soon began to work for Christ, and found a sphere of service in the village Sunday-school. Before long, he was induced to speak at cottage meetings, and then became an accredited local preacher in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists. About this time, a Baptist Mission Hall was erected at Essendon by the Herts Union; and Mr. King, one of our College brethren, was engaged by the Union to labour in Essendon and the surrounding villages,—work which he still carries on with great fidelity. Mr. Titmuss came into

touch with this Baptist movement, and was requested to take the services on alternate Sundays at the Mission Hall. In the year 1888, however, when twenty-six years old, he came to see the Scripturalness of the Baptist position through reading Norcott's *Baptism Discovered*; and, forthwith, resolving to follow his Lord's command, he made application to Rev. C. M. Hardy, of St. Alban's, and was baptized by him in that city. In that same year, he was introduced to the late President at the Conference, and applied for entrance to the College; which, after twelve months' waiting, he entered, in August, 1889.

And now commenced three years and three months' happy and profitable study and life as a Pastors' College student.

In September, 1890, Mr. Spurgeon requested Mr. Titmuss and another student, Mr. Graham, to undertake the work at Haddon Hall, Bermondsey, for Mr. W. Olney, whose health was much impaired. They went for a month, but Mr. Titmuss remained there for more than two years. This experience at Haddon Hall was of great value, for he saw the gospel working amongst the people, and he realized its power to renew and transform the lives of even the most degraded members of society. He also held missions in several parts of London, notably thrice at Mr. Charrington's Great Hall, Mile End Road. In the Spring of 1892, he was invited to Ireland, to conduct services in Cork and Limerick; and this visit led to the request by the Irish Home Mission that he would undertake regular work in Ireland, but he could not see this to be God's will.‡

Soon afterwards, however, a visit to Birmingham resulted in a call to the Spring Hill Church. And this call was accepted, although in some ways it was not so attractive as the Irish invitation. For the church was suffering from a disastrous split, there were only about a hundred members, and very few others attended the services. In consequence, the salary was small; but, in spite of this, he felt drawn to the place, and commenced work in November, 1892. God's hand has been manifestly with our brother from the first. The work has greatly revived. Many new organizations have sprung into existence; the place is well filled on Sunday evenings; three hundred souls have been received into membership; the people have been most earnest and zealous in the support of all good work; and when, in January last, he took for wife the daughter of one of his deacons, their generosity and kindness were exuberant. Amongst other gifts was one from the congregation, of a magnificent piano and timepiece, to which more than three hundred people subscribed.

Our brother was appointed, last year, to the office of secretary of the Birmingham Convention, and next Autumn, is to serve the West Midland Federation of Free Churches as one of their evangelists in a great mission.

He has a melancholy yet precious distinction and honour, which will be life-long. He was in College during the last years of our late President, and was one of the eight students who carried his body into the Tabernacle. Who would not have coveted this peculiar honour? The College continues, but the memories of those sacred years, when our great leader was still amongst us, touch our hearts with a keen sense of regret and loss.

Mr. Titmuss is still but a young man. He is blessed (so he says) with a wife who is a true helpmeet in every way. May we not hope that still larger blessing shall be given to him, and that, when his sun goes down in the west, it may set with all the glory of a life which, centered in Jesus, has been spent in the holy service of winning home to God the brothers and sisters lost and lone?

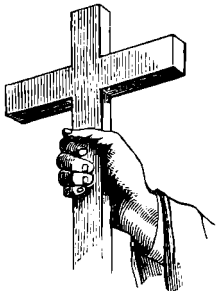
Not by brilliant gifts, but by conscientious fulfilment of duty, with quiet, common sense, prayerful, and consecrated living, our brother has proved once more that nothing is so effective in the uplifting of men, and nothing so tends to the success of a ministry, as the simple gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

His chapel stands in a locality which is backed by a vast artisan district in which many thousands of men, women, and children dwell. Not very far away is another district rapidly opening up as a place of residence for thousands of middle-class people. Amidst all the advantages of Birmingham, its municipal, political, and educational privileges, it needs nothing so much as strong Christian churches filled with stalwart souls who shall represent a living Saviour in the midst of a world eager in the pursuit of earthly good. It is an unspeakable satisfaction that the church over which Mr. Titmuss presides is one which even now exercises a far-reaching influence for good, and which appears to be destined to realize in the future the position of a church which, strong in its own integrity and resourcefulness, is able to stretch out helpful hands on every side.

WALTER HACKNEY.

Our College Emblem.

BY ALFRED HALL, FORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.



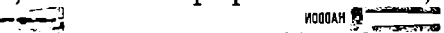
"Et teneo et teneor."

THE study of heraldry was deemed, in the high ages of chivalry, the first of sciences. When chivalry declined, heraldry decayed; but modern scholarship has found a use for its earlier and more genuine forms, as an illustrator and interpreter of history. The forms and terms of exact blazonry are now the special care of the Heralds' College in England, the Lyon Court in Scotland, and the College of Arms in Ireland.

In the old times, arms might be borne by individuals, families, or communities, and they were as proud of them as the peacock of its feathers. The ægis of the law was thrown over customs so entirely fanciful; and to bear arms in England, without proper authority, still subjects the wearer to a penalty. Those who wear them with authority have to pay, too, for there is an annual licence for armorial bearings, of one or two guineas, as the case may be.

The use of badges and emblems on shields, helms, and banners occurred in the earliest times. For a civil and organizing purpose, they were utilized by the children of Israel soon after their

emancipation from Egypt, about 1,500 B.C. In Numbers i. 52, we read: "The children of Israel shall pitch their tents, every man by his own camp, and every man by his own standard,"—with the ensign of his father's house. All nations seem to have adopted a practice which answers to a universal instinct or serves a universal want. Xenophon relates that the kings of the Medes bore a golden eagle on their shields. The British lion is well known. Tacitus informs us that the ancient Germans marked their shields with brilliant colours, an idea that has found its largest development, in recent times, in the stars and stripes of the United States of America.

The ancient and select practices of heraldry have passed into the popular usages of modern life. Commerce has adapted the idea in the use of trade-marks. Clubs have preserved it in the use of their distinctive banners, flags, and badges. And, last of all, communities of all kinds, imperial and municipal, religious, educational, and philanthropic, avail themselves of it. "They set up their ensigns for signs" (Ps. lxxiv. 4). This custom was always picturesque, it has had not a little of the element of the beautiful in it, and is still very useful as expressing, in brief, the aims and purposes of societies, institutions, and corporations. 

It was this last consideration, probably, which led our great leader, C. H. Spurgeon, to choose the emblem and motto, which we give above, for the School of the Prophets, the *Collegium Pastorum*, which he founded. The device, wrought by gentle fingers, hangs in the common hall of the College, and is, without doubt, the authorized symbol of that Institution, which has sent nearly a thousand ministers into the militant ranks of Evangelical Christianity.

The hand grasping and holding aloft the cross, with the motto, "Et teneo et teneor,"—"I hold, and I am held,"—is a forcible emblem. The cross stands for the work that was accomplished upon it;—not for Christianity in general, but for that atoning and substitutionary sacrifice which was offered when "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them," but reckoning those trespasses to Him who—

"Paid the debt, and made us free."

The hand-grasp indicates a personal acceptance of that work; and the hand uplifted signifies a personal proclamation of it. There is no doubt that the symbol expresses Mr. Spurgeon's real meaning, for he used to say, "Put the work of the cross into every sermon, brethren; whatever the text, it will find its best exposition by way of Calvary." And the motto, "I hold, and I am held," is understood to express that clear and moderate Calvinistic doctrine which denies that a regenerate man can be saved to-day and lost to-morrow. Once in Christ, in Christ for ever; once saved, always saved; not only because I hold the cross, but also because, in a very real sense, it holds me.

It is a suggestive historical circumstance that the origin of heraldic arms, properly so called, is now, by general consent, attributed to the necessity which arose, during the Crusades, of distinguishing the leaders of the numerous bands of warriors which constituted the Christian armies. There is crusading work still going on, and the use

of ensigns is still necessary, that the people of the Lord may rally to the standard around which their convictions as well as their hopes cling.

The symbol is ever a unifying sign to those who gather round it, and thus emblems have aided the promotion of brotherhood as well as the concentration of forces for specific ends. Flags, standards, emblems, and mottoes have helped nations, universities, colleges, and societies of all kinds, in the creation of that *esprit de corps* without which their loftiest aims could never be accomplished. It was quite in accordance with this emblem that Mr. Spurgeon designated the following hymn as the College Anthem; and no more rousing battle-song has been heard in Christendom, in the nineteenth century, than this, when sung by five thousand voices in the Metropolitan Tabernacle on those great occasions which must ever be associated with the life and work of the beloved chieftain of the Baptist hosts.

“The Cross it standeth fast,
Hallelujah!
Defying every blast,
Hallelujah!
The winds of hell have blown,
The world its hate hath shown,
Yet it is not overthrown.
Hallelujah for the Cross!
It shall never suffer loss!
Hallelujah!

“It is the old Cross still,
Hallelujah!
Its triumph let us tell,
Hallelujah!
The grace of God here shone,
Through Christ the blessed Son,
Who did for sin atone,
Hallelujah for the Cross!

“’Twas here the debt was paid,
Hallelujah!
Our sins on Jesus laid,
Hallelujah!
So round the Cross we sing
Of Christ our offering,
Of Christ our living King,
Hallelujah for the Cross!”

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

“A PROPER SORT OF PARSON.”

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS AT THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

“DO you know the Rev. So-and-so?” said a young man to me. “No,” I answered, “I have not that pleasure.” “Oh!” said he, “*he's* a proper sort of parson.” Discreetly passing by, in silence, what suspicion might have regarded as an uncomplimentary

comparison,—for the emphasis was on the personal pronoun, I assured my friend that I would hail an introduction to his ecclesiastical hero. It occurred to me, however, that it was barely possible that the young man's estimate was founded on a view of the ministerial office somewhat dissimilar from my own. I therefore enquired, a little anxiously, "By the way, what do you consider 'a proper sort of parson'?" "Oh!" said he, in a jaunty style, "you wouldn't know he was a parson; he never preaches except when he is in the pulpit, and he doesn't worry one with religion. That's what I call a proper sort of parson."

After that explanation, I did not press for an introduction, for the specimens of that "sort of parson" which I had already met with would suffice for a lifetime. Unfortunately, I have come across some more since then, both ashore and afloat. "Proper sort of parsons" are, alas! all too numerous. One of them himself assured me that no one would suspect him of being a minister but for his white tie. That was why he wore it, so he said. He was, doubtless "a proper sort of parson." His sanctity lay in his cravat; for unction, he relied on his "choker." How he must have wished to lay even it aside at times! The holy office, of which it was a sign, must have been as a millstone round his neck; unless, indeed, he was altogether "past feeling."

A friend of mine could not help overhearing the conversation in a railway carriage. Two gentlemen, strangers to each other, were speaking of the city to which both happened to be travelling;—its history, and scenery, and places of interest. But the most anxious enquiry was concerning its theatres;—what plays were on, and who were acting, and all the chatter that devotees of the drama indulge in. The anxious enquirer was "in holy orders,"—"a proper sort of parson." He was probably off on a holiday, and it may be that he would not attend the theatre in his own parish. But why not? And if not there, why in the distant town? And how came he to be so well informed concerning plays and playwrights, and actors and actresses? What have these things to do with the cure of souls? They curse them rather than cure them. Much as we deprecate the union of Church and State, the union of Church and Stage is still less to our mind. Both alliances are clean contrary to the revealed will of God.

But to return to the Rev. Mr. So-and-so, to whom I confess I have not yet been introduced. His friend and admirer remarked, concerning him, two pleasing (?) characteristics. He preached only in the pulpit, and he did not worry anyone about religion. Let us look into these marks of honour. Then we shall ask the question,—“Did the young man *really* admire his minister? Did he not rather despise him in his heart?”

The first qualification for "a proper sort of parson" is, *to preach nowhere but in the pulpit*. Now, we are perfectly prepared to admit that the pulpit is *the* place in which to preach. We also cheerfully own that it is by no means well to be always preaching,—*i.e.*, without regard to fitness of time, and place, and hearers. But woe to the preacher who preaches only in the pulpit, and woe to his

congregation, too! If he preaches nowhere but in the pulpit, it is to be feared that he might as well not preach even there. We have all heard of the divine who was "invisible all the week, and incomprehensible on the Sunday." That was a sufficiently sad state of affairs, but it is infinitely to be preferred to that of the man whose silence on spiritual matters for six days neutralizes his testimony on the seventh, or whose week-day worldliness contradicts his Sunday sanctimoniousness.

The man of God must be always proclaiming God's message. He must preach with his hands and feet, as the countryman said his Pastor did. The bidding of Jesus to His disciples was, "As ye go, preach." Augustine is reported to have said, "I would be found either praying or preaching." Certainly, the true minister desires to be ever in such a frame of mind that either of these exercises could at once be engaged in; and since it is possible to be praying and preaching without so much as lifting up one's voice, we may well wish to be at either the one or the other. He who occupies the ministerial office is evermore wielding a mighty influence; and when I say he should be always preaching, I mean that his influence at all times should run in the same direction as his actual preaching. There must be no cross-currents of wind or tide.

I call to mind the case of a clergyman of the Church of England, of whom it might be said that he was always preaching. Yet he was by no means a great preacher. He was the most all-round man I ever knew. He was a splendid evangelist. No one could put the gospel more forcefully than he; and in his own church he preached "Christ and Him crucified." But he did not confine his influence to consecrated edifices. He captained a team of Y.M.C.A. footballers, and preached on the field. He would tolerate no bad language, and no drinking. He held a class, on Sunday afternoon, to which Free-thinkers were specially welcomed; and not only in his own remarks, but by his patient hearing of theirs, he preached of the love of God and the patience of Christ. He was quite a favourite at private social gatherings; but though he was the life of the party in all lawful amusements, he never hid his light under a bushel, nor hesitated to suggest that family worship should conclude the evening. Churchman though he was, he attended the Nonconformist ministers' weekly gathering for prayer, and so preached the gospel of the brotherhood of believers. When I was leaving the city of Auckland, he was good enough to suggest that I should invite the Sunday-schools and other young people to an evening of pleasurable profit, with his magnificent oxy-hydrogen lantern, which he himself manipulated. He wanted me to have the credit of this parting gift, while nearly all the labour fell upon himself;—this was his way of preaching, the subject being two-fold,—love of the brethren, and love of the lambs. This versatile clergyman even ventured to conduct a cooking-class for young women, and was bold enough to devour some of his own concoctions. Thus he led a much-needed crusade against bad cooking, spoiled food, and "new women." I sometimes thought that he went in for too many gospels; but I am bound to admit that he managed to proclaim them all to the furtherance of the gospel of

the Kingdom. I wonder what our friend would have thought of him? I fear he would have classed him amongst the improper sort of parsons, for he was always at it. He was never off duty.

Preaching in the pulpit is easy work in comparison with preaching out of it. Sunday sermons are more easily composed and delivered than Monday ones. I once saw an announcement, outside a meeting-house, to the following effect:—"The Rev. — preaches here all day." "Poor fellow!" I said involuntarily. I would rather preach everywhere all the week than in the same place all the Sunday. Oh, that it might be understood in the village, or the town, or the suburb where we labour, that we preach there all the year round!

My dear father used to point to a crying baby as an example of how to pray. "See," said he, "it cries all over." So it does,—legs, and arms, and backbone, too; nor is it very particular as to the time and place. Since we are no longer babes, we must exercise discretion as to time and place, etc., but such complete abandon to our task as the crying child manifests should be ours. The herald of the cross should stand prepared, at all times, and in every place, to preach Christ with all his ransomed powers. His face, unconsciously illuminated by communion with God, should preach of unction, power, and peace. His smile—not forced, but natural as a ripple on a breeze-kissed lake,—should preach of love and sympathy. His frown should proclaim, when need arises, his holy hatred of sin, and shame, and sham. His very silence should preach of patience and self-control akin to that of the Lamb that was slain, who liveth again. His streaming eyes should tell of a heart full of Christ's own pity for the lost. His hands, whether armed with the pen of a ready writer, or filled with bounty for the poor, or help for the infirm or crippled, should preach the gospel of goodwill. He should have the "fair feet" of those who gladly scale the mountains that they may bring glad tidings of good things.

My brother, if you preach thus, by life and lip, in private as well as public, you will be a very improper sort of parson in some folks' estimation.

They preach best on Sunday who preach all the other days of the week. Practice makes perfect. Sabbath force depends largely on week-day influence. Have you not known men who were "no preachers" who could, nevertheless, preach as no other men could? Wherein lay the secret? Just here:—there was the man behind the message. Oratory of the highest style could not secure more attentive or delighted listeners. The man would have preached well even if he had said nothing. George Müller can hardly be said to have been an orator. Yet I have rarely seen an audience more spell-bound than when he told, in measured tones, and with his delightful German accent, the story of his faith and its reward. When the diamond is well cut, it needs the slightest possible movement to make it reflect the flashing sun from every facet.

Thank God, there are many others of whom the same may be said. "He's no preacher," did you say? I beg your pardon. He is a preacher indeed. While others preach for an hour or so on the first day of the week, this good man and true is preaching day in and day

out with living, loving eloquence. God bless him, I say. He is not "a proper sort of parson," but I would that there were many more of his kind about.

(To be concluded next month.)

Thomas MacKellar.

IN the notes on the *Supplement to Our Own Hymn Book*, recently published, a kind of promise was made that the many readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* should be introduced to a more intimate acquaintance with some of the less well-known authors of the hymns in the collection. This we now propose to do, beginning with Mr. Thomas MacKellar, the author of hymn No. 1,174,—

" All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide."

Mr. MacKellar is an elder of a Presbyterian Church in Germantown, Philadelphia; and the particulars of his career are drawn from his own account, given in response to the request of the late Samuel Willoughby Duffield, author of *English Hymns, Latin Hymn-writers and their Hymns, etc.*

He was born in New York City, 12th August, 1812, so that he is now in his eighty-eighth year. His grandfather was an elder of the old Kirk of Scotland, and his mother was descended from a Huguenot family. He learned to read at such an early age that he cannot now recall the time when reading was not natural and easy to him. His father, however, was hampered by financial embarrassments; and the boy's school education was very limited.

Venn, Doddridge, and Bunyan were the authors he chiefly read, and his mind became imbued with their principles; the devout fancies of Bunyan especially interested him. *The Holy War* was an inspiration to him; and it has done much, all through his life, to quicken him to zeal and watchfulness. Of poets, Cowper was his only author; but the Bible was, from first to last, his greatest delight.

Before he was fourteen, young MacKellar became a compositor, and worked at the case in the printing office of a New York weekly paper. Thence he passed into the establishment of the Harpers, where he continued several years. He worked his way up until he attained to the position of proof-reader. During much of this time, he was writing verses as he found opportunity. But life was hard, and toilsome, as he had on his shoulders much of the burden of supporting the family, and very little relaxation fell to his share. He never clamoured for an eight hours' day. As to property, he possessed nothing, though there was an inheritance belonging to the family, which seemed likely to reach a large amount. But the youth had the good sense to follow the advice of an old Quaker lawyer. "Thomas," said he, "I hear thee is an industrious lad. Stick to work, and thee will make a fortune before thee will get this one." He did so, and

he is now, and has been for many years, the head of the great type-founding firm of MacKellar, Smiths, and Jordan, Philadelphia, said to be the largest in the world.

It was in 1833 that Mr. MacKellar went to Philadelphia to live. He was proof reader and foreman in L. Johnson's stereotype foundry. For twelve years, he worked faithfully for his employers, and was allowed to purchase a small interest in the concern. It is the same business of which he is now the senior partner, whose connections extend far beyond the United States.

Mr. MacKellar's business prosperity and his religious earnestness began and continued together. In the year 1834, he took two very important steps. First, he united with the Old Pine Street Presbyterian Church, and subsequently became an elder in its congregation; since that time, he has been constantly in office, as a servant of the church, being elected to the same duties in Germantown when he removed thither. The other important step was to take a wife. She bore him ten children, so he might have written as her epitaph what Ralph Eskine placed over his wife, who was likewise the mother of ten children:—

“The law brought forth its precepts ten,
And then dissolved in grace;
This vine as many boughs, and then
In glory took her place.”

Mr. MacKellar's children all became followers of the Lord, and five of them are with their mother in the glory land, having done good work here in the service of Christ, and five are still witnessing for the Master on earth.

It was in the year 1845 that Mr. MacKellar began to write hymns, and the first that came from his pen was, “There is a land immortal.” Many years after, it was published, in *The New York Journal of Commerce*, as a production of “Barry Cornwall,”* and it was so inserted in early editions of Dr. C. S. Robinson's *Spiritual Songs*. Mr. MacKellar has published several books, such as *Droppings from the Heart*; *Lines for the Gentle and Loving*; *Rhymes between Times*; and *Hymns and Metrical Psalms*. Besides these, he is the author of *The American Printer*, a work which yielded a profit of £3,000 to his firm, and is still in request.

The little hymn to which we have first referred indicates the kind of man the author is; this his whole life corroborates, and it could not be expressed more fitly than in the language of Holy Writ: “not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.” Such men are living witnesses for God, and Christ, and the gospel; and if we have said little about the religious experience of this good man, the lessons of his faithful life and service may be readily gathered. May God multiply the number of such witnesses to the power of the truth, and the blessedness of a faith which worketh by love!

R. SHINDLER.

* Bryan W. Proctor, father of Miss A. A. Proctor, see hymn No. 1,294 in the Supplement.

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

IX.—A SUNDAY MORNING WALK.

ONE need not be a Sabbath-breaker to enjoy the exhilarating freshness of a Sunday morning walk.

The date is, many years ago; the season, Summer; the time, the Lord's-day morning; and the hour, six o'clock. Henry Long's prayer-meeting began at seven, and we had a good distance to travel. Having risen, and allowed sufficient margin for private devotions, we sallied forth. The delight of those walks could only be appreciated and appropriated by attention to the preparation of the soul. We, therefore, made a point of rising early, and getting a bath for the spirit in the water of the Word. Those who practise it, can verily say how refreshing, soothing, uplifting, and heart-strengthening, is the reading of the Scriptures at the beginning of the day;—not only of the Lord's-day, but every other. With a man, there is the temptation to open his letters or the newspaper; with a woman, to anticipate household cares. Again we say, the secret of heart-balance lies in receiving the Divine message before any other. The day comes to us like an untouched tree with the bloom of Heaven upon it. We shall be best able to preserve this precious tint upon the fruit of the hours if we first steady our hand upon the Word of God.

It was not till many years after the time of this sketch that our beloved President's *Morning by Morning* and *Evening by Evening* came into our hands. Had we possessed them, we should probably have used the Preface of each wherewith to open and close every Lord's-day. For beautiful language as the apparel of apt illustration, for deep devotion, and choice communion with the things that are eternal, commend us to the Prefaces of these two well-known books of Meditations. As Adino and Eleazar among David's mighty men, so have these Prefaces their place in classic English. But we had them not to help our thoughts to spiritual similes on our way to Pilgrim's Lodge on Lord's-day mornings in the years long past. Next to the Word of God, a volume of sermons by Paxton Hood cut a channel for our thoughts to flow in. We have lent our solitary copy of *Dark Sayings on a Harp* many times since those days; but few, if any, of our friends have found in it what we found, and still find, for it lies open beside us as we write,—coverless, loose-leaved, stained and faded,—yet the loved and used through five-and-thirty years,—the book we often read on our Sunday morning travels to Henry Long's, and the book we turn to now if the imagination flags.

Part of the way we took, in those old days, has strangely changed. Factories stand where once the elms reared their heads, and tall buildings have almost banished the memory of the dog roses, "clivers," convolvulus, and sweet-smelling limes. Yet, even as we muse, the ancient landmarks are again restored, and, by the mystery of the reproduction of impressions first stamped upon the mind in the distant past, but overlaid since by the leaves of many years, we see ourselves issuing from the home of our youth, and every detail of the

way to Pilgrim's Lodge comes out clearly. The lindens were young trees then, and it was part of our pleasure to imagine how tall and spreading they would grow; while, to breathe sweetness from their leaves, and to note the veining, were added delights. The markings and contour of some leaves remind one of greatly-gifted people. You seem to have made the acquaintance of the delicate, the artistic, the highly-designed, when you touch them. The wisdom of the Creator lies in untold wealth within the foliage of plants. The texture of poplar leaves always fills us with interest; and the rustle of them, as they turn their paler surface to the Summer breeze, ever stirs us to a thrill.

The lime trees passed, a row of almshouses lay on our left. Here the roses grew, climbing over the porch of one house, then along the window, and, anon, travelling in neighbourly fashion to the next doorway. These lowly dwellings awakened fresh trains of thought, and set us musing on the vicissitudes of life; on the excusable or inexcusable neglect of opportunities; and on the forgiving, all-covering charity of the Christian Church, which, like St. Martin of the legend, spreads the ægis of her protection over the unfortunate. What system of philosophy, what religion, cares for the sick and aged as does the religion of Christ?

A little further on, there was another set of almshouses, with traditions going back to the Wars of the Roses. It was our wont to visit some of the inmates. We remember one very ancient dame with an aristocratic name. We call to mind the husband. He used to sit in front of the fireplace, Winter and Summer, in a suit of rusty black, with an old tall hat on, a long pipe in his mouth, and his hands clasped over the top of a heavy stick. He was a taciturn man, with an air of mystery about him. He sulked for years over the fact that he bore an honoured name without honour. He did not consider that he was to blame. The fault never does lie with such men! That people generally have a different opinion, proves only that they do not properly appreciate the virtue of living on family pride. His wife used to call him "funny." That was the good soul's excuse for him, but it was poor fun. At last, he died. His widow brightened up at once, and lived for years, as cheery and talkative an old lady as you might wish to meet. Let sulky men take this to heart;—but, of course, there are none among the readers of the *Sword and Trowel*.

Our Sunday morning walk, after passing the almshouses, lay through hayfields full of "bushies," "ox-eyes," and red sorrel. How lovely the fields looked under the morning sun! What realms of pleasure these rich meadows must be to the multitude of living things that find home and food within their precincts! The ripening grass supports a vast population, and the scythe is as the sword of the invader sacking the city, and dispersing the inhabitants. As we proceed, the lark soars on high, not yet anxious for the safety of the young brood hidden away in the long grass. We cannot but feel sorry that the happy, sweet-throated minstrel should be threatened with such a calamity as the presence of the mower involves. Man is so engrossed with his own interests as to have little thought for the humbler tragedies in animal life ever taking place around him.

On we walk, under the high elms, and through a large churchyard, where an enthusiastic antiquary used to be met with, on these Sunday mornings, verifying inscriptions, while yet the inhabitants around lay sleeping, as oblivious of the dawn as those beneath the sod. To pass through such a place, at such an hour, on such a day, gave one strange impressions. The blinds of the houses near the graveyard were all drawn down, though the morning sun had long awakened the birds and bees. From a path near by, a view of the full length of a wide street could be obtained. The gilded dial-hands of the church clock would mark the quarter to the hour, but the shops would all be shut, and only here and there would pedestrians be seen, perhaps wending their way, like ourselves, to Henry Long's seven o'clock prayer-meeting. The drowsing town, as seen from this high churchyard path, more than once suggested Wordsworth's sonnet,—

“ Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep !
Dear God ! The very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still ! ”

Then around were tombs, once within the former chancel of the church, and dating back to days when the Armada was a recent memory, and Puritan England was slowly proving a strength that was to cope with king and prelate. Contemporaries of the great Protector lay buried but a stone's cast from the spot where, on this Sunday morning that we recall, we saw the mourner, early up to nurse his recent grief, stand by the new-made grave of the wife of yesterday. Ah, how the generations repeat themselves !

“ All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish.
Such is our rude mortal lot :
Love itself would, did they not. ”

The italics are ours. The fighters and workers of the past lay in their beds of earth, and the morning sun kissed the grasses nodding on their graves. The living workers slept in sweet relief a deeper slumber as, in a wakeful moment, they remembered that the Day of rest had come. The clock, about to strike, would not seem to them, in uneasy dream, the repeated blows of a relentless taskmaster. So would they sleep and wake, and work and wait, till their turn came to join the ever-silent ones. “ There the wicked cease from troubling ; and there the weary be at rest. The prisoners rest together ; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there ; and the servant is free from his master. ”

“ How wonderful is death !
Death and his brother sleep !
One pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue ;
The other, rosy as the morn,
When throned on ocean wave
It blushes o'er the world ;
Yet both so passing wonderful. ”

And both together ever in our midst. Thus, through the ages, the

relationship has been asserted and acknowledged, and thus Christ coupled them "till He come." With far other thought than the spirit of the Pagan, does the believer transfer the word sleep to death. The one says,—

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

The other cries, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Then it is added, "When he had said this, he fell asleep." The world, amid shout and laughter, the merry pipe and the real despair, plucks down on itself the pall. Christ wakes for Divine ends to the light afflictions, then clothes the body with the shroud, and the soul with immortality. He prefaces with the page of sorrow the volume of the everlasting life; but, between the preface and the endless story, there is inserted the blank sheet which men call Death.

* * * *

The clock is striking, and Pilgrim's Lodge, where prayer is wont to be made, is close at hand. Soon,—

"Sweetly the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air."

So, wafted through thirty-five years, sweetly it falls on our hearts to-day. Only a few survive who could tell of those Lord's-day morning joys; and they who could, are grey. But the hymn echoes still,—the embodiment of the hope, "sure and steadfast, entering into that which is within the veil."

The Survival of Christianity.

BY JOHN HORNE, SPRINGBURN, GLASGOW.

WE can have no idea of the vastness, the complexity, the grandeur of the enterprise which the Lord Jesus Christ undertook unless we possess a clear picture of the world when He confronted its sins and challenged its religions. Let me attempt the portrayal of that picture.

The Roman empire, at that period, commanded the world. For many centuries, one Cæsar after another had stepped up to its earth-wide throne. When our Lord, from the Mount of Temptation, beheld "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," He looked upon splendour after splendour shimmering in the vision. For the wealth of the Roman empire was immense; built up by generations of success, and fostered by unrivalled administration. Her army and navy had conquered all that was discovered of the Eastern and Western hemispheres; and the merchants, artists, poets, and philosophers flocked to her gates. In all the great dependencies and towns, marble palaces, villas, and vast colosseums gleamed up to the sky in imitation of the imperial city; and roads were forced into every corner of the boundless dominions, rendering government swift and expeditious. The memory of Cicero and Virgil and Horace still lent

lustre to the empire; and ere the century died, Tacitus and Livy and Juvenal appeared to sustain the literary history of the mother of nations. The throne was occupied by Tiberius; and afterwards by Nero, of whom it is enough to say that his public life was a continued tomfoolery, and his private life a perpetual debauchery. Paganism was the prevailing religion, with its worship of contending gods and deities, its sacrifices, and its obscene and bestial ceremonies. This was the Roman empire.

Then, Christ was surrounded with the relics of the fading Jewish kingdom. Though the Jews were dependent on Rome, they never lost the hope that their kingdom would be restored; and the sting of their disappointment with Christ may be said to have converged here, "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." They were still in possession of Jerusalem, their capital; and they adhered to their own religion with bitter tenacity. I need not remind my readers that, although the Old Testament is bound up with the New in our Bible, the Jews themselves reject the New; and although we read New Testament meanings into the Old, the Jews regard this as the baldest irreverence. Understand, then, that Christianity is not a religion tacked on to Judaism; the Jews rejected Christ, and clung to their own religion, so that Judaism as well as Paganism confronted Him.

But far beyond the ken of those kingdoms, at that time, lay other kingdoms dim with age; I refer to the Continents of China and India. Religious systems were known in China two thousand years at least before Christ; but when Confucius appeared,—five hundred years in advance of the Nazarene,—he practically drew all these systems into one; and, from that period, Confucianism has prevailed in a country eighteen times larger than Britain. In India, Brahminism was practised before Moses was born, and Buddhism sprang from it six hundred years before Palestine saw the Christ; and these religions have still something like five hundred millions of followers.

Now, all these facts must be faced and mastered if we are to carry in our minds an intelligent notion of the world as our Master entered it to begin His regal and radiant work. There lay the Roman empire, boastful in splendour and history, and lifting itself in an atmosphere of greatness; there crouched Judaism, withering but defiant, and upheld to the death by shoals of frenzied Pharisees, hysterical sectarians, and sturdy nationalists; there lay the unmapped Chinese globe, with its millions of people and its deeply-rooted Confucianism; there lay the Indian world, its history screened by the mists of antiquity, and its religion centuries old before any of the others were born. And there, emerging from the humble door of a carpenter's shop in Palestine, a Young Man lifts His face to the light, and says, "I come, —to do Thy will, O God!" Single-handed, poor, obscure, and utterly unknown, He steps out to challenge and change the world,—the sublimest spectacle in history.

That was the beginning. How has His mission fared? What obstacles has it encountered? What trials, tests, has it survived?

Well, my introduction will serve as the first answer, *Christianity has survived the rivalry of the religions which were in*

the field before it. This means much. Historical continuity has marvellous appeal to the imagination. In a buoyant spirit, Christianity breasted its mission, and hopefully met the historically-justified antagonism of its rivals; and, although complete victory is by no means an accomplished fact, it has nevertheless captured the leading nations and minds, and is every day affecting a change in the thought of the world. The facts can never lie otherwise, for the closest students of comparative religions affirm that all the best and brightest features of other religions are found in purer lustre within Christianity, with the superb personality of Christ added. Here you have the Parsee's sense of sin, the Confucian's sense of empire, the Grecian's sense of beauty, the Roman's sense of honour, the Brahman's sense of mysticism, the Jew's sense of holiness. Christianity wins, not by expelling but by embracing; it has within it the lineaments of those faiths it is destined to overcome.

Secondly, *Christianity has survived the hostility awakened by its original propagation.* Christianity never quite rooted itself in Palestine, and the destruction of Jerusalem only sent it to find another centre for its operations. That centre was in the imperial city, Rome. Here, therefore, as may be imagined, in trying to throttle the organized Pagan system of the worship of numberless gods, Christianity endured its sternest trial. Here it was no more than "foreign nonsense" for the wits to make fun of. When Christ was crucified, the only record of it made in Rome was this:—"Christ, the founder of the Christian sect, was put to death by Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judæa, in the reign of Tiberius." At first, Christians were objects of curiosity and pity to the haughty Romans; but when, under the gallant leadership of Paul, they began to find their way even into Cæsar's palace, diabolical measures were floated to extinguish them and their cause. The first move was to capture and kill the leaders. Accordingly, Paul was imprisoned in the year 62: two years later, he was released; but in the year 66, he was again secured, and beheaded. Tradition says he was escorted by the guards three miles out of the city, attended only by a few stragglers. All he said was, "I am now ready to be offered up;" and, with one swift stroke, the executioner flung his head to the sand. Peter was executed about the same time, —crucified with his head down, says tradition.

But Nero found that slaughtering the leaders did not extinguish the cause, and he next executed a plot which, for duplicity and cruelty, is not matched in history. He set fire to the city, and blamed the Christians for it. The fire broke out on the 19th of July, and on the 1st of August the massacring of the Christians began. All day long, the victims were hurried into amphitheatres, to be riven, gnawed by wild beasts, or slaughtered in gladiatorial shows, —"butchered to make a Roman holiday." Towards evening, everybody hastened to the racecourse in Nero's garden, for there the witchery of the day was to be consummated. All around the racecourse sprang a ring of trees. To these were tied crowds of hapless Christians, their bodies wrapped in sacks steeped in pitch, and over which cauldrons of boiling oil had been poured. Fire was set to the human torches, and in the light of them, the only true light in his

fine empire, Nero drove his chariots round the ring amid the shouts and cheers of the assembled thousands. In this tempest of horrors, the great majority of Paul's friends disappeared,—burned or scattered. The relentless persecution went on till, by-and-by, a memorial column was erected with this inscription on it:—"Diocletian Cæsar has everywhere suppressed the Christian superstition, and prompted the worship of the gods." We smile! With the poet we ask, "Where now are the mighty Cæsars, the Roman thunderbolts of war?" and in his words we reply, "Silent all, and dumb as the green turf that covers them!" They have perished, and their empire has perished with them; but the power of Christ was never so widespread and triumphant as now, and Christianity to-day erects its standards and shakes out its banners on the ashes of the Roman palaces. The Cæsars conquered many peoples, and chained the leaders to their chariot wheels; but the young Carpenter of Nazareth and His humble disciples dragged them from their thrones. Thus Christianity has survived the deliberate hostility and hatred of the proudest power in the ancient world. It is more surprising than if the Salvation Army were to survive the settled and organized army, navy, and political power of Britain to-day.

Lastly, *Christianity has survived the growth of modern thought and intelligence.* In this feature, it is absolutely unique among the religions of the world. All the religious systems of ancient Egypt, like ghosts at daybreak, have disappeared before the advancing torch of knowledge. The Scandinavian gods have now not one worshipper on earth that I know of; and yet they were once so powerful and popular as to give their names to the days of the week, and these names still appear in the calendar. Roman deities conveyed their names to our months, and these names are recognized to this day; but not one of their million temples now darkens the sky. At this moment, the venerable religions of India are melting under the approach of modern light and the inrush of British sentiment. Mohammedanism has had its highest day: and its recent rout and scatterment, in the Soudan, is only one presage of its doom under the aggressive spell of Christian influence. Confucianism still enthralled the ninety millions of its adherents in China; but the influence of missionaries there, the opening of the country consequent on the Japanese invasion, and the contact of Western thought in commerce and literature, are all preparing the way for a change in the sentiment of that vast country; slow though the work is, the signs of breaking up are clear.

And now, amid dead and dying faiths, how does Christianity stand? Firmer and stronger and more radiant than ever! Its trials have but conspired to clear it of rubbish that did not belong to it. It is the only faith which encourages investigation, and rises to the challenge of scientific research; and although, at times, its friends have feared the interference of science, those who see furthest are all of the mind that, while science will deal mercilessly with the wooden things that men have nailed on to Christianity, it will ultimately leave the Message of the Young Man of Nazareth fortified and reinforced in the heart and intellect of the human race.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XX.—AN OCCASIONAL HEARER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF TWO MEMORABLE DISCOURSES AT THE TABERNACLE.

AT the time of my conversion, which was brought about by a visit to Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, during a mission conducted by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, in November, 1881, I was engaged at a business house in the Brompton Road. Having been brought into contact with the Baptists through my new and happy experience, and having found great delight in the doctrine and practice of this denomination, it was of course only reasonable that, at some time or other, I should see or hear of "C. H. Spurgeon."

I soon after found myself longing intensely for Sunday to come, so that I might wend my way to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to be one of the privileged worshippers there during the ministry of the late beloved Pastor. It would be difficult for me to explain the light and joyful step which took me, as regularly as circumstances would allow, week by week, through hail, rain, and shine, to that place that had become a perfect Bethel to me. I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach a good many Sermons, but two remain in my memory in such a way that they are not likely to be forgotten.

The first was preached from 1 Kings iv. 33 (see *The Sword and the Trowel*, April, 1889), and was blessed to me in this way. I was young in the faith, and at that time was not in church-fellowship anywhere, and not engaged in any form of Christian service. I always felt, when at the Tabernacle and other places of worship, what a privilege it must be to be a preacher of the gospel, and I longed for the time when the Lord would permit me to speak for Him; but then I thought of my natural unfitness for such a calling, my nervous disposition, my occasional loss of memory when in public, and frequent weakness of the throat when I took a chill, and many other things that seemed to say that I should never be able publicly to speak for Christ. In this particular Sermon, the preacher showed, from the Word of God, that there were many ways of serving the Lord, even for one who felt constrained to class himself with "the hyssop that groweth out of the wall," while praising God that others (like Mr. Spurgeon himself, I thought,) were as "the cedar that is in Lebanon." I remember very little of the Sermon, except the inspiration, as I have always counted it, that came to me as the preacher led us to see our responsibilities whether we were the "hyssop" or the "cedar."

A few years after, when, in the providence of God, I had lost some of the infirmities previously mentioned, and others had by His goodness and mercy been lessened, and physical strength had somewhat increased, I found the Lord leading me step by step, and it looked as if, after all, I was, at least in a measure, to realize some of my long-cherished wishes. Only the last great day will declare how many preachers the Holy Ghost has called through the words and writings of dear Mr. Spurgeon; it is no wonder to me that such an institution as the Pastors' College came into existence.

I rejoice to say now that the Lord has graciously permitted me to labour in a little corner of the great vineyard, and I have had the joy of seeing some few souls blessed by my feeble efforts to preach the Word, and I have had the delight of baptizing some who have believed. All that has been done, I owe, in the providence of God, to influences received from the Holy Spirit through the ministry of the late Pastor in the old Tabernacle, and therefore I shall always feel myself a debtor to him.

The second Sermon which I am not likely to forget was preached from the Song of Solomon, the first chapter, and the sixth verse: "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." I would advise all Christian workers, young or old, to read this discourse; it is No. 1,936. When I heard it, I had become a teacher in the Sunday-school, and that very day I was to give the monthly address to the children in the afternoon. Some private circumstances, which I need not particularly describe, had, to some extent, unfitted me, spiritually, for the performance of this task. My dear wife much sympathized with me, as she knew my nervous temperament, and promised, as soon as I had taken leave of her, to pray that the Lord would not only help me, but that He would also bless His Word to the children. That afternoon, I shall never forget; I felt that my heart was worse than poor Peter's when he was in trouble. However, the service proceeded; and, after a violent choking sensation, and a fear lest a modern Nathan should denounce me from the pews, I got through my address; and, taking leave of teachers and friends, proceeded home, to find my wife anxiously waiting to hear of my experience.

After tea, we resolved to go to the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and, having noticed that the famous preacher was expected to preach, we looked forward to a treat; and a treat we had, for, when Mr. Spurgeon gave out his text, it was as though he was an archer, and had coolly and deliberately taken aim at me, and shot this arrow of conviction. It mattered not to me whether there were five thousand other persons present. I remember that he looked straight across to where we were sitting, and I said to myself at once, "That is for me." The Lord showed me, that night, that He is very jealous of His honour and glory, and that His work must be done by men and women with clean hands and clean hearts. This was made very plain to us through this never-to-be-forgotten Sermon; and the shock that I received, when the text was announced, caused me to look at my wife, and I was quite sure she was experiencing the same sensation. On our way home, we found that dear Mr. Spurgeon had given us both a sound rating, but we loved him none the less; yea, we loved him all the more, and also our loving Father who had, by the Holy Spirit, given His servant a message that caused us to step on the right path again, and so frustrated the evil purposes of the great enemy of our souls. I give this testimony in all sincerity, and trust that even this record of another instance of the late dear Pastor's usefulness may be blessed to the Lord's people.

J. G. COLLINGS.

Lessons from my Walking-stick.— A Talk to Boys.

BY J. DINNEN GILMORE, DUBLIN.

“With my staff I passed over this Jordan.”—Gen. xxxii. 10.

ALL boys like a good story. In the Bible, we have some of the best and grandest stories ever written. Did you ever read the story of the man who started life with nothing but a walking-stick, and who afterwards became very wealthy? If I were writing an account of the life of Jacob, I would call it “From Walking-stick to Opulence;” and this title would give me plenty of room to tell how, by the grace of God, the man who left his home with nothing but a staff, rose step by step to such honourable position and great wealth that he was able to say, what very few are ever heard saying to-day, “I have enough.”

Sticks are sometimes used in a more striking than pleasant manner. Have not some of us lively recollections of birch-oil, for outward application, when we had “done those things which we ought not to have done”? I have my stick with me, this evening; and, although I want my words to be striking, I shall only ask you to look at the stick, and to listen to what it has to say.

I. THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF WALKING-STICKS.

Long and short, thick and thin, heavy and light, rough and smooth, twisted and straight,—there are plenty to choose from. There is no end to the variety. I do not know what kind of a stick, or staff, Jacob had; but it does not matter much, the thing for us, to-day, is to be careful in our selection. I would advise you, when you want a stick, to get one that is straight, strong, staunch, and serviceable. A stick makes an excellent companion. You can always depend upon a good stick helping you when you want it. Of one thing I am certain, it will never entice you to do wrong, nor will you ever hear it using bad language, or answering back with saucy speech. Now you see where my thoughts have landed me, into a subject of vital importance for boys who are just starting out in life,—

THE CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

Many a boy has been ruined for all time by a bad companion; on the other hand, how many have been helped, and encouraged, and stimulated by having carefully chosen their comrades! Take my advice, and select a companion who is straight,—straight in conduct, straight in speech, straight in life, and straight in all his dealings. I am very thankful that, in my early Christian days, I had a friend who loved the Lord Jesus, and to whom I could speak freely of the things of God, and of eternity. Be sure, too, that your companion is strong, and staunch, and serviceable. I know of no better Friend than the living, loving Lord Jesus. Be sure that you choose Him. I wish I could take you each by the hand, just now, and introduce you to Him. The grandest time in any boy's life is when he decides definitely to have Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Friend.

II. SOME WILL SELECT AN ORNAMENTAL STICK.

Some boys will look out for a stick that is of no manner of use except for the sake of carrying, swinging, and flourishing it; such a stick may support their vanity, but not their weight. Like the dandy's cane, evil companions and evil ways are not to be depended on. Do not select your companion simply because he is somebody's son. A very inviting-looking road may lead to a swamp, so the companion who tells you, secretly, that he "can show you a thing or two," will be sure to lead you into the mud. Do not trust the boy or man, no matter who he may be, who speaks disparagingly of his mother; such an one is not worthy of your friendship, and will be sure sooner or later to betray you. One of the best books ever written for young men is the Book of Proverbs; read a chapter of it every day, and you will understand more of the science of life, and be taught more sanctified common sense than you will find in tons of ordinary books. Right on the very threshold of the book, the wise man says, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"Be careful in choosing companions,
 Seek only the brave and the true,
 And stand by your friends when in trial,—
 Ne'er changing the old for the new;
 And when by false friends you are tempted
 The taste of the wine-cup to know,
 With firmness, with patience, and kindness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say, 'No!'"

III. IF YOU ARE GOING ON A JOURNEY, YOU WILL FIND A GOOD STRONG STICK HELPFUL.

Are we not on a journey all the time? Life is a journey; there are many travellers on the road. He who has the best support will be likely to pass his fellows, and complete the journey with the least fatigue. The best staff, or stick, that I know of for life's journey is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Faith in Christ brings us into direct touch with all His power, and help, and sympathy. Those of us who know the Lord Jesus Christ can honestly and truthfully say, "What a friend we have in Jesus!" We find Him entering heartily into even the smallest affairs and events in our life. I heard, the other day, of a little fellow who had decided for Christ; in school, one day, he had a difficult sum to do; several times, and several ways, he tried, but could not get the right answer. At last, leaning down his head, and keeping his eyes fixed upon his slate, he said, "Lord Jesus, I am Thy child, help me to do this sum; show me where I am wrong, and lead me to the correct answer." Just in a moment, his eye caught the figure that was wrong, and had put him out all along. Do you not think the Lord Jesus proved a real Friend to him there and then? I do. I once heard Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, say that he made so small a thing as undoing the knot of a string round a parcel a subject of prayer, and found immediate and unfailing help.

On life's journey, there are steep mountains to climb, and dangers to meet and pass. With the Word of God to guide us, faith in God to support us, and God Himself to lead us on, and up, or over, we need never hesitate or fear.

IV. HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT THAT GOD CARRIES A STICK ?

Read Psalm xxiii. 4, and you will see that I am right: "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." The one rod which the shepherd holds up to guide the flock, and upon which he leans, as he anxiously watches over the flock, has assumed a double aspect in the conception of the idea. If you have ever read the life of Alexander Duff, the Indian missionary, you will have learned the meaning of these words. He says that, in the Himalayas, he found the full meaning of the sentence. If the shepherd saw a sheep creeping up too far, on the one hand, or coming too near the edge of the precipice, on the other, he would apply his crook to one of its hind legs, and gently pull it back till it joined the rest. The region was infested with dangerous animals which, in the night, were apt to prowl about the place where the sheep lay; so the man would go, with his long rod, and would strike the animal such a blow as to make it at least turn away. Clearly, the *staff* means God's watchful guiding and directing providence, and the *rod*, His omnipotence in defending from their foes those who are His own. When we have God as our Companion, we will never be afraid, because, in every dark valley, He will be there as rod and staff.

Now, have you learnt my lessons? They are easy; do not say they are hard to learn. They reduce themselves down to two,—

I. BE SURE AND TAKE CHRIST AS YOUR COMPANION.

II. BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE IMPLICIT FAITH IN HIM.

Divine Protection.

BE with me, Jesus, Saviour,
 My all in Thee to see,
 Till life, with all its changes,
 Shall past and over be.

Be with me every morning,
 At noontide, and at night,
 Thy power to bear me onward,
 Thy smile to give delight.

Be with me every moment,
 Before, around, behind,
 That not one shade of Satan,
 May entrance ever find.

Be with me in my service,
 In health, or failing powers;
 When sunshine smiles responsive,
 Or dark foreboding lowers.

Be with me as earth fadeth,
 And all life's ties be riven,
 Till, over death triumphant,
 I dwell with Thee in Heaven.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

“A Little Child shall Lead them.”

IN a pottery factory there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his “wee lad”, as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass,—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give colour to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return.

He never told a living soul how much he loved that boy. Still, he went on patiently loving him; and, by-and-by, he moved that whole shop into real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the man’s hat, where he found them. He understood all about it; and, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet, and gentle, and kind, as the months drifted; and some dropped swearing as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker’s face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer.

Every day, now, someone did a piece of work for him, and put it on the sanded plank to dry, so that he could come later and go earlier. Then, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right round the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart working-men from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day’s time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession, and following to the grave that small burden of a child whom probably not one of them had ever seen.—*From a sermon by Pastor J. A. Soper, Ballarat, Victoria, Australia.*

The Faith-Child.*

BY MRS. DONALD CAMPBELL.

“*Thou art the Helper of the fatherless.*”—Psalm x. 14.

“*Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.*”—Jeremiah xlix. 11.

FOR several years, I had been associated with the work of an Orphanage; and it was in connection with this part of the Master’s vineyard, and concerning one of His little ones, that a most remarkable answer to prayer was given to me.

* From *Answers from Heaven: Being a Record of Personal Experience of God’s Goodness and Mercy.* By Mrs. DONALD CAMPBELL. Edited by Mrs. L. Shorey. George Stoneman, 39, Warwick Lane, London. (See Notices of Books.)

Little Minnie had been left an orphan. For some time, she had lived with her brother in lodgings; but, as he wished to marry, and go abroad, a difficulty presented itself in the question,—What was to be done with the child? He would have taken her with him, but his affianced wife would not listen to such a proposal. So there was nothing before little Minnie but the Union, unless she could be got into an Orphanage. Application was made to the Committee, of which I was a member, and the case came up for consideration in the usual way. The Orphanage was full, and every bed occupied; yet we found that, by a little planning, room could be made for Minnie as an “extra.” But this addition to our family meant an annual expense of twelve pounds, and the question was raised,—How is this to be provided? The funds of the Orphanage would not admit of an added burden, and it seemed doubtful that the vote of the Committee would be in favour of incurring additional expense at present. I felt very anxious that the little friendless child should be admitted, so pleaded strongly for her. “I am sure,” I urged, “the Lord will, in some way, provide the needed funds.” So the result was, that Minnie was accepted, and became a member of the Lord’s little family at the Orphanage.

I had no doubt that the Lord would provide the necessary funds, yet I was not prepared for the whole of the liability to be thrown upon me; but the other ladies of the Committee disclaimed all responsibility in the matter, as they understood that I had taken the case in hand. Yet faith did not fail. The Lord had promised to care for the fatherless, so I went to Him in prayer, and laid the case before Him.

But “faith without works is dead;” and, while means can be used, there is no excuse for one to stand idly by. God gives water in the well, but He expects those who need it to let down the bucket, and draw for themselves. He will not fill the pitcher, and place it to our lips, while we are able to dip it up. Let us ever do what we can, and look to Him for the needed blessing.

It was suggested by a friend that collecting boxes should be provided, and that friends should be invited to assist in this good work by taking one and by interesting others to contribute. This was done; a number of boxes were procured, bearing the inscription,—

“FOR THE CHILD OF FAITH.”

Months passed away; and, as the year drew to a close, I began to feel anxious as to what the result of the efforts for the “Faith-Child” would be. Oh, what a difficult lesson it is to learn to trust without anxiety! Again and again does our Father assure us that He will answer prayer, yet how often we mistrust Him! Why is it thus? Often have I pondered the subject, and always come to the same conclusion, that it is because we have not yet fully realized the liberty of the children of God. The promises are generally accompanied by a specific condition as “If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you,” and a sense of unworthiness comes over us; we mistrust ourselves; we look

at our own failures, instead of realizing that we are in Christ, and that He is the end of the law to all who believe.

In due time, the boxes were called in, and opened, and the money counted over. Again my faith was tested, for the deficit was considerable. Upon counting the boxes, however, we found there were two yet to come in, and the prayer went up for more faith that all the funds required might be supplied.

At length they were to hand, and with what eager expectation they were opened, for, since the Lord had put it into our hearts to use boxes, was it too much to expect that He would send the full amount needed? The silver and the gold are His, and has He not promised to supply all our need? "According to your faith be it unto you," is still spoken by a loving Lord, and "Ask, and ye shall receive," is a promise that is every moment being fulfilled by the bountiful Giver.

We could see, as the money was emptied upon the table, that the Lord had once again fulfilled His Word; and when it was counted, the twelve pounds had been exactly made up,—

NOT ONE HALFPENNY MORE OR LESS.

In one of the first-opened boxes, there had been an odd three farthings; and in the last, a solitary farthing was found among the other coins, making up the exact amount. A song of praise and adoration went up at once from my heart, and the hearts of those who stood with me, for this token of love and care from the great Father, who numbereth even the hairs of our heads.

"We will bless the Lord from this time forth, and for evermore; praise the Lord."

"The Higher Criticism" as Viewed from the Pew.

INASMUCH as the Sacred Volume, in its original languages, and when properly and honestly translated, is "*the Word of God*," "*the Word of Christ*," and "*the Sword of the Spirit*," it is evident that all who, under any pretence, seek to undermine, or to alter it, either by "adding to" or "taking away from" its Divine authority and absolute completeness, incur the gravest peril. The seal of inspiration has been set upon the Word, and it cannot be altered. Revelation xxii. 18, 19, should fill all "higher critics" with dismay lest they should incur the doom there threatened. From the record of the conversation of the Lord Jesus with Nicodemus, we learn distinctly that, though the Holy Spirit is not confined to any particular method in accomplishing the great change, the new birth, by His peculiar power and grace, yet His usual plan is to regenerate by means of the application of the Holy Scripture, either read, or heard. This is certainly the meaning of those emphatic words, "Except a man be born of *water* and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God" (John iii. 5). The "*water*" there is not referable to baptism, as is so commonly supposed by Pædobaptists; but to the Word of God, which is, in Scripture, so often likened to water: "the washing of water by the Word" (Eph. v. 26). This teaching also accords with the explanation of our Saviour's parable: "The seed is the Word of God."

We can surely learn, from these passages, if there had been no others, the essential importance of the Word of God, not only in conversion, but in all the regulations of the Kingdom of Christ. The Scriptures, therefore, are a complete and competent guide, and need none of the artificial

appendages of priestcraft. The Lord said to Moses, concerning the altar he was to make, “ If thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it.” The same restriction is placed upon Holy Scripture, no human hand is allowed to change it; and in any language into which it is translated, there must be no *transfer* to accommodate any system of man,—such as has been made in our English and other Bibles, where the words relating to baptism are forbidden to be translated, because a true translation would interfere with the practice of Pædobaptists, a practice for which the New Testament gives not the slightest sanction or encouragement. Is not this “ corrupting ” the Word of God? Surely, the popular and fashionable system of Pædobaptism must be in a bad way to require such a “ Down-grade ” development as this. Baptists have good reasons, therefore, for protesting against the conduct of any Bible Society which refuses to translate the *whole* of the Bible, and resorts to the expedient of *transferring* to other versions words which would be inconvenient if faithfully rendered.

Pædobaptists set aside altogether the sacred ordinance of believers’ baptism, as revealed in the New Testament, and put in its place another baptism differing from the New Testament one, both with regard to the candidate and the mode. The traditional “ baptism ” has found so much favour with the corrupt and degenerate Church of Rome that it forms the keystone of its arch; for, if you could take away from the Papacy the Baptismal Regeneration dogma, the whole arch would fall to the ground, and that entire system of delusion would be destroyed. The curious thing is, that all the other Pædobaptist denominations take their cue on this question of baptism from Rome, instead of from the Bible. Are they not “ Down-graders ” in this matter? Have they not departed from the Scriptures, and been beguiled by the device of man? The Scriptures are searched in vain for infant sprinkling. *It is not there! It never has been there! It never can be there!*

The Book of God is *not progressive*, as “ the higher criticism ” says,—either on the question of baptism, or any other doctrine. When the Lord Jesus spoke on the Mount to the assembled multitude, and gave His apostles their ordination charge, in the presence and hearing of all the people, He distinctly asserted the perpetuity of the law of the Lord, and then added, “ Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.” It was the grievous fault of those scribes and Pharisees, as we are told in the 7th chapter of Mark’s Gospel, to be self-willed, to reject God’s Word, and to substitute the words of their false prophets and teachers; but the Lord condemned them, as He said, “ Howbeit in vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups: and many other such like things ye do. And He said unto them, Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition.” These Pharisees and scribes were sad specimens of all “ the higher critics ” of every age who have sought to invalidate the sacred law which God has given to all mankind in His Word.

There are many false books of religion in the world; but not one of them is worthy to be brought into competition with the Word of God inspired by the Holy Spirit. This Book is the great court of appeal: “ To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.” The Scriptures are decisive; they will not be altered. Fruitless, and vain, and dangerous to the last degree, are all the attempts of “ the higher critics ” to alter one doctrine of the Word of God. They cannot do so, try as they will. The

apostle James says, "The devils also believe and tremble;" but as to "the higher criticism" and all its doings, *it neither believes nor trembles*. It is passing strange that any should seek to pervert the Word of God, and so to exchange certainty for uncertainty, life for death. What is all this, when stripped of its glare, but a specific form of idolatry, which must have a disastrous issue? Well did Job ask, "Who hath hardened himself against God, and hath prospered?" "The higher criticism" cannot prosper, for it is a hardening of the heart against God. To its advocates, we may say, with Isaiah, "Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand: for God is with us." This is the challenge of lovers of the gospel to all "the higher critics."

To pervert the Scripture, is just what Satan did in tempting our Lord in the wilderness. "It is written," said the adversary; but the reply quickly came, "It is written again." Satan tried more than once to meddle with Scripture in that temptation, but he failed at every stroke. He could not, with all his sophistry, alter the meaning of a single passage; neither can the advocates of what is absurdly called "the higher criticism" make any real progress in that direction even with their wonderful polychrome Bible to help them. The Word of God will abide the shock of all the attacks of its enemies.

The prophet Jeremiah was commanded to write, "Who hath stood in the counsel of the Lord, and hath perceived and heard His Word? Who hath marked His Word, and heard it? . . . I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. . . . Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill Heaven and earth? saith the Lord. I have heard what the prophets said, that prophesy lies in My Name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed. How long shall this be in the heart of the prophets that prophesy lies? Yea, they are prophets of the deceit of their own heart; which think to cause My people to forget My Name by their dreams which they tell every man to his neighbour, as their fathers have forgotten My Name for Baal. The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath My Word, let him speak My Word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. . . . Therefore, behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal My Word, every one from his neighbour. Behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that use their tongues, and say, He saith. Behold, I am against them that prophesy false dreams, saith the Lord, and do tell them, and make My people to err by their lies, and by their lightness, yet I sent them not, nor commanded them: therefore they shall not profit this people at all, saith the Lord."

Now, inasmuch as the attack of "the higher critics" is against the Word of God, which they seek to change and to pollute, it is manifest that the "Down-grade" propensities of all such professors, whether laic or cleric, are such as to condemn them for their despising of the statutes of the Lord by attempting to alter them, and to cut up the Sacred Volume, so as to leave the grossest absurdities in a parallel of their own devising with the truth as it is in Jesus. The Scriptures will never consent to any compromise or combination with the false books of the false religions which unhappily have spread in the world so much error and distraction. This evil has resulted from the sad mixing up of the Church and the world. To attempt to combine the Church and the world, and to consider all religions equal, is to the last degree injurious and misleading; yet such is the aim of those who are sending out from the press delusion upon delusion. True believers must awake, and arise, and seek to chase away these evils, and so to save themselves, as Peter said to the awakened ones on the day of Pentecost: "Save yourselves from this untoward generation."

MNASON.

The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. III.*

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES.

"No one who wishes to understand the secret of the great London preacher's influence and fame can afford to leave this Standard biography unread. The third volume is, so far, the most interesting part of the record of Mr. Spurgeon's unique career. He is presented in a fuller and more instructive light than in either of the former volumes. . . . There are many letters scattered through the book, and the illustrations are more numerous and even better than those in the previous volume. Every page will be found of interest, and in its handsome binding, paper, and type, the *Autobiography* forms a worthy memorial of the great preacher, and must take a place among the famous classics of religious literature."—*The Irish Presbyterian*.

"There are lives and lives. In most cases, brevity is a recommendation; but, in some instances, the *personal* interest is so widely extended that there is little fear of the biographer exceeding due and desirable limits. The life-work of Charles Haddon Spurgeon brought him into the closest contact with hundreds of thousands; made them feel deeply indebted to him for the influence he exercised over them for good; and this link is a lasting one; so that the biography which Mrs. Spurgeon is giving us will be read by many thousands at least as that of a personal friend.

"Of Mr. Spurgeon's career as a preacher, we have already spoken; but the exceptional feature of his pulpit ministrations was, and still is, the immortality secured for his sermons by the Press. It seems almost incredible, but no less than 100,000,000 copies of his sermons have been issued, and there is still an ever-increasing circle of readers.

"We are quite sure the third volume of the Standard Life will be as heartily welcomed as the two preceding ones. In fact, we think the somewhat newer ground now traversed will enlist even greater interest. The portraits and illustrations, also, are still more numerous, and are produced in the highest style of art. It is, of course, impossible to do more than gather here and there a reminiscence or striking note, but our readers will find a charming variety of incident and anecdote. We glean a few excerpts, merely as specimens of a 'legion.'"—*The News*.

"Volume III. of this Standard Life of the great and well-beloved preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, opens with a splendid frontispiece that brings him vividly back to our recollection in the happiest of smiles, as it was our privilege to see him from time to time. To the writer, those interesting occasions live vividly, as we look upon the genial face and form; but what shall we say of the rest of the multitudinous illustrations and graphic letterpress records of his life-work and correspondence in this volume? It is simply all that could be desired as a worthy biography of this great and good man, during the years under review (1856—1878). The whole volume will be read with intense interest by all lovers of the gospel and its messengers. Though we were previously personally acquainted with many of its facts, the far greater majority come to us with fresh and deepening interest. When complete, this splendid biography will form one of the richest additions to our historical Christian literature. We increasingly thank God for his great gift to this generation of such a splendid witness as Charles H. Spurgeon."—*Footsteps of Truth*.

* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by HIS WIFE, and his Private Secretary. Vol. III. 1856—1878. 384 pages, Demy 4to. With 114 Illustrations, including *facsimile* reproductions, in many colours, of pictures sent home from Rome by MR. SPURGEON. Price, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all booksellers and colporteurs.

"The period covered by this volume comprises what most people regard as the palmiest days of Mr. Spurgeon's unique and wonderful ministry. The Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened in 1861, and week after week there were attracted to it the largest audiences that had been known to assemble in any place of worship, in any age, or in any part of the world. The Tabernacle was, however, no mere preaching-station. It was a centre of busy life and many-sided activity, having at work all the agencies which bring a church into vital contact with the world, in addition to the College, the Orphanage, the Almshouses, and the Colportage Association, to say nothing of the printed sermons, and the books which we owe to Mr. Spurgeon's prolific pen. The great preacher was then in his prime, in the fulness of his physical power, and not so frequently subjected to the severe and terrible suffering which at a later period he had to endure. A volume which contains the account of the opening of the Tabernacle, of the founding of the Orphanage,—a singularly fascinating story,—of the memorable Baptismal Regeneration controversy, of Mr. Spurgeon's travels on the Continent and his holiday wanderings in the New Forest, cannot fail to win a large circle of eager and delighted readers.

"Whichever chapter we read, appeals to us as in some way special. But some of the choicest of Mr. Spurgeon's utterances will be found in the letters which reveal 'The Absent Pastor's Care for his Flock,' and still more in those which touch on the work of the Pastors' College. Several of his letters to his students are unsurpassed in wit and wisdom, in the tenderness and solicitude of a strong heroic man bent on leading others to victory, and in the nobility and devoutness of their spirit. What an inspiring *Ad Clerum* volume might be formed out of these pages!"—*The Baptist Magazine*.

"The third volume of a grand and inspiring *Autobiography*. Mrs. Spurgeon, assisted by her late husband's private secretary, continues to discharge her labour of love in a style which commands our warmest approval. It is by no means a 'set' biography (or autobiography) with which we are here presented; but it is intensely interesting and 'Spurgeonic.' We recognize the defects inevitable to a work of this kind, but we do not join with a respected contemporary in the belief 'that the work should have been entrusted to a literary expert.' No, we prefer the great preacher as portrayed here by himself, and by the one who knew and loved him best. . . . The book is full of lively narrative, rich instruction, and many apt sayings. The anecdotes are plentiful and good, and several chapters deal with the origin of the Tabernacle institutions. The Pastor's relations with the College students, both during and after their College days, were of the most affectionate kind. The whole record is a worthy memorial of a great man of God."—*The Presbyterian*.

"All that we said in praise of Vols. I. and II. applies with equal force to this volume. The compilers have made the work a labour of love, and the publishers have spared no trouble or expense to produce a worthy and enduring monument to the memory of the greatest preacher of the last half of the nineteenth century. . . . There are, scattered through the volume, numerous letters, which are laden with love and thoughtfulness for his wife and children, and for the church at the Tabernacle; while many a page sparkles with wit and humour, which was so natural to his sunny nature. It will be readily seen how lavishly the volume has been produced when we mention that it contains nearly 120 illustrations, some of them copies of caricatures unknown to the present generation, places of interest abroad and in our homeland, and pictures of the Tabernacle and its institutions; while the frontispiece to the volume is a portrait of Mr. Spurgeon than which we have never seen a better. We rise from a perusal of this volume, which records but a portion of the ministry of this mighty man of God, more than ever amazed at the task he was able so thoroughly

to perform. His work was threefold,—as a preacher, an author, and a philanthropist. Either would have more than filled an ordinary life ; but this story shows how, by God's grace, and with the assistance of generous helpers, he nobly sustained his part in this trinity of Christian endeavour. We doubt not that this volume, with its companions, will be read and re-read by thousands, and that many a weary worker will be helped on his way, and many a laggard hastened by the example so faithfully portrayed therein by the authors."—*The Christian Herald*.

"If we hesitate to say that the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon was the greatest preacher of the century, it is only because there is no recognized standard by which to test the assertion. That he was one of the greatest, will be readily admitted, even by those who are out of sympathy with his theological opinions. It is certain that no one, within the memory of any man now living, has been able to command such large audiences for so long a period ; and we question whether any preacher has exercised so great an influence over the masses since the days of Whitefield. Mr. Spurgeon has often been called the Latimer of the nineteenth century, and the comparison is not inapt. The same direct and homely style was characteristic of each ; and when allowance is made for the difference between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, the similarity of the bishop's discourses and those of Mr. Spurgeon is really striking. There is, however, a closer likeness between the sermons of the modern preacher and those of George Whitefield. Both, too, possessed gifts which are not reflected in the printed page. Whitefield's fine voice and impressive elocution were, we are told, very remarkable ; and Mr. Spurgeon's voice and action in the pulpit were singularly effective.

"Of Mr. Spurgeon's abundant labours ; of the details of his ministerial career ; of the trials that beset his path in the early days before he had overcome the prejudices which his unconventional methods offended ; and of the success with which his efforts were crowned, we do not propose to say anything. Our readers will find them all described with more than adequate fulness in the 'biography' or 'autobiography.' It is a book which should be read by all who are interested in the career of the great preacher. . . . That he had the 'saving grace' of humour, we all know ; and there are many specimens of it scattered through the volume before us ; but it is only fair to say that his sense of humour was always under restraint in the pulpit, and that, if occasionally his wit was sharp, it was never spiteful."—*The City Press*.

"Such a record of manifold labour must needs be one of deepest interest, while the reminiscences of foreign travel and of holiday excursions at home add picturesque variety to the narrative. It is good reading from beginning to end. Amongst incidental topics, the general reader will find in this volume a lively picture of English Nonconformist church life. The minutes, resolutions, and addresses of the Tabernacle congregation, with the letters that passed between minister and people, here copiously given, reveal to us, to a degree rarely found in modern literature, the working of the system. . . .

"A chastened merriment pervades the volume, and there are spirited vindications by Mr. Spurgeon himself of the right to be jocose. It appears that there were good people, then as always, who forgot the text, 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.' It was well for the great preacher, among his manifold cares, and the many bodily afflictions which were his 'thorn in the flesh,' that he had an eye for the brightness that is in the world, with that sense of the ludicrous which characterises all quick-witted, genial natures. Yet delightful as it was for the much-burdened Pastor to unbend in such pleasantries, there were other forms of recreation open to him, still more refreshing to himself and others. Reference has been already made, in this paper, to his Continental tours. Even more charming

are the descriptions of his home excursions when, for 'a parson's fortnight' in summer-time, he could cast off the cares of an anxious life, and, with a congenial friend, would drive behind two 'steady greys' through beautiful Surrey, Sussex, Wiltshire, Hampshire, as fancy might dictate. . . .

"Another volume is yet to come, completing the autobiographic record. We may then have an opportunity of referring to Mr. Spurgeon's literary labours; for the productions of his pen alone were sufficient for an ordinary lifetime. For the most part, however, these sprang directly from his labours as a preacher. His best volumes are transmuted sermons; and the printed page not inadequately reflects the intensity of his convictions, and his absolute sincerity of speech."—*The Sunday at Home*.

The Hop-pickers' Mission.

To the Editor of the *Sword and Trowel*,

Dear Sir,

Will you allow me to ask the sympathy and help of your readers on behalf of our mission to hop-pickers in the Weald of Kent? For over thirty years, we have been labouring among these poor toilers in various parts of this county, and the Lord has set His seal in blessing upon our labours.

Last year, we sent seventeen missionaries into the various districts. These took in the parishes of Goudhurst, Horsmonden, Lamberhurst, Kilndown, Hawkhurst, Sandhurst, Marden, Yalding, and Staplehurst. The hop-gardens were visited from day to day all through the picking season; camp-meetings were held in all the districts; open-air services were held in every parish, and in every hamlet or camp to which the pickers resort. Books, tracts, Gospel portions, &c., were distributed by thousands all over the place; the sick and the dying were visited, medical aid being provided for them where needed. The temporal wants of the poor hoppers were attended to; food, clothing, shelter, &c., being given as the needs arose. Free teas were arranged, these being found very helpful in bringing the people nearer to the missionaries, and in opening their hearts to the gospel message.

Last year, we also sent two missionaries into the Worcester hop-yards. They did good work in testifying the gospel of the grace of God. This year, we are delegating Mr. Burnham to take the entire charge of the Worcester work, and trust the Lord will be with him there as with us here.

This Mission is among the oldest in the field, and of far-reaching influence. Our one aim and determination is, to preach Jesus,—“Jesus only,”—to the poor, perishing hop-pickers.

“Names and sects and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!”

During these thirty years, seldom have I had to write to ask the sympathy, the prayers, and the help of the Lord's children. I praise the Lord for all the loving and liberal support given to this work by my old friends and fellow-helpers who love the Lord, and wait for His appearing. I am glad to know there are other tried and good Missions among the hop-pickers, and my heart would rejoice if every hop-picker could be reached, and brought into subjection to the King of kings and Lord of lords. When the Lord's children are thinking of the poor of the flock, I trust they may remember the *Hop-pickers' Mission* in the care of—

Yours, in the service of the best of Masters,

Goudhurst, Kent.

J. J. KENDON.

Notices of Books.

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

Answers from Heaven. Being a Record of Personal Experience of God's Goodness and Mercy. By Mrs. DONALD CAMPBELL. Stoneman.

WE are so pleased with this little volume that we have given an extract from it in the present number of the Magazine. The chapter we have selected as a specimen is one of thirteen, all of which record some direct answer to prayer. The petitions presented were not merely about spiritual matters,—they even concerned a lost brooch, a missing parrot, and a stolen cloak;—but, for that very reason, they accord all the better with the apostolic injunction: "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." The price of the book is only a shilling; but its value, in such a sceptical age as this, is incalculable.

Books that Bless. Reviews, by BRAMWELL BOOTH. Salvation Army Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E. C.

FOR a shilling, one can obtain, in this reprint of articles published in *The War Cry*, some idea of the kind of teaching that is provided for Salvationists. If read with discrimination, there is much that may be profitable also to those who are not followers of "General" Booth; but Spirit-taught believers will find the book to be lamentably defective. As Calvinism proves such a formidable barrier against Salvationism, it is only natural that Mr. Bramwell Booth should speak of "the native horribleness of this error;" and as the Army does not observe the ordinances instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, it is not surprising (though it is truly saddening) to read his reference to "the supposed 'command' of Christ with regard to the Lord's supper." Surely, if there is any "command of Christ" that is plainer than the rest, it is the one that He gave on that night when

He was betrayed, "This do in remembrance of Me." Happily, Salvationists can read their Lord's words for themselves; and when they do so, many of them confess their faith by being baptized, join their fellow-believers at the communion table, and so realize that, for Christ's obedient servants, "there is great reward."

Prayer and Faith. Addresses by READER HARRIS, Q. C. Partridge and Co.

WITH a very large portion of these addresses we are in hearty sympathy, for they seek to stimulate God's people to a deeper faith and a higher life of service. But there are hints of faith-healing doctrine, and a glorifying of the Pentecostal League at the expense of universal Christianity, that are serious "flies in the precious ointment." There is ample power in God's treasure-house for all the needs of both the Church and the world, and this was so before any of the modern Leagues were dreamed of. So far as they urge us to seek this power, we approve and commend; but, as soon as they begin to say, "We are the people," we hesitate, and doubt.

Kensit's History of the Reformation, published at 18, Paternoster Row, at one penny, gives in a handy form the main incidents of the long struggle against the Papacy. The true story of the great protest cannot be told too often, or known too widely. Whether Mr. Kensit and his sympathizers will ever be able to get the Romanizers and the Romanism out of the Church of England, is another matter; probably he will have to learn, as Luther did, that the remedy for the evil can be best applied from the outside.

Mr. Kensit has also published, at a penny, *More about our Theatres*, by J. FORBES MONCRIEFF, a trenchant pamphlet which cannot be too widely circulated.

The Anglican Sister of Mercy. Cheap Edition. Elliot Stock.

THIS cheap re-issue, at the price of a shilling, is a most timely and welcome one. Little do the mass of the people know what is going on, in the name of the Church of England, to bring us again under the superstitions and slaveries of Rome. Here we have the story of how an English girl was lured into a life which was, practically, a convent one, and how she was at last induced to break free. The worst part of Rome's work to-day is being done by Ritualistic Anglicans, who draw the pay of a Protestant Church, and decoy their silly victims into Rome and its hellish errors. Such a book as this will, we trust, help to expose the Satanic tactics of the sleek priests and their feminine confederates, and bring that Protestant revival which already casts its shadow of coming blessing upon us.

Ritualism; what it is, and what it means. By J. W. EWING, M.A., B.D. T. H. Hopkins.

Two admirable sermons on the burning religious questions of the day. Their fairness equals their ability, and both are great. As an antidote to the rampant formalism and superstition of the Anglican-Romish State Church in England, this threepenny pamphlet is almost priceless, and we can only wish that it may be read by tens of thousands of our fellow-Britons.

If the Protestant reaction is to come soon, and to show itself at the next General Election, nothing could help towards it better than this and similar publications. Ritualism flourishes in secrecy, and hates the searching light of truth, and its inspection; but to let the people know its cunning atrocities, is to arm them against them.

Every reader should buy, and read, and pass on to others, one or more copies of this able *exposé*.

Church Courts. By Rev. W. M. SINCLAIR, B.D. Elliot Stock.

A PAMPHLET of interest mainly to the clergy of the Church of England.

Learned, technical, and dry to the last degree, except to those minds to which ecclesiastical pettinesses are delights. We can imagine the nods of drowsy acquiescence with which its solemn statements were received, as delivered on a hot day in June, in a City of London church; but we cannot imagine anyone expending even a shilling with the view of reading so dreary a recital of legal precedents. This sort of thing is a sad satire on the simplicity of apostolic religion.

Christian Character. A Study in New Testament Morality. By Rev. T. B. KILPATRICK, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A VERY capable volume, on a vital theme. Mainly a mingling of two small hand-books previously published; but with careful revision, and more permanent form being given to them. The statements as to Christian conduct are specially timely just now, and are free from much of the fanatical dreaming so fashionable in some quarters. Fruit is here shown to be dependent on root, and imitation of Jesus based upon salvation and regeneration by Jesus. This is sound, sane, and therefore safe; and we heartily commend its thoughtful study, and prayerful endeavour to embody in the life.

Ten to One, and other Papers. By Rev. J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A. C. H. Kelly.

A FRESH line of devotional instruction, and treated with great freshness, too. Each chapter is upon a theme suggested by some saintly saying of one of God's dear ones in all sorts of denominations. The chapters are exceedingly brief, and one is greatly tempted to ask for more; but it is the brevity of suggestive wisdom and the soul of wit. They will bear pondering again and again, and will continue to yield quickening thought, and inspiring love for God. For busy men and women, an ideal book to read in hasty moments, and then to meditate upon. We are grateful for these precious fragments; or, rather, seed-thoughts.

Tales of the Divining Rod. By E. W. BEAVEN. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

AN interesting volume upon "Rhabdomancy," or, to give the interpretation of this unusual term according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "the use of the divining rod by which the cunning man professes to discover water springs, murderers, or hidden treasures."

In order to secure the interest and attention of the reader to "the simple description of matter-of-fact occurrences," the author has adopted the style of the modern novel, and recited the narratives in the first seventeen chapters in a most dramatic fashion. Then follow a few chapters devoted to the Scriptural phenomena relating to the finding of water in the rock and the wilderness. Here the writer maintains a firm hold upon the orthodox belief in miracles, while he very astutely shows the probability of the use of the divining force. Interesting cases of springs discovered, and the scientific aspect of the art, are dealt with in such a manner as to show that "facts are stubborn things: and this water-

finding with the rod is a very substantial fact."

Those Queer Neighbours, and Other Stories. By WM. J. FORSTER. Robert Culley.

THIS book would have been more suitable for young readers if it had been written in simpler language; but, even in the somewhat stilted style adopted by the author, the stories will prove interesting, especially the first and principal one in the book.

In the Hour of Silence. A Book of Daily Meditations for a Year. By ALEXANDER SMELLIE, M.A. Andrew Melrose.

THIS is a handsome volume in every respect, and it will be sure to find a constituency for itself. Many works of a similar character have been produced in recent years. Rightly used, they must be helpful; but if such portions, however good, are made a substitute for the pure Word of God, they will become a source of weakness, and not of strength, to the soul. We cordially commend this volume.

Notes.

THE present issue of the Magazine might very properly be called a Special College Number. The address to students, given by the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon, conveys an important message to all Pastors' College men; and, indeed, to all ministers of the gospel. It is somewhat singular that the present President, without knowing what the subject of his dear father's article would be, should have selected, for this month's "Pastor's Page," one of his Friday afternoon talks to the men now in the Institution. The article in "Our Own Men" series is more than usually interesting from the fact that the writer of it, Professor Hackney, is now a tutor in the College of which he was once a student; while the author of "Idylls of the Countryside" intimates that he is one of the privileged company who have the honour of being able to speak of "our beloved President."

In addition to these contributions to this month's Magazine, there are four articles, which arrived almost simultaneously from our brethren in Ireland, Scotland, South Africa, and Australia. This is just as the late beloved Editor liked to have it, for he always rejoiced when the men he had

trained for the Christian ministry showed their resemblance to those in the tribe of Zebulun who handled the pen. The report of the students' re-union at "Westwood" is a happy link with the past glorious history of our Alma Mater; and the whole of the contents mentioned in this "Note" seem to us to furnish reasons why "Our Own Men" should make "Our Own Magazine" even more widely known.

Another of Mr. Spurgeon's friends and neighbours—*Dr. William Wright*—the late Editorial Superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was "called home" on July 31. Only a few days before that event, he was observed to be standing, for some minutes, at the gate of "Westwood," looking with peculiar wistfulness down the drive which he had often traversed on the memorable occasions when he had gone to spend an hour or two with the dear Pastor in his home, or had been his companion on one of his country excursions. He was, no doubt, thinking at the time of his friend, though probably he hardly anticipated meeting him again so soon. It will be remembered that, after Mr. Spurgeon's home-going, one of the

most notable tributes to his literary power was rendered by Dr. Wright, who was well qualified to speak upon such a subject. The Lord comfort his sorrowing widow and family!

A very venerable friend—*Mr. John Holt Skinner*, of Ryde,—has also passed away recently. In December, 1891, he stayed a night at the Hotel Beau Rivage, Mentone, on his way to Bordighera, so that he might begin his ninetieth year with a brief service conducted by Mr. Spurgeon. It was a touching scene, not easily forgotten by those who witnessed it; yet the aged man survived for seven years and a half. May his bereaved widow and other relatives receive all the consolation which it is the office of the Comforter to bestow!

During the latter part of the Pastor's holiday, the preachers at the Tabernacle will (D.V.) be as follows:—September 3, morning, Pastor W. Whale; evening, Pastor C. B. Sawday; September 10, Mr. Henry Varley; September 17, morning, Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D.; evening, Pastor C. B. Sawday.

On *Wednesday, September 20*, the Pastor's forty-third birthday will (D.V.) be celebrated at the Tabernacle, by the presentation of thankofferings to be used by him in the work of the Lord under his care. This will be the fifth year in which many needy forms of Christian service have been thus happily helped; and, hitherto, the amounts received have been on a rapidly-increasing scale, as the following list shows:—1895, £150; 1896, £358; 1897, £488; and 1898, over £700. With the large sum still to be raised for the Rebuilding Fund, and the constant demand upon the generosity of the members of the church and congregation, they will need all the help that friends can give to make the total for 1899 exceed last year's. Contributions for the Birthday Fund will be gratefully received by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

From the sixty-eighth Annual Report of the Trinitarian Bible Society, we are glad to see that the double work of protesting against the circulation of Romish versions of the Scriptures, and of circulating uncorrupted translations, continues with unabated vigour.

COLLEGE.—Mr. V. J. Cooper is going (for six months, at first,) to help in a "forward movement" at Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. Mr. H. R. Cross has accepted the pastorate at Gorsley, Herefordshire.

Mr. W. H. Watson is on his way to Durban, Natal, South Africa, where he is to be assistant to Pastor J. B. Rose.

We are glad to know that two of the students have been accepted for service in countries where they have already had

some experience of missionary work. Mr. G. Stone is going to Nellore, India, to assist Dr. Downie, of the American Baptist Telugu Mission. Mr. S. F. Whitehouse has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society to labour in the province of Shansi, North China; but he is to be employed in deputation work in this country until early in the new year.

Mr. O. R. Gibbon is removing from Wellington, Somerset, to Scarisbrick Street, Wigau; and Mr. R. Marshall has gone from Beamsville to Loba, Ontario, Canada.

On *Thursday, August 10*, by the invitation of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, the students' reunion was held at "Westwood." The weather was most favourable for the gathering; but the brethren were grieved to hear, on their arrival, that their hostess was too ill to receive them personally. Happily, she recovered, at least partially, during the day, and so was able to greet her guests before they left, and to assure them of the heartiness of their welcome to the spot hallowed by so many cherished associations.

The programme of the proceedings was similar to that of previous years. After partaking of refreshments in the rosary, a short meeting was held, at which prayer was presented by the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), and eighteen new students were introduced by the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon), thus bringing up the number of brethren in the College to fifty-nine. The greater part of the day was devoted to outdoor recreations, with intervals for dinner and tea; and, in the evening, the whole company gathered around the upper summerhouse for the closing meeting.

The President selected the word "application" as the basis of a brief address, in which he impressed upon the students, especially the new ones, the fact that, as their application to enter the College had been successful, it was only right that it should be followed by diligent application to their studies. The Vice-President spoke of the need of "supplication" as well as application; and then gave some timely advice concerning "impression, compression, expression, depression, and repression." Principal McCaig testified to the continued need of men to preach the truths taught in the Pastors' College, and stated that he had been pained, during his holiday, as he had noticed the lack of clear Evangelical doctrine in the preaching of eminent ministers of various denominations to whom he had listened. Professor Hackney referred to the blessing he had received from Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon on "The Living God," on the first Thursday evening after he entered the College; and, from his own experience, counselled others who felt the loneliness of their new position; and Professor Gausson showed how the promise, "The crooked shall be made straight," applied to various phases of student and ministerial life.

After very hearty thanks had been

accorded to the kind hostess for once more inviting the brethren, an adjournment was made to the rosary, which, together with its surroundings, had been tastefully illuminated by the Vice-President. Here, Mrs. Spurgeon met the whole company, and spoke the few words which served both for greeting and farewell; and, after vigorously cheering her, and partaking of further refreshment, they departed, thankful for another opportunity of visiting the place which must ever be very dear to all lovers of the glorified President. In the course of the evening, the freshmen enjoyed the privilege of seeing, for the first time, Mr. Spurgeon's books, and the study where he prepared so many of the Sermons which they have read, though only a few of them ever heard him deliver them.

ORPHANAGE.—The first article in the September number of *The Orphanage Quarterly* is headed "Prefatory by the President," in the course of which he writes:—"Faith in the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow, has been the dominant note in the management of the Institution till now. We sound it forth again. Our God shall supply all our need. Will not all who aided C. H. Spurgeon in feeding and tending the lambs of the flock, aid his sons, themselves, alas! now fatherless, in continuing the work?"

A full-page illustration shows the matron and boys of "The College House," which was built with the money contributed or collected by "Our Own Men;" the foundation stone being laid by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. There are also reports of the opening of the Seaside Home and of the Annual Festival, with portraits of several who took part in the proceedings, and copies of the addresses presented to Mr. Charlesworth and Dr. Soper on the completion of their thirty years' service in connection with the Institution. Their portraits are also given.

COLPORTAGE.—August, as usual, has been a slack month as regards sales. In the villages, all hands have been required to assist in field and garden work, and there has been little time either for buying or for reading. Many of the colporteurs have made it the occasion for taking their holiday, and preparing for a busy Autumn campaign.

The new District of Ilminster, Somerset, will have been fairly started when these "Notes" are read, and Mr. W. D. Dunning, of Dover, who has been approved both by the Committee and also by the friends in the locality, will have entered upon what, we trust, will prove a very successful period of Colportage work.

We have in prospect the opening of yet another District at Thurlow, Suffolk. Arrangements for it are in progress, and we hope next month to be able to announce that the worker has been appointed, and that thus another sphere of service has been occupied.

The number of candidates for appointment as colporteurs continues very large, and we are still looking for the opening up of new Districts, with the earnest desire that these eager brethren may soon be busy for the Master. During the past month, the Secretary has visited the District at Aylesbury, where Mr. Job Smith has been doing good work for some sixteen years.

As will be seen by the list of contributions, the receipts for General Fund have been very low during the holiday season, and the appeal for subscriptions must still be very urgent and pressing. We trust readers, who have not yet shared in this blessed ministry among the people, will forward a contribution to Mr. S. Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Lower Hall, August 3, six.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	15	59	2 4	"John Breese" in memoriam, per Mrs.			
Mr. Edward Harris ...	1	1	0	C. H. Spurgeon ...	2	5	0
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E. (5th donation) ...	15	15	0	A well-wisher ...			1 0 0
Contribution from Baptist Church and congregation, Wantage, per Pastor C. L. Gordon ...	4	0	0	Mrs. Wheeler ...			3 0 0
Mrs. Manley ...	2	0	0	Mr. Charles Walter (2nd donation) ...	10	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	5	0	0	Mr. A. Stevenson ...			1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Lewis ...	2	2	0	Collected by Rev. D. M. Walter, per			
Collected by Mrs. Phillips ...	2	3	0	Echo collecting cards ...			1 1 0
Mrs. Henry Milne ...	1	0	0	Mr. R. Cory, J.P. ...			10 0 0
Miss S. E. Rude ...	1	0	0	Mr. T. Summers, 12,000 bricks, value	27	0	0
Miss S. J. Meller ...	1	1	0	Mr. Wm. Hawkins ...			10 0 0
Friends in U.S.A., per Pastor W. D. McKinney ...	20	0	0	"An old friend" ...			10 0 0
Mr. T. O. Ranford ...	1	1	0	"So He giveth His beloved sleep" ...			1 5 0
A Scotch friend, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	2	0	0	West Malling Baptist Church, per Pastor D. Mace ...			1 1 0
				"An old friend" (2nd donation) ...	10	0	0
				Mr. W. J. Townsend ...	10	0	0
				Mrs. Wm. Taylor ...			1 0 0
				Amounts under £1 ...	4	11	6

Collecting Cards:—		£ s. d.	Collecting Boxes:—		£ s. d.
Miss S. Backhurst...	...	0 10 0	Mr. T. Cooper	0 6 6
Mr. A. W. Lovell	1 11 3	Mrs. Dyer	0 5 1
Miss L. E. Bailey	0 6 6	Mrs. H. Davies	0 3 1
Miss A. Ward	1 0 0			
Mrs. W. W. Hopkinson	4 4 0			
			Total ...		£15,762 15 3

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton ...	0 15 0	Mrs. Inman ...	0 3 0
Part collection at Immanuel Chapel, Southsea, per Pastor J. Kemp ...	1 16 2	Mr. W. Green ...	0 2 6
Collection at Bromley Common Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Holyoak ...	2 10 7	Mr. H. Windle ...	0 1 6
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	5 0 0	Mr. E. Ellis ...	0 1 6
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Newbury, per Pastor G. J. Knight ...	3 14 1	Mr. J. Windle ...	0 1 0
A lover of C. H. S. ...	0 2 6	Mr. W. Bateman, J.P. ...	0 10 0
A friend, per Miss Davis ...	1 0 0	Mr. T. H. Hartley ...	0 2 6
Mr. W. Jones ...	0 10 0	Mr. J. Greenwood ...	0 5 0
Mr. R. Snelling ...	10 0 0	Mr. R. Eastwood ...	0 5 0
Collection at Woolwich Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Wilson ...	6 10 8	Mr. J. Foulds ...	0 2 6
Mr. W. Pitcher ...	1 0 0	Part collections at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor D. J. Hiley ...	7 3 6
Mr. Wadland ...	1 0 0	Mrs. H. Wells ...	1 0 0
Pastor G. W. Linnear ...	0 12 6	Mr. Johnson (Buck's legacy), per J. T. D. ...	6 10 0
Collection at Windsor Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Andrey ...	2 7 0	West Malling Baptist Church, per Pastor D. Mace ...	1 1 0
Collection at prayer-meeting, West Cliff Tabernacle, Bournemouth, per Pastor G. D. Cooper ...	1 7 6	Princes Risborough Baptist Church, per Pastor J. H. Markham ...	1 1 0
Half collection at Gold Hill Baptist Chapel, Bucks, per Pastor T. Davies ...	1 1 6	Miss Halls ...	1 0 0
Mr. J. W. King ...	0 10 0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff ...	0 2 6
Mr. J. Starkie ...	0 7 6	Mrs. Edwards, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	2 0 0
Mr. W. Brown ...	0 2 6	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—	
Mr. A. Brown ...	0 5 0	July 16 ...	1 9 8
Mr. H. Marsden ...	0 5 0	" 23 ...	1 4 1
Mr. M. Mitchell ...	0 5 0	" 30 ...	2 2 2
Mr. B. King ...	0 5 0	Aug. 6 ...	1 18 1
Mr. R. Brown ...	0 2 6	" 13 ...	2 13 8
			9 7 8
			£72 11 2

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A lover of C. H. S. ...	0 2 6	Metropolitan Tabernacle	
"For Christ's sake" ...	0 5 0	school Missionary Circles ...	20 0 0
Friends at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Mrs. Ralls ...	2 10 9		
Miss Halls ...	0 10 0		£23 8 3

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collected by Mrs. Bennett ...	0 3 11	Stamps, Buckle ...	0 1 8
Mrs. J. Morgan ...	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. E. Page ...	0 7 6
Mrs. R. Smith ...	1 0 0	Collected by Miss L. E. Jones ...	0 13 3
Mr. H. Turner ...	1 0 0	Rev. W. Townsend ...	0 2 6
Mr. A. Marshall ...	0 10 0	Mrs. B. Jones ...	1 1 0
Sunday dinner-table box, per Mr. R. Giles ...	0 17 6	Mr. R. Stallwood ...	0 3 0
Miss A. Mackereth ...	0 1 0	Cross Street Chapel, Islington, per Mr. E. Green ...	5 1 9
Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat ...	0 15 0	Postal order, Midmar ...	0 4 0
Mr. and Mrs. Louch ...	0 1 0	Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins ...	3 10 2
Miss W. Furnbull ...	0 5 4	Miss A. Collins ...	0 5 0
Miss S. Loader ...	0 2 6	Mrs. Mackie ...	0 10 0
Mr. F. Hallett ...	0 5 0	A. B. ...	10 0 0
Miss E. Adams ...	1 0 0	Mr. A. Shaw, per Pastor W. D. McKinney ...	1 1 0
Mrs. L. Burrows ...	0 2 6		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0	Mr. J. Ferguson	0	13	0
Miss S. E. Rude	2	0	0	Mr. J. B. Stott	0	10	0
Mr. W. E. Wright	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith	11	0	0
Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0	5	0	Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	0	10	0
Mrs. S. A. Cousins	0	1	6	Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton ...	1	16	3
Mr. and Mrs. G. Fairfield	0	5	0	Mrs. C. Dorsett	0	2	6
Mr. W. E. Earl's Bible-class	0	5	0	Mr. J. Farley	2	2	0
Fillebrook Junior Y.P.S.C.E., per Miss A. Taylor	0	4	6	Masters Bert and Norman Wells ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. A. C. Cross	0	8	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	1	0	Mr. T. D. Adams	2	0	0
Hemel Hempstead Congregational Church, per Mr. C. Fuller	1	19	0	Mr. J. Hutchesn, per Mr. G. S. Lan- caster	1	1	0
M. A. L.	1	0	0	Sarah and Lizzie, per Mrs. J. A. Spur- geon	0	5	0
Mrs. Armistead, per Mrs. S. Hinton ...	0	10	6	Mr. M. Merry	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. L. White	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. C. Clover	0	14	2
First Sunday-school class, per Mr. Wm. Andrew	0	4	0	Mrs. Renshaw	1	1	0
Mr. T. Merry	1	0	0	Mrs. T. W. Holt	0	3	6
Mr. J. Bakewell	0	5	7	Mr. T. W. Beveridge	0	10	6
M. A. G.	0	10	0	Mr. R. Lickfold	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Hullett	1	0	0	1 Kings viii. 56	0	2	0
Yetholm F.C. Sabbath-school, per Rev. A. C. Hogg	0	8	0	Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0	2	6
Miss M. Cross	0	5	0	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Dr. Cowdy	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Storey	1	0	0
Mrs. James Wilson	0	5	0	S. M. P.	0	5	0
A friend at Beckenham	0	10	0	Mr. A. Sargood	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Newberry	2	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:— Dr. G. H. Rouse	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Blow	0	10	0	Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Hood	0	10	0				4 0 0
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0	Bessel's Green Baptist Mission and Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Greenway		2	0 6
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0	Mr. L. J. Porter		1	0 0
Collected by Master B. Powell	0	10	0	Mr. J. Laurance		0	6 0
Miss Gregg	0	1	6	Mrs. E. S. Vincent, per Mr. A. E. Alder		0	10 0
Mr. A. H. West	0	5	0	Mr. W. Hawkins		10	0 0
Postal order, Sevenoaks	0	10	0	Sandwich, per Bankers		2	2 0
Miss Thompson	0	5	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir— Mr. Halley Stewart		3	3 0
Mr. J. Pillman	1	1	0	Orphan Working School, per Mr. H. B. Marshall, M.A.		2	0 0
Collected by Master J. Stewart	0	5	5	Lighthouse Mission, Bow		0	10 0
Collected by Master R. Stewart	0	1	9	Paradise Road Sunday-school		1	1 0
Miss E. Freeman	1	16	0				£112 15 3
Mr. T. Richards	1	0	0				
Mr. W. J. Johnson	0	4	0				
Chatsworth Road Sunday-school, per Mr. A. T. Lake	1	1	0				
Mr. G. King	1	1	0				

List of Presents, from July 15th to August 14th, 1899.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 29 lbs. Beef, Messrs. Austin & Gunn; 1 box Black Currants, Mrs. Garrod; 2 bushels Gooseberries, Anon.; 3½ Eggs, per G.N.R.; a quantity of Bread, Mr. Hearn; a quantity of Cakes and Sweets, Mrs. Juggins.

Boys' CLOTHING:—2 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 29 Ties, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 14 Articles (for Seaside Home), Mrs. Blant; 2 Articles, Miss Jones; 6 Caps, 64 Bows (Seaside Home), Mrs. Crow, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

Girls' CLOTHING:—8 worn Garments, Mrs. Russell; 19 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, per Miss Higgs; 2 Articles, Miss Jones; 7 Ties (No. 6 Girls), Mrs. Crow, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 43 Articles, Ladies' Sewing Meeting, Niton, Isle of Wight, per Mrs. Bateman; 32 Articles, Mrs. G. Jones and Miss R. Daniell.

GENERAL:—5 hand-painted Texts (Seaside Home), Miss F. Spurgeon; a quantity of Jewellery, Miss I. McPherson; 1 load Firewood, Mr. G. Boxall; 8 Texts (Seaside Home), Sarah and Lizzie, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 1 box Christmas Cards, Enfield; 1 Croquet Set, Miss Bousfield; 3 dolls, Mrs. G. Jones and Miss R. Daniell.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
District Subscriptions:—				Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0
Edenbridge, per Rev. H. Powell	11	5	0	Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	11	5	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	11	5	0	Home Counties Baptist Association ...	40	0	0
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	10	0	0	Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0
Penrhawceiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P. ...	11	5	0	Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	1	5	0
Axbridge, per Mr. C. Musters	1	0	0	Repton and Swadincote, per Mr. E. D. Salt	40	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans and Son	10	0	0	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association...	56	13	4

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. C. Robinson	...	5	0	0	Bible-class, Brislington, per Mr. F. G. Rose	...	5	6	6
Aylesbury, per Mr. T. Gurney	...	10	0	0	Mrs. C. Baldwin	...	7	10	6
Sellindge, per Miss E. Inge	...	0	10	0	A lover of C. H. S.	...	7	5	0
					Mr. E. Dawson	...	1	0	0
		£290	13	4	Mrs. Raybould	...	1	0	0
<i>General Fund:—</i>									
		£	s.	d.	Mrs. A. Fiddymant	...	1	0	0
Miss Brown, Caldustone	...	0	12	0	A friend	...	1	0	0
Mr. W. D. Hodges	...	0	10	0	Miss Halls	...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Higginbottom	...	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Parker	...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Biggs	...	0	10	0					
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	...	2	2	0					
Mr. C. H. Price	...	1	0	0					
							£11	0	0

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

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th 1899.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Phebe	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Wilmot	...	0	5	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	...	10	0	0	H. O. N.	...	0	3	6
<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>									
Mr. T. N. Wade	...	1	0	0			£11	18	6

Beulah Baptist Chapel Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1899.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	...	201	16	1	Mrs. Ellwood	...	2	0	0
Income tax	...	1	14	8	Thankoffering in anticipation of Vol. IV. of C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography	...	5	0	0
A. and P. Pope	...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	...	1	1	0
Miss Dixon	...	2	0	0	Mr. and Miss Finlayson	...	0	10	6
Mrs. Bonsema	...	3	0	0	Mrs. Gregory	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Stayner, and Miss Elliot	...	1	10	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				
Constance Dorothea	...	0	2	0	“Con amore”	...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Priddy	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Walker	...	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	...	0	10	0	Mr. Neighbour	...	0	10	6
Amy	...	0	5	0	A Worthing friend	...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hooper	...	0	5	0	Mr. Rix	...	1	0	0
A dear friend in Kent	...	50	0	0	Mr. S.	...	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	...	10	0	0	A Peckham visitor	...	0	2	0
“Homeward-bound”	...	2	0	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	...	0	12	7
Mrs. Fiddymant	...	1	0	0					
Elizabeth G. Biggs	...	0	5	0					
Miss Young	...	2	0	0			£295	13	10

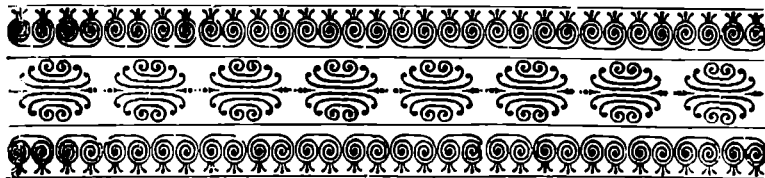
Contributions from “Well-wisher” have been sent, as desired:—To Miss Barlow's Mission in Demerara, 10s.; to Zenana Mission in India, 10s.

Special Notice.—Contributions “For General Use in the Lord's Work,” for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel MANSE FUND, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, “Westwood,” Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President or Treasurer of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.



THE
Sword and the Crowel.

OCTOBER, 1899.

The Dew of Blessing.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT
NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, FORTY-THREE YEARS AGO,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon."—Hosea xiv. 5—7.

NOW beautiful the Bible is in regard to poetry! Apart from the weighty matters of which the Scriptures treat, and their solemn doctrines, their style is so sublime that, if all poets were to bind all their books in one, that one would not contain so many gems as the Bible does; and if you could soar with all the poets in their sublimest flights, you would not mount one-half so high as does Jehovah when speaking to His beloved people.

It is in vain for man to attempt to surpass the Bible in anything; it is, as one has called it, "Not only the book of God, but the God of books." It is a book of stars, and every star is a sun. Look at our text; it may not be so full of beauty as many other passages are; but, still, it would, of itself, if it had no other claim to honour, suffice to show that the Bible is, above all books, the book of poetry. The bards of the Bible are the noblest the world has ever known; before them, all other minstrels must resign, or hide their harps.

Our text contains, first, a promise of grace; secondly, it sets forth the blessed effects of Divine grace; and, thirdly, we shall see that these

effects of grace are declared to be not only visible in the believer himself, but also in all those who dwell within the circle of his influence.

I. We have, in the text, A PROMISE OF GRACE: "I will be as the dew unto Israel."

I need not explain to you fully the beauty and force of this figure: "as the dew." You remember how, at the Creation, when "the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth," "there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground;" and, to this day, the Easterns look not to springs and rivers of the earth in their drought, but they look right up to God's heaven, and ask for the dew to fall.

Supposing, therefore, that you understand the beautiful allusions in these words, I ask you to notice, first, *the emphasis on the I*: "I will be as the dew." It does not mean that the word or work of God shall be as the dew, so much as that God Himself will be "as the dew unto Israel." We may preach the soundest doctrine in the world, and yet the souls of our hearers will not be blessed by it unless God, as the dew, saturates our sermon. Grace dwells not in the Saviour's garments, nor in the Saviour's works; but the Saviour Himself "will be as the dew." Many seek for grace in doctrine, and in experience, or in divers other things; but grace comes direct from Christ Himself. He is the marrow of his own gospel, the essence of the gospel; and if that gospel be like the open heaven, Christ is like the dew.

Hence, dear friends, learn that *the dew comes from above*. God's children need something from above, something beyond themselves. A hypocrite can water his own garden any day of the week; a formalist can, like the Egyptians, dig his own artificial wells and canals; but the true believer wants supernatural grace, and nothing else will do for him. Many professors think they can grow very nicely without any such dew. Their religion springs from themselves, from their own nature, from their own free will; and, therefore, their own nature can supply all the wants of that religion; so, although ascribing it to God, they take all the glory of it to themselves. But as for me, beloved, I have continually to pray, "Drop from on high, sweet dew, for my poor well is dry, and I know not where else to get it filled." We need something which God Himself must cause to distil upon us often, like the dew. God said to Job, "Who hath begotten the drops of dew? out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?" so, in our text, He says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel."

Again, *the dew falls silently and secretly*. Divine grace often comes into the believer's heart in an almost imperceptible manner. Did you ever hear the footsteps of the dew? Did it ever blow a trumpet to announce its approach? Sometimes, indeed, Divine grace comes into the heart like the rattling of hail. There are doubts, and fears, and tumults innumerable, deep anguish, and terrible sufferings. In many other cases, it comes by the still small voice. There are some who wish they had been tempted as John Bunyan was, and visited by a like fearful but decisive experience. Perhaps you say, "I cannot tell the day or mode in which the heavenly dew fell upon me." Never mind; do not think it was not grace because you did not see it come, but be content with grace however it comes. Never get

chalking out a plan by which you want God to work; he knows the best way to send His grace into your heart; and, come how it may, it is still God's grace. Art thou dry and barren now? Believe the sweet promise of our text; and, in five minutes, thou mayest be covered with the heavenly moisture.

I need only mention that God's grace, like the dew, comes down copiously, constantly, sufficiently for all the purposes of a believer's life. Without enlarging upon those points, I must now apply the words of the text to you. How many are there here who have never felt that dew? Mark, *the promise is made to Israel*; are you among those who can call themselves by that name? To answer this question, let us first ask what is meant by Israel? Secretly and mystically, it means God's elect, a people chosen of God, and precious unto Him. But as you cannot tell, beforehand, whether you are a part of this mystical body, I proceed to say that, openly, Israel means *a man of prayer*. Jacob gained his new name by wrestling; art thou a man of prayer, one who cannot live without prayer? If not, this promise is not thine; it has nought to do with thee; it has to do only with the man who lives by prayer. How many are there who live without prayer, or who are content with very little prayer? You say a few hurried words when you are half-asleep at night, and a few more in the morning before business calls you, just enough to ease Mr. Conscience, but not enough to make you really live the life of prayer; just enough to keep you in spiritual existence, but not with all its proper power and force as those who understand the holy art of prayer.

Again, Israel, openly, *is the man who has given up the mess of pottage*. It includes every one who is saying, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy;" every one who can say, "This one thing I do, I set my affection on things above, and I call this world a poor mess of pottage, not worthy of being compared for a moment with my glorious inheritance. No man can be serving God and mammon at the same time. I deem it enough to make the best of the next world; I set all my heart on things to come, and leave the things that are to the gracious will of my God." Are you like Israel in these respects? If so, the promise is yours. Do not take it if it is not for you; but if you do, indeed, belong to Israel, take it, and live upon it.

II. Now, secondly, notice THE VARIED EFFECTS OF DIVINE GRACE IN A BELIEVER'S EXPERIENCE, as set forth in our text.

The first thing grace does, when it comes into a believer's heart, is to *make it grow upward*: "he shall grow as the lily." This is the daffodil lily, which, after refreshing rain or heavy dew, springs up rapidly, and makes the meadows of the East look like a yellow carpet. Did you never notice how quickly the young convert grows up in grace at first? Some older Christians see this, and say, "You grow too fast, young man; the frosts will be coming soon, and they will nip your zeal and piety." Now, don't you tell the young that their piety will be nipped; if it is to be nipped, don't blow upon it with your frosty breath. God can manage them far better than you can; so leave them in His hands.

Oh, how zealous the young convert is! There is not a prayer-

meeting but he is there. How sweet is the Word to his taste! How melodious the singing to his ears! He would go over hedge and ditch to hear a gospel sermon; he would go many miles to serve God, or to enjoy communion with the Lord's people; his song night and day is concerning God's amazing grace.

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below."

This is a very precious season; I would not have any of you older Christians try to make it shorter. Let us young people grow up a while. We shall have to pass through fierce trials, by-and-by, that our roots may strike more deeply into the soil; but while we can grow up, leave us to do so. Never try to check our zeal, or to repress our ardent affection for our Lord. There never can be any reason in God why the Christian's first love should wax cold; but since you say it will wax cold, do not envy the young man his growing upwards now. If he did not grow, you would begin to say that he had not the root of the matter in him; so let him grow. Grow away, young believers, grow as the lily; the nipping time will come quite soon enough. Let the frost do that, but let nothing else do it. Let your present and continual cry be, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

Secondly, after the Christian has grown upward, *he has to grow downward*: "and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." There is a remarkable phase of experience which passes over the heart of God's child sometimes two or three months, or it may be even two or three years after his conversion; that is, when he commences learning his own depravity, the power of sin within him. Then follows the terrible conflict of dismay and doubt with the young faith of the heart. Frequently, when this contest takes place in youthful Christians, they are greatly concerned as to their true state in the sight of God. In that condition, the troubled one sings,—

"Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

Just at this period of his career, he is apt to find that doubt is at its strongest. Though he thought he should always remain zealous, something has crept in to cool his ardour; he is more "prudent" and not quite so fervent as he used to be. At such a time, he begins to ask, "Is my religion genuine?" Well, perhaps it is more so than it was; the first fervour may have been but wildfire, which flashed for a while, but was soon swept away, and then came the real flame of Divine grace. It is quite as blessed a work to begin to find out the evil of our own hearts, as to learn the fulness of Christ Jesus; for both lead to one result.

What we want nowadays is, more growing downwards, more rooting and grounding in the faith. Of late, some have become so liberal, that they don't believe anything, through trying to believe everything. A man will go to one place in the morning, and hear plain "Yes," and to another place in the evening, and hear plain "No," and will say of both, "What blessed sermons!" A female came to

me, some little time since, to have conversation concerning her religious experience, previous to being proposed for membership. I asked her if she believed that God's people were chosen by Him from before the foundation of the world. She answered, "Yes, sir." "What!" I enquired, "do you really believe that God did from everlasting choose some to be saved?" She said at once, "No, sir." And there are not wanting preachers who will absolve men from all necessity of sound doctrinal faith. I cannot find, in Scripture, that God ever absolved me from the consequences of an erroneous judgment in doctrinal matters. I believe that my thoughts of His doctrine will be judged as well as my other thoughts, and my actions. I believe it is a falsehood to say that God will not judge my doctrinal beliefs. He who gives way to heresy must give account of his departure from the truth, as well as he who falls into open transgression. Between man and man, there is liberty of conscience, and none shall dare to call me to account for my belief; but between man and God, there is no liberty of conscience. No one else shall call me to account, but God will. This indifference about doctrine will not do; it is a sign that grace is wanting. When grace in the heart is in full operation, it will not suffer that heart to be blown about with every wind of doctrine.

Next, not only will the Christian grow upwards and downwards, but *he will grow outwardly*: "his branches shall spread." That is, he shall become more known, and make a better profession. God's people are not long in making known their reception of His grace. Grace cannot be kept a secret; and if we have much grace, it will be all the more difficult to conceal it. If a man puts a light under a bushel, we know what is the result; and if he puts it under a bed, you know what becomes of the bed, it is soon on fire. As to you who say you are secret disciples, are you ashamed of Christ? I confess that I never could see anything in Christ to be ashamed of; and yet, by all accounts, some people are ashamed of Him. Ask a young man what chapel he attends, and he will hum and ha, and seem ashamed to answer. Ask another what public-house he frequents, and he will tell you in a moment without a particle of shame. Is it not sad that bad men should not blush for their evil deeds, but that Christians should blush for their good deeds?

Some believers remain for years unbaptized, and make the excuse that it is written, "He that believeth shall not make haste." A person who had long been a Christian quoted that text to me, and I replied, "If you were to profess your faith to-morrow, nobody could say that you had made any haste." Another will say, "I do not like to come out for Christ, lest I should afterwards fall." I ask you, is there any more likelihood of your falling when you are in the way of God's commandments than when you are disobeying Him? "Oh!" you answer, "but I should bring disgrace on the cause." Well, and would you not bring disgrace on the cause if you fell now? You go to chapel, and join in the services, and the world outside knows no difference between you and the members of the church; and if you were to fall, men would point at you, and say, "There goes a Meetinger." Depend upon it, your Master will keep you far better than you can keep yourself. I should

say that you must be a deserter to be thus ashamed of your regimentals. No, no, put on your armour, and come forth in the Name of the Lord. Do you say, "I will be a secret Christian"? I have often heard of secret Christians, but I never saw one, and I have some doubt whether such a person exists. True religion will not be concealed. If you really love Christ, we shall be able, sooner or later, to say to you as the maid said to Peter, "Thy speech bewrayeth thee." Perhaps someone says, "I know one who is a secret Christian." But, dear friend, the fact of your knowing him to be a Christian, proves that he is not a secret one.

Further, concerning the believer, we are told that when his branches have spread, *he shall be made beautiful*: "his beauty shall be as the olive tree." Like the olive, because, first, that tree is an evergreen; and, secondly, it is fertile and fruit-bearing. A Christian is the most beautiful sight on the earth. In order to behold the beautiful, we need not climb Alpine heights, basking in the sunlight, and gazing down upon fertile valleys rich with verdure, or with golden corn and ripening fruits; we need not cross the sea, and touch at islands where birds of glorious plumage wing their flight; the noblest work of God, the grandest effort of our Maker, is the Christian. The most beautiful tree is that which bears the best and the most fruit. If you or I had in our gardens a fruit-bearing tree, we should not care about its shape, nor as to where it stood, but we should value it according to what it bore. In our churches, likewise, we do not value riches and talents, but we say at once that the most useful Christian is the most beautiful. The angels think him beautiful. God judges him to be very beautiful, and He is the best judge of what is truly lovely.

I said that the olive tree is an evergreen; so, too, is the Christian; if he is what he should be, there is a constancy about his religion. He is not gracious on Sunday merely. We have much Sunday religion, and a very good thing it is; but I think I like even better a Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday religion. There are people who rejoice to be called latter-day saints; but I prefer every-day saints, those who keep a Sabbath all the week long. What we want is not a religion simply of the pulpit, or of the pew, or of the chapel; but a shop religion, an office religion, and a barn-yard religion. In my presence, not long since, a lady remarked that she did not approve of people thrusting their religion into society. "It is all very well in its place," she said, "and ought to be confined to the chapel." I asked her, "Then, would you have beds fitted up in the chapel, my dear madam?" "Beds! no; why would beds be needed there?" "Because," I replied, "religion is a very good thing to die with; and if it is confined to the chapel, we must have beds fitted up as they do in a hospital." She was confuted, and could only answer, "You say such strange things, sir." And I rejoined, "Mine was an odd way of reproving you; but, then, yours was an odd way of sinning."

The last of the blessed effects of the possession of grace, according to our text, is *the fragrance of Christian character*: "his smell shall be as Lebanon." As, on the sides of Lebanon, so many aromatic shrubs and flowers distil their odours that the whole region is perfumed, so will it be where the Christian dwells. I often see and hear

of people who are anxious and troubled because of false reports which are spread concerning them. I have often heard of people bringing actions for slander. But, dear friends, you need never be afraid of your character as long as your heart and life are all right. The rose never brought a lawsuit against the thistle for saying that it was not sweet; the rose kept on perfuming the air, and left Mr. Thistle alone, so that, in the end, everybody knew that the rose gave forth a precious fragrance. I like that idea of the savour of a good man's character; it is like the smell of wine in old casks, it never goes wholly away.

III. In closing, I have only time just to hint at THE EFFECTS OF DIVINE GRACE, AS SEEN IN BELIEVERS AND IN OTHERS AROUND THEM WHO ARE BROUGHT BENEATH THEIR INFLUENCE: "They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon."

The effects of grace in the heart are always more or less visible, not only in Christians themselves, but in all who come under their influence. I trust you do not wish to have a selfish religion. Some people attend a chapel, and expect the minister to be constantly preaching in such a way as to suit their particular state of mind. Now I could not bear to sit under a minister who was always preaching for my benefit only. I should be thinking of my neighbours, and their needs. I should say, "I wish our minister would preach to sinners sometimes;" and if he said he did not know how, I should reply, "Then you are not fit to preach at all." I do not care to eat my morsel alone; I must be sure that my neighbour is not starving while I feed upon the Word with great delight; others must benefit besides and because of me. If you grow in grace, if the dew continually falls upon your branch, the effect will be that they who dwell under your shadow—your neighbours and relations—"shall return," return from their backslidings, and their wayward courses. "They shall revive as the corn" which has been beaten flat by showers and tempests. "They shall grow as the vine," twisting round you as a vine which is trained up a stately tree or the side of a house. Thy children shall grow up as the vine, or like the ivy round the oak. The effect which a good man's influence has upon his children is well set forth by Mr. Whitefield, who tells of a young man saying, "I am miserable in this house of my father; I cannot live in it; I must sell it, and all it contains; for the very chairs, and stools, and tables smell of piety." Happy will you be if you leave such an influence as that behind you when you are called away to Heaven.

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

REJOICE with me, dear readers, in the cheering fact that nine thousand more Sermons have just been printed and published in Liefland! That is to say, Mr. Frey has translated *three* new discourses, and has issued three thousand copies of each for free distribution. How this work grows and prospers! The invoice, with its pretty and curious stamp denoting that the goods are paid for,

is in my hand at this moment. I have sent off a cheque for £12 6s., to reimburse Mr. Frey, and now I quote the few but very encouraging words which he has written on the bill:—"More and more, the tract-distributors are enquiring for C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons; *they are the best tracts*, and I am very happy to be able to send them. Many copies are given away in the *prisons*, and among the *sailors*."

Mr. Frey never says much, but what he does say, means a great deal. What effect these God-sent messengers have upon the poor prisoners in Russia and Siberia, where a great many of them are distributed, we may never know, and can only faintly imagine; but we are sure that God *can* work great wonders by them, and turn the hearts of the captives to Himself. The sailors at the port of Riga are of all nationalities, and the English Sermons and various translations travel far and wide under their pilotage; they carry them where we could never send them, and literally as well as figuratively, they sow them beside all waters. O Lord, we do look for, and count upon, a most glorious harvest!

* * * *

Admirably fitted to follow the last paragraph, is a letter which came to me, about a fortnight ago, from a faithful friend in the country. "Dear Mrs. Spurgeon," he wrote, "I feel constrained to send you the enclosed order for £1, towards the translation and distribution of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. What reading in the world—except the Bible—can come any way near those precious Sermons! In them, God speaks to every seeking soul, and one cannot describe the joy of looking forward, week by week, to the blessed pages, and they get more precious than ever as time goes on. I have read them from the first volume; and, after long waiting, one of them was the means, in God's hand, of bringing me into the light of His salvation. It was No. 884, 'Help for Seekers of the Light.' I feel so glad and thankful when I read in the *Sword and Trowel* of the good done through the translated Sermons. May our God still bless His dear servant's word the wide world over, for it is God's own truth!"

I thank this good friend very heartily for the comfort and refreshment his letter gave me. It is wonderful how a kind sympathizing word like this animates one, and helps to brighten up the work of the day, which is apt to drag a little, and look gloomy, when one feels very weak and weary. The wise man of ancient times acknowledged this homely truth when he said, "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop: but a good word maketh it glad."

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"He brought us out, that He might bring us in."—Deut. vi. 23.

Dear Lord, this is a paradox of Thy providence, which both manifests and magnifies the glorious sovereignty of Thy grace! Give us such true and tender trust in Thee, that Thy "dealings" may never perplex or terrify us; but, rather, be the openings and discoveries of Thy covenant love. Let us learn to read Thy ways with us, as a skilful reader interprets a choice book, seeing the sentences in advance,

as it were, and thus rendering a clear and continuous impression of the author's mind and purpose.

The lesson set before us may be, "He hath torn, He hath smitten," "He maketh sore, He woundeth;" and, in our own experience, we may feel how painful is the truth thus taught;—but if the eye of faith can discern the precious postscripts which follow, "He will heal," "He will bind us up," "His hands make whole," we are strengthened to endure patiently the trial which is so sure to end in triumph, and we say, "Ah, Lord! Thou dost frown, but to make Thy smile the sweeter; 'thou dost kill, only that thou mayest make alive! Blessed wounding, gracious suffering, which places us under the great Physician's love and care!

"'Tis worth the tearing to be tended
By hands so gentle in their touch;
Pains and griefs are sweetly ended;
Can I praise Thee, Lord, too much?"

"*He brought us out.*" This is another aspect of the same subject, though, of course, it primarily refers to the deliverance of the Israelites from their cruel taskmasters; but, sometimes, Egypt is not so well-defined a land of *bondage* to us, as a country of carnal delights, where we desire to remain because our best affections are entangled, and our hearts are firmly tethered there by the cucumber and melon vines of worldliness and vanity. These quickly close around us, overshadow us with a confusing dimness, and effectually fetter all spiritual growth and aspiration. We must be "brought out" of such a sad condition if we are really the Lord's people, so He cuts loose those clinging tendrils, destroys our gourds, and leads us into the wilderness, that He may there teach us to serve Him; and, after a while, "bring us in" to His own land, the Heavenly Canaan.

He must "bring us out" of self, and sin, and Satan's slavery, before He can "bring us in" to holiness, pardon, and the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free. Many a time has the Lord had to disturb our nest, and "bring us out" of some earthly refuge which was becoming too easy and dear to our soul. But, as music sounds the sweetest when heard across the waters, so do God's dealings make the purest harmony in our hearts when they reach us over the waves of affliction and trial. When a tried and tempted soul stays itself on God, and sings in the midst of the flood or the fire, such praise must, methinks, be more glorious and glorifying to Him and His mighty grace than the hallelujahs of unfallen angels.

"*He brought us out.*" Mark the tenderness of our dear Lord and Shepherd. He does not "*drive*" us either way,—"*in*" or "*out.*" No; for "when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, *and the sheep follow Him.*" God grant that this may be true of you and me, dear reader! May we never hesitate to go where He leads, or think any road too rough or dark, when we hear His dear voice calling us to come!

And who can imagine what the "*bringing in*" will be, by-and-by, when, after all the toils, and pains, and sorrows of the earthly pilgrimage, we reach the Father's house, and all tears are wiped away, and we enter on the blessedness which knows no ending?

Those of us, whose dearest and best-beloved have already "crossed the flood," are often wondering what their inheritance is like, and what the "eternal weight of glory" means to them; but our loftiest flight of imagination must fall far short of the glorious reality. Not till the Lord brings us out of the river of death, and brings us into Emmanuel's Land, can we know the joy that awaits us there.

I remember hearing of a dear saint of God who, when dying, was asked, if he had any fear. "No," said he, "I have no fear, for Christ has saved me by His precious blood; but I am conscious of feeling an absorbing and solemn curiosity;—I am impatient to learn the secrets of Heaven, and to know for myself the things 'God hath prepared for them that love Him.'"

Dear soul, he had not long to wait, for, very quickly,—the gates opened,—and he went in!

S. S.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"A PROPER SORT OF PARSON."

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS AT THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

(Concluded from page 498.)

THE young gent's second appreciation ran thus, "*He doesn't worry one about religion.*"

It has been the lot of each of us, I expect, to meet with men who ride hobbies. As a rule, they are great nuisances. They force their bright idea, as they call it, on all and sundry without consideration. Their glorious doctrine is always being thrust down unwilling throats. There is that man who discourses on "the single tax" till everyone votes him a bore. Another has "the zone railway system" on the brain, and seeks to inspire all his fellow-townsmen with his happy thought. Anglo-Israelism is the fad of another. The enthusiasms of these men is the one thing admirable about them. They honestly believe that they have discovered the secret of human happiness. Their supposed discovery possesses them; they talk of nothing else.

Well, now, brethren, surely we, who have been entrusted with the secret of the Lord, who have the talisman for which the world has been in weary quest for centuries, might well be more desirous to tell the story, and to spread the news. How can we keep silence when we know so well that men must perish if they do not obey the gospel? It is better even that they should be worried than that they should be lost. But there is no need really to worry them,—though they may so term our loving solicitude on their account. We need not worry them, nor need we worry ourselves about them if we do our duty towards them. And what is that duty? Surely it is to instruct them as to the things that make for their peace, to warn them of the viper's fang, and to tell them of the only antidote to the poison of that old serpent, the devil. It is ours to assure them that the verge of the whirlpool is not so far as it seems from the vortex; and to snatch them, if may be, from the eddying waters.

If this be worrying, we must worry them. If they will not give thought to "religion", as they call it, we must be clear of their blood by constantly pressing its claims upon them. Is there to be no plain-speaking, no personal dealing, no heart-searching, no rebuke, no faithful warning, lest, forsooth, we should slip out of the ranks of the proper sort of parsons? Is there to be no exhortation to repentance, no invitation to Jesus, no setting forth of the profitableness of godliness, lest we should be charged with worrying people about religion? Oh, no! at all risks we must fulfil the solemn charge we have received.

Still, we are not forgetful that much wisdom is required. It is easy to repel where one thought to attract, and to harden when one hoped to soften. Constitution and temperament must be taken into account.

"Some are as by tempests driven,
Others gently drawn to Heaven."

"He that winneth souls is wise," and he needs to be wise to attempt the winning of them. We want, on the one hand, to avoid really "worrying" people; and, on the other hand, we must not yield too easily to the fear that we may vex them. I suppose that the sheep would complain, if they could, that the shepherd's dog worries them. No, no; the stranger's dog does that, but not the shepherd's. The two seem so much alike to the silly sheep that we do not marvel that they cannot distinguish between them; but the motive and aim make all the difference.

I am beginning to believe still more confidently that the best work for God will be done by individual dealing with sinners. Not that I have any fear that the days of pulpit power are over. There may be a lull in that direction at present, but it still pleases God "by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." We shall yet see, or our children will, the eager, earnest crowds flocking to the faithful ministry; but while the people refuse to come under the sound of the gospel, and even shun the corners of the street where it is taken to them,—while thousands mount their machines, on Sunday morning, that they may the more swiftly get away from God and the observance of His holy day, our best chance of winning them is by waylaying them one by one, and talking directly to their hearts.

Let every minister of the gospel be on the look-out as the Lord Jesus ever was. Then he, too, will find a woman at the well waiting to be won to Israel's God. "No man careth for my soul," is oftentimes a false and wicked shuffle; but it ought to be less possible to make it than it is. Those who grumble at being worried about religion are often the very ones who, later, complain that they have been neglected. Such shirking of personal responsibility is detestable; but are there not some instances in which the first rebuff has turned us aside from our purpose? Perhaps, like King Joash, we smote thrice and stayed, whereas we should have smitten five or six times. The arrows of the Lord's deliverance must not be sparingly used. Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them; but he is still more blessed who empties his quiver by sending the arrows speeding on their Divine mission. They may seem to fall to the

ground ; but God has prospects which are hidden from our eyes, and plans which we may help or hinder by the measure of our faith and effort. Wherefore, O man of God, turn not aside, like a deceitful bow, from thy great life-task of convicting consciences of sin, and leading guilty souls to seek Christ's pardoning love. To this end, spare no pains, and relax no energies ; to this end, consecrate all your hours and all your powers ; to this end, weary yourself, and (in the best sense) "worry" your hearers. You must, by all means, save some.

Let us now enquire if the young critic, whom I have to thank for my text, really did admire the "proper sort of parson" whom he praised so glibly. Perchance, he really did just then ; but would he always do so ? When he fell sick, would he not alter his tune ? When he came to die, would he send for the "proper" parson, or for the other sort ? I question very seriously whether, even at the time of speaking, the youth, thoughtless though he was, did not in his heart despise the preacher whom he was pretending to praise. He knew full well that a parson is a person who represents the Church in the parish or district. He knew that it was incumbent on the incumbent to attend to the religious requirements of all his parishioners. I cannot believe that he truly honoured the man who (putting the matter mildly) took pay for work he only half did, and accepted a solemn responsibility which he almost entirely failed to discharge. The world takes a fairly true measure of the Church. It is able to gauge pretty accurately mere profession. It knows the difference between being whitewashed and being washed white, and it reserves its deepest scorn (as well it may) for those who merely make a fair show in the flesh. It reckons that a Christian should not be less honest than one who makes no profession. However charmed it may be with actors on the stage, it does not admire them in the pulpit ;—and hypocrites are actors. The popularity which the "proper sort of parson" enjoys is of the airiest sort. He who praises him one day, may be censuring him the next ; nay, even while he praises, his better self is blaming him.

Ah, yes ! I have seen it over and over again. In the hour of sorrow, when a darkness that may be felt, curtains the heart, the "proper sort of parson" is not remembered,—except, perhaps, with loathing and disgust. When, at last, the terrors of the Lord are felt and feared, the convicted sinner does not seek the man who "never worried him about religion." When death comes down, with silent footsteps, to the hall or hut, neither the prince nor the pauper cares for the ministrations of the once-a-week preacher. Who can wonder ? At such times, the true and sterling only are desired. The "proper sort of parson" is a nice young man for a small tea-party ; then let him stop at the tea-party. He would be no manner of use at the sick-bed, or under the smoking mount, or even at the wicket gate.

Ah, brethren ! we must see to it that our ambition is to be in request at such times. Blessed is he who is popular with the broken-hearted and the heavy-laden, and the conscience-stricken. Be this our happy choice !

“The Higher Criticism” Criticized.*

BY JOHN URQUHART, AUTHOR OF “WHAT ARE WE TO BELIEVE?”

“THE higher criticism” is *not* “Biblical criticism.” The attempt to pass the one off as the other forcibly reminds us of a tragedy which impressed us in childhood’s tender days. The wolf gets into the good old grandmother’s bed; puts on her cap; and attempts to draw the little Red Riding Hood of faith within the reach of her fangs by a careful imitation of the kind old lady’s voice. But the accents are not the same. There are, indeed, high-sounding phrases about “the Divine Library,” “our glorious heritage,” etc., etc. But we are told in the same breath that we can no longer retain the beliefs regarding it which were universal in all the churches twenty years ago. The Book, we are told, is not infallible. And then, where “Biblical criticism” used to explain and to justify, the “higher criticism” seizes every infidel objection and lays it before the reader, often without the slightest intimation that any explanation of it has ever been given, and always with the air of a confident, though sometimes seemingly sad, conviction that no explanation is possible which does not admit that there are errors in the Bible. Dr. Driver, who is constantly quoted as the pattern of a modern critic, and who is pointed to as a man who can combine acceptance of the higher criticism with a full acceptance of the Scripture, leaves so little for any soul to rest upon, that one is astonished at the ignorance or the effrontery of the men who presume to quote him as a proof that the higher criticism and faith can dwell together. Are they aware that he adopts Semler’s theory of Accommodation, and insists that our Lord’s words about the Old Testament do not express our Lord’s own view of its claims? Here are his words: “Our Lord,” he says, “accepted, as the basis of His teaching, the opinions respecting the Old Testament current around Him.”† Unwilling to raise “issues for which the time was not yet ripe,” He used, this writer says, the language of those around Him, and seemed to fall in with their ideas, just as Dr. Driver might talk in orthodox society as if he had never doubted the infallibility of the Scriptures! But what should we think of Dr. Driver? And what shall we say of such a daring libel upon the Faithful and True Witness?

But this is not all. For, indeed, Dr. Driver has got no further than page 18 of his preface, when he casts the reliability of the Old and the New Testaments to the winds. “Two principles,” he says, “will, once they are recognized, solve all the difficulties of the Old Testament;” and these difficulties, he takes upon him to say, “are insuperable” “upon the traditional view”—that is, upon the view held by the Lord Jesus, by the Prophets, by the Evangelists, and by the Apostles. Now these difficulties, like the unsolved problems of science, command attention and interest. No man can hear with indifference of “two” or even ten principles, the recognition of which will solve them all. Everyone will be eager to know what these “two

* From Part I. of *The New Biblical Guide; an up-to-date Theological Library for the People*. Edited by REV. JOHN URQUHART. Partridge and Co. (See Reviews.)

† *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, p. 19.

principles" are. What are they, then? Here is the reply, which I give in Dr. Driver's own words: "(1) that in many parts of these books" (of the Old Testament) "we have before us *traditions*"—the italics are Dr. Driver's—"in which the original representation has been insensibly modified, and sometimes (especially in the later books) coloured by the associations of the age in which the author recording it lived; (2) that some freedom was used by ancient historians in placing speeches or discourses in the mouths of historical characters." It fares somewhat better, he proceeds to say, with the New Testament; for, he writes: "while in the Old Testament, for example, there are instances in which we can have no assurance that an event was recorded until many centuries after its occurrence, in the New Testament the interval at most is not more than 30—50 years."

These, then, are Dr. Driver's two principles! But, when these principles shall be "recognized", what will be left us? In the Old Testament, *traditions*—traditions, too, be it remarked, which have not come down to us even in *their* purity, but which have been "modified" and "coloured." What is the exact historical value of the Catholic "Lives of the Saints"? And who would concern himself with any attempt to solve the difficulties of an "omnium gatherum" like that? How *could* such a compilation escape being filled with inconsistencies and contradictions? That principle is quite enough, without any second, to make a complete clearance of Old Testament difficulties. For we have no longer got any Bible to defend: we have no history even left us to understand. He imagines that he has made a notable concession in the case of the New Testament. What is the worth of it? People have been known to forget, to imagine, to exaggerate, to mix up, and to mistake, even within the short interval of thirty to fifty years. And if this rag-basket is all that now stands for the Old and the New Testaments, will Dr. Driver and his fellow-critics kindly tell us where we shall find "the Oracles of God"? We can sometimes tell a man's parentage by his looks. Does not the new criticism strikingly resemble the old infidelity?

What this is to mean for pulpit teaching may be seen in Dr. Horton's books. He is a pupil and trustful follower of Professor Driver. Like Dean Farrar and others, he retains the old phraseology regarding the Scriptures, with an added unctuousness which seems to indicate that phrases have to be strengthened that they may do duty for banished things. He speaks of "Our Inspired Histories"—the capital letters are the Doctor's; of "an Overruling Spirit directing their composition;" of "the Inspired Book;" etc., etc. Now mark what kind of things these "Inspired Histories" are represented to be by Dr. Horton. After accusing the writer of the Chronicles, for example, of wilfully suppressing, mis-stating, and exaggerating facts, he says: "The most startling exaggeration, however, is in the price which David paid for the threshing-floor. This, in 2 Samuel xxiv. 24, is 50 shekels of silver, in 1 Chron. xxi. 25, 600 *shekels of gold*. It almost looks as if the later authority had thought David's acknowledgment insufficient, and had wished to present the great king's generosity in a larger light."*

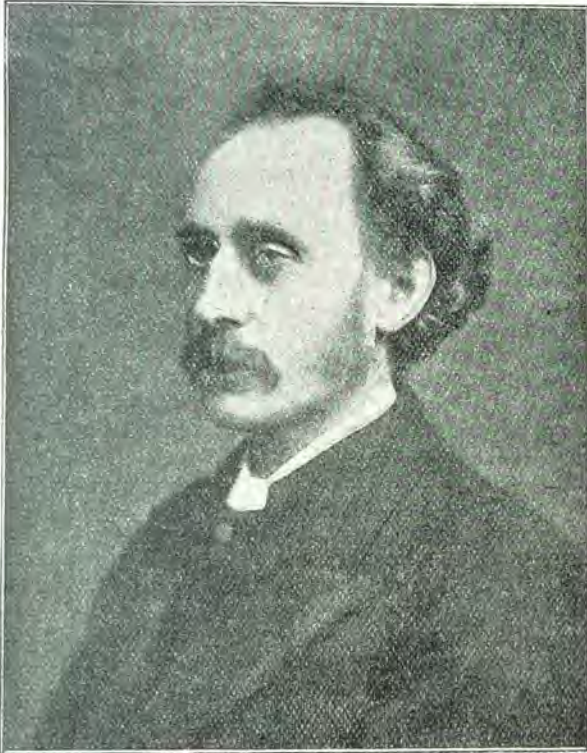
* *Inspiration and the Bible*, p. 146.

Where, then, was the "Overruling Spirit directing the composition" of Chronicles? And what is the precise value of such "Inspired Histories"? But the passage suggests other questions, which are equally grave. The reader will notice that there is not the slightest hint that any explanation has ever been given of this difficulty. Dr. Horton knows that there *are* explanations which have satisfied multitudes of Christian men of well-balanced minds, and, some of them, of far greater learning than Dr. Driver. Why, then, is no hint dropped that a solution of the difficulty exists? Is not this "suppression" of a very unworthy kind? But if the reader will turn to the passages and peruse them afresh, there is another question which, I think, he will ask with much astonishment, and with not a little indignation. It is this: Did Dr. Horton read the passages in their connection? Did he read even the words upon which he commented? Or did he quote them from Dr. Driver, taking it for granted that, when a critic condemns, there can be no appeal? *The things purchased are not the same.* In 2 Samuel xxiv. 24, we read that "David bought the threshingfloor and the oxen for 50 shekels of silver." In 1 Chron. xxi. 22, we are told that David said to Ornan, "Grant me **THE PLACE** of this threshingfloor," and in verse 25 we read, "So David gave to Ornan for **THE PLACE** 600 shekels of gold by weight."

Here the words, "the place," which are kept to so persistently in Chronicles, are enough to suggest that there may have been *two parts* of the transaction, and that *Samuel* gives us one of them and *Chronicles* the other. David wanted immediate accommodation for an altar and a sacrifice. He received them and paid for them. But he had also perceived that this Divinely-indicated place of accepted sacrifice for guilt was the long-looked-for Temple-site, in which God should "put His name." He must, therefore, also make provision for this, and so "**THE PLACE** of the threshingfloor," the whole hill-farm—the entire mountain-top, which must henceforth be holy unto the Lord—must be secured. For this a worthy price is paid—"600 shekels of gold by weight." A glance at the context, in which the statements occur, leads one to ask how any man could have missed that explanation. In *Samuel*, nothing is said about the temple building, or of David's preparation for it. That part of Scripture has in view only the ending of the plague. In *Chronicles*, on the other hand, David's preparation for the building of the Temple is *the sole theme of the closing chapters of the Book*, and the passage about the purchase is *the introduction to this closing section of the history*. Chapter xxii. begins: "Then David said, This is the house of the Lord God, and this is the altar of the burnt offering for Israel." Then follow the account of the preparations made for the future structure, and the arrangements for the service which was to make its courts dear and memorable to Israel and to the world. How *could* any man miss seeing this, or, seeing it, keep silent concerning it, and parade this so-called "difficulty" as if any explanation were an utter impossibility?

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

LXX.—PASTOR GEORGE W. WHITE, OF ENFIELD.



PASTOR GEORGE W. WHITE, the subject of this sketch, was born at Bury St. Edmund's, October 4, 1848. He was the son of godly parents, who lived Christ in the home. His earliest recollections are associated with his mother's prayers. She frequently prayed with him alone, and sought, in every possible way, to win his heart to the Saviour. His father was also a devoted Christian, a saintly man, who "laboured much in the Lord." Both mother and father were members of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, and possessed the true Methodist "fire." Mr. White was one of the leading spirits among the Primitives at Bury St. Edmund's, and served the church faithfully for nearly seventy years, filling the offices of class-leader, circuit steward, local preacher, &c. His son George frequently accompanied him to his Sunday appointments; and his first spiritual impressions were received under a sermon preached by his father from the text, "I have called," Proverbs i. 24. It was not, however, until the age of sixteen that he was led to full decision; and well does he remember the happy day when he entered into "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

As the result of an independent study of the Scriptures, he was led to adopt Baptist views; and was immersed, on a profession of his faith, on March 2, 1865, becoming a member of the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Cornelius Elven. A portrait of Mr. Elven appears in Vol. I. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, together with some interesting details of his life. Mr. Elven was a noted Suffolk divine, a great man in more senses than one. His bulk was stupendous, but his heart was said to be as large as his body. Occasionally, he preached for Mr. Spurgeon. He used, with a merry laugh, to tell the story of a lady who went to hear the young Pastor at New Park Street Chapel; but, putting her head inside the door, and seeing the vast form of Cornelius Elven, she retreated exclaiming, "No; no! that man has too much of the flesh about him; I cannot hear him;"—a most unfair judgment, as she might have proved if she had waited. This venerable man, together with the Rev. William Cuff, who was, during the latter part of Mr. White's residence in Bury St. Edmund's, Co-pastor with Mr. Elven, greatly encouraged the young disciple in his early efforts to serve the Lord. The Rev. George Cobb, late of Stradbroke, also proved a true friend. Immediately upon his conversion, Mr. White became a Sunday-school teacher and tract-distributor. It was his custom, also, to accompany the brethren who preached in the villages, to invite the people to the services, and to lead the singing.

His experience in connection with his first sermon was somewhat similar to that of Mr. Spurgeon. He was walking to a village with the preacher for the evening; but, when they neared their destination, the brother, not feeling well enough to undertake the service, told Mr. White that he would have to speak. In vain did the youth declare that he was totally unable to do anything of the kind. He had to make a beginning; and from that day he became a regular preacher, walking sometimes twenty miles on the Sunday, and taking three services. For two years, he ministered to the same people, at a village called Hawstead, and several souls were won for Christ. Meanwhile, his mind was deeply exercised about entering the stated ministry. He felt that the Lord was calling him; but the matter was kept secret, even from his Pastor. To his surprise, however, one day he received the following letter, which shows the loving interest the venerable minister took in the young members of his flock:—

"Bury St. Edmund's,
"April 12, 1867.

"My dear young Friend,
"Will you accept the enclosed volumes of Leighton's Commentary on the first Epistle of Peter? I believe they contain sound doctrine that cannot be condemned, and may be useful to you as a Biblical student. It has afforded me much pleasure to know that you are not satisfied with being yourself saved, but are desirous also of being instrumental in the salvation of others; and I have greatly rejoiced and praised God that you have been encouraged by the Divine blessing resting on your labours. Go on, my dear friend, and you will see greater things yet; and I pray that, in the Lord's own way and time, you may be brought wholly into the service of the

sanctuary. But 'he that believeth shall not make haste.' We never do well to *force* but always to *follow* Providence; and I know your feelings are right on this matter.

"You are now in a course of *useful training*, and it demands my grateful acknowledgments that the Lord has given me such fellow-labourers, especially now that I am not able to go into the villages myself. Avail yourself of every opportunity for self-improvement, which will be of great advantage to you if you subsequently enter upon a more decided course preparatory to the stated work of the ministry. Above all, cultivate the *heart*. It is well to have the head stored with knowledge, but infinitely better to have the heart filled with love to Christ and souls.

"That the Divine blessing may ever rest upon you, and direct you in all your ways, is the prayer of—

"Your affectionate Pastor,
"CORNELIUS ELVEN.

"Mr. George White."

Shortly after this, Mr. White received an invitation to the pastorate of an old-established village church which, however, he declined; and, Providence having opened the way, he entered the Pastors' College in August, 1868. He resided at the house of Professor Gracey, whose gentle, saintly life remains to him a memory fragrant as the breath of Spring. While at College, Mr. White was a diligent student. He had the honour of being numbered amongst "the twelve apostles," and for a time was students' secretary.

During the last year of his College course, he was commissioned by Mr. Spurgeon to raise the Baptist banner at Shoreham, in Sussex. A large room over a shop was secured, and was made to seat about 130; and the people pressed to hear the gospel preached, as they said, by "quite a boy, who had not a single hair upon his face." After a few Sundays, the place was crowded, people sitting also on the stairs; whereupon the enemy started the rumour that the room was unsafe, and, during one of the services, would collapse with terrible consequences. Mr. White, however, was equal to the occasion, and had the building carefully examined by a competent architect, who, to the great delight of the friends of the new cause, and the chagrin of its foes, pronounced it perfectly safe. For twelve months, Mr. White travelled to Shoreham on the Saturday, and returned to London on the Monday, to resume his College studies. During this period, a church was formed which, when he left, consisted of forty-eight baptized believers, the majority of whom had received special blessing under his ministry. In 1870, Mr. White left Shoreham amidst many regrets and tokens of affection, and settled at Enfield.

The Enfield church is one of the many causes which, from the first, have been ministered to by Pastors' College men. It was inaugurated by a sermon preached by the Rev. T. A. Attwood, in March, 1867. Its first services were held in the upper room of a public-house,—"a suitable place," said Mr. Spurgeon, "for there you can beard the lion in his den." Beer and Bible, however, did not long agree; and the little church received notice to quit. Without delay, an iron chapel was erected, and Mr. D. E. Evans became the pastor.

Mr. White's first work, upon accepting the pastorate, was, with the

help of his friends, to free the building from debt, and purchase the freehold of the site. This accomplished, a new Chapel Building scheme was inaugurated, and, when a sum was raised sufficiently large to warrant a start being made, the iron chapel was sold for £250. One of the members always speaks of that building as "the dear old iron chapel;" and so, doubtless, the purchasers found it! The new chapel cost £2,600, and was opened for worship in 1875. A gallery has since been added. In 1880, the building was free from debt, Mr. White having raised a large portion of the amount. Even the Pastor's parrot seemed to have caught his enthusiasm in raising money, for it used to say, as visitors passed its cage, "Give me something for the chapel." In 1882, new school-rooms were erected at a cost of £400, which was subscribed during the same year. Since then, a splendid freehold site, with National School buildings thereon, and immediately opposite the present chapel, has been purchased—in readiness for a new Tabernacle in the future,—for £1,100. This sum has also been raised; the last £500 being promised at one meeting. The buildings on this site are used for Sunday-school purposes.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon always took a warm interest in the work, preaching on several occasions, and contributing £50 to the Building Fund. Tuesday, August 14, 1883, was a red-letter day in the history of the Enfield church, for Mr. Spurgeon, in company with the tutors, and seventy-three students of the College, then paid a happy visit to the old town as the guests of Mr. White and his friends. It was the opening day of the College session; and, after luncheon, Mr. Spurgeon addressed the new students and others in a speech that will never be forgotten. This visit to a church in the suburbs, on such an occasion, was a new departure; and Mr. Spurgeon expressed the hope that others would be found to emulate Mr. White's example. The President was suffering from gout in the right hand, and had his arm in a sling; but he was in high spirits, and brimful of wit. He referred to Mr. C. B. Buck, the Pastor's father-in-law, as "one of the old originals of Enfield, who suffered from the rising of the Baptist cause, inasmuch as the minister entered his house, and plundered him of his daughter. He had not, however, shown or expressed any kind of indignation, but had taken to the arrangement most kindly."

The day was thoroughly enjoyed, the students entering heartily into the various sports, and availing themselves of the brakes which had been provided to enable them to visit many places of interest in the charming neighbourhood. In the evening, a congregation which crowded the chapel in every part listened to a thrilling discourse by the great preacher.

Mr. White has, from the first, been faithful to the old gospel, although his methods have been somewhat novel. His "Special Addresses" with attractive titles, his "Straight Talks," and his "Monthly Song Services," called by him "The Gospel in Song and Sermon," have drawn crowds to the Tabernacle; and God has richly blessed the word. In one year, ninety-four persons joined the church, from which nine members have gone to become missionaries, or ministers.

The Pastor's 25th anniversary was celebrated in November, 1895, when he was presented with an illuminated address, a gold watch, and a purse of gold. Thirteen ministers and a host of friends attended to offer their congratulations and good wishes. The Rev. H. Storer Toms, ex-chairman of the London Congregational Union, said that, "as a neighbouring minister, he was glad to testify to the high esteem in which Mr. White was universally held in the town of Enfield. He had done a noble work, and throughout the twenty-five years of his ministry amongst them, had maintained a blameless character."

During the present year, Mr. White has celebrated his silver wedding. At a public meeting in connection with that event, an illuminated address from the church, together with other gifts, was presented to him, and to Mrs. White, who has entered heartily into her husband's manifold labours. The final paragraph of that address, showing, as it does, the esteem of the church for its Pastor after twenty-nine years of service, may appropriately bring this sketch to a close:—

"By your fidelity to the truths of the gospel, your untiring and devoted efforts, your Christian example, your interest in our home-life, and your sympathy with us in all our joys and sorrows, you have won a place in our hearts' deepest affection; and, on this memorable day, on which you complete twenty-five years of happy wedded life, we unite in offering you our sincerest and heartiest congratulations. No words can adequately express our thankfulness to God, and to you, for the inestimable blessings that have attended your ardent and loving ministry. It is impossible to calculate the privileges of a church thus highly favoured.

"We are glad that this day finds you and your dear children in the enjoyment of health and strength, surrounded by a band of faithful friends, and possessing the fullest confidence of a united and peaceful church. Most earnestly do we pray that you may long be spared to go in and out amongst us, and to continue those labours of love which, in the past, have been so signally owned of God, and that He will grant to you and yours, richly to enjoy, every covenant blessing."

H. S. T.

Orthodoxy!

A CONFERENCE ADDRESS BY PASTOR T. HANCOCKS (RAMSGATE).

YOUR attention is requested to the subject of Orthodoxy. "O what a fall was there, my countrymen!" for the word is seldom used among us, although we are not ashamed of it, nor of its meaning.

But what exactly does it mean? Professor Fergusson never tired of saying, "Gentlemen, always look well to your etymology." Good advice ever, but never more so than in dealing with this word. "Orthodoxy" comes from the two Greek words, *ὀρθός* *δόξα*, meaning *right opinion, true thinking*. AND THIS COLLEGE STANDS FOR ORTHODOXY. We believe the Bible to be the Word of God. We read it in its

plain, grammatical meaning. We find therein the mind of Christ concerning us men and our salvation. We hold these "right opinions", we practise this "true thinking"; we, therefore, cleave unto Orthodoxy. For this, the College stands; this is our peculiarity. Charles Lamb once suffered from a bore who treated the company to lengthy harangues upon the peculiarities of great men, concluding with, "I myself have no peculiarities." Lamb saw his chance to apply the closure. "What do you say, sir?" (with his curious stutter) "that you have no p-p-peculiarity?" "Yes, sir!" "Then may I ask with what hand you bl-bl-blow your nose?" "With my right hand, of course." "Ah, then, sir, *that* is your p-p-peculiarity; I bl-bl-blow *mine* with my *handkerchief*!"

Orthodoxy is our peculiarity; and if it be a shame, we are proud of the shame. Its centre and crown is the Cross. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." A mother once rescued her babe from a house in flames at the cost of fearful burns to herself which for life robbed her face of its comeliness, but the babe escaped scatheless. When that babe became a young woman, she was one day walking in the street with a frivolous companion, when the mother chanced to pass on the opposite pavement, and flung her daughter a loving smile. "Whoever is that ugly woman?" To her indelible disgrace, that daughter answered, "Someone I used to know." One's heart grows hot at such incredible meanness; but even greater will be our disgrace if we are ever ashamed of Him who did more for us. Each of us must declare for himself,—

"Upon a Life I did not live,
Upon a Death I did not die;
Another's Life, Another's Death,
I stake my whole Eternity."

And after *that*, to ever cease to be orthodox to the "blood of His cross" is unthinkable. Without offence, but without faltering, we cry,—

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art;
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

Thus we are orthodox, which, as I understand it, means our absolute submission to Christ as Master and Lord, and to His Word, the Bible, as our absolute rule of faith, preaching, and practice. We frankly accept all of it;—what we like, and what we like not; what we understand, and what we understand not. We do not sit in judgment on the Word, but let the Word sit in judgment on us. We use our reason and scholarship only to understand it; and having ascertained its meaning, we both accept the Word and administer it. We are "put in trust" with the gospel, and the chief duty of a steward is to be "found faithful." Thus to all our Lord's Words we say not only "Amen!" which is submission, but "Amen! Hallelujah!" which is joyful acquiescence. This is Orthodoxy; and it has, of course, three divisions. (Whatever should we do without that blessed word "thirdly"?)

I. *Orthodoxy of the HEAD*; or, *the head right with God*. Here, surely, it is imperative to cherish "right opinion," "true thinking." A little laddie, learning his Catechism, was asked, "What is the chief end of man?" and he promptly made reply, "The end that's got the head on!" And he was right. But what is the *standard* of Orthodoxy for the head? Not the dictum of Dr. This, or Professor That, but—

THE BOOK.

In the eighteen hundred manuscripts extant of the New Testament, we possess the very words of Christ and His apostles. Whenever an error of copyist or translator had crept in, fuller scholarship corrected it; till, to-day, the best learning admits the utter genuineness of the New Testament. Then, herein we find Christ's own witness to the Old Testament. Not only in the time of His supposed "limitation of knowledge," when he had "emptied Himself," but also and much more fully after His resurrection, when He had again "all authority" and all knowledge "in heaven and in earth," as recorded in Luke xxiv. 27—53. Christ stayed on earth those forty days to prove, once for all, (1) The Divine origin and Messianic interpretation of all the Old Testament Scriptures, and (2) The Mission to the whole world of His gospel, and His two gospel ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's supper. This Book is the standard for the head, because it is—

INSPIRED.

I personally believe in Verbal Inspiration. Not in every translation, not even in the *Textus Receptus*, not at all in "the mechanical theory," for "the human element" is as evident as the Divine Wisdom; but that holy men from God spake as they were "borne along by the Holy Ghost,"—as a yacht is borne along by the breeze,—so that all they wrote He inspired, and that so completely that, when the manuscript left their pen, it contained every word the Spirit wanted, and none else; it was, therefore, a verbally-inspired Scripture. And it is a mere question of "Introduction" and research to verify our Bible by collation with this original, as stated above. So absolute is this verbal inspiration that a Divine argument is founded on a *letter*: "He saith not, And to seeds as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ." Gal. iii. 16. (r.v.) Only in such inspiration can we find certitude. And here the mind can really rest. It was to be expected that the God of Providence would preserve intact His priceless Book. The Word itself claims that He did so, and the external evidence equals this internal claim, and herein we find our proof of verbal inspiration. And, up to now, no one has made it clear that any other inspiration is possible. How meaning can be inspired apart from the words that express it, is a puzzle.

And the living Spirit still inspires the written Word, so that Paul, when preaching it, claimed verbal inspiration for his sermon: "Which things also we speak, not in *words* which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth." 1 Cor. ii. 13. (r.v.) And this same verbal inspiration we may have;—not to add to Scripture, but to expound it, as we, too, preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven.

THE FORM

of this inspired Word is of moment. Men to-day make light of this, but not so the inspiring Spirit: "Hold fast the *form* of sound words." 2 Tim. i. 13. Why trouble about the "form" if only the life be there? Why preserve the *shell* if only the egg be there? The fact is, if you break the shell, you may lose the egg; and if you break the "form", you may lose the meaning. The Holy Spirit not only inspired the words, but their form or pattern; and there is, therefore, a vital connection. Better err in this direction than its opposite, for the words of Jesus are "spirit and life."

We are "delivered over to that form ('mould') of teaching," as molten metal is poured into a mould to give it shape (Rom. vi. 17. R.V.), and the more completely our life is surrendered to the very Word of the Lord, the more thoroughly shall we be conformed to His image.

Then the Word becomes the test by which we try our thinking, reading, and teaching, and we become expert in wielding the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God. Thus we witness to the finality of the Bible as the only standard of Orthodoxy for the head.

II. *Orthodoxy of the HEART; or, the heart right with God.* The essential ego—our inner self—the heart, must be orthodox, or our orthodoxy is a poor thing.

Before conversion, this evil heart of unbelief was all wrong Godward. Since then, the plague of the heart has been terrible because not wholly right with God. How can the heart become orthodox? Tennyson's cry has found pathetic echo in all of us,—

"Oh that a man may arise in me
That the man that I am may cease to be!"

And here alone is the secret of victory. (1) *Enthroned Christ*. Then He can be the spring of motive, the fount of conduct.

"In your heart enthrone Him,
There let Him subdue,
All that is not holy,
All that is not true."

Then the life will prove the claim that "I am crucified with Christ," and "Christ liveth in me."

(2.) *Live in the Spirit*. Having claimed your part in Calvary, now claim your birthright in Pentecost. Many live in Pentecost historically, but not experimentally. This is heterodoxy of the heart. How many believers have no settled peace and no effective power! Nor will they ever until the Spirit fills the house of their life. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "Be filled with the Spirit." "Walk in the Spirit." Seek your own Pentecost in His indwelling.

And receive Him by naked faith. Ignore feeling. "Ask" (Luke xi. 13). *Accept* (Gal. iii. 14). *Act* (1 Cor. ii. 4). And you will know that the Holy Spirit can do anything except fail the soul that trusts in Him.

This soul is now "a vessel unto honour, sanctified, meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work." This man is now orthodox, with the orthodoxy of both head and heart. But he needs more.

III. *Orthodoxy of the HAND*; or, *the hand right with God*. The hand is the executive organ of the whole life. The head thinks, the heart wills, the hand does! "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he" in being and in doing. Hence the hand, as well as the heart and head, must be right with God. The outflow of the orthodox life will be seen in orthodox conduct. Such a man will give himself supremely to—

SOUL-WINNING.

The Sovereign Lord is always on the side of him who would win souls, and declares that such a man is truly "wise." The Promoted President was always saying wonderful things on the subject. Once he gave this sum in arithmetic. "How long would it take to bring every soul on the planet to Jesus? Suppose there are 10,000 Christians in the world to-day. Thank God there are myriads. And suppose each resolved to bring a soul to Jesus this year. By the end of it, there would be 20,000 saved. Let all repeat this, and next year there would be 40,000. The following year 80,000, one more 160,000, and so on; a school-boy can total it, and tell you that, in twenty brief years, all the dwellers on earth would be reached for Christ." It is a wonderful encouragement for me to seek my one this year! This is the superb sphere for the exercise of orthodoxy.

In this, also, we are very personally—

SERVING CHRIST.

Even in soul-winning our first concern is not to save men, but to serve Christ. Hear this in a parable, and apply it:—

"The wearied Carpenter had gone home. On his bench was the model of a charming temple. Ere his footfalls had died away, his tools exclaimed, 'Let us hold a public meeting.' The first to address them was the *Axe*. 'See, my friends, the work our Master has on hand. Now, the tool he will use most will be the axe. Behold my keen edge and strong handle; I will hew through the hardest wood for him, and I shall be the tool that he will use.' 'Nothing of the kind,' said the *Saw*, who followed. 'Whoever used an axe to cut through timber when he could get a saw? Look at my sharp teeth and smooth blade; I shall be the tool to be used as you will see.' 'But,' interrupted the *Plane*, 'is not our Master's work to make all things beautiful? And did anybody ever use axe or saw for that? Nay, but the plane is the tool wanted, as the Master is sure to prove.'

"Then came a pause. At length, the *Hammer* rose, and they all tittered to think that that thick-headed thing should presume so. 'Yes,' said he, 'I think the Master will use you, but I hope he will not omit me. And I seldom work alone, but usually with the nails. I pray him to use even me.' Then up rose the *Gimlet*. 'What! *you* expect to be used?' cried all the tools. 'I know I can do very little; but I notice that, wherever I go first, it makes it easier for those who follow, easier for the nails and hammer, and, best of all, easier for the Master's arm.' Then who should lift their curly heads but the *Shavings*. 'Why, you are only fit to be trodden under his feet.' 'Quite true; but if in the cold weather we may but

enwrap his feet, we shall indeed be blessed, for there is some service allotted to the axe, and saw, and plane, and also to the hammer, the gimlet, the nails, and even to the shavings.'” Every faithful pastor is a Christ-servant, and even drudgery for Him is divine.

Let us now make an act of—

SUPREME SURRENDER

to Him, for only thus shall we be orthodox in head, heart, and hand, the entire life being right with God. Like F. W. H. Myers’ “Saint Paul,” we cry,—

“Christ! I am Christ’s; and let the Name suffice you,

Ay, for me, too, He greatly hath sufficed:

Lo! with no winning words I would entice you,

Paul has no honour and no friend but Christ.

“Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,

Yes, without stay of father or of son;

Lone on the land, and homeless on the water,

Pass I in patience till the work be done.

“Yet not in solitude if Christ anear me

Waketh Him workers for the great employ;

Oh! not in solitude, if souls that hear me

Catch from my joyaunce the surprise of joy.

“Hearts I have won of sister or of brother,

Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod;

Lo! every heart awaiteth me, another

Friend in the blameless family of God.

“Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through sinning,

He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed:

Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,

Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.”

In Memoriam—Pastor R. J. Williamson, Teddington.

“THE Borderland is very beautiful;”

So ran the message, fraught with wondrous cheer,

From one, who by the River paused to cull

Sweet flowers of hope for those who tarry here.

So beautiful, because so near the place

Where every tear would soon be wiped away,

Where there would be communing “face to face”

With Him who long had been his strength and stay.

Oh, glad exchange of pain for rich reward,

When, with loins girt, light burning, staff in hand,

He heard the gracious summons of his Lord

And crossed the border to the Fatherland,

To find new rapture in his Lord’s employ,

To hear His glad “Well done,” and share His joy!

Kingston-on-Thames.

H. T. LEFEVRE.

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

X.—EVENINGS BY THE SEA.

THE sun is setting, blood red, over the Atlantic, and the tide is making in the Severn estuary. The sky is full of crimson light, the fleecy clouds are rose-colour, and the splendour of the sunset is reflected on water and wood, hill and dale. All through the summer afternoon, the Parrett and the Brue have made their slimy way seaward, flowing low down between their mud banks. Now the resistless tide, bringing in the fulness of the great deep, with wavelets crested white and coloured purple, lifts the rivers to its own level, transforms their banks, bends their currents to its course, and carries opportunity to every wharf up every creek.

Now, too, sails show here and there where the green bank suggests the river's bed. Small craft flock in with the tide, coming gracefully and noiselessly round the bend of the stream, following each other in quick succession, and delightfully mixing images of sea and land. Sails with a background of meadow and a setting of tall rushes! Sails of coarse cloth, transfigured with the wonderful crimson light of the sunset!

It is this colour of the evening—violet on the far horizon, purple on the further waters, lilac on the marsh grass, and rose upon the sea, that suggests so much. Over all it prevails,—brooding, bathing, and blending like a blessing. And the swelling tide, moving with measured rhythm to the simile of the Apocalypse, carries the message of the crimson sky. Wherever the waters go, there is life. Renewal is written upon the river-bed, the mud banks disappear, the higher beach of sand and shell receives both baptism and bequest, while the sea holly and lichens on the foreshore wall are washed with spray.

As we watch the speaking waters, is it any wonder that they suggest the elevating, transforming, prevailing, life-giving influence of the gospel of the grace of God? Is it surprising that the crimson tide becomes a type of the atonement made for sin, and its eager wavelets, every one bathed red, synonyms of the company who declare salvation through the blood of the cross? "The Lord gave the Word: great was the company of those that published it." So the heavens send the light upon the sea, and set the waves in motion, till all the waterways of the wide marsh feel the mighty throb, and are regenerated and replenished.

While yet the ruddy glow lingers in the West, and the waters are still tinged with it, another heavenly influence begins to exert its sway. The full moon ascends from the East, and casts its spell upon the waves. The pearly light goes forth to meet the lingering rose-tint; and together, over the far sea they blend, making, in visions of the imagination, the watery way a track for the feet of the shining ones. We have witnessed these effects of sun and moon in the East, in the West, and in the South. We have seen the waves, at sunrise, as "a sea of glass mingled with fire"; we have watched the tide come in, blood red, from the open sluices of the West; we have stood by

the hour together, and dreamed of many things while the waters lay as a mirror of silver beneath the moon. And this last effect has become associated in our mind with the "great calm" which rested on the Galilean sea when "the wings of the great winds were folded straightway as they crouched to Him." Ay, and on such a night, after such a wondrous tide, as the pearly light of peace fell and rested on the still waters, one might almost fancy that the angel with the everlasting gospel was pronouncing the blessing over sea and land,—“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you all!”

* * * *

But the sea has other moods. Our Lord cried, in the climax of the prayer which preceded His passion, “O *righteous* Father, the world hath not known Thee.” Neither have they known the “great waters” who have only witnessed the gentler disposition of the summer sea. There is no passage of Holy Writ which more fully expresses the tragedy of coast-life than that verse in the 65th Psalm, “By terrible things in righteousness wilt Thou answer us, O God of our salvation.”

We walk again by the Western shore, at sunset, on a wintry day. “Mares’ tails” float in the higher cloudland, with the curls pointing East and the streamers West, saffron-coloured and fantastic, sure omens of the storm. The wind comes in gusts, like the suppressed sobs of a child, ready to break into one long wail at the least provocation. Over the hills travel clouds of copper, with an under side of fire. The sun sets in yellow glare, which quickly turns to thickening stratus, with overlying smoky vapour travelling fast from either flank. The sea becomes grey, and the whole heaven hastes to darken. The wind rises, moaning as an invalid nigh to death; or, anon, screaming as if wrung with a paroxysm of pain. So comes the storm, and all night long the rack goes on; and “Banshees” are abroad, whispering fears in many a wakeful ear. Oh, the sea, on such a night, seems to have no message but wrath, and no voice but pain! Look out on the black waters! Stand near where the great waves wash over the stone wall in clouds of spray! As the eye gets accustomed to the darkness, the crests of the green breakers gleam, and the foam flecks for an instant as it flies afar. In such an hour, as you seek shelter from the strife of the storm, breathe a prayer, deep and long, for them “that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.”

We know an ancient church standing hard by a windswept beach. We have rested among the green hillocks of its graveyard when the sea has basked under the summer’s sun, and the sandhills have glowed like the desert. But we have also worshipped within its walls when the black wings of a great gale have beaten furiously, and the sea front has been drenched with the tide. On one such night, a very aged man read prayers. He had come to the little town by the shore in his youth, and all through the years he had remained. How much of romance, however, might be unravelled from such a homely history! With a quavering, reverential, delicate accent, the ancient vicar repeated the Psalms for the evening, the scanty congregation giving the responses. Great gusts of wind almost drowned

the pastor's voice, and the thunder of the waves kept up a solemn undertone. We were wrought up with a sense of contrast; so what might have seemed very ordinary to most, filled us with emotion. What a haven that house of prayer seemed! There it had stood for centuries, a battlement against which the storms from the Atlantic had beaten in vain; fit type of the Man who is "a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;" fit figure of His Truth against which even the gates of hell shall not prevail. And those sheltered ones,—ah, me! how few, yet how quiet, and embosomed! And the Psalms; so soothing, so appropriate! When, for the matter of that, are they not so? Is there not a Psalm for every circumstance?

Ere we braved the storm without, we were treated to a short homily. Beautifully delivered was this little sermon. The mien of the aged preacher was as serene as though there were no wild waves and winds. It was a brief talk on faith as the essential condition of peace of mind. How easy to apply it to the occasion, and to receive it! But what of those out in the black night, beating their way up channel through rocks and quicksands? Well, one who had known the perils of the sea had long ago written,—

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm."

So we passed out into the night. We had heard of faith in God, and of the haven wherein hope casts her anchor. As we went through the deserted streets, there came to us, as a commentary on our evening's experience, the lines,—

"The storms may roar without me,
My hopes may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?"

* * * *

Again the sun sinks in a yellow sky full of weird wavy cloud. The spring tide, blown in foam, makes wide circles on the far-stretching sand across which it ebbs. Soon the night tide will set in; the waters will thunder on the shingle, and the fishers' black storehouses, clustered so thickly at one end of the beach, will tremble to their fall. The fishermen's church is close by the shore. It is Lord's-day evening. We make one more at the simple service. The men who attend will soon join their smacks for the fishing-grounds of the North Sea. We have always sought these Bethels, and have many a time worshipped with the toilers of the deep,—now in a disused old hulk fitted up for prayer and praise,—not a bad end for any ship,—and again in harbour chapels of great ports, and in stone churches set apart for the fishers. When we think of the hardships of a seafaring life, we may rejoice that so many sanctuaries are scattered round our shores, provided for the special spiritual well-being of our sailors. Nor are the fleets and foreign ports forgotten. Out in the North Sea, floating Bethels dear to the hearts of

hundreds of godly people, attend the smacks; while, from such a great trade centre as Odessa, a friend who loves seamen writes of the earnest services held for British sailors by the consecrated missionary stationed at that port. It is this girdling of the globe with God's gospel of grace which is so encouraging. These Bethels are the light-ships and lighthouses of the Church. And the men they reach make grand saints. There are many such, thank God, in our merchant service, and along our shores! Oh, it is sweet to hear the fishers pray, and to join with these successors of the apostles in the hearty singing of their hymns of praise. Who that has even once heard—

“Our God, our help in ages past,”—

sung in a fishers' church, will ever forget it? Who that joined, as we did that night, during the lull of the ebb tide, in the strain—

“Eternal Father, strong to save,”—

could sing unmoved even to tears?

We know a little sanctuary, set back upon a towering cliff. Often, in years gone by, when the Sunday night was wild, and the wintry wind swept the bare hillside, we could steal in here, and with the few sing psalms and pray. “A shelter in the time of storm,” a quiet resting-place, a peaceable habitation, out of the beaten track! We listened to the wind, and forgot the preacher; but the storm and the shelter were a sermon in themselves.

* * * *

Far out, the spring tide has ebbed, but now, as the sunset tinges the waters, there are signs of flow; and all the dwellers on the rocks and in the pools have an instinct that prepares them for the return of the waters. There is a movement, and a slight buzz, and now and again a crackle. Tens of thousands of minute organisms are waiting for the tide; and it is coming; yes, it is coming their way! Soon the waters will cover the leagues of shore, and the inhabitants of the sand, and rock, and pool that, through the hot hours have waited, will receive a fresh baptism, and be blessed.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XXI.—BY PASTOR D. MACMILLAN, KING'S LANGLEY.

MR. MEDHURST has given us* the reports of two Sermons preached by our ever-beloved President from Matthew i. 21, for which we are greatly indebted to him. In his note at the end of the second discourse, he mentions that Mr. Spurgeon took the same text when preaching at the Tabernacle in 1878. It was my privilege to be present on that Sabbath morning,—September 15. It was only the second time I had heard the great preacher, and the occasion was so impressive to me that I do not think it will ever fade from my memory. I had walked about four miles, and had to stand during the whole service, but I was amply repaid by the rich spiritual feast

* See *The Sword and the Trowel*, September, 1895, and July and August, 1899.

which was prepared for us. The text was so clearly and beautifully opened up, that morning, that it has been to me a specially-precious one ever since, while parts of the Sermon have been many times recalled, with gracious helpfulness, during the intervening years.

Two things I particularly remember; one, that the work of Christ is "to save,"—not merely to show the way of salvation, or to put us into a salvable state, but Himself to be the actual Saviour from sin. The other was that the Name Jesus, though Divinely-appointed, was to be given by man: "*Thou shalt call His name Jesus.*" Mr. Spurgeon pointed out very clearly that only when we for ourselves name Him do we understand and experience what a Saviour He is. I join with Mr. Medhurst in recommending all readers of the *Sword and Trowel* to carefully compare these three discourses from one text, for they help to show what wonderful variety, as well as blessed harmony, there was throughout the whole of the marvellous ministry of our glorified leader.

I should like also to recall another striking Sermon which I heard him preach. It was delivered in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday morning, April 27, 1881, on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society. The historic building was crowded in every part, and what an audience it was! Not only ordinary sermon-hearers, but many representatives of the churches in different parts of the country,—students, looking forward to the glorious work of the ministry,—preachers and pastors, some of them ministering to large congregations,—all animated with intense eagerness and expectancy. Surely it was a great occasion; and by Divine help, the beloved preacher was fully equal to it. The so-called "preliminaries" were neither hurried over, nor delegated to another, for it was ever Mr. Spurgeon's delight to make the whole service one, so the earlier portions of it formed a beautiful and appropriate introduction to the Sermon. From the first moment to the last, we were very sweetly made to realize that we were gathered together before God to hear what He would say to us through His honoured servant.

As was often the case,—shall I say always the case,—the most remarkable thing about the whole service was the prayer. It occupied twenty minutes, but it seemed to be only two or three. Its reverence, its order, its compass, its deep spirituality, were most manifest; and not only were our desires expressed, and blessing sought upon all mission work, but we were brought into conscious communion with God. The gracious savour of that prayer remains to the present moment.

Then came the Sermon from Isaiah li. 2, 3. Well, it can be read, for it is No. 1,596 in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*; but it needed to be heard to know its real power. As we learn from its title, it was intended to be an encouragement for believers, especially in relation to missionary work; and, surely, no one could have listened to it without being inspired to firmer faith in God, and greater zeal for God.

We were reminded that "the first man, from whom sprang that wondrous nation which God hath not even yet cast away, was originally himself an idolater, and had to be called out of his sinful state by

effectual grace. Why, then, might not the Lord, if the cause of truth were this day reduced to its utmost extremity, again raise up a church out of one man? . . . As to anything like discouragement, it ought to vanish at the thought that not only out of your Sunday-schools, your colleges, and your pulpits, can God raise up leaders for His Church, but He can find them in the very centre of heathenism."

Then the preacher reminded us that Abraham was but one man; and he went on boldly to declare, "If we should ever be reduced—as we shall not be,—to one man, yet by one man will God preserve His Church, and work out His great purposes."

Moreover, Abraham was a lone man. "So," said Mr. Spurgeon, "our missionaries, full often, like lone sentinels, keep watch with eyes that long to see a friend; but it is God who calls them alone, and He will bless them, and increase them."

Then we were led on to note the main characteristic of this chosen man. "Here is his epitaph,—'Abraham believed God.' That was a mainspring of all his acts, the glory of his life, 'Abraham believed God;'" and so, still, the men by whom God will work, whatever else they have not, must have faith in Him. The reason why faith is essential to the Christian worker, was beautifully described under several sub-divisions:—

Faith is the only faculty of our spirit which can grasp God's ideal.

Faith, too, has a great power of reception.

Faith always uses the strength that God gives her.

Faith, too, can wait.

Faith gives to God all the glory.

Then, after bidding us note our relationship to that one man, Mr. Spurgeon asked us, in conclusion, to consider our position before Abraham's God. He bade us look away from Abraham, and Abraham's faith, to Abraham's God,—the God who has not changed, whose covenant has not altered, whose words to the patriarch might be inscribed upon the doorposts of the Mission-house:—"In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

Here is the closing word of exhortation:—"Brethren, let us throw ourselves more and more upon our God. If you have any work appointed you of the Lord, and it is within the compass of your strength, shame upon you if you do not perform it at once; but if it be beyond you, herein will God be glorified if you do it by His power. If there remaineth no might, wit, or wisdom in you, if you are deeply conscious of your weakness, you are by this experience made the more fit to be used of the Lord; for when we are weak, then are we strong. If you have confidence in God, all things are possible to him that believeth."

Surely, few if any who heard that truly striking Sermon could have failed to be moved by it to a stronger faith, and a deeper consecration to God's work; and if results such as these be the proof of the value of a discourse, this one should have a very prominent place among the great sermons of the great preachers of this or any other age.

Writers of Hymns in the "Supplement to Our Own Hymn Book."

(Continued from page 499.)

UNDER Hymns on the Holy Scriptures, is a beautifully-simple one by the late Dr. Christian Gottlieb Barth, of Calw. It was written in 1842, and was translated by Dr. H. Mills, of Auburn, New York State, in 1845. It is No. 1,144 in *The Supplement*; and youthful readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* may be interested in knowing that it is a great favourite with Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's son. The first verse is,—

"Upon a hill there stands a tree
Where golden fruit is found;
'Tis meant for every land to see,
It shines for all around."

The father of Dr. Barth was a house-painter at Stuttgart, where the future well-known author was born July 31, 1801. After a pastorate of fourteen years at Mottlingen, he finally settled at Calw, where he died of apoplexy in 1862. In addition to being a composer of hymns, he was distinguished as a writer and preacher to children, a preacher and writer on behalf of missions to the heathen and to the Jews, and as the founder and director of the Calw Tract Society. One of his books, the *Bible History*, reached its 160th edition in 1872. He frequently attended the meetings of the Religious Tract Society in London, and was a member of the English Evangelical Alliance.

It is delightful to know that, in other lands besides our own, and in the century now so near to its close, God has had His faithful servants, who, in the eye of their Master, filled large and important spheres of service, and who laboured diligently in the great work of spreading the gospel and winning souls to Christ. How glorious it will be to meet these dear brethren and sisters, by-and-by, in our Father's house above!

There are probably nearly a hundred thousand hymns in the German language, all more or less full of Christ. We have put translations of as many of these as we could in *The Supplement*; they will be new to many. Paul Gerhardt is perhaps the best-known of these hymn-writers, and therefore we pass from him to others less known and not so distinguished.

Something more than a century ago, a great reputation was achieved by Frederic Gottlieb Klopstock, as the author of the once-popular *Messiah*, which work was published in parts at different periods. It was suggested by his enthusiastic admiration of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Charmed with the former parts of his great poem, the Danish prime minister, Count von Bernstoff, invited him to Copenhagen, to finish the work free from the cares of a profession, and King Frederic V. granted him an income, which he enjoyed from 1751—1770, when he retired to Hamburg on a pension. His hymns are not equal to his great poem, some of them are not simple enough

to make them generally acceptable; but the one numbered 1,259 in *The Supplement* goes far to fulfil the requirements of a good hymn; it is written for the Sabbath, and begins,—

"Lord, remove the veil away;
Let us see Thyself to-day."

Klopstock was the eldest of a family of seventeen children; he was born at Quedlinburg, July 2, 1724, and died at Hamburg, March 14, 1803. He was a Lutheran in doctrine, a truly devout man, high in the favour of princes, and honoured with a public funeral.

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, D.D., approaches nearer to the English style of hymn-writers than most of his Continental predecessors. He was descended from a "Huguenot" family named De l'Hôpital, who settled in Brunswick after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The French name was exchanged for the German Spitel or Spittel, which was modified into Spitta. He was born at Hanover, then under the English crown, August 1, 1801. His mother was a Christian Jewess. Before he was four years of age, his father died; and his mother being unable to bear the expense of a University education for him, he was apprenticed to a watch-maker. In character, he was childlike, gentle, and without ambition; his elder brothers twitted him for his simplicity. But God had designed him for the Christian ministry, so, after the death of a younger brother, means were found to place him in the University of Gottingen. The professors at that time were nearly all of the Rationalistic school; but young Spitta studied his Bible as the Word of God, and clung firmly to his faith in Christ as the Son of God, and to His atoning sacrifice.

He held several pastorates, mostly in Hanover; and at Wittingen he was a kind of rural dean. A fire destroyed part of the town, and Spitta suffered much loss of property. A few months before his death, he removed to Burgdorf, where he peacefully departed this life September 28, 1859. His *Psalter and Harp*, which has been translated by the late R. Massie, Esq., in *Lyra Domestica*, is not so well-known as it deserves to be. No. 1,212 in *The Supplement*, is on Final Perseverance, and is a cento from a longer hymn translated by the late Miss Borthwick. The first verse is,—

"We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour, kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new."

No. 1,234 is a funeral hymn, translated by Mr. Massie,—

"Beside the dark grave standing,
We sow in silent tears,
The seed of incorruption,
The pilgrim full of years."

Spitta's domestic life was a realization of his beautiful hymn,—

"O happy home, O home supremely blest
Where thou, Lord Jesus Christ, art entertained
As the most welcome and beloved guest,
With true devotion and with love unfeigned!"

The second and third verses are exquisitely sweet. (See *Lyra Domestica*, first series, page 81.)

All to small a space can we give to another German hymn-writer, the noble, patriotic, and pious Ernest Maurice Arndt. We have included his hymn (No. 1,189) on Paul's declaration, "I know whom I have believed,"—

"I know in whom I put my trust,
I know what standeth fast,
When all things here dissolve like dust,
Or smoke before the blast;
I know what still endures, how'er
All else may quake and fall;
When lies the prudent man ensnare,
And dreams the wise enthrall."

Born December 26, 1769, in the island of Rugen, Arndt passed through all the trying scenes of the French invasions when Germany was crushed to the earth by the arch-despot, Napoleon I. He was an ardent disciple of the Saviour, and, while deploring the calamities of the German people, he sought to inspire them with hope and confidence. He was much misunderstood and maligned by his enemies, of whom he had many, who were also enemies of the gospel. He was at one time Professor of philosophy at Griefswalde, where, at the age of thirty-six, he married the lady he had loved from his youth. His writings against the French compelled him to flee to Sweden, whence he returned in 1815; and in 1818 he became Professor of history in Bonn University; but in 1820 he was deposed, and passed through much tribulation, until 1840, when Frederic William ascended the throne of Prussia, and he was reinstated. His second wife was a sister of the famous Schleiermacher. After a noble career for freedom and for the truth, he passed away peacefully, on January 29, 1860, in his ninety-first year. His hymn, "Go and dig my grave to-day," was sung at his funeral.

R. SHINDLER.

(To be continued.)

The Spirit of True Service.

BY J. DINNEN GILMORE, DUBLIN.

THERE is great danger of the Christian worker coming to the work in word only; saying things which he does not feel, and which others, therefore, will not feel; uttering truths, it may be, but truths which have never done anything for him, either in enlightening, quickening, or sanctifying him, and which he cannot hope, as they come from his lips, will do anything for others.

The spirit of the worker will go far to determine the issue of his labour. Almost any man who speaks from deep conviction profoundly influences the thoughts and emotions of others. Moral earnestness, intensity of conviction, is a great power for shaping the character and conduct of the world. When a man comes to us,

and assures us out of his very heart that God is good, and makes us feel that he is quite sure of it,—quite sure, too, that we also shall be sure of it before long,—we can hardly fail to be influenced. Very few men can withstand the words of a man in earnest, a man who has the genius of a poet, the holiness of a saint, the prophetic vision of experience, and the inspiration of God.

From the many conditions which might be mentioned, I single out two as absolutely essential in all work for God.

I. HEART-HOLINESS.

This must ever be put in the forefront. To be fit and ready for the Lord's use, personal holiness is indispensable. They must be clean who bear the vessels of the sanctuary. The worker who does not desire "a clean heart and a right spirit" had better leave the ranks.

What have we set up before us as our conception of the life God wants us to live? No man can rise higher than his aim. Nothing can be of greater importance than to form a true ideal. That cannot be a true ideal which makes allowance for what are called "little sins", which excuses its own shortcomings, or seeks refuge in the plea, "We are weak and erring creatures." Nor is that a true ideal which sets up a standard of angelic or Adamic perfection, and expects to attain to a sinless state here in this life. Both of these are untrue, and result in miserable failure and disappointment. From the Word of God alone can we find a true ideal. Dr. McLaren has well said, "Unless we see an ideal far above us, the actual will never approximate towards it." If we are following the right path, and kept on safe lines, we shall never be satisfied with our own attainments. Our standard of practical godliness, our views of holiness, our whole ideal will rise higher and higher. Our standard of the present will be higher than our ideal of the past. It is not the thought of having attained, but the knowledge that he is actually attaining, that encourages the Christian worker. Heart-holiness will only be his who can be described as "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

Following from, and rising naturally out of heart-holiness, there must be,—

II. WHOLE-HEARTEDNESS.

Space will only permit of our mentioning some of the ways in which whole-heartedness will manifest itself. We cannot now dwell upon them.

1. *A whole heart is a heart wholly yielded to God, fully surrendered to the will of God.* Absolute submission to the will of God is a truth which must grasp the heart, and master the life, if we are to manifest whole-heartedness in service.

2. *A whole heart is a heart undivided in its loyalty to Him whom we call Master and Lord.* It denotes the entire surrender of the being to Him, and is fairly expressed in the well-known words of the sweet and gifted songstress, Miss F. R. Havergal,—

"True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful, and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace will we be."

3. *A whole heart is a heart giving forth the fulness and strength of its affections to Him "whom, having not seen, we love."*

4. *A whole heart is a heart wholly obedient.*

5. *A whole heart is true to its Master's honour and interests, and true to the trust committed to it.*

6. *A whole heart is faithful to the quality and thoroughness of the work done.*

To have the spirit of true service, we must live in the perpetual presence of our Master, in the sunshine of His countenance, and seek continually supplies of His Spirit.

Paul's Ministry.

"He preached Christ . . . , that He is the Son of God."—Acts ix. 20.

WHERE Stephen ended, Paul began,
 'Mid beams of light from glory,—
 Each radiant scene rehearsing still
 The same celestial story:
 The proto-martyr yielding up
 His armour, bright with using,
 The ardent convert, called from Heaven,
 The martyr's pathway choosing.

No lengthened period passed between
 These calls to rest, and labour,
 Yet who can doubt but Stephen's prayer
 To God, of holy savour,
 Was answered in that stream of light
 And voice from Heaven descending,
 The persecuting zeal of Saul
 In true repentance ending?

"Behold he prays!" not now the prayer
 Of endless repetition,
 But what his soul ne'er knew before
 Of earnest, true contrition;
 Then, entering on his work, proclaims,
 In full, the Heavenly story,—
 The Christ of God, enthroned on high,
 In resurrection glory.

His spirit caught the reflex bright,
 Above the sun in splendour,
 The rays which, falling on him there,
 Made sure his soul's surrender;
 Earth paled before his vision now,
 In Heaven his home, his treasure;
 To spend, and to be spent for Christ,
 Henceforth his only pleasure.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Pass it On.

ONCE, when I was a schoolboy, going home, I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare; and, that being settled, I thought, in my innocence, that I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when the steward came, and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?"

I told him.

Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

I gave him my hand, and shook his as well as I could.

Then came the explanation,—how that, some years before, some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood. "I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he, pleasantly; "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I.

As soon as I got ashore, I told my father what had happened.

"Ah!" said he, "see how an act of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet anybody who needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to him."

Years had gone by. I had grown up, and quite forgotten it all until, one day, I had gone to the station of one of our main lines, and was just going to take my ticket when I saw a little lad crying,—a thorough gentleman he was,—trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking-clerk.

"What's the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money enough to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I tell the clerk, if he will trust me, I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly there flashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, to-day," I said, "I pass it on to you; and remember, if you meet with anyone who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to him."

"I will, sir, I will," cried the lad, as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

"I am sure you will," I answered.

I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had from him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say, "It is all right, sir; I will pass it on."

We also "pass it on" by copying this charming little story from *The Home and School Visitor*, and we hope all our readers who have had kindness shown to them in their time of need will imitate the good examples here given. But we see in these simple incidents a

great principle which applies also to spiritual things. The lepers in the Syrian camp felt the force of that principle when they had feasted to the full, and then remembered the starving people in Samaria, and they said one to another, "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household." This is the plea that good Bishop Heber urged,—

"Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name."

The same principle comes to us clothed with the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, for almost the last message from Him that is recorded in the Bible is this, "Let him that heareth say, Come;" that is, let him *pass it on*.

"The Puritan" on Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons.

THE September number of *The Puritan*, published by Mr. James Bowden, contains a very remarkable article entitled, "Spurgeon's Sermons.—The Story of their Marvellous Popularity. By Arthur Mee." There are two *facsimiles*, reproduced from the *Autobiography*, and a portrait of Mr. Spurgeon, with nearly four pages of letterpress, commencing thus,—

"It is the veriest commonplace to say that Mr. Spurgeon was the greatest preacher of the century, but it is equally true that the measure of his greatness has not yet been conceived. If greatness is the power to move men's minds, to direct the thoughts and aspirations of a great mass of men, Mr. Spurgeon must have been a much greater man than the world has yet understood him to be. Though he travelled less than many men, he was an international preacher in the truest sense, and there is hardly any corner of the globe which has not, in some way, come under his influence. In the Highlands of Scotland, on the kopjes of South Africa, in the Australian bush, and on the prairies of Canada, Mr. Spurgeon is still a living force. Week by week, in lonely parts of the world, where churches and chapels are things read about in books, little congregations gather together to listen to one of the printed sermons of him who, 'being dead, yet speaketh.' Those are the words chiseled on the marble tomb looking down on the valley of the dead at Norwood, and they remind us, as we gaze upon them, of that uncounted congregation which Mr. Spurgeon never met face to face, but to which he is still preaching now that he lies silent in the grave."

The writer of the article has made a mistake concerning the inscription on the monument at Norwood cemetery, yet the words he mentions are most emphatically true with regard to Mr. Spurgeon.

There is one other paragraph in *The Puritan* which we must quote *in extenso*, although portions of it have been reprinted in various religious and secular papers, for it gives some extraordinary computations and comparisons concerning the beloved preacher's discourses:—

"I have been endeavouring to obtain an idea how many sermons have been printed, but it is an overwhelming task. Nobody knows. How many

roses bloom in a summer? But it is possible to make an approximate estimate, and one or two figures on the subject will probably startle many readers. Something like 100,000,000 have been sold at a penny, and quite double that number have been circulated in newspapers and other ways. It may seem incredible, but I believe it is quite true, that the number of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons sold since 1855 exceeds the number of Bibles circulated since the beginning of the century. When it is borne in mind that the British and Foreign Bible Society print five tons of Bibles every day, it will be understood what this means.

"Assuming that Mr. Spurgeon preached 10,000 sermons to an average audience of 3,000, he would have preached to 30,000,000 people; as a matter of fact, the 2,600 printed sermons were preached to about 20,000,000. But, assuming that each printed sermon has been read by two persons,—much below the mark,—he has reached in this way 600,000,000 people! If all the sermons were the same size as the penny editions, they would cover an area on which every man, woman, and child on the globe, excluding the Chinese, could stand with ease. They could make a paper pathway round the world six feet wide, and the paper on which they are printed would turn the scale at 6,300 tons.

"A million letters in ordinary type would reach a mile, and the sermons circulated represent seven and a quarter million miles of reading. The shelves of the British Museum contain 2,000,000 books, and assuming that they average the size of a popular novel, they have 800,000 miles of reading, which you could read, if you lived long enough, in seventy years. But it would take you six centuries to read through all the printed Spurgeon sermons.

"Such illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely, but one more will suffice. The Methodists are the largest Protestant community in the world, and their 40,000 ministers preach to probably 20,000,000 persons every Sunday. Assuming that each copy of the printed sermons is read by two persons, it would take all the Methodist ministers in the world thirty years to reach, by their Sunday sermons, as vast a congregation as Mr. Spurgeon's."

The whole article is well worth reading, and the Magazine contains other items of special interest to our friends, such as Mr. Meyer's account of "Northfield and its Wonderful Work."

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 have been delighted to receive, from Messrs. Partridge and Co., Part I. of *The New Biblical Guide, an Up-to-date Theological Library for the People*, edited by Rev. JOHN URQUHART. In order to call special attention to *The Guide*, and also to furnish a fair specimen of Mr. Urquhart's method of demolishing the fallacies of the so-called higher critics, we have given an extract in the present number of the Magazine. We earnestly advise all Bible students to master the contents of each six-penny monthly part as it is issued, and

to place the work in the hands of any friends whose minds have been unsettled by the modern troublers of Israel. The frontispiece most appropriately represents David advancing to slay the Philistine who defied the armies of the living God.

From Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling, we have received three six-penny packets of *Stradbroke Tracts*, by BISHOP RYLE, all of which are characterized by the distinct Evangelical teaching which has been the prominent feature of his long ministry.

Mr. W. STANLEY MARTIN, author of *Some Famous Bonfires*, has issued, at a penny, *A Little Catechism for Little Protestants*, which ought to be scattered by millions. Mr. Martin says that "the key of the position in the present Protestant agitation is to get the children for Protestantism," and his Catechism will certainly help both to get them and to keep them. Twelve copies can be obtained, post free, for a shilling; or 100 for 6s. 6d., from 50, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

The Clergy and the Prayer Book.
Sands and Co.

THIS anonymous book is a plausible plea for the Prayer-book to be so revised, as to make the Church of England a refuge for light and darkness, Bible-teaching and superstition; and for these to live in peace together, — a pitifully sad ideal. But sadder still is the fact that never once, in the whole discussion, is the Bible appealed to; it is the Prayer-book first, last, middle, all-in-all. When will the Church of England learn to go "to the law and to the testimony"? When it becomes a spiritual Institution, and then it will cease to be a political Establishment. The Lord hasten that day!

The Crisis in the Church of England.
By Rev. N. DIMOCK, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THE title led us to believe that this was a trenchant pamphlet in defence of Scriptural truth against the Romanizing conspirators in the Church of England. But it is not. It is a well-intentioned but utterly-mistaken attempt to discourage extreme superstition, but to allow some measure of Sacerdotalism.

The paragraphs as to "the sacraments" we think particularly mischievous; the fear of "the memorial feast and that alone," driving our author to a compromise with sacrificing priests. Why will not these men, who profess to follow Jesus as the only Teacher, ask, not what the Prayer-book teaches, but what saith the Scripture? There is no need to

spend threepence in order to learn how to walk on both sides of the way,—the Evangelical and the Ritualistic,—at the same time.

"*This Do.*" *A Booklet on the Holy Communion.* By Rev. T. G. STOKES, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THE same criticism applies to this learned little treatise as to the previous pamphlet. In many points excellent, and yet hinting that the literal bread and wine are something more than bread and wine after being touched by the ministrant. This is the egg out of which the whole brood of vile Papist errors is hatched, and we have no love for it at all.

The Scriptural Limitations of the Friends' Doctrine of the Sacraments.
By WM. TALLACK. Headley Bros.

THIS pamphlet is, from some points of view, one of the most remarkable that has been published for many years. Written originally as a paper in *The Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, it has been reprinted, and published at twopence a copy, in order to secure for it a large circulation. It is a calm, loving, but most convincing plea in favour of absolute liberty as to observing the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's supper. Hitherto, our friends the Quakers have rigidly ignored these two symbolic services; but herein it is pleaded that they have impoverished their own spiritual life, and weakened their witness before the world.

We are deeply grateful to Mr. Tallack for his brave championship of liberty, and his powerful appeal not to be afraid to change, if change means coming nearer to "the mind of Christ." Prayerfully read and pondered, we have confidence that it will induce many to examine whether they have not robbed themselves of much blessing in their slighting of these precious ordinances of the Lord.

Meditations for Quiet Moments. By Rev. J. H. JOWETT, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A DELIGHTFUL little book of devotion. Fresh as a mountain spring,

exhilarating as a sea-breeze. Each paper fixes home one thought upon the mind; but does it in so characteristic and unique a fashion, that it becomes a revelation, and it abides. Keen-eyed preachers and other Christian workers could find many a topic for an address, hints and outlines that might grow and expand into a compact discourse. We are rejoiced to find so loyal a champion of Evangelical truth as this gifted and gracious successor to Dr. Dale. There is the fragrance of deep love to the living Saviour in these pages.

A Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D. Vol. II. T. and T. Clark.

THIS monumental and up-to-date work is a vast repertory of multifarious information on things small, as well as great, that concern the Language, Literature, Contents, and Theology of Sacred Scripture. Our attention has been chiefly directed to the massive articles on the great topics within the limited alphabetical range of the present volume. The reader, however, will find the dust measured, as well as the hills and the mountains weighed, for this work deals with the smallest details of its great theme.

To us, the disappointing feature is the concessions made, in these pages, to the higher critical spirit, and, especially, in some of the more important contributions. This applies particularly to the articles on "The Flood", "Israel", "Genesis", and "The Hexateuch"; and also to those on the Books of Jonah and Job. The article on Isaiah is open to the like stricture, though in a lesser degree. How seriously this must affect the reader's confidence in the very words of Holy Writ, is a matter of grave consequence; the more so that the destructive capacity of the critical fan is but doubtfully defined, and, as a rule, is prone to clear out supernatural events to make room for prosaic explanations. Thus, pestilence is the scourge that eliminates Sennacherib's army, and *the Flood* is but a later variant of one of the flood legends of other peoples.

But while we deprecate the higher

critical elements in this volume, and believe that their grounds cannot endure, we are not blind to the substantial worth of much of the contents. The critique on the Epistle to the Galatians is certainly lacking in intensive Evangelical grasp, but that on the Epistle to the Hebrews is, on the whole, excellent. Special mention should also be made of the contributions on "God", both of which are elaborate, and contain much valuable matter; also of the voluminous treatise on "Jesus Christ", and the able disquisitions on the "Gospel" and "Epistles" of John.

Whispers from the Unseen. By Rev. E. S. WALWYN. Elliot Stock.

BRIEF, suggestive talks on matters doctrinal, experimental, and practical. Some of the quotations are very beautiful, and the author's remarks thereon are always pointed and pungent. The earnest Christian will find here much that is enjoyable and stimulating.

After Death. By F. W. PITT. Partridge and Co.

A NEW and revised edition, published at ninepence, of a very trenchant pamphlet. It riddles, as with a Gatling gun, the poor sophistries both of the Annihilationist and the believer in Universal Restoration; and shows the Scripture teaching as to rewards and punishments to be free from both these errors. A capital little *brochure*, deserves to be largely distributed.

The Ways of God with Man. By W. M. SIBTHORPE. Elliot Stock.

AN endeavour to pack into a small volume the whole universe of theology, and with the result that all is very general, and the surface is only very thinly covered.

There is little or nothing to which to take exception, but there is little or nothing that is not painfully familiar and commonplace. Of such books there is an abundance already, and we fear neither author nor reader will be much profited by this addition to their number.

Little Tapers. A Day-book of Verses.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE. Religious Tract Society.

WE always welcome the proverbial sayings and poetical suggestiveness of this well-known writer. Some of the proverbs in his new shilling booklet seem to us good enough to appear with dear "John Ploughman's" on the Sheet Almanack for 1900, and the following quotation will give a sample of the sweetness and light which the author's "little tapers" shed:—

"True Gifts are tied with Heart-strings.

"What can I spare?' we say:

'Ah! this and this

From mine array

I am not like to miss:

And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one:

They do but grow a cumbrance on my shelf:—

And yet, one reads, our Father gave His Son,

Our Master gave Himself."

The Heavenly Bridegroom. A Poem.

By R. THOMSON. Elliot Stock.

AN oasis of true poetry amid the arid wilderness of mere versifying that comes from the press to-day. Mr. Thomson is a seer. Lofty truth perceived, and then stated in beautiful and glowing language, is the essence of this small volume. Whether or not there is a public market for this kind of ware, or if it will yield any pecuniary profit or not, will matter little to the man who *must* sing; and that is Mr. Thomson's case. We can only hope his poem will be appreciated as it deserves to be; then he will reap substantial reward.

Twilight to Dawn: and other Poems.

By LEWIS LONGFIELD. T. Weston, 53, Paternoster Row.

WHOEVER our author is, he has the true lyric gift. These are real poems: strong in thought and fancy, lovely in diction. Behind the singer's talents there is the believer's worshipful love, and this gives to his songs the sweetest tone of all. Two of the shorter lyrics are worth the price asked for the whole volume, and we shall be surprised if they do not become well-known. They are entitled "A Child's

Faith," and "Thou wilt Provide." It is a genuine pleasure to come across such poetry, and sincerely to commend it to our readers.

In the Twilight. First Series. By RUTH LAMB. Religious Tract Society.

THESE sweet, gracious talks to girls, which originally appeared in *The Girl's Own Paper*, were worthy of being preserved in book form. They are full of loving wisdom; coming from the heart, they go direct to the heart. Exactly the book to give to our growing daughters who will soon be women. Saturated with sane piety and practical godliness, they cannot fail to help all who read them to reach a higher and nobler character, and, peradventure, to attain the true Christian life. We trust they will do so in many cases.

Our Lord's Illustrations. By Rev. R. RESKER. T. and T. Clark.

AN admirable idea, capitally worked out. Here, for sixpence, one can get the pictorial teaching of the Lord Jesus classified and explained. The many references of the Prince of preachers to incidents, customs, and proverbs of Oriental life gave vigour and charm to His preaching; and to follow in His steps, in this respect, is to share some of His power. We warmly commend this excellent little primer to all preachers and teachers. It is packed with fertile hints and seed thoughts.

Wanderings East and West. By Rev. E. BARTRUM, D.D. Partridge and Co.

A CLERGYMAN, having to travel with a relative to Canada and British Columbia, thought that the best way to return home was to visit his friends in Japan, and to come back *via* Ceylon, Aden, Egypt, and Italy. In this half-crown volume, he describes, in a pleasant, chatty fashion, the various places of interest at which he stayed, and the people with whom he was brought into contact during his nine months' tour. It must have given him quite a new store of information to convey to his congregation at Wakes Colne, Essex.

The Story of the Religious Tract Society for One Hundred Years. By S. G. GREEN, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

IN this very unpretentious but charming volume, Dr. Green has not only done his loved Society an invaluable service, but he has conferred a great favour on the universal Church of Christ. The whole story reads like a romance; and when the end of the book is reached, one gratefully says, "What hath God wrought!" The severest compression has been exercised in the statement of facts, but the facts themselves are so eloquent that the record is full of profound interest and delight. We can only wish that the volume may be universally read and prayerfully pondered, and the result must be increased love for this noble Society, and renewed support of its splendid work.

At the Eleventh Hour. By DAVID LYALL. Isbister and Co.

ANOTHER Scottish story by the lady (or gentleman) who uses the *nom de plume*, "David Lyall." It is a tale of love and hatred, though the hatred predominates until "the eleventh hour," when the story ends in the orthodox fashion. The volume is characterized by all the charms which

we have learned to expect from "David Lyall's" pen; and we must honestly add, by the carelessness as to details which that fascinating writer so often manifests. We wonder that, in the transition from the serial to book form, some glaring mistakes were not corrected, such as locating Bromley Common, a rural district in Kent, at the East End of London, and altering, in chapter XIX, a period of weeks into "the last few months."

The Story of George Fox, and some early Friends. By F. A. BUDGE. Headley Brothers.

THIS is a fascinating little biography of a giant Christian, whose history is too little known in these days. The name and work of George Fox are high in the records of Heaven, but we fear they are greatly overlooked in the Church on earth. We earnestly hope that this charming life-story may have the widest reading among all denominations.

The materials were good, but the weaving of them together has been so finely done that even their intrinsic attractions have been greatly enhanced, and the man George Fox is made to live vividly before us. It is an inspiring story of an inspired man.

Notes.

The following cheering letter explains itself:—

"Dear Mr. Editor,

"May I add a brief note to Mr. Latimer's account of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon on the leper, which appeared in the *Sword and Trowel* for July? It will just cast a side-light which will flash into sparkling brightness another facet of the cut and polished diamond of the beloved Pastor's character.

"We were two girls, one from Cornwall, and the other from 'Old Wild Wales,' who spent our holidays in London, in order, for a little time, to be able to sit at the great preacher's feet. On the Sunday morning Mr. Latimer speaks of, after the service, we were in the passage at the back of the lower platform, talking, when Mr. Spurgeon and one of his deacons came down the stairs from his vestry. The deacon turned to go through the Tabernacle, but the Pastor said, 'Stop a minute; I must speak to these dear girls;' and he then came

towards us, with hands outstretched, giving one to each; and as his right hand clasped mine, he looked into my face, and with a voice filled with intense longing said, 'I do hope someone will be saved by the Sermon this morning.' I felt as if it would be sacrilege to doubt it, so I replied, 'I am sure there will, Mr. Spurgeon;' and my answer seemed a comfort to him.

"Further words of mine would only spoil the picture, but I must just tell you this; in addition to the poor girl mentioned by Mr. Latimer, I know of a lady, a very dear friend of mine, and a young man, who will be, through that Sermon, gems in Mr. Spurgeon's crown of rejoicing."

In the fifty-ninth Annual Report of THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY, just issued, two quotations are given from Mr. Spurgeon's last Conference Address, *The Greatest Fight in the World*, to show how heartily he contended for the principle which this Society has long advocated, viz., that the Word of God, without addition or

omission, should be circulated throughout the whole world. Pages 7 and 8 of the Report contain a brief statement of facts which ought to be known by all the members of our denomination, and it would be well for other Christians also to be made aware of them, in order to understand the significance and importance of the protest which the Society is obliged to continue until the need for it no longer exists. Our younger ministers, especially, should make themselves and their people fully acquainted with the controversy, so as to exert all their influence in helping to settle it in the right way. The report and other information can be obtained of the Secretary of the Bible Translation Society, 19, Furnival Street, Holborn, London.

On *Wednesday evening, September 6*, the monthly meeting of THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the College Conference Hall. Pastor W. J. Mayers provided the whole programme, which consisted of sacred songs interspersed by appropriate remarks. The large audience greatly appreciated the proceedings, and several pledges were taken.

Special notice.—The annual meeting of the Society will (D.V.) be held in the Tabernacle Lower Hall, on *Wednesday evening, October 11*. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is to preside, and there are to be addresses by Canon Leigh, Pastor W. Stott, and other speakers, and singing by the Vernon Chapel choir. Non-abstainers as well as abstainers are heartily invited to be present.

On *Wednesday afternoon and evening, September 20*, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon celebrated his forty-third birthday at the Tabernacle Lower Hall by a reception which served the double purpose of enabling the members of his church and congregation to welcome him after his holiday, and to present to him thankofferings for the Lord's work under his charge. The Treasurer, Mr. Thomas H. Olney, generously headed the list, as he did last year, with £250; and Mr. W. Higgs kept up his good custom of making the pounds correspond with the years by presenting £43. A large number of smaller contributions followed; and, by the end of the day, the total had reached £647 19s. 3d. No doubt, other amounts will be received before the list is closed; but even this large sum could not have been given without considerable self-denial, and the exercise of that spirit of liberality for which the friends at the Tabernacle have long been noted.

Last year's total, £735 3s., was quite exceptional for these birthday celebrations, and those who helped to make up that amount may like to know that it was divided amongst the following institutions:—The Tabernacle Church General Fund, Church Poor Fund, Pastors' College,

Stockwell Orphanage, Colportage Association, Irish Mission, Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund, and various Mission-halls and Sunday-schools.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's birthday commemoration at Greenwich was held on *Thursday, September 21*,—just too late for us to include an account of it in the present Magazine.

COLLEGE.—Two more students have completed their course of study, and gone forth to the ministry of the Word. Mr. A. Waugh has taken charge of the church at Abbey Road, Belvedere, Kent, of which he has been student-pastor since January. Mr. R. L. Craig is about to sail for the United States, in the hope that he will there be guided to the right sphere of service. He was for three years at St. Andrew's University before coming to the Pastors' College, and is worthy of any help that our brethren and friends across the Atlantic can render to him.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. F. Burnett, from Fakenham, to Camberley, Surrey; Mr. T. N. Smith, from Tetbury, to Grafton Street, Northampton; and Mr. J. Glover, from Toowoomba, to Rosewood, Queensland. Mr. C. S. Rose, of Coggeshall, expects shortly to sail for Charters Towers, Queensland.

In memoriam.—Yet another member of our College brotherhood—*Pastor R. J. Williamson*, of Teddington,—received the home-call on September 2. His sufferings have been truly terrible, several amputations, one after another, having been vainly tried in the hope of saving his life; but all his afflictions have been borne, not merely with patience, but with a saintly serenity quite out of the common order of things. A friend has written some lines upon his dying message to his sorrowing people,—“The Borderland is very beautiful;” and we have inserted them in the present Magazine with earnest prayer for the bereaved relatives and church. They have truly lost one who was no ordinary man.

ORPHANAGE.—The next collectors' meeting will (D.V.) be held on *Wednesday, November 8*, when W. Vinson, Esq., of Orpington, is expected to preside, and there will be the usual interesting programme.

COLPORTAGE.—During recent months, the Committee have had under careful consideration a revision of the Constitution of the Association. Their endeavour has been, while adhering absolutely to the original aims of the beloved Founder, to provide for enlarging the scope of the work, and securing an extended interest in it. It may be mentioned that one detail of the Revised Constitution is the provision for four Vice-Presidents of the Association;

and we hope, next month, to be able to announce the names of the four influential gentlemen who have accepted invitations to occupy that position. Perhaps, however, the most important feature of the revision is the formation of a distinct Personal Membership of the Association, open to ladies or gentlemen, interested in Colportage work, who subscribe not less than £5 per annum to its General Funds. Such members will have the privilege of voting at the Annual Members' Meeting; they will be entitled to the regular receipt of literature reporting the progress of the service, and will be invited twice in each year to assemble in social gatherings under the auspices of the Association. These friends will thus become shareholders in the good work, and it is hoped that the result

will be such an addition to the funds as will guarantee a more stable and settled income, and enable the operations of this useful agency to be materially extended. We feel assured that many admirers of the dear Founder, in all Evangelical denominations, will decide to have their names enrolled in the list of membership, and thus secure a personal relationship with the Association, which will make its work their own, and lead to prayerful interest and active influence on its behalf. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Lower Hall, August 31, four; at Haddon Hall, August 31, four.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Amount previously acknowledged ...	15,762 15 9	Mrs. Armitage, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10 0 0
Mr. W. A. Weightman ...	2 2 0	Amounts under £1 ...	4 15 0
The Misses Ellis ...	2 0 0	Collected by Miss C. Higgs:—	
Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E. (5th don., making total of 100 guineas) ...	26 5 0	C. H. ...	5 0 0
Mr. J. Harvey ...	25 0 0	A friend ...	2 2 0
Mr. G. Gregory ...	10 0 0	M. R. T. ...	5 0 0
Baptist Tabernacle Church, Grimsby, per Pastor H. Spendelow ...	9 8 0	Mrs. Chart ...	5 0 0
Rev. J. Gilbert Powell ...	1 0 0	R. T. ...	1 1 0
"A Friend," F., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	10 0 0	F. Moser ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Jefferies ...	1 1 0	Mr. Stotesbury ...	0 1 0
Mr. A. Stewart ...	1 0 0		19 4 0
Mr. George H. Humphries, Natal ...	1 16 0	Collecting Boxes:—	
Mrs. M. F. Smith, Java ...	9 0 0	Mr. B. Flint ...	0 17 8
Dutch friends, per Pastor E. Baker, Capetown ...	2 11 6	Miss Weeks ...	0 3 2
			£15,892 13 7

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. A. H. West ...	0 5 0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff ...	0 2 6
Miss A. Bidewell ...	1 0 0	Collection at Claremont Baptist Chapel, Bolton, per Pastor C. Cole ...	5 4 0
Mr. W. Pitcher ...	1 1 0	Mrs. Armitage, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	10 0 0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson ...	2 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—	
Mr. J. E. Miller ...	0 1 0	Aug. 20 ...	2 0 6
Mrs. G. P. ...	1 0 0	" 27 ...	1 8 9
Mr. Johnson, "Buck's Legacy" ...	6 10 0	Sept. 3 ...	1 17 5
Baptist Tabernacle Church, Grimsby, per Pastor H. Spendelow ...	3 8 0	" 10 ...	1 3 1
"A Friend," F., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	4 0 0		6 9 9
Pastor W. Holyoak ...	0 8 0		£45 4 3
Collection at Wyldcliffe Chapel, Reading, per Pastor A. Bax ...	4 0 0		

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. McS. ...	0 6 0	Mrs. Hockey's Bible-class, Bexhill-on-Sea ...	2 0 0
Dr. T. G. Churocher ...	2 2 0		

"For Christ's sake" ...	£ s. d.	Mrs. Knowlden ...	£ s. d.
Collecting Boxes:—	0 5 0	...	0 12 11
Miss Perkins ...	0 3 0		
Mrs. Carter ...	0 7 6		£5 16 5

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1899.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Banbury ...	1 0 0	Master Frank Miller ...	0 2 6
Mrs. Chas. Walter ...	10 0 0	Mr. J. H. Earnshaw ...	0 5 0
Mr. J. Goodchild ...	1 0 0	Mr. W. G. Anesley ...	0 5 0
Mr. D. Boyd ...	1 0 0	Sandwich, per Bankers ...	2 2 0
X., Carlisle ...	1 0 0	Mr. W. Marchant ...	0 5 0
Zeta ...	0 5 0	Collected by Miss Green ...	0 5 7
Collected by Mrs. Halsey ...	0 15 6	Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> , per the Editor ...	12 6 9
Mr. T. H. Howell, J.C. ...	5 0 0	Miss Hine ...	1 0 0
Miss Carveley ...	0 10 0	J. B. C. ...	1 0 0
Miss C. Dumas ...	0 10 0	Rev. T. Currie, M.A. ...	0 10 0
Teachers and scholars, St. John's Green Sunday-school, Colchester ...	1 0 0	Mr. James Thomson ...	0 5 0
Mrs. M. Penning ...	0 5 0	Per Mrs. James Withers:—	
Mr. F. Flanders ...	1 0 0	Mr. M. J. Sutton ...	3 3 0
R. B. ...	0 3 0	Mr. Leonard Sutton ...	3 3 0
Mr. J. Black ...	0 10 0	Mr. J. H. Fuller ...	2 2 0
Mr. W. Squibb ...	0 15 0	Mrs. Cox ...	0 2 6
Mr. Hartswell ...	0 2 0	Mrs. Deane ...	0 2 6
Mr. W. Baldwin ...	0 5 0	Mrs. J. Davis ...	0 2 6
Mr. W. Tingey ...	2 2 0		8 15 6
Mrs. M. A. Chapman ...	0 10 0	Hirst Sunday-school class, per Mr. William Andrew ...	0 5 0
A friend ...	0 3 0	Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne ...	0 17 0
J. K. ...	2 10 0	Harvest thanksgiving service, Stowupland Congregational Church, per Mr. T. E. Carter ...	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker ...	0 10 6	Cædmon ...	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. G. W. Skeet ...	0 14 0	Anon., Kingston Blount ...	0 2 6
Mr. R. J. Mulvey ...	0 10 0	Mr. W. Webber, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	0 7 6
Mr. H. E. Leader ...	2 2 0	Miss Winnie Drew, per Miss Ricketts ...	0 1 0
Miss B. Mannering ...	0 5 0	O. R., Chatham ...	0 4 0
Mrs. Duckenfield ...	0 10 0	J. C. M. ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Curtis ...	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. C. Hill ...	0 5 4
Mr. A. Waite ...	0 2 6	Mrs. R. J. Thorne ...	1 0 0
Mr. G. H. Baker ...	1 0 0	E. W. F. ...	0 5 0
Mr. E. Chitty ...	2 2 0	Royal Engineers' Charitable Fund, per Mr. T. W. Pearson ...	10 0 0
Stamps, Newark ...	0 5 0	Mrs. I. Maden ...	0 10 0
Mr. H. Miller ...	5 0 0	Mr. D. Todd ...	0 2 0
Mrs. Patterson ...	0 5 6	Stamps, Newcastle ...	0 4 0
Miss Rose ...	0 10 0	R. B. ...	0 3 0
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens ...	7 4 6	The late Mrs. Thirza Haynes, per F. J. C. ...	500 0 0
The Misses L. and C. Roberts ...	1 1 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Eliza Harper ...	25 0 0
Postal order, St. George's, Canterbury ...	0 5 0	Mr. F. Flanders ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Anderson ...	0 5 0	Sir Penrose Julyan ...	2 2 0
Mrs. Southernwood ...	0 5 0	B. S. J. ...	0 5 0
Mr. Joseph Harvey ...	25 0 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
Mrs. S. A. Rose ...	0 2 6	"A Friend," F. ...	4 0 0
Mrs. Pickering ...	0 5 0	Mrs. Armitage ...	10 0 0
Mrs. Whatley ...	0 5 0	Mrs. Pool ...	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. Holder ...	1 0 6	Mrs. Ewart ...	1 1 0
Mrs. G. P. ...	1 0 0		16 2 0
Mrs. Reed ...	3 0 0	Orphan Boys' cards, as per list... ..	67 16 10
L. B. ...	0 5 0	Orphan Girls' cards, as per list... ..	46 5 9
Mr. J. E. Ferraton ...	2 0 0		£795 2 9
Miss L. M. Pittman ...	1 1 0		
Mr. James Wilson... ..	0 10 0		
Mr. E. Johnstone ...	0 10 0		
Mr. W. Moase ...	0 10 6		
Collected by Mrs. C. Cole ...	1 1 0		
Lord and Messrs. de Rothschild ...	2 2 0		
Mrs. M. D. Macleay ...	1 0 0		

*Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—*Adams, R., 2s 6d; Bothamley, J., 2s; Boots, F. S., 8s; Barton, C., £1 1s; Burgess, J., 2s 6d; Bartlett, C., 5s 6d; Bray, S., 2s; Beazley, H., 11s; Butler, L., 1s 6d; Barnard, P. J., 4s 3d; Blakeley, F., £1 1s; Balderston, L., 10s 9d; Burleton, H. A., 3s; Bingham, A., 3s 8d; Bann, F., 5s; Boddy, W., 9s 4d; Box, J., 11s; Baggaley, J. H., 14s; Bond, W. J., 1s 1d; Barnett, R., 5s; Barrett, F. P., £1 8s 3d; Beauchamp, J., 2s 6d; Bradley, F., 9s; Boulter, E., 8s 6d; Brand, A., £1 3s; Baker, G., 3s; Coombs, A., 14s; Cracknell, E., 7s 8d; Cattle, J., 17s; Cooper, B., 2s 6d; Cook, E. L., 5s; Cross, W. D., 3s 4d; Chapman, D., £1 1s; Curtis, J., £1 1s; Channer, F., 6s 6d; Challis, E., 7s 7d; Clayton, T., 8s; Creese, B., 10s; Chapman, G., 8d; Davies, W., 3s 9d;

Darby, R., 3s 6d; Durrant, H., 7s 6d; Daniels, M., 5s; Day, W. T., 3s; Davis, T., 3s; Doel, B., 11s 6d; Dyke, W., 2s; Edwards, C., 8s; French, S., 9s 3d; Farrell, W., 1s 3d; Fuller, W. J., 11s 6d; Gallop, C., 5s; Golds, W. H., 14s 10d; Goodyear, P., 2s 6d; Garton, F., 13s; Horton, G., 11s 1d; Heritage, W., 8s 6d; Hunt, E., 18s 6d; Huggett, F., 10s; Holland, A., 2s; Hards, P., 5s 9d; Harris, F., 3s 9d; Hollobone, H., 1s 6d; Haselden, W., 3s; Hayee, H., 12s 9d; Harries, R., 11s 6d; Harris, H., 11s 1d; Howe, B., 1s; Haddock, B., 16s 6d; Jifkins, W., 6s; Jago, S., 6s 9d; Jones, T., 10s; Kirkpatrick, W., 11s 1d; Kirby, M., 13s; Kimber, J. R., 17s; King, F., 5s; Kimber, T. H., 11s 2s; Lindars, A., 1s; Locke, S. A., 9s; Levi, V., 4s 3d; Lock, T., 8s 6d; Lowe, H., 8s 3d; Marshall, W., 10s 1d; Milligan, J., 11s 1d; Myerson, H., 11s 1d; Madder, F., 1s 10d; McMechan, O., 4s 6d; Martin, C., 10s 1d; Noble, A., 7s 3d; Noakes, G., 4s 3d; Platt, A., 2s; Preston, V., 11s 1d; Pearce, T., 11s 9d; Pearce, L., 11s 9d; Pateman, R., 8s 5d; Patient, T., 3s; Pepler, L., 5s 6d; Peters, G., 4s; Pile, C., 3s; Page, J., 11s 1d; Partridge, G., 7s 3d; Pritchard, D., 3s; Price, L., 11s 1d; Rogers, H., 7s; Robinson, H., 4s 6d; Rooksby, J. W., 3s; Rooke, B., 10s; Robins, A. O., 12s 2d; Smith, W. A., 11s 1d; Swain, F., 11s 1d; Saville, R., 15s 6d; Shurley, E., 15s; Smith, J. W., 2s 4d; Shaw, W., 1s 6d; Sheath, F., 5s; Smart, B., 10s; Stradwick, F., 3s 3d; Swan, A., 10s; Slade, B., 12s; Sharp, L., 11s 4s; Sambels, V., 1s 4d; Stannard, P., 10s; Sankey, P., 5s 8d; Stark, C., 4s 9d; Talbot, H. E., 7s; Temple, A., 3s; Trim, A., 11s 2s 2d; Tarrant, H., 17s 3d; Talkington, C., 2s; Tansley, H., 14s; Utton, A. J., 4s 3d; Upton, W., 9s 9d; Vercoe, H. G., 8s 1d; Veats, S., 2s; Viney, P., 5s; Voysey, E., 11s 1d; Wyatt, E. F., 4s 8d; Warburton, C., 2s 6d; Whybrew, H., 1s 2d; Williamson, A., 6s; Willmott, J., 4s 3d; Witney, T., 10s; Wyatt, A., 3s 6d; Whitfield, J., 3s 2d; Williams, T., 1s 2d; Williams, E., 10s 9d; Wakeling, H., 3s 6d; Walker, T., 7s 6d; Wheeler, H., 1s 6d; Willmore, H., 1s; Williams, A., 17s 6d; Weston, H., 4s; Wallis, B., 9s 3d; Watson, J., 16s 6d; Warner, S., 10s; Whately, T., 2s 4d.—Total, £67 16s. 10d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Ayres, E., 5s; Atkins, F., 5s; Addis, E., 6s 3d; Ayling, A. 1s; Atfield, F., 7s; Atkins, M., 12s; Boxall, S., 2s 6d; Brooking, F., 11s 6d; Bradford, E., 10d; Bishop, L., 6s; Birch, A., 7s 9d; Brant, V., 1s 6d; Burroughes, E., 4s 4d; Birch, K., 1s 4d; Buhicrsoan, U., 7s; Brookes, L., 1s; Baker, G., 14s; Bennett, N., 3s 7d; Corke, H., 6s; Colquhoun, L., 2s 1d; Cole, A. E., 3s 7d; Choat, R., 9s 8d; Cobb, L., 2s 6d; Civil, E., 11s 3d; Clark, W., 14s; Coombs, I. L., 6s 6d; Cole, C., 11s 6d; Crispin, M., 7s 4d; Davies, G., 10s 2d; Davidson, A., 2s 6d; Dines, E., 13s 6d; Day, N., 2s; Dault, H., 1s; Dennis, M., 4s; Dixon, C., 9s 3d; Ensom, E., 8s 6d; Evans, N., 11s 1d; Ebdon, M., 4s 8d; Francis, K., 2s 3d; Fernley, O., 2s 6d; Finch, D., 7s 5d; Fielding, B., 3s; Figgins, E. P., 10s; Fields, A., 6d; Friend, M., 17s 6d; Gater, E., 10s 6d; Geldart, C., 3s 1d; Gouyn, E., 4s 1d; Gouyn, M., 4s 1d; Greey, I., 2s 11d; Grover, K., 5s; Gearing, B., 6d; Gosling, E., 2s 6d; Gibson, B., 1s 11d; Haylock, F., 9s 2d; Hall, F., 3s; Hazelton, D., 11s 1s; Harper, A., 1s 3d; Hicks, E., 1s; Holland, A., 5s 6d; Halls, M., 14s; Horwood, S., 6d; Heagerty, K., 5s; Hull, D., 15s 6d; Jervis, A., 6s 1d; Jefferies, L., 6s 1d; Jones, D., 11s 1s; Jones, R., 11s 1s; Kendall, E., 11s 1s; Lockett, F., 18s; Lacey, M., 4s; Low, E., 3s 10d; Milligan, E., 11s 1s; McCarthy, L., 4s 2d; Munday, J., 2s 7d; Mudge, M. A., 5s; Myers, F., 1s; Marlow, B., 6s; Montford, F., 1s 2d; Mohan, M., 7s 6d; Mountfield, G., 9s; Marks, C., 2s; Marlow, I., 18s 3d; Mitchell, K., 4s 6d; Marfleet, E., 1s; Miller, A., 2s 9d; Nutt, M., 5s; Nicholls, M., 4s 1d; Norris, F., 11s; Platt, O., 2s; Page, M., 3s 6d; Plowright, G., 5s; Peterson, L., 3s 1d; Pain, E., 5s; Petty, V., 7s 4d; Peake, C., 6d; Plumridge, F., 9s 5d; Plumley, W., 11s 3s; Porter, I., 3s; Ruffell, A., 4s; Rawle, E. R., 4s 6d; Roylance, M., 11s 1s; Roseblade, L., 4s; Rawlings, A., 10s 6d; Roscorla, A., 8s 3d; Senyard, E., 10s 6d; Spurgin, G., 6s 8d; Spencer, G., 4s; Sandy, E., 1s; Suffell, M., 1s; Stickland, F., 1s 9d; Sadler, M., 1s; Siggins, W., 6s; Smith, C., 6s; Smith, I., 1s 6d; Smith, Connie, 19s 7d; Smyth, L., 15s; Simmons, K., 3s; Tutt, M., 4s 6d; Upton, S., 1s 1d; Vaughan, N., 11s 1s; Wetton, L., 1s 4d; Wetton, D., 1s 6d; Williamson, R., 2s 7d; White, M., 4s; Wicks, R., 5s 2d; Wilkins, E., 11s; Woolley, A., 9d; Waldron, N., 6s 9d; Williamson, M., 4s 5d; Wiffen, R., 6s 6d; Winfield, L., 5s; Wallace, E., 3s 7d; Wilson, A., 10s 1d; Wilkes, D., 8s; Widdeson, M., 5s; Weeks, M., 5s 6d; Wallis, E., 2s 9d; Worsley, F., 4s; Wright, G., 9s 3d.—Total, £46 5s. 9d.

List of Presents, from August 15th to September 14th, 1899.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; a quantity Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., from the Villagers of North Cheam, per Mr. Charles Gibbs; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Stowupland Congregational Church, per Mr. T. E. Carter; 224lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier.

Boys' CLOTHING.—2 Shirts, Miss A. Stevenson.
GIRLS' CLOTHING.—43 Articles, the late Mrs. Graham, per Miss M. A. Graham; 17 Articles, the late Miss Eliza Harper, per Mr. P. Weston; 19 Articles, Mrs. C. Hewlett; 6 Articles, Miss Burningham; 2 Articles, Miss A. Stevenson.
GENERAL.—1 Scrap Book, Mrs. Preston; 1 Doll, Miss A. Stevenson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>				Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough...	11	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school	10	0	0	Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley ...	10	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. J. Holden, J.P. ...	1	0	0				
Sellindge, per Mr. Stainer ...	0	5	0				£81 5 0
Earle Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0	0				
Hudleigh, per Pastor W. F. Durant ...	10	0	0	<i>General Fund:—</i>			£ s. d.
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sndd ...	7	10	0	Collection at open-air service, per Mr.			
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	11	5	0	F. G. Rose ...	0	5	6
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat...	10	0	0	Mrs. M. E. Ranney ...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Collection at Grain Chapel, Sheerness,				Mr. F. Collier	0	2	6
per Mr. S. W. W. Hare ...	0	10	6	Mrs. R. Wilkinson...	...	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Fearnley ...	1	0	0	Mr. Wm. Eiley	20	19	6
Collection at Pirbright, per Mr. R.								
Fifield ...	0	6	0					
Mr. A. S. Tatnell ...	1	1	0			£25	7	6

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

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mrs. D. Laansma ...	0	18	0	Miss Spliedt...	...	1	0	0
"A Friend," E. ...	2	0	0	M. J. B.	0	10	0
M. J. B. ...	0	10	0	H. O. N.	0	7	6
Mrs. Calder ...	8	0	0	Mrs. Calder	5	0	0
For translations of sermons—								
Mr. G. M. Rabbich ...	1	0	0			£19	5	6

Beulah Baptist Chapel Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 16th, 1899.

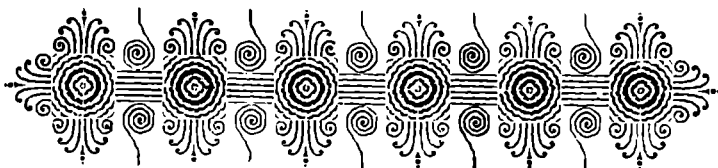
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Amount previously acknowledged	295	13	10	Mr. Brookman	0	2	6
Miss E. ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Baker	10	10	0
Mr. A. Stewart ...	0	10	0	Norbiton	0	1	0
Miss Bevan ...	1	10	0	Mr. Edmunds	0	10	6
Mrs. Pool ...	2	2	0	The Misses Berry and Dulkes	...	0	10	0
A Presbyterian Covenanter	0	10	0	Miss Jackson	1	0	0
Mrs. Ewart ...	1	0	0	Miss Martin	0	2	6
Mr. J. Leeson ...	3	0	0	Miss Webb	0	5	0
"An aged servant of God"	1	0	0	Mr. Perrin	0	10	0
Postal order, Northampton	0	10	0	Mr. Friend	2	2	0
Mrs. Calder ...	5	0	0	Miss Batley	0	5	0
C. H. S. S. ...	200	0	0	Mr. Healy	0	2	6
Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				Mr. Pedley	1	1	0
Mrs. Shoesmith ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Bolitho	0	2	6
Mrs. Wells ...	0	2	6	Miss Mansell	0	5	0
Mr. Mumford ...	10	0	0	Miss Hall	0	2	0
Mrs. Williams ...	2	2	0	Mr. Wm. Mannington	...	5	0	0
Mrs. Shaw ...	0	10	0	A curate	0	1	0
L. H. ...	0	5	0	Miss Blackwell	0	5	0
M. H. ...	0	5	0	X. Y. Z.	0	10	0
Two friends ...	0	5	0	Collections at Anniversary Services	...	14	8	6
Per the Misses Edwards ...	2	0	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	...	0	14	1
Mr. H. Band ...	0	10	0					
Mr. Williams ...	0	2	6			£566	9	11

Special Notice.—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel MANSE Fund, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President or Treasurer of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

A Visit to Calvary.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, ON MARCH 14, 1856,
ON BEHALF OF THE EXETER BUILDINGS' RAGGED SCHOOL.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!"—John xix. 5.



T had been insinuated against Pilate that he was in league with Jesus Christ to set up a new monarchy in opposition to that of Cæsar. In order to refute that accusation, Pilate orders Jesus to be scourged. The soldiers put upon His head a crown of thorns; they spit upon Him; they pluck His hair; they buffet Him; and when all these cruelties and insults have been heaped upon His person, Pilate brings forth Jesus Christ from the Prætorium. Standing there, he addresses the people assembled in the street, tersely exclaiming, "*Ecce homo!*" "*Behold the man!*" "This is the man with whom you charge me of conspiring against Cæsar. Is this how I would treat my accomplice? Would I in this way show my kindness and devotion to one whom I intended to set up as Cæsar's rival? Do you fancy that here you see marks of honour? Is that old purple coat the imperial robe which you say I wish to throw over His shoulders? Are these my kindnesses to my friend?" It must have been a very telling answer to their accusations; and they must have seen that a repetition of the charge would be a barefaced falsehood.

I think, also, that Pilate had another purpose to serve in bringing Jesus forward in this array of misery. I believe that he sincerely desired to deliver our Saviour from crucifixion, and he thought that,

bloodthirsty as the people were, their vengeance would be satisfied at the sight of their victim in this extremity of suffering and sorrow, and that they would say, "Let Him go." "Surely," he thought, "this will satisfy them; though they had demons' hearts, this might content them; though, like fiends, they thirsted to show their cruelty, surely this would be enough." But it was not so; like the tiger which has tasted blood, they were insatiable; and the very sight of His emaciated form, stained all over with the streaming gore, did but excite them the more loudly to cry, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

I believe that one of Pilate's purposes *was* answered; the people no longer suspected him of being an accomplice with our Saviour. But the other purpose, blessed be God, *was not* accomplished; for if it had been, we should have been unredeemed at this hour, and the sacrifice of Calvary would not have been offered for our redemption. Now I am going to leave Pilate, and I shall endeavour, by the help of God, to stand in his place, and with an entirely different motive, to say to each one of you,—

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

May the Holy Spirit be with us, and, by His gracious power, reveal our Lord Jesus Christ visibly set forth crucified among you, so that, by the eye of faith, every one of you, whether you have seen Him before or not, may now be enabled to look unto Him who was crucified for our sins, who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows! A view of Christ on Calvary is always beneficial to a Christian. We never hear a sermon concerning Christ crucified of which we disapprove, however inelegant its diction, if it be sound in doctrine. We never complain of our minister that he preaches too much concerning Jesus Christ. No; there can be no tautology where His Name is mentioned; though a sermon should be little beyond the mere repetition of His Name, we would rejoice to hear it, and say,—

"Jesus, I love Thy charming Name,
'Tis music to mine ear."

The French king said that "he would rather hear the repetitions of Bourdaloue than the novelties of any other preacher." So we can say of our Lord Jesus Christ, that we had rather hear the repetitions of Jesus than any novelty from any preacher whatsoever. Oh, how dissatisfied are our souls when we listen to a sermon that is destitute of Christ! There are some preachers who can manage to deliver a discourse and to leave Christ's Name out of it altogether. Surely, the true believer, who is present on such an occasion, will say, with Mary Magdalene, "They have taken away the Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Take away Christ from the sermon, and you have taken away its essence. The marrow of theology is Christ; the very bone and sinew of the gospel is preaching Christ. A Christless sermon is the merriment of hell; it is also a fearful waste of time, and it dyes with the blood of souls the skirts of the man who dares to preach it. But too much of Christ we cannot have. Give us Christ always, Christ ever. The monotony of Christ

is sweet variety, and even the unity of Christ hath in it all the elements of harmony. Christ on His cross and on His throne, in the manger and in the tomb,—Christ everywhere is sweet to us. We love His Name, we adore His Person, we delight to hear of His Works and His Words. Come, then, to Calvary awhile with me, that I may say to you, as Pilate said to the Jews outside his judgment hall, “Behold the Man!”

I would take you there with this object; first, *to instruct your intellect*; secondly, *to excite your emotions*; and, thirdly, *to amend your practice*. For we hold that religion consists of three things; sound doctrine, affecting the intellect; true experience, dealing with the emotions; and a holy life, fashioning the outward visible practice of every day. Our Lord Jesus Christ will benefit us in all these respects; and if, by faith, we are enabled to see Him now, we shall go away edified in doctrine, blessed in experience, and sanctified in practice.

I. First, I beseech you to “behold the Man,” TO INSTRUCT YOUR INTELLECT.

The first lesson I would indicate to you,—for I shall not so much teach it as leave the Holy Spirit to teach it,—is concerning *the evil nature of sin*. See that Man crucified, His hands extended upon the cruel tree. Mark the droppings of His precious blood. Do you see the thorny crown upon His head? Do you note the signs of suffering upon His whole frame? Do you observe His eyes sunk in their sockets? Do you behold the agony depicted on His countenance? Do you perceive the acute, unutterable anguish which He suffers? If thou dost see Him aright, thou wilt see in Him the evil of sin. In no other place wilt thou ever know how desperately vile is man's iniquity. This is the spot where guilt committed its direst crime. Sin is exceeding sinful when it is a *homicide*; but it is most sinful of all when it becomes a *DEICIDE*, and kills God. The vilest deed sin ever did was when it nailed the Saviour to His cross, and there let Him hang, the murdered Victim of our sin. Would you really see sin? I might show you a thousand pictures of it. I might let you behold fair Eden blasted and withered, with all its fruits smitten, the moisture of its trees completely dried up, its fair walks covered with the leaves of decay. I might show you a heavenly pair banished, driven out to till the ground whence they were taken, with the swords of the cherubim flashing behind them; and when you saw that sight, you would execrate sin as a thing which drew the ploughshare over Paradise. I might make you hate sin, too, if I showed you, yonder, a drowned world, deluged by a flood. See where men, women, and children are sinking in the mighty waters, where the fountains above and the deeps below are clasping hands. Did you hear the shriek of the last strong swimmer, in his agony, ere he also was overcome by the boundless, shoreless sea? Behold the earth, waste and void, save where yon ark floats alone above the deluge! Do you enquire the cause of all this desolation? What loosed the bands of the great deep? What brought this awful destruction? *SIN did it*. What was that which devoured Sodom and Gomorrah, and rained fire and brimstone out of heaven upon

them? What was that which swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and took them down alive into the pit? What hath peopled death's dominions? Whence those skeletons and bones? Whence yon hearse and funeral? And what has builded the gloomy chambers of Hades? What has made Gehennah hot with unquenchable fire? And what is that which hath given hell its everlasting torments, and furnished it with inhabitants beyond number, who live in eternal tortures and unutterable woe? SIN, *thou didst all this*; therefore do we execrate thee. Thou didst drown a world; thou didst dig the grave; thou didst pile the faggots of hell. We hate thee, SIN; but yet, methinks, we might forgive thee if thou hadst not put Jesus Christ to death!

Christian, wilt thou not, henceforth, hate sin from this very fact, that the blood of thy Saviour is on it? Thou art tempted to do an act which thou knowest is wrong; it looks fair, and beautiful, and goodly, but examine it closely; it seems lovely and excellent, and thy heart goeth after it. Stop! Turn it round; do you see the blood mark upon it? That sin is stained with thy Saviour's blood. Wilt thou touch it now? Surely, nothing which has in the least contributed to His death can be loved by us. Will we not, henceforth, abjure, abhor, detest, and avoid everything that is sinful? What! do you call yourselves Christians, and yet live in sin? Do you nurse in your bosom the murderer of your Saviour? Do you hang upon your walls the dagger wherewith your best Friend was stabbed, and embroider on your clothes the image of His murderers? Will you still harbour sin, and love it, when sin slew your Lord? Nay, surely, your heart cries, "I'll take vengeance against my sins, and slay the murderers, too."

Another lesson I would give your understanding is this,—“Behold the Man,” for then you will see *the inflexibility of Divine justice*. Do we not all know that God's justice is inflexibly severe? If any man sin, the Law saith, “Cursed is that man.” The Law alters not in its thunder. “Cursed! Cursed! Cursed!” is the sentence that continually sounds from Sinai. Have we not read that God “will by no means spare the guilty”? And do we not know it to be a fact? Yet, beloved, there are some who preach an atonement which looks very much like the abrogation of Divine justice. We have heard and read of divines whose theory of the atonement is something like this; although God hath solemnly declared Himself to be angry at sin, and hath vowed to punish every sinner, yet Jesus Christ, in some way or other,—we know not how,—did something or other which allows God now to pass by our sins without punishing them at all. We have no faith in such an atonement as that; we believe that God is so just, that every sinner must be punished, and that every crime must inevitably receive its due penalty. We believe that all the punishment which God's people ought to have endured was laid upon the head of Christ; we look to His cross, and we there see God's justice satisfied only because all our guilt was laid upon His shoulders, and the punishment for that guilt was actually borne by Christ Jesus our Lord. God did not absolutely pass over sin; He punished it on Christ Jesus, His people's Substitute; and,

henceforth, sin ceases to be punishable upon the persons of those for whom Christ died.

O ye who do not know how inflexible Divine justice is, stand at the foot of yon cross, and hear our Saviour's dying groans, see His looks of agony, mark His lineaments of woe; and then shall ye know how severe is the justice of God. No man ever thought Brutus so severely just as when he put his own sons to death. "Surely," the people said, "he will spare *them*." But, no; the inflexible senator said, "They have broken the laws of my country, and they shall die." And so, in a higher and more sublime sense, we might never have known how just God was, if He had not put His own Son to death for our sin. Bring forth the sinner, Justice! "Nay," saith Justice, "the sinner may go free; for here is the sinner's Substitute." Then bring Him forth, O Justice! "Art Thou the Substitute for the guilty?" "I am, My Father." "Well, My Son, I love Thee, I have loved Thee from all eternity; but since Thou art become the Substitute for sinners, I must punish on Thee every sin which they commit." See! the lash is uplifted; will it not fall gently on His shoulders? He is the Son. See there! the sword is unsheathed. O sword, sleep in thy scabbard; He is the Son! He is the Son! Ay, but Son though He be, He is the sinner's Representative, and He must die. See how the cruel lash falls on Him as they scourge Him at Pilate's pillar; mark how He bleeds at every pore, while in the garden, under His Father's wrath against His people's sin, He sweats great drops of blood! Mark how the sword unsparingly smites Him till He cries, "It is finished." O brethren, God is just; but we never know that truth half so well till, in Gethsemane's gloom, and in the midst of Golgotha's horrors, we have tarried for a while! What thinkest thou, O unpardoned man or woman? If God punished His Son for sins not His own, surely He will punish thee for thy sins if thou continuest an unbeliever. If Jesus Christ, who only had *imputed* guilt laid to His charge, must suffer like this, how wilt thou escape from suffering for *thine own sin*? If He, the perfect, the pure, the spotless One, must suffer so fearful an amount of agony, how shalt thou escape if thou dost "neglect so great salvation"? How hopest thou to be delivered if, on the beloved Son's head, such vengeance fell? Where, O where, wilt thou find a covering for thyself? Know thou this, that God, who is infinitely just, having exacted, at the hands of Jesus Christ, the penalty for all His people, will surely exact the penalty at thine hands if thou diest impenitent, and if thou approachest His bar unwashed in the blood of the Saviour.

Next, I think we may also learn here *the omnipotence of love*. O Love, thou art the conqueror of all hearts! O Love, thou art the sum of Godhead, thou art the explanation of Divinity! What is this great world of ours, but "Love" writ large? The stars, if we could read them rightly, would spell to us "Love." If we could interpret the language of the floods, we should hear them thundering "Love." And could we gather together all flowers, and distil their essence, and get the concentrated sweetness of them all, we should find that its fragrance was "Love." Everything in this world telleth

of Love. But would you know the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of God which passeth knowledge, come hither to the cross of Calvary, and "behold the Man." We never know our love to our country till we are called to make some sacrifice for it. You remember that, in Russia, there was a law which exempted the only son of a widow from going to war; but it is said that, so closely were they driven for recruits, that the law was for a time rescinded, and the widow's only son was taken. Suppose such a thing happened here, and there should be a widow whose only son was demanded of her. See her come forward, saying, "Ay, take him; my country is dearer to me even than he is." She puts him forward, and says, "Go forth, my son, to die if it be necessary; I give thee up right willingly." You see the red eyes of the widow; she hath wiped them dry, but she hath wept in secret; and if we steal behind the door when her son is gone, and see her pouring out whole floods of sorrow, we can tell how great must have been her love for her country which made her give up him,—her all. Beloved, we never should have known Christ's love in all its depths and heights if He had not died; nor could we have told the depth of the Father's affection for us if He had not given His Son to die in our stead. As for the common mercies we enjoy, they all sing of "Love," just as the sea-shell, when we put it to our ears, whispers of the deep sea whence it came; but, ah! if ye desire to hear the ocean itself, if ye would hear the roarings of the floods, ye must not look at every-day mercies, but at the mercies of that night, that mid-day night, when Jesus Christ was crucified. He who would know Love, let him repair to Calvary, and see the Man of Sorrows die.

" See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown? "

II. Now, beloved, let us "behold the Man" TO EXCITE OUR EMOTIONS.

We will again go, in imagination, to Calvary, and if God's Spirit shall help us, it will be more than mere imagination; and we will endeavour there to hold fellowship with Christ, first, *that our emotions of sorrow may be excited*. We do not love a sorrowful religion, but we do not think anything of that religion which hath no sorrow in it. That which is entirely made up of sorrow, came not from God; for God loves happiness, He rejoices to see His creatures happy, and His religion has that tendency; but, still, he who never knew spiritual sorrow hath not known spiritual joy. If we have never shed the tear of penitence, we must not expect to sing the song of acceptance. Go ye to Calvary, if ye would learn to weep. There are times when we would give much to be able to shed a tear, for our icy hearts are so cold that all the heat of mercy cannot thaw them, and our souls are so hard that it seems impossible that they should ever be melted. Ye Christians, who have long walked in Christ's ways, have ye not sometimes cried, "Oh, that we could weep as once we did, when we were young and tender in the fear of God! Then we could pour out our heart in tears, but now these rocky

hearts will not weep; though there be things which we hear concerning Jesus that might make our souls run over at our eyes in perpetual torrents, yet we cannot weep a single tear just now." Well, beloved, would you be made to weep? Come with me to Calvary. See there your Saviour with the thorns upon His brow; can you not afford a tear for Him? See the wounds in His side; can you not drop a tear of grief there, especially when I remind you that He is your best Friend? Surely I might say, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Ye ought to shed them while ye see His hands nailed to the accursed wood, His feet fastened there, too, and His side gushing like a fountain of blood. Ah! well may we sing,—

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

"Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin."

Did He die? Ay, that He did. Then I may indeed weep; and I may say, with holy Herbert,—

"O who will give me tears? Come all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds, and rain:
My grief hath need of all the wat'ry things
That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes, too dry for me
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree."

If, by any accident, I had killed my best earthly friend, I should go mourning all my days; but since, by my own accursed sin, I have slain my Saviour, oh! let me carry to my grave my grief,—not hopeless misery, but sincere sorrow that I slew my Saviour. Can I ever hear that word Calvary without remembering the sad tragedy connected with it? Shall I ever see the cross without shedding tears on account of its once heavy burden? Shall I ever hear the music of the Name of Jesus without mingling with it the plaintive notes of my own grief, crying yet again,—

"Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath Divine,
The injured Sufferer stood"?

Here let me weep myself away;—

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

(To be concluded next month.)

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

A LADY, well known to me, had a pretty little domestic parable worked out in her household lately. I thought the incident might interest my readers, so, with her permission, I give an account of it. Less than a year ago, three utterly destitute orphans came across this lady's path. Application was made to Dr. Barnardo, who, with his usual prompt kindness, at once took two of them into his admirable homes, while the eldest, a girl of fourteen, was admitted to the lady's family, to be trained, if possible, as a servant. The "training", however, was no easy task, for the manners and language of the streets had evidently made a deeper impression on the child's mind than had the teachings of the School Board. She got on by slow degrees, with alternations of good and bad behaviour, till a notice came, from the Ilford homes, that her young sister was included in the company of emigrants just leaving for Canada, and an intimation that, if any relatives wished to see her, they could come and say "farewell" the next day. So the untrained lassie was taken to Ilford, carrying with her a heart full of dismay at the thought of losing her little sister.

But when she returned, a complete change had passed over her! She had found the children, who were going out, in such a state of jubilant rejoicing, that all the thoughts of her heart were turned upside down; and when she saw each child's beautiful new box, packed full of good new clothes, and heard the girls talk over their bright prospects, she was at once completely captivated by the Colonisation scheme. The happy young sister painted everything in attractive colours, and pleaded with her to "come, too;" and before she left the village, one of the kind lady helpers promised to make this suggestion possible and easy of accomplishment. "Next year," said the lady, "if"—and here came the point and significance of the proposal,—"if she could then be the possessor of **"A THOROUGHLY GOOD CHARACTER,"** she should be helped to follow her sister to the land of the setting sun!

With a face already beaming with expectation, the child told the story on her return, repeatedly assuring her wondering auditors that she "meant to be a real good 'un, she did, so as ter git ter Canada!"

Since then, night and day, the idea seems present with her, singularly influencing all her actions. If praised for any work well done, she generally replies, "Yes, that's scrubbed for Canada," or, "that's washed for Canada," and, sometimes, she will quite pathetically ask her fellow-servants, "Do you think I shall really go?"

Her mistress feels sure that this object in life will be a turning-point in the poor girl's history; her dormant energies have been awakened, her sluggish mind is aroused, she is trying her very best to reach the desirable goal so unexpectedly set before her, and there is no reason why, by God's blessing, she should not obtain the fulfilment of her wish.

Does this little story carry no lesson or application for you and me, dear reader? Alter the word "Canada" into "Christ", and it

should touch the deepest springs of our spiritual life. Am I writing only *for Christ*? Are you working, reading, teaching, speaking, living,—*for Christ*? Do we put our best work into all our duties because we want to go to Him? Do we set Christ before us in all things as the object of our supreme desire and yearning? If not, we are not yet half awake to our responsibilities, nor properly conscious of our privileges, and we are missing much of the joy and delight of consecrated service.

The poor girl, part of whose story I have been telling, has an intense longing for the new country of which she has heard. "I'd do anything, I would," she said to one of her companions,—"*anything*, to go to Canada!" Cannot we, in our own experience, translate this into spiritual language, and say, with the apostle, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: . . . that I may win Christ, and be found in Him"?

* * * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way."—
Matthew xv. 32.

Blessed Master, these compassionate words of Thine give us such an assuring glimpse into Thine heart of infinite love and grace, that we thank Thee for permitting them to be recorded in Thy Book. They manifest Thee so clearly to our human comprehension, that in them we see, "as in a glass," the reflection of Thy Divine pity and power.

There were some thousands of people, on that mountain side, who had been with the Lord for three days, receiving His gifts of healing, teaching, and cleansing; and they were evidently reluctant to leave Him. Yet the meagre provision which, presumably, some had brought with them, had been consumed; and the Master's great loving heart found it impossible to dismiss them without food. During the three days, His *Divine* power had been in constant manifestation in the miracles which He had wrought; but, now, His *human* pity finds expression in His desire to give them something to eat, that they might not faint on their homeward road. And, since He was as really human as they were, and even then was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," I do not think it irreverent to imagine that He, too, felt the need of earthly sustenance, and Himself partook of the bread and fish which He had blessed and broken. Surely, this tender care of the Lord Jesus for the bodily needs of the multitudes around Him, should comfort us greatly, and strengthen our faith in the fact which He unfolded to us when He said, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

I wonder why it is that we learn so slowly this sweet lesson of confidence in God, and are sometimes so backward in trusting Him with the sole management and supply of our temporal necessities. We should always be as blithe as the birds of the air, and as beautiful as the lilies of the field, if we depended on Him as absolutely as they do.

And this is also true in spiritual matters. Can you think, poor longing, hungry hearts, that the Lord Jesus will be less pitiful to your soul's need than He was to the fasting multitude in the days of His flesh? Your hunger is keen for the "bread which came down from Heaven"; your thirst is unquenchable till "the water of life" touches your lips; you are ready for the blessing,—the spiritual food which so far exceeds the earthly counterpart,—so you may be quite sure that He is readier still to bestow it. It matters not that the source of supply is not visible to you. "Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness," said the dull and undiscerning disciples, "as to fill so great a multitude?" They forgot, as we, alas! too often forget, "what manner of man" this is, and what He can accomplish by the power of His Word. See, dear soul, if thou hast come to the Lord hungering and thirsting for His love and pardon, it is not possible that He should send thee away empty. His heart is too tender, His hands are too full of blessing, His desire to feed and comfort thee is too intense for there to be any failure on His part in supplying to thee all that thou cravest.

I know there are some who say that they are seeking Christ, and yet cannot find Him. Dear hearts, do not be angry with me,—for I write for myself as well as for you,—when I tell you that, if you are not fed, it must be because you will not eat! Suppose you had been one of that favoured company on the mountain side, and that you had, at the Lord's command, sat down with the others; but when one of the disciples brought to you the basket of food, made ready by the Lord's own hand, and blessed by His own lips, you had refused to take it, from some foolish whim, or caprice, or doubt which possessed you, would you have had anyone to blame but yourself, had you fainted with exhaustion on your return journey over the hills of Judæa to your home? Ah! none at that wonderful feast were as foolish and unreasonable as you and I sometimes are, for it is recorded that "they did all eat, and were filled." There, as in the time of the old law given by Moses, they did "eat before the Lord;" and doubtless it was, to every man, woman, and child present, the sweetest and most sacred meal they had ever tasted; and there was no fainting in the way as they traversed the hills and plains, but rather a strengthening of heart, and a freshness of joy, and a filling of the mouth with songs of praise, as the result of that wondrous repast.

Now, will not some poor sinful, suffering, starving one take heart of grace from the teaching of this miracle, and come at once to the compassionate Saviour to have all need supplied? The more hungry you are, the greater will be your joy in being filled; and He has said, "*I will not send them away fasting.*" Trust Him, and be abundantly satisfied. Dear Mr. Spurgeon once happily said, "He may make us *wait* to awaken appetite, but He will not in the end dismiss us unfed." So, let nothing discourage you. Sit on the ground before Him, as He bids you, till the basket comes round; or, if the disciples pass you by, venture to His side, and take the blessing straight from His loving hand. He will never chide you for trusting Him too much!

Unbelievers laugh to scorn our Scriptural confidence in an Omniscient God, *who is also our tender Father*. They ridicule the idea that He watches over us with Divinely parental solicitude, and Himself appoints and permits every event in our lives. But their derision does not alter or destroy the blessed fact, nor does it leave the least impression of disquietude on a believing heart. Yet it does *distress us for their own sake*.

While these "Personal Notes" were taking shape in my mind, and, in the multitude of my thoughts within me, this comfort of God was delighting my soul, I happened to see a sharp criticism of a popular author's recent book, in which these words occurred:—*"brought up in the belief that Providence concerns itself with the petty details of their lives, in a manner most intimate and most improving,—if chastening is improving."*

How my heart ached at the darkness and blindness of a man who could write like that! He would want none of my pity, I know; but I could not withhold it, nor could I rest till I had carried the matter before the Lord in prayer. Of course, I know there are thousands of people who are like-minded and sceptical; but that only increases my sorrow. To them, our loving, gracious God is simply "PROVIDENCE ITSELF";—nothing more than a neutral agency, about which they know little, and care less; there is no personal tenderness,—no near relationship,—no "cords of a man, and bands of love," which draw their souls irresistibly into the blessedness of His "lovingkindness and tender mercy." We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. To-day, God's children can tell of deliverances as miraculous, of supplies as unexpected, and of dangers as certainly averted, as any of those recorded in the chronicles of the Kingdom!

S. S.

The Winning of Souls.

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS AT THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY THE VICE-PRESIDENT, PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Proverbs xi. 30.

SOUL-WINNERS are not self-made, but Christ-made. You must be assured of the Divine call, and know that that call is backed by Divine power, before you enter upon such a vocation as that of soul-winning. Let the conversion of men be your constant aim. You have a galaxy of noble patterns in men of past ages, who have made soul-winning their paramount work. They were spendthrifts in their efforts, and they cared not how much they did to bring about that glorious result. Whitefield had engraved upon his signet ring the sign of "a winged heart" and the words, "Astra Petimus," "We seek the stars." Thus, true to his chief desire, he sought to be above everything else a great soul-winner, for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Brainerd said, "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep, I dreamed

of this great work; and when I waked, the first thing I thought of was that same work." Oh, that it might become with us the very nightmare of our soul, and the day-dream of our spirit to get men to know Christ as their Saviour! This will involve a tireless industry; and although our heart will often sink within us, and our spirit become depressed because this vehement desire is not so fully realized as we wish it to be, we must never grow weary of it, for we shall reap if we faint not.

First, brethren, *look to your fitness for this work.* You must know how to adapt yourself so as to become an adept in winning men. My honoured and beloved father once said, "Great soul-winners never have been fools." That is true. As a rule, those who have been most blessed to the conversion of souls have been men who might well have taken the first place in any other employment. Am I not right in saying that my dear father would have been first in anything to which he might have put his hand? In my judgment, superiors he had none; equals, but a few; and of these, none so competent in *all* the works in which he excelled. It is the way of the world to put the worst into the ministry. When it is being discussed what the budding youth is to become, since he is incapable for any other profession, they suggest "the Church." He cannot follow his father in the business, he has not brains enough for that; so they buy him a nice fat living at Slocum-in-the-Marsh, as if anyone would do for a clergyman. But it is quite the opposite; the man who succeeds in the ministry must have won honour in any calling. You could easily imagine Luther, who was so prominent in the Reformation, ruling a city, or leading an army; and so has it been with others who have gone before.

You will have to be as "wise" as *physicians*, to diagnose individual cases, and prescribe remedies for spiritual complaints. You will have to be as "wise" as *soldiers*, good strategists, competent in drill, able to thrust and parry, aim and fire, to secure soul-conquests; indeed, you must be a veritable "multum in parvo" in order to become truly wise in winning men. Soul-saving is by no means child's play, for God Himself wins not souls without wisdom. Christ, God's great Soul-Winner, was "the wisdom of God." Said one, "God does not want our learning." "True," replied Dr. South, "still less does He stand in need of man's ignorance." Gregory writes, "The art of all arts, the science of all sciences, appears to me to be the science of directing men." Oh, that we may all take our B.Sc. degree in Christ's College in respect to the sacred science of directing men's hearts into the love of God!

The marginal note of Proverbs xi. 30 is, "He that *taketh* souls is wise." The expression is borrowed from the calling of fishers and fowlers. Bunyan's *Holy War* gives us another figure, in the storming and *taking* of Mansoul. To be able to "carry" Ear-gate and Eye-gate needs repeated assaults. Another term is "*wooing*" the heart to Jesus. Love is the silken lasso flung around hearts until they are courted and caught for Christ. You will find also that running and wrestling play a part in the winning of souls; and perhaps the only sense in which we may not use the term "win," is that which

applies to games of chance, and the results of tricksters' pranks and cheaters' schemes. There is, however, a guileless guile by which men may be caught.

Let me now pass from metaphors to facts. If you are wise, *you will make sermons that are meant to do execution*. This is the real purpose for which you have come before the people; you are seeking their souls. I do believe, if we go to our work expecting conversions, making that our one aim, we shall come very near to the mark. If we do not at the first shot hit the "centre", but score an "outer", after a second sighter, we may make an "inner", and before long a "bull's eye" will reward our patience. God's musketeers must be good marksmen. I have used the correct terms as supplied to me by a crack shot in the Queen's Prize Competition, and I commend such accuracy of aim to the King's archers. Though at the first assault we may not take the town, we shall make the inhabitants afraid of us; and the next time we come near, it may be that the city shall capitulate and surrender to the Lord. It is said of Baxter that he never preached a single sermon in vain. This may refer to the education of saints as well as the conversion of sinners; may it be said of all our sermons and addresses! I have known some who were even more astonished at the results of gospel preaching than Peter was when he saw the draught of fishes. Without exaggeration, I may say they were frightened to see men and women weeping their way to the Cross, and crying out, "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?" It should not be so; let it not be so among us.

In order that we may become blessedly familiar with the work of soul-saving, there must be *personal dealing* with our hearers. We must come to close quarters with them. The style of modern warfare will not do for the modern ministry. I believe in getting close to men and women. The old mode of sea-warfare was for the ships to come alongside one another, and then fire their guns. This is the kind of work we must do, for it tells. We want to get right up alongside, and so pour the Word of Truth into them that they may know that we mean it for them. Regular broadsides are needed to cause the enemy's fleet to strike their colours. When Luther spoke, every word fell as a thunderbolt upon those who heard. It is said that, when Venn preached, men fell before him like slaked lime. Thus hearts are shivered before the blows dealt by the minister of God, and broken to pieces by the Truth as proclaimed by the man who is aiming at conversions. Dr. Lyman Beecher said, "I only know how to deal with men when I take hold of them without mittens." You know how a cat can scratch without mittens. Ungloved hands lay hold more firmly than such as are encased in kid. What we have to do, to-day, is to assume the offensive; we have to advance upon the enemy, and "shell" him out of his entrenchments. Such home-thrusts as "*Thou art the man,*" "*I have a message from God unto thee,*" will smite the sinner down until, "quivering and breathless, he crouches between the law that condemns and the Cross that saves." When the timid hare has a pack of hounds around it, there's poor chance of its escape; and when the Word of God encompasses a man, he will soon drop his arms, and unconditionally surrender.

There is great need, to-day, of preaching the law of God. You will shrink from it, I am sure you will; it is only natural to do so, for it is a theme that becomes "the burden of the Lord;" and because it is an oppressive weight, we say, "We will leave that subject till next week." Do not, I pray you. I recollect rising, one Sunday morning, ready to preach the sermon I had prepared, when my eyes fell upon the text, "The wrath of God abideth on him." You do not generally preach from such a text as that on a Lord's-day morning; it is all right in the evening, when the owls, and the night hawks, and other shady birds flock together; but I *had* to, and I did. A prayer-meeting followed, and several were saved that morning.

Brethren, we love Calvary, we must speak about Calvary, and we shall, there is no fear of our omitting to preach about *that*; but do not forget that there is another hill to which men must come. You must bring them to Sinai, to feel the shaking of the ground, to see the lightning flash, and to hear the thunder. God is wroth with sin, and men who have transgressed must know that God is angry with them. Why, the Prince of preachers Himself, who was matchless in His mercy, and the paragon of tenderness, spoke of "the worm that dieth not," and of "the outer darkness." He spoke of condemnation and the wrath of God. Shun not, therefore, to declare the heinousness of sin, and the dreadful and eternal consequences that must follow it unless it is forgiven. Whitefield said, "I love those that thunder out the Word."

In dealing these home-thrusts, *aim at particular sins.* Be delicate, be chaste; but, at the same time, if it is Jezebel who is looking out of the window, name her, and have her flung down. This is an age of powder and paint in the pulpit, and thus some preachers hide multitudes of sins in their hearers. "Be ye not like unto them." Do not aim at the head, but at the heart. The best way to get the truth home to the heart is to look a man in the face, and he will see that you mean him. Perhaps you do not know the man, but the Spirit of God will guide your glance that, like a lance, it may lay him low.

This work demands great solemnity on our part. We shall have to be wise in our sobriety before the people. Recollect, when you look upon sinners, their need; remember that you are, as it were, pronouncing a sentence of death. You cannot too highly value a soul, remember that it is immortal. Think of its capacities; and as you recall these things, you will not trifle in the pulpit. Rowland Hill said, "Beware, I am in earnest. You call me an enthusiast, and so I am. The other day, when two men fell over into a gravel-pit, and I called with all my strength for help, and you came and rescued the men, you did not call me a fanatic then, because their need was great. Beware, I am in earnest." Oh, that our congregations may know that we are men with a mission, and a God-sent message, purposeful, and therefore powerful!

Brethren, *we must be intense.* Soul-winning must become a passion with us; it must dominate our body as well as our soul, until our heart shall ache, and sometimes our head may feel the pain,

too; but we must have souls, we must cry, "Give me children, else I die." For this, decision is needed; we must not waver in our purpose. We have brought men up to this point, "You, as sinners, need a Saviour; will you now accept Him as yours?" We must be warm-hearted, using burning words in pressing home this all-important question. When Popilius demanded the surrender of Antiochus, he drew a circle round him, and said, "*In hoc stans delibera.*" I would like to go down to the sinner, and say to him, "Answer before you move. You have to give me a definite reply, whether you are trusting in Jesus Christ, or whether you are going forth in unbelief." Press the question home with all the energy of which you are capable. If you mean to win souls, you must have real heart-earnestness, and the determination that men shall not go out from your meetings until they know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour for sinners. Then the results must be left with Him; you are clear of their blood, for your responsibility lies in preaching the gospel. But remember that it must be *the gospel* that you preach. This is God's own power; and he is a wise servant who puts his hand upon the same tool as the Master uses; and relying upon the Spirit's guidance, he will find it will achieve its purpose.

Search out soul-saving truths. There are other truths you will have to preach, which are part of the gospel; but seek most of all, from this wondrous armoury, weapons wherewith to wound the hearts and consciences of men. Take a firm hold of the central truths of the gospel; these are the ones with which you must charge the enemy,—the fundamental truths, those which saved your own soul, make a speciality of them. "But," say some, "we cannot always be preaching on the old texts; they are so hackneyed." Yes, perhaps they are; so much the better, especially for those of you who have not preached much yet. Never tire of repeating such passages as, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" etc., etc. Do not be afraid to preach from these texts; they are the most likely to save souls. The simpler the passage that sets before the hearer his disease and the remedy for it, the better. Do not shrink from preaching about sin, as well as declaring the substitutionary and sacrificial work of our Lord Jesus Christ. Talk much about our Passover, and the power of the blood to shelter those who trust in it; and make much of the work and mission of the greatest of all soul-winners, Jesus Christ, your Saviour. And when you talk of these things, talk in the plainest possible terms. Do not be afraid of speaking to sinners,—yes, and to saints, too,—in Biblical terms. The other day, I met with the expression "the great elsewhere," as used to describe hell. Nay; speak of hell as hell, and sin as sin. Nowadays, men talk about lies as slight errors of judgment; and when one man puts his hand into another man's till, they call him a bankrupt. May God save us from such "false doctrine"!

We seldom hear now of those old-fashioned repentances of which

we have read. We must be indeed wise to bring about this result; not that it is absolutely necessary to the salvation of the soul, but I like to hear of days of agony, and whole weeks of prayer, when souls could not find rest, and Satan troubled them sorely. Now, it seems as if a sort of hocus-pocus was carried on, and men were saved by legerdemain. "Only believe and be saved." Yes, but Christ said, "Repent," as well; and I do not know but that the child who is whipped will obey better, or that the mariners driven into the harbour by the gale will not appreciate the refuge more. We have to let men know that God is angry with them because of their sin, and to call upon them to forsake their evil ways. Said one to Mr. Edwards, "Is not God a God of *mercy*?" He had been preaching upon punishment, and had brought them so very near to the edge of the pit that it seemed as if they must fall into it. Dr. Nettleton was another man who used to preach the law of God, until one day he met a dear old Scotch lady who said to him, "Dear sir, don't forget 'God so *loved* the world.'" We do not need to be reminded of that to-day. We glory in preaching the Cross, we shall always do that; but we have to declare "all the counsel of God;" and, as the Scripture speaks of the condemnation of the wicked, we must not omit it from our preaching.

Let us go a step further. If you are to be wise in winning souls, *use every opportunity*. Seek to improve occasions as they come along. I read, the other day, of a minister who "improved the death" of Mr. So-and-so. I do not know how it was done; but I presume that he took the decease of that gentleman as the basis of his discourse. What I mean is this, if there are events that seem to take hold of the attention of the people, use your opportunity to press home the truth by these means. I remember reading somewhere the following thrilling account:—"When the Plague of London was raging, how earnestly ministers preached! Then the people came to hear. Ah, and how men talked of life! The dying all around were the illustrations of its uncertainty; and whereas, before, they spoke of living threescore years and ten, the preachers spoke of passing away in the twinkling of an eye, and the people thought that each one would soon have to meet his Creator. The ministers used to stand in their pulpits as if beside them was Old Father Time with his scythe ready to mow the whole congregation down. Grim Death was beside the preacher, with his sharp arrow upon his bow, and the bowstring stretched, saying, 'Do thou shoot, or I will;' and then the minister felt that he must so preach that men should be saved; and the very pulpit seemed to say,—

"Here thou must lie,
Mouth stopped,
Breath gone,
And silent in the dust."

"Multitudes of souls were brought to Jesus Christ, for the simple reason that the ministers sought to lay the great truth that 'it is appointed unto men once to die' upon the hearts and consciences of their hearers."

Once, when Whitefield was preaching, a terrific thunderstorm

broke over the audience; the lightning was awfully vivid, and peal upon peal of thunder was heard. He stopped his preaching, he could not say any more, the effect was so overpowering; and while the people were blanched with fear, and their hearts were quivering, he announced this hymn,—

“Hark! the Eternal rends the sky!
A mighty voice before Him goes,—
A voice of music to His friends,
But threatening thunder to His foes.

“Come, children, to your Father’s arms,
Hide in the chambers of His grace,
Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And the avenging fury cease.”

What an effect this must have had on the hearts of those who were gathered there! The thunderstorm was made the means of indicating the Divine presence, in such a powerful form, that it became a special Providence to lead men to say, “Let us, too, put our trust in Jesus Christ the Saviour.”

Once more, brethren, *be repetitious*. A very famous barrister said, “In addressing a jury, I always expect that, whatever I wish to impress upon their minds, I shall have to repeat at least twice; and, sometimes, even more than thrice.” It is the same with our hearers and the gospel. They do not care to hear it the first time; they do not want to the second; but at the third charge, Ear-gate is battered in, and the way to Heart Castle is opened. You must knock and knock again, or else you will never be admitted, for the door is bolted and barred, and perhaps the inmate has gone to sleep. Sound the trumpet repeatedly, until its clarion notes awake the slumberer, and he arouses himself. Never be afraid to talk about Jesus in your sermons, for “He shall save His people from their sins.” It is His Name that “cancels the power of sin,” and “cleanses the soul” from guilt. Whatever else you preach about, always say something which will exalt Christ; may it be said of you, brethren, that there is a glorious monotony in your preaching! I would have you cultivate a sacred tautology in all your sermons. The devil knows that the preaching of Christ will save souls, and the world knows it, too, though it despises Him. Even His enemies have to own the power of the preached Christ. Renan says, “Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed.” John Stuart Mill, in his essays on Religion, remarks, “Whatever else may be taken from us by a rational criticism, Christ is still left, a unique figure.” If that is the testimony of our enemies, let us preach Christ more than we ever have done.

I would like to add here, if you would be soul-winners, *you must use your Bibles*. It is “this Book” that will make you wise to win souls, for here you will find all the gospel and all about the Christ. Oh, that your spirit, like that of Baxter, might be drenched in Scripture! It is said of Whitefield that he read all Matthew Henry’s Commentary upon his knees, in order to be better able to win souls. Chalmers’ sermons held the Bible in solution. There is a peculiar energy in the Divine Word. Is it not called “the sword of the Spirit”; is it not likened unto “fire”? If you want power in

dealing with men, the Word of God, the Bible, must be your chief book of study. This "Word is perfect, converting the soul," "making wise the simple;" and I think, if you ever keep the register of those who come to speak with you, and tell you that your sermons have led them to Jesus Christ, your experience will be like mine, which is, that some text of Scripture has done the work. Let us make more use of the Word of God in our sermons. "I will hazard the assertion," says Fisher Ames, "that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language." Then fill your sermons with Bible truth. May God's Holy Spirit lead you into all truth, and make you wise to win souls, in not only finding the hook for the bait, but the bait for the hook as well, and blessing you with the skill which shall catch the fish!

Then, may I add, further, if you are students of the Bible, *you must seek self-culture?* The man who keeps living in the presence of this Book, will be a godly man. How many have done more by being pastors than preachers! By going about among the people, they have saved souls more than by their discourses. There must be a true heart-experience of gospel truth; we must feel the power of what we are saying deep down in our own souls. Edwards says, "Often I have had very affecting views of my own sinfulness and vileness, very frequently to such a degree as to hold me in a kind of loud weeping, and sometimes I have been forced to shut myself up." Archbishop Usher used to go alone to the riverside, on the Saturday, there to recount his sins, and to bewail them. Brethren, let us seek for the education of the heart as well as of the intellect. I am sure of this, our power as soul-winners lies here. There is a secret magnetism which will go out from us with our words; perhaps not such as is deemed rhetorical or oratorical, judged by the world's standards, but it shall be truly eloquent, and reach the heart, and bring it into subjection to Jesus Christ.

Much might be said upon this subject of winning souls. We need much patience. Be gentle to all with whom you deal. We need perseverance. Follow up all new cases until you see the glorious results. Have compassion for men; whilst you deliver the message with boldness, be at the same time full of sympathetic tenderness; indeed, we need the qualifications which our Lord enjoined upon His disciples, when He sent them forth: "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Brethren, all our forces and energies must be consecrated to this great work. As one puts it, "From a thousand wires when welded into one, they form the Damascus blade that can divide a gossamer, or cut a bar of iron asunder. So only let the manifold energies of one's being be molten into a single force, by the potent heat of a mighty purpose to save souls, and that holy resolve will shape a life invincible by aught except Almightyness itself."

I must leave you to follow on with the explanation of the word, "He that winneth souls is *wise*," by just saying that he is wise because it is the wisest object he has selected for his effort. Round the corner, in the window of Rabbits' shop, you may have seen a notice, "Lasting work done here." That is the kind of work we want

in our pulpits. The work done in winning souls is *everlasting*. Men may sculpture marble, men may paint on canvas, but age decays them, and they crumble, and are no more; but the man who winneth souls is wise, because eternity shall not destroy the results of his labour. He is wise who wins souls, because God is glorified. As a boy expressed it, in a childish way, "It makes God look big;" and God is never so glorious as when a soul is saved. "He that winneth souls is wise," for the truth is honoured. When they saw the lame man healed, they could not gainsay the words of the apostles; and it is the conversion of men that shuts the mouths of the sceptics in the present day. As the sinner forsakes his evil way, the angels sing anew, and, wonder of eternity, God Himself sings for joy. Oh, may we all be made able ministers of the New Covenant and mighty soul-winners! I close with these lines, which I pray may be true in the experience of every one of you,—

"He held the lamp of Truth that day,
So low that none could miss the way;
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair, 'The World's Great Light.'
That gazing up,—the lamp between,—
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

"He held the pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below,
Then raised it up to weary saint,
And bade him drink—when sick and faint;
They drank,—the pitcher thus between,—
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

"He blew the trumpet soft and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear,
And then, with louder note and bold,
To raze the walls of Satan's hold,
The trumpet coming thus between,
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

"But when the Captain says, 'Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant, Come!'
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp,
The weary hands will then be seen
Clasped in those pierc'd ones—nought between."

"A Strong Member."

WE asked, the other day, concerning a friend, "Is he a member of the church at —?" "Oh, yes!" was the prompt reply; "he is a strong member." "And what is a strong member?" "He is one who stands up for everything that is right, and goes against everything that is wrong. He does not wait till a thing is passed, and then say, 'I don't agree with it;' he says what he thinks about the matter when it is being considered; and, after the question is decided, he loyally accepts the vote of the church."

Then we suppose that a "weak" member is one who, in all these respects, acts in just the opposite way. It will be a happy day for both pastors and churches when all the members are "strong" in the meaning conveyed by the above definition.

Idylls of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

XI.—THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WHAT sweeter picture can there be than that of a beautiful old lady, sitting by her cosy fire, gently knitting or sewing, her days of energetic movement past, but still able quietly to darn, or weave the wool into deft shape? Young sprightly girls come in, breezy from their walks, and, with glib tongue, tell grandma the news, straightening her cap meanwhile, or taking up her work first to quiz, then to admire, and finally to despair that ever they should knit or stitch so well. And grandma likes their little flutters as they cast side glances at themselves in the revealing glass, while fingering their father's latest present, the soft shawl which lies across the shoulders of his aged mother. These strong-limbed girls, with supple shapes, with wealth of hair, and dancing, speaking eyes, who buzz, and fuss, and move like birds, while "grandma this" or "grandma that" brings colour to the old lady's pallid cheek,—how odd that life should tone them so, till they, in turn, shall sit and knit at seventy-four, and other girls, unthought-of yet, shall set their caps for them!

Anon, sons drop in,—strong men, with furrowed brows, who steal from busy cares five minutes' respite in the quiet room where the mother of their youth sits knitting. Their Spring has long since passed, as far as April lies from ripe September; but such visits bring it back, and boyhood blooms again, like daisies on an Autumn bank. How soothing to these scheming, striving men to sit and only just look at the dear form that early sheltered them, which now it is their joy to overshadow with their manhood's love!

* * * *

A dream comes to us of one who was wont to sit, on sunny mornings, by a window looking out upon a large lawn edged with lovely flowers. Though over fourscore, her beauty lingered. Her white hair was shot through, here and there, with golden threads, sufficient to suggest what once her locks were like. Her skin still showed pink and clear, while her blue eyes had not lost all their limpid sweetness. She dressed in black, usually silk, and wore caps to be remembered for their comeliness. On the small table at her elbow was a vase of fresh flowers, while on the larger table more flowers were set, and a wire stand near the window with pot plants, for the habitant of this bright room loved to be thus encircled. When you greeted her, a delicate little hand, with the blue veins showing, would slip softly into yours, and you felt instinctively that your response must be tender, or you would pain. She retained the quaintness of her country speech, though she had lived many years in the busy town. Towards the latter end, talking became an effort which sadly taxed her waning strength, but she was always ready to dwell upon the early days when the ancient sanctuary, where she had then worshipped, attracted a congregation from miles round, and the stables attached to the old place were full of horses who fed on

corn while their owners according to their appetite sat down at the spiritual board. Those were the days of long sermons when an hour's discourse was thought nothing of by the preacher, and, in another sense, thought nothing of by some of his hearers! "He's a very good meaning man," said a country wit, of a long-winded parson, "but before you have got to the end of it, the words stick through the worth like the stones in our valley."

Our aged friend had one great fear, which had haunted her for years,—the fear of death. One would hardly have suspected it, except that, at times, a hunted look would come into those usually quiet eyes; and when we spoke of assurance of salvation, she would lean forward, and listen anxiously. But the peace came at last, and flowed even over this jagged rock. We related the experience of a young minister who, when visited in mortal illness by a fellow-student of the Pastors' College, said, "I now find that, as the Lord gives living grace for living hours, He gives dying grace, too, for dying hours." An ancient servitor repeated this to the old lady, and added, "I am sure He gives me 'living grace', so I am going to trust that 'dying grace' will be ready when I want it." This remark did the work, and the fear, which had lasted so many years, relaxed and broke up with the expansion of a long-coming faith, just as the remnants of Winter disappear before the belated warmth of May.

So this woman, beautiful at fourscore, used to sit, before the end came, by the window overlooking the green lawn, in the morning when the sun was high. She had one whom she called her "boy", though he was over fifty. He appeared a man absorbed in prices; but he gave you a glimpse of a tender heart when paying court to his mother, or unbending for a time with children. Strict orders were given by this son that the grass and flowers, which cheered the outlook from the old lady's window, should be kept in perfect trim. Then, too, this man would leave his many concerns, in the middle of the busy morning, come into the quiet room, drop upon a couch opposite to his mother's arm-chair, and just gaze, in an adoring way, at the little white-haired woman of eighty. She would return the look with conscious satisfaction. Hardly a word would they exchange. They talked with their eyes.

Thus we get a notion of the honour of being reckoned among the elders. Old age has its ministry; for, to live to advanced years, and thus to draw out the ministry of others, is in itself a service. Even if the ancients still with us have not the breath for animated speech, their very presence is a benediction; and what they can do when little children spell out, at their knees, the story of the Scriptures, an apostle long ago recorded, nor does his witness stand alone.

We knew one, advanced in years, and possessed in a high degree of consecrated, chastened judgment, with a knowledge of the Holy Book that few could rival. She passed the evening of life in the home of her married daughter. On Sabbath nights, when the elders had gone to the service, the younger children would steal into grandma's room. The attraction was a big family Bible, with illustrations. Whether these were like some of the Scripture engravings

we have seen, we do not know. There are Bible pictures which are simply atrocious. It is said that children are easily satisfied; but it is well that what they see early should give them no ground for ridicule as they grow older. However, these children found their delight in "the big ha' Bible," and in their grandmother's patient explanations. One of the juveniles was a brown-eyed restless boy of seven, and the other, a little maiden somewhat unsteady under the weight of four long years. On a stool by the aged lady's knee the boy would kneel and fidget, asking queer questions meantime, while the tiny girl stood by with open eyes, as if wondering which were wiser of the two,—her brother who broke her dolls, who could stand on his head, and who insisted on sharing her apple, or the very old lady with white hair and gold-rimmed glasses, who, as mamma's mother, was a puzzle to her infant ideas. Between the three, the Pictorial Bible lay open; and as the story was applied, the boy's disconcerting questions would arise:—

"Grandma, wouldn't God hear my prayers better if I got up the apple tree?"

"But, grandma, hasn't our old Spot gone to Heaven? I'm sure he was a very good dog."

"When boys and girls go to Heaven, the angels come and hook on their wings. Gladys would not know how to fly. I know how, and I should have to teach you, Gladys. You just flap, and off you go."

Of course, "grandma" did her best to prune the luxuriance of the young idea. But all the children of the family had passed through this curriculum, and the elder ones had come forth, in the beauty of their youth, on His side who can adorn grace of form with the perfect grace of godliness. And even when they grew towards womanhood, and the expediency or lawfulness of certain things needed to be decided, "grandma" was still the final court of appeal. The question would be argued before her with many a "But grandma?"—uttered with all the vehemence of confident youth. Thank God, they stand, to-day, clear of the world and its ways, with their grandmother's old-fashioned notions of right and wrong.

So "the elders" are among us once more as memory reconstructs the homes of past years. The boy standing between his father's knees, while the sire, on Sunday nights, reverently reads Matthew Henry's profitable page; the ancient couple, typical of Burns' lovely lyric, "John Anderson"; the old lady with her cherished copy of *The Interpreter*, to which she adds her own comments that "William" may the better understand;—and far, far back, a tall straight-limbed woman, with hair of iron grey, who used to say, as she turned her wonderful eyes, far-seeing and full of mystery, to the West, "Boy, the storm is gathering over Doggett's. It is coming with the wind, and will soon be here. The lightning is blue forked; when it gets overhead, it will kill. There will be many dead birds in the shrubbery. Let us go in till the tempest is past!" Again the years gone by are peopled; the years when the world to us was young, when the elders of the time, through faith, "obtained a good report," and so lived as to hand down, undimmed and undiminished, the heritage of a holy testimony.

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

LXXI.—CHARLES SPURGEON MEDHURST, OF CHINA.

IT will readily be conceded that our missionary brethren deserve honourable mention in the roll of “our own men.” The name of Medhurst is one well known in Baptist circles; and Medhurst the younger has a warm place in our hearts, not only for his sire’s sake, but also for his own. CHARLES SPURGEON MEDHURST was born, March 28, 1860, at Kingston-on-Thames; and when only a fortnight old, had the signal honour of being visited by the renowned and revered Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who commended father and mother and son to God. I have never heard of another of “our own men” who, at such an early period, came into touch with “the peerless President.” Most of my readers are already aware that the subject of this sketch is a son of Pastor T. W. Medhurst, of Cardiff, the first student of our *alma mater*. No one rejoices more than the “first student” that his “first child” should be a missionary in connection with our much-loved Baptist Missionary Society. It is not surprising that he was, from his birth, dedicated by his parents to God and to His service; and I have yet to learn that there was anything defective in that dedication because of the absence of priestly incantations, or from the fact that a basin, containing a small quantity of water, was not requisitioned.

Our brother seems to have been particularly favoured in being brought into contact with many ministers of the gospel; and this was no small boon. “A son of the manse,” as our Scotch friends would put it, he was educated by the Rev. J. Neobard, Baptist minister, at Elm Grove House, Southsea. School-days over, he left home for Hanley, Staffordshire, and lodged with the Rev. T. Churchyard, pastor of New Street Baptist Church. All churchyards do not supply so desirable a haven. At Hanley, he was associated with the firm of a solicitor, Mr. Hamshaw; and while diligent in business, early gave evidence of that devotedness and readiness in Christian service which have so conspicuously marked his career. He was baptized by Mr. Churchyard on March 14, 1877, and was received into church-fellowship on the first Sabbath of the following month. From the date of his admission into the church, he took a lively and intelligent interest in all her enterprises, was actively engaged in Sunday-school work, and was an acceptable and ardent member of the “North Staffordshire Baptist Local Preachers’ Association.”

Mr. Medhurst left Hanley to enter the Pastors’ College, in August, 1881. When I entered College, in 1882, I remember noticing a student with a pale face, serious air, and earnest manner. That student was the friend of whom I now write. I soon found that he was regarded, by the tutors and students alike, as a diligent and painstaking worker. I discovered also, in the sermon classes, that he could speak with point; while, in the debates, he could hold his own against all comers, and enforce his arguments with telling illustration and quiet humour. At the close of a very creditable College course, he was accepted by the B.M.S., and sent to the Rev. S. Vincent, of Plymouth, for a period of special study. His reading,

during that period, included Legge's *Religions of China, The Life and Teaching of Confucius, The Life and Works of Mencius*; Bent's *Catena of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese*, and his *Dhammapada from the Buddhist Canon*, and "The Shu King" and the "Shih King" in Vol. III. of *The Sacred Books of the East*. In addition to the above, *The Middle Kingdom*, by Sir Monier Monier Williams, was frequently consulted, and many miscellaneous books were studied. In the Greek Testament, Romans and Corinthians I., Epistles sure to be of peculiar and special interest to a missionary, were carefully read, while their study gave rise to many a long talk on doctrines and duties. Writing to the father of his son, Mr. Vincent says of C. S. Medhurst:—"His name was on our preachers' plan, and he delighted to take his full share of work at our stations. He was always painstaking and diligent, and he seemed almost always to have a book in his hand. He attended our church-meetings, and took an occasional week-evening service at George Street, and was welcome in not a few of our homes. I never urged him to read longer or work harder, but rather suggested more leisure than he allowed himself. He was full of generous impulses, unselfish, zealous, godly, devoted to missions,—a son to thank God for."

The valedictory meeting of the missionary-elect was held at Bloomsbury Chapel, January 19, 1885, and he was stationed at Ching Chou Fu city, Shantung, North China. He was married at Shanghai, October 20, 1886. He and his wife proved a most loving couple, devoted to each other and to their work. I remember, after they had been home on furlough, attending a farewell meeting held at Hope Chapel, Cardiff, on July 30, 1890. Mr. and Mrs. Medhurst left this deep impression upon my mind and heart, that they were both full of missionary fervour. I was struck with their *keen appreciation* of the evils of heathenism, their *bright hopefulness* as to the future of China, and their *real astonishment* that the churches at home were not more alive to the glory, grandeur, and possibilities of the work to which they had so readily and eagerly consecrated their lives. They returned to China, yet not for long; for, after very useful service, with much sorrow, they were obliged to relinquish their loved labour in the land of their adoption. Mrs. Medhurst suffered a serious breakdown in health, and removal to a more congenial clime was imperative. Mr. Medhurst accepted a pastorate in California, and there he laboured, with many tokens of the Divine blessing, until the death of his wife, early in 1896.

Our friend and brother was reappointed a missionary of the B.M.S., September 15, 1896, and since his return to China, his career has been most successful. When he arrived from America, his colleagues unanimously asked him to "take charge of the evangelistic work in the North and South cities of Ching Chou Fu, and in the counties of I Tu, Lin K'ü, Lin Chih, and Shou Kuang." The thoughtful and enthusiastic spirit in which he faced this work may be judged by his own words:—"When I arrived at Ching Chou Fu, last Spring, it seemed, as far as outward appearances went, that I had come back to the old China which I had left nearly five years before; but I soon discovered that, in reality, a new spirit had been born in the people.

Partly owing to the shock occasioned by the Japanese war, but more especially, in Ching Chou Fu, owing to the quiet leaven of the hospital, the training institutions, and the museum, everybody now recognizes Christianity as a good thing, and everywhere the teachers from the West are welcomed as preachers of righteousness, whose words are worthy of respectful attention, even when the hearers, being themselves perfectly satisfied with their own virtues, and having no consciousness of personal demerit, have not the slightest intention of accepting the new religion that they bring. This marvellous change, from the old spirit of semi-antagonism with which I was so familiar six or seven years ago, is pregnant with almost infinite possibilities. Now, if ever, aggressive evangelistic work should be pushed with the utmost vigour, lest present interest should gradually crystallize into future indifference; yet, alas! through lack of sufficient help, we cannot follow up, as we should, these opportunities which Providence has placed in our hands."



CHARLES SPURGEON MEDHURST.

I could add more, but must forbear, lest I should occupy too much space. One thing, however, I would ask my readers, before I put down my pen. When, in your secret place of fellowship with your

Lord, you gain the ear of the King, pray that the Holy Spirit may descend upon this toiler in the far-distant and difficult field; and, that, of those among whom he labours, many may be led to the feet of Jesus, and find in Him "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat," when He shall triumph, in that wonderful land, through the proclamation of "the gospel of the glory of the blessed God."

Kingston-on-Thames.

ISAAC O. STALBERG.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XXII.—BY PASTOR W. J. TOMKINS, QUORN, LOUGHBOROUGH.

IT does not necessarily follow that the Sermons mentioned in this series of articles were the most striking of those delivered by the beloved C. H. Spurgeon, but that they appeared most striking to the writers.

I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind and heart by a Sermon, preached in the Tabernacle in 1869, from the text, "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?" The printed copy bore the title, "Fire—the Want of the Times," (No. 854,) the subject being the fiery nature of the religion of Jesus Christ. The energy and earnestness with which it was delivered, and the burning words, and intensely practical message it contained, stirred my soul to its inmost depths, and made me long to get out to recommence the work for Christ in which I was then engaged. Some parts of that truly wonderful discourse might well be taken as descriptive of Mr. Spurgeon himself, as when he says:—"When a preacher, whom God calls to the work, proclaims the gospel, you will see that it is a thing of fire. Observe the man! If God has sent him, he is little regardful of the graces of oratory,—he counts it sheer folly that the servants of God should be apes of Demosthenes and Cicero,—he learns in another school how to deliver his Master's message. He comes forward in all sincerity, not in the wisdom of words, but with great plainness of speech, and tells the sons of men the great message from the skies. The one thing of all others he abhors, is to deliver that message with bated breath, with measured cadence, and sentences from ice-bound lips that chill and freeze. He speaks as one who *knows that God has sent him*, like a man who believes what he says; and, moreover, feels that it is a burden on his soul, a burden which he *must* be delivered from, a fire in his bones which rages till he gives it vent, for woe is unto him if he preach not the gospel."

The purity of the gospel, its cheering and comforting influences, its testing qualities, its aggressiveness, its tremendous energy, and its ultimate triumph, were points suggested by the text, and were successively dealt with in a masterly way; and the memorable discourse ended with an urgent appeal to all who were present to catch the flame. To do that, would mean making them fearless of opposition, weary of mere proprieties in religion, instant in prayer, and eager for service. I pity the man or woman who could hear, or even read such a message without being moved to renewed consecration, and

more intense earnestness in the service of God. The truths contained in that discourse are just as much needed at the present time as when they were delivered. Fire is still the want of the times, as it was thirty years ago. Would to God that Sermon could be read by every minister, Sunday-school teacher, and Christian worker at the present day! Could we but catch the flame that burned in the preacher's heart that Sabbath morning, we should hear fewer complaints, so common just now, about the dearth of conversions, and the small increase in the membership of our churches.

Another Sermon, which, to me, was also most striking was one delivered on a Thursday evening during the time I was a student in the College. It was published, a month or two afterwards, under the title, "Our Gifts and How to Use them," No. 1,080. The dear President had been preaching in the West of England,—Bristol, I think,—and by some cause was delayed on his way back to London. At the commencement of the service, Mr. James Spurgeon announced that he had received a telegram from his brother, mentioning the delay, and stating that he would arrive in time to preach. During the reading of the lesson, which was the 1st chapter of the Second Epistle to Timothy, the great preacher entered, to the intense delight of the large congregation present. Mr. James Spurgeon was giving an exposition of the chapter when his brother, who had quietly taken a seat behind him, intimated his presence by gently pulling his coat tail. The reading was soon finished, prayer was offered, and a hymn sung, and the text was announced: "Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands." With marvellous ease, he then proceeded to say that he supposed Timothy was a somewhat timorous young man, who, because of his very gentleness, "needed to be exhorted to the exercise of the bolder virtues. He is bidden not to be ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, and to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. His was a choice spirit, and for that very reason it was desirable to see it strong, brave, and energetic."

The real meaning of the laying on of hands, in apostolic days, was made plain in a sentence or two, and the pretensions of those who claim to be successors of the apostles were laughed to scorn. "Rites," said the preacher, "cease when their meaning ceases. If practised any longer, they gender to superstition, and are fit instruments of priestcraft. The upholding of the hands of the elders, when giving their vote to elect a man to the pastorate, is a sensible proceeding; and, doubtless, was all the apostle meant in the previous Epistle when he speaks of the presbytery laying on their hands; but empty hands, it seems to me, are fitly laid on empty heads, and to submit to an empty ceremony is the idlest of all idle waste of time." He declared his willingness to have the hands of anyone, who could confer spiritual gifts, laid upon his head, but empty hands he cared not for.

After this interesting and instructive introduction, he proceeded to deliver a most orderly and helpful discourse, which seemed to bear the marks of careful preparation, and it was with astonishment we heard him say, in the College the next day, that *the whole Sermon*

of the previous evening flashed across his mind while sitting upon the platform during the reading of the chapter by his brother. In view of this by no means single instance of ready utterance, one can well accept the statement of dear Mrs. Spurgeon, in the September number of the *Sword and Trowel*:—"He lived so constantly in the Divine presence, was so absolutely dominated by the Holy Spirit, and so completely surrendered to God's will, that the Lord could fully use, and abundantly show forth His power in him." This is evidently what she means when she says, "Immediate inspiration is no strange thing to those servants who are temples of the Holy Ghost. Surely it is vain to try to analyze the material and construction of such a mind as God gave to Mr. Spurgeon. It was designed and adjusted for a special work, and that work was grandly accomplished to the glory of God's grace." Mr. Spurgeon himself said, in his *Sword and Trowel* Notes, August, 1873, in referring to the remark of *The Swiss Times*, "Mr. Spurgeon owes the freshness of his ministry to the fine thoughts which he gleans from his eloquent body of students,"—"We wonder what next? Men will say anything rather than give glory to God. They know not the meaning of that sweet line, 'All my fresh springs are in Thee.'" Those who passed through the College could testify that, often, on a Friday afternoon, questions were put to the dear President, of which he had had no previous notice, upon which he would speak for half-an-hour or more with the greatest ease, clearness, and force.

(To be concluded next month.)

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS.

WE do not need much persuading that "we are dust" when holidays come within sight. The few weeks immediately preceding the longed-for date are the heaviest of all. There is the extra pressure caused by preparation for the furlough, and one has also to guard against the holiday feeling which threatens prematurely to possess the spirit. There are, doubtless, some steady souls who can say, "None of these things move us;" but I confess to being otherwise constituted. I could wish to plod on without a break, but that would mean a breakdown; and never is the need of respite so sorely felt as when the last sermon has been preached, and the closing duty done. The tension once relaxed, there is little but limpness left. Thank God that so many of our earnest pastors are enabled to enjoy "a well-earned holiday." Alas, for those who know little of the bliss of complete cessation from exhausting labours! Would God something practical could be done for their relief!

I began my season of rest, appropriately, in a sleeping-car. A kindly Providence caused a deep sleep to fall upon me,—so much so that I knew nothing of the journey until about 6 a.m., when, having drawn aside the curtain, and perceiving that there was a thick mist over the face of the earth, I concluded that we were already in "Bonnie Scotland."

From Glasgow to Balloch, and thence up Loch Lomond, would have been delightful travel but for the aforesaid mist. When it was pleased to part, a glimpse of an old friend—a Ben or a bay, an inlet or an islet,—was the more refreshing. But the best “old friends”—and there are none like *them*,—were awaiting me at Stronachlachar. Pastor Hugh D. Brown, of Dublin, and his mother, and several devoted members of his church, gave me a real Irish welcome to Scotland, and the sun shone out at the moment to gird us all with gladness. Of Stronachlachar and its charms, I wrote a year ago. Suffice it to say that it has lost none of them. To me, there is a peculiar joy in visiting familiar scenes, and renewing former acquaintanceships. So there was no sameness in the same walks and drives and sailings, nor in the same lochs and rocks. A truly lovely place seems lovelier each time one sees it. I suppose there is a limit, however, when one begins to long for “fresh fields and pastures new.” Perennial freshness is to be found only in the things that are not of earth. “The old, old story,” for instance, is ever new.

I had a Sabbath at Stronachlachar, one to be remembered! In the afternoon, we gathered on a cliff commanding a view of the entire length of the loch; and, having lit a fire of fern to keep the midges at a respectful distance, we began our open-air service. The two Pastors alternately read C. H. Spurgeon's inspiring Sermon, entitled, “Our Manifesto,” from the cheap edition of *Messages to the Multitude*. It must have been soul-stirring to have heard it preached by himself, yet there was something specially moving about even the perusal of it under such circumstances. He, being dead, spoke to our inmost hearts. There were eloquent tears in our eyes; and, if I mistake not, the spirit of consecration was stirred within our hearts. It was good to be there.

The eventide was sanctified with the Word of God and prayer. We communed in an upper room. Helped by the sacred emblems, we remembered our dying, risen, coming Lord. After supper, we sang a hymn,—

“Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
Oh, it was wonderful,—how could it be?
Dying for me, for me!”

On Monday, August 21, I journeyed to the modern Athens; and, on the following day, set sail from Leith for Liverpool. It had occurred to me that, having been several times round the world, it would be well to circumnavigate my native land. Failing, however, to secure a berth in the one boat that steams round Great Britain, I was forced to be content with coasting round Scotland. Nor had I any reason to regret the miscarrying of my plans. The trip was most delightful. It began well, with a precisely punctual start, followed by a sail under the giant cantilevers of the Forth Bridge, and a passage of the smoothest imaginable sort to Dundee, over a moonlit sea. The busy city was specially so, for it was making preparations to receive a royal Duke. Venetian masts, and flags, and shields, and bunting were greatly in evidence. The scion of a noble house may well be honoured thus. I did not begrudge the Duke his

welcome, only I could not help wishing that all men would accord a loyal and loving welcome to the golden Prince, my blessed Lord and Master.

After another moonlight pleasure-trip, we came to Aberdeen. Here, alas! were fog and sleet, so that the granite city looked greyer than ever; and, it must be confessed, a bit gloomy, too. In the railway station, (I always choose to spend spare time at a railway station!) I found Barnum and Bailey's advertising car. This was a sure sign of a forthcoming invasion of the city by "The Greatest Show on Earth." Here was a car full of paste-pots and posters; and, in a few hours, the whole of the city was fully informed as to the joys in store for it. I cannot help thinking that we, who have so glorious a gospel to proclaim, are sadly deficient both in enterprise and confidence. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

From Aberdeen to the Orkneys, we steamed through a driving fog, though favoured by a breeze which increased to at least half a gale of wind. At one stage, when fortunately the skies were a little clearer, we threaded our way through a fleet of fishing boats. On every hand were the lights of the smacks dipping and rising, while the weather-beaten toilers gathered the harvest of the sea. We wondered whether the *C. H. Spurgeon*, of Grimsby, was among them, and prayed that the Bethel boat might catch many souls.

Stromness would have been very cheerless, since the same cold wind and driving mist prevailed, but for the greeting of a Baptist brother from Liverpool. I walked down its mile-long street before any of its 2,000 inhabitants were astir, and again when they were all wide awake. What a contrast, to be sure,—just all the difference there is between a sleepy and a living, working, praying, church.

The weather cleared as soon as we left the harbour, so that we obtained a splendid view of the Old Man of Hoy,—a natural rock ruin of most imposing dimensions, and enjoyed a peaceful sail along Scotia's Northern-most coast.

I do not doubt that Cape Wrath well deserves its name, and "lives up to it," as a rule; but I must speak of it as I found it. The sea was of almost glassy smoothness, the air was perfectly clear and calm. Cliffs and lighthouse looked simply magnificent; the "frowning glories" of the storm-battered Cape, of which the guide-book spake, being conspicuous by their absence. The frowns had given place to sweetest smiles. Cape Wrath seemed a misnomer under such circumstances, yet, may be, only a day or so before, sea and sky were furious enough. Thank God, the Cape Wrath we used to dread is now a headland of pardoning love.

"I will praise Thee every day,
Now Thine anger's turned away;
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice."

Nothing could exceed the delightfulness of our trip down the West Coast. We sailed, for the most part, in land-locked waters. We went to two places not included in our programme,—Loch Inver and Tobermory,—to pick up or to land passengers; and a stay of several

hours was made at Oban, ever charming with its circling hills, its crescent bay, and its white-winged yachts.

On Sunday afternoon, at about 2 o'clock, we came alongside Liverpool's wonderful landing-stage, having had a five days' voyage of the most charming sort. I was indeed quite loth to take my departure from the *Princess Beatrice*. I dearly love the sea, especially in its milder moods; and we were so favoured, in this respect, that even those who, as a rule, prefer to regard the sea from the shore, would have owned that it is a delightful change to behold the shore from the sea. I wonder if it was my love for the sea that made a recent correspondent address me as "Your Reverend-ship."

Though rejoicing in the hearty hospitality of a Toxteth Tabernacle deacon, I determined (since Pastor H. O. Mackey was preaching for me in London,) to give myself the treat of hearing Mr. Thomas of Myrtle Street. The service was a re-opening one, and it must be confessed that it was very musical, but the *sermon* was exactly to my mind. This was, in a sense, a new beginning for the church; certainly, a milestone in its history. It was the Pastor's yearning desire that it should recognize that its true success depended on the presence of the King of glory. Therefore, let the gates be lifted up, and all hindering influences removed. It was a faithful message, a heart-searching sermon, a fitting keynote for a fresh campaign. O King of Glory, come in to all our churches!

The following morning, I hastened to the metropolis, and paid a flying visit to "My Mother" at ever well-loved "Westwood." Next day found me at Tonbridge, among wife and children, with more than three weeks of happy rest to look forward to.



BARDEN PARK, TONBRIDGE.

Barden Park was not unknown to me, for our Sunday-school children had found it to be "the place to spend a happy day" in June. We found it equally the place to spend a happy month; it proved, in fact, the very resort for which I had long been looking. I am not sure that the fact that the old mansion was given by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn had its due weight with me, or that I was more

than passingly interested to know that Charles Dickens and other celebrities had sojourned in it. You see, one who has looked into a mirror Queen Victoria "dressed in" is rather spoiled! But the park, and the farm, and the grand old trees, and the river, and the hop-gardens had unceasing charms for me. A more delightful spot for a holiday, I do not know. The place and the people I hereby strongly recommend to those in search of real rest and quiet.*

Some nine out of the fifty acres are devoted to the cultivation of the hop. I trust my Temperance principles will not be called in question when I own to being very greatly interested in this department. The hops were at their best when I arrived; and ere we left, ten tons had been gathered in by home-pickers, residents of the neighbouring town. The lovely avenue, of which I give a view, soon disappeared before the busy fingers of the pickers, who filled their bins faster than the kiln could dry the fruit of the bines. It was in a hop-garden that Gotthold learned how weak he was, and how impossible it is to grow heavenwards unless upheld by the power of God, and the cross of Christ. The twining creeper bids us trust, and seems to set us singing,—

"Saviour, more than life to me;
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee."

* Application for terms, &c., should be made to Mrs. Taylor, Barden Park, Tonbridge, Kent.



Help for the Preacher and Teacher.*

IN one of his incomparable Lectures to Students, the beloved C. H. Spurgeon said, concerning pulpit illustrations:—"Often, when didactic speech fails to enlighten our hearers, we may make them see our meaning by opening a window, and letting in the pleasant light of analogy. Our Saviour, who is the Light of the world, took care to fill His speech with similitudes, so that the common people heard Him gladly. His example stamps with high authority the practice of illuminating heavenly instruction with comparisons and similes." We all know that he who spoke these words splendidly practised for himself that which he preached to his students; for, to his wonderful gift of masterly exposition, he added the no less precious one of masterly illustration of Divine truth.

But how to find new illustrations of old and changeless truth, is the constant problem of the man who has to face the same people from year to year. Some of the stock anecdotes and similes heard from the pulpit are so musty and mouldy that, instead of commanding the attention of listeners, they dissipate it, and set them longing for something fresh and new, a little more dewy, and up-to-date.

Hence we welcome, with great delight, any volume of *new* illustrations for Christian workers in pulpit, and class, and platform. Such a book—to be published in a week or two,—has been produced by one of "our own men," Pastor H. O. Mackey, of Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool, and a perusal of the advanced sheets enables us to commend it with the utmost heartiness to all our readers.

A former volume, which Mr. Mackey published some eleven years ago, and which has already run into five editions, earned a warm welcome from the reviewers, among whom the late Editor of the *Sword and Trowel* was one of the most appreciative. Writing of that work, Mr. Spurgeon said:—"Our friend, Mr. Mackey, has collected a thousand illustrations, and he justly calls them '*new*.' The reader will thank him for finding him good raw material which he can work into instructive parable. We are glad to see one of our rising ministry addicting himself to searching out striking things."

In his new volume, Mr. Mackey has largely followed the plan of the former one, in which the illustrations are first arranged in alphabetical order as to subject, and then exhaustively indexed with cross-references both as to topics and texts illustrated. This enables the busy man to drop at once upon the reference he needs, and so greatly saves his time.

The substance of the book plainly shows that very wide reading has been made to contribute to it; history, biography,—largely in the spheres of literature and art,—and many books away from the beaten tracks of ordinary reading being referred to. Now and again we come across an illustration in which a sly sense of humour betrays itself; not humour of the broad guffaw type, but of the subtle and penetrating kind.

* *Points, Parables, and Pictures. New Illustrations for Preachers, Sunday-school Teachers, and other Speakers.* By Rev. H. O. MACKEY, Liverpool. James Bowden. 3s. 6d.

The following specimen extracts will, we hope, whet our readers' appetite, and send them to the volume itself for more:—

BEAUTY OVERRATED.

Count Tolstoi refers, in one of his volumes, to the pain which he felt, at the early age of six years, when his mother was obliged to confess that he was a homely boy. "I fancied," he says, "that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small grey eyes as I had. I besought God to work a miracle, and turn me into a beauty; and all I had in the present, or might have in the future, I would give in exchange for a handsome face."

KINDNESS.—MISTAKEN,

Once, when Richard Wagner was in Venice for a holiday, the military band, which occasionally played in the great square, thinking to do him honour, produced a version of the overture to *Lohengrin*. They, however, played it in such a fashion that poor Wagner was constrained to take refuge in the pastrycook's shop, and stop his ears with both hands!

JUSTICE. NO SUBSTITUTE FOR,

Mr. J. Russell Lowell, speaking on International copyright, once said, "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is, a book honestly come by. No successful substitute for justice has ever yet been discovered, —nothing with the lasting quality of justice."

PREACHERS. EFFEMINATE,

"I begin to hate these dapper young-ladies'-preachers like the devil; for I am sickened and enraged to see 'silly women,' 'carried about with every wind,' falling in love with the preacher instead of his sermon, and with his sermon instead of the Bible. I am sickened with its day by day occurrence."—*Kingsley*.

Containing a thousand "points, parables, and pictures," and published at the very reasonable price of 3s. 6d., the volume ought to command a large sale as a Christmas gift-book, and then to be in constant demand for a long time to come.

Those who wish to give their pastor, or Sunday-school teacher, or other friend, a welcome present, could not do better than obtain this racy and all-alive book.

Writers of Hymns in the
"Supplement to Our Own Hymn Book."

(Continued from page 562.)

MANY of our finest hymns have been written by Christian women. Among these, Mrs. Jane Crewdson occupies a prominent position. One of her best, and best-known hymns is No. 1,221, beginning—

"Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright 'for-ever,'
Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while'!"

Mrs. Crewdson was a daughter of George Fox, of Perrow, Cornwall, where she was born, October, 1809. She was married to Thomas Crewdson, of Manchester, in 1836, and died at Summerlands, near that city, September 14, 1863. Her published works comprise *Lays of the Reformation* (1860); *A Little While, and other Poems*, issued after her death, in 1864; *The Singer of Eisenach* (Martin Luther), and *Aunt Jane's Verses for Children*, which seems to have been her first book (1851). But little is known of her private history, which was doubtless uneventful, excepting the crises of her long illness, during which most, if not all, of her hymns were written. Eight have found their way into church use. One of her latest compositions was that written shortly before her death, which has helped and comforted tens of thousands:—

"O Saviour, I have nought to plead
In earth beneath or Heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

"The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore."

The hymns numbered 1,086 and 1,196 are by Miss Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, third daughter of Andrew Clephane, Sheriff of Fife. She was born at Edinburgh, June 18, 1830, and died at Bridgend, near Melrose, February 19, 1869. Her hymns appeared, mainly for the first time, in *The Family Treasury*, under the general title of "Breathings on the Border." No. 1,086 was first published in *The Family Treasury* for 1874, under the text, "Rejoice with Me; for I have found My sheep which was lost." It has the merit of originality, though some have taken exception to part of its phraseology as being too literal; but whatever defect the hymn may have it is full to overflowing with the love of Christ in seeking the lost sheep and rejoicing over them when found. Mr. I. D. Sankey adopted it in his *Songs and Solos*, and it has had an immense circulation, besides which, it has been translated into many languages, and it has been a help and blessing to many. Its first lines are familiar to all,—

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold."

No. 1,196 is less open to criticism, and betokens the deep sense the writer had of her own unworthiness and of the exceeding preciousness of Jesus in His atonement and full and free salvation:—

"Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat,
And the burden of the day."

Rev. W. Arnot, of Edinburgh, then Editor of *The Family*

Treasury, wrote in introducing Miss Clephane's hymns to his readers:—"These lines express the experiences, the hopes, and the longings of a young Christian lady lately released. Written on the very verge of this life, with the Better Land fully in the view of faith, they seem to us footsteps printed on the sands of Time, where these sands touch the ocean of Eternity. These footprints of one whom the Good Shepherd led through the wilderness into rest, may, with God's blessing, contribute to comfort and direct succeeding pilgrims."

Very gladly would we make further reference to others of our lady hymn-writers, one or more of whose hymns appear in *The Supplement*, but our space is very limited, and we must be content to speak in general terms of the excellence of their verses, the charm of their character, and their strong and beautiful faith in the eternal verities of "the common salvation."

No. 1,098 is a fine Resurrection hymn:—

"Hallelujah! Jesus lives!
He is now the living One!
From the gloomy house of death
Forth the Conqueror has gone:
Bright Forerunner to the skies
Of His people, yet to rise."

Its author, Charles Bernard Garve, was a Moravian minister, from 1799 to 1841. He was the son of a pious farmer, a member of the Moravian Church, and was born, January 26, 1763, at Jeinsen, near Hanover. He and Albertini were two of the best hymn-writers of that Church, his hymns being mostly free from the objectionable features of the early writers of that school. He stood, in relation to Germany, on a level with J. Montgomery in England; and that is saying a great deal. He had to endure many trials, and was called to suffer family afflictions as well as personal pain, but his faith was firm and his hope steadfast. He wrote 368 hymns, of which only three have been rendered into English, by the late Miss J. Borthwick.

Tried and afflicted believers will no doubt thank us for including No. 1,214:—

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!"

The author of this hymn was Benjamin Schmolke, a Lutheran pastor. He was born in Silesia, December 21, 1672. He was devoted to God by his father, a Lutheran pastor, in early life. The father was poor, and unable to support his promising son at the University of Leipsic, but God supplied the means in an unexpected way. While still a student, he preached in his father's pulpit from Psalm xl. 17: "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God." This sermon so touched the heart of one of his hearers, the

patron of the living, that he made him an allowance for three years, by means of which he completed his University course. He occupied several important stations, sharing the honours of his denomination, but also suffering many trials and privations. He wrote 1,188 hymns, not all of equal merit; but he ranks next to Gerhardt among the orthodox Lutherans of the intermediate period. He was an earnest and faithful preacher, and still laboured on, writing hymns and preaching, after his first paralytic stroke. His redeemed spirit joined "the general assembly and church of the firstborn," February 12, 1737.

R. SHINDLER.

(To be continued.)

Donkeys, Camels, and Missionaries.



ARAB WITH CAMELS AND DONKEYS.

TWO missionaries were starting for a day's itineration in North Africa; a donkey carrying books came first, and the men trudged behind. A short cut through a narrow, winding lane, overhung with trees, commenced the journey; soon progress became slow, and the mud deep; thick hedges barred escape on either side, and a squalid place lay right ahead. Still, on they bravely struggled till, at last, the donkey stopped, stuck fast, and gently sinking in the mire, at length only his head and back and tail were visible. The brethren seized this last and nearest part, and vainly tried to make him come out the way he had gone in. Alas! instead of one coming out, two more went in!

This experience, long remembered, was told by one of the three at a missionary meeting in the North of England; and on his way to the railway station, the next morning, a gentleman met him, shook his hand heartily, and exclaimed, "I *did* enjoy the meeting last night, especially what you said about the donkey. I shall never see a *donkey* now without thinking of *you*." The missionary pondered that compliment, and wondered

if he had taken in all its meaning. At the time when the incident happened, the donkey carried the Word of God, as an ass did in a still higher sense during our Lord's lifetime, and of no other animal did HE ever say, "The Lord hath need of him." Yet was our friend not *quite* pleased with the association; rather would the North African Missionary be remembered in connection with another familiar animal out there, the camel.

That ship of the desert, which, though scarcely beautiful, yet judged by the standard that "handsome is that handsome *does*," should certainly be called good-looking. True, he grumbles loud and long when he is being loaded; for "the camel thinks one thing; the camel-*driver* another;" and even some Christians find it hard to take gladly the burden our Lord lays upon them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

But once the camel is loaded, how steadily, how patiently, he goes forward with his burden! There is no grumbling now, but steady progress, and a readiness to do his master's bidding till, if needs be, he sinks beneath his load, and gives it up only with his life. In face of difficult duty, Paul could say, "I am ready." May we all follow him as he followed Christ!

The camel is a specially prepared animal for a specially difficult work. When the hot, sandy, desert wind blows, the camel can, by a peculiar arrangement, close his long slit-like nostrils, and wait in comfort till the storm is past; and where other animals would starve, the camel thrives on the thorn-covered leaves of the prickly pear. He can take in food and store it for future use, being able to strain off from it water, which he keeps in special water cells lining his stomach, to refresh himself during his long journeyings. So the Christian missionary, in the spiritual desert of North Africa, needs to find his meat and his drink in doing the will of his Heavenly Father.

But the outstanding feature of a camel is its hump; and, as dear Mr. Spurgeon pointed out, it is of vital importance that it should be in prime condition, as it contains the animal's reserve store of nourishment. Certainly, each missionary needs a firm and full hump of Christian experience before starting for North African mission work.

In addition to his hump, the camel has flat pad-like projections on other parts of his body; these serve him as cushions when he lies down; and it is well that the missionary can be provided with promises of God on which to rest at all times. But the foot of the camel is also peculiar, and the bag in which his toes are enclosed falls softly upon the desert sand, notwithstanding his great weight. His foot is grandly fitted for travelling on sand or rock, but he can do nothing on mud. There his smooth feet slip hopelessly, and his great weight and burden, pressing him downward, tear him asunder, and effectively destroy him. So the missionary, who should leave "the Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" for the mud of Modern Thought, would surely perish.

O Lord, keep Thou our feet, that we slip not; and make us all prepared people for prepared work, for, as the Arabs say, "Not everything with a crooked neck is a camel."

Barking, *en route* for N. Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

When the Swallows Outward Fly.

ONE morning, a short time ago, the rain was falling piteously,—literally in bucketsful,—and, looking out of my bedroom window, I was surprised to see my eldest boy on the further side of the road, bareheaded, and busily intent on something he had in his hands. As my toilet was completed, I went downstairs, and was just in time to meet the young

hopeful coming in at the door. I had not long to wait for an explanation of his seemingly strange escapade. After pushing back his dripping locks from his forehead, he emptied his pockets, and produced from them four young swallows which he had rescued from a very watery grave.

Year after year, with unvarying regularity, these summer visitors have taken up their abode beneath the eaves of a thatched cottage opposite our manse; and this year has been no exception to the rule; but the tenants,—so we heard, were tired of their company, and selected this morning, of all others, to serve them with a writ of ejectment. The poor little birds were completely saturated, and must soon have perished if they had not been brought into the house. We placed them in a basket lined with dry hay, and put them near the fire that they might dry their clothes. They were more than half-dead with fright and exposure; but, under the influence of quietude and warmth, they revived in the course of a few hours. As the rain had then ceased, we took them into the garden to test their capabilities of flying; but they were unable to soar,—their most successful attempt did not carry them more than a few inches from the ground;—so it was at once evident that, to leave them out of doors, was only to expose them to certain death. So it was decided that they should remain our guests for a season.

But now arose a difficulty which might readily have been foreseen. Our larder, though generally fairly well stocked for a country manse, did not happen to contain anything which was necessary to build up a sound constitution of a young swallow. But my eldest daughter undertook the office of foster-mother, and, as will be seen, succeeded in her task. The little creatures were fed every few hours, the meal for each bird consisting of a small crumb of bread and a drop of water, the former being administered by forcing the beak open and inserting it, the latter by simply dipping the beak in a saucer of water. After indulging in this sumptuous repast, the wee birdies would go back into their basket, and, nestling together in one corner, would sleep, for the purpose, I suppose, of working off the effects of their gourmandizing! They were very nervous at first; and, when held in the hand, one could feel their little hearts palpitating violently; but they soon became accustomed to their treatment, and so much so that, by the third day, they seemed to display a kind of rivalry as to which should be fed first. Sometimes, they would perch on the edge of the basket, and await their turn; at other times, by way of variation, they would all hop into their nurse's lap at once.

One morning, after the usual meal had been administered, the birds were placed out of doors, with the basket open, so that they might get as much sunshine and air as they could, when one of them perched himself on the edge, spread his wings, and without giving even a farewell glance at his rescuers, commenced his journey into regions hitherto unexplored—by him. He will learn that it is a wide, wide world ere he comes hither again,—if ever he does. The other three birds were not so forward; and, as we were in no hurry to get rid of them, they remained a day or two longer. It was during this time that quite an original idea struck me,—a very exceptional occurrence! It is well known that swallows go almost everywhere; then, why might I not use these little creatures as messengers? Having saved their lives, there would be no harm in so doing. So, procuring a piece of parchment, I wrote on it, in addition to the date, name, and address, the words “with kindly greetings.” Who knows but that some old fellow-student at the Antipodes, or in India, or China, or on the Congo, will receive these missives, and will be reminded of the days of long ago when we gathered within the same walls, sat at the feet of the same tutors,—of whom only one now remains, and he blind,—and listened to the same voice,—now, alas! stilled,—which could hold the thousands in breathless silence. Even should these messages never be read, the record of this simple incident will be perused by many and literature has wings

even as the swallow has; and these lines will be a reminder of the fact that it is possible to be absent yet not forgotten.

But to return from this digression. When, at length, the rest of the birds appeared able to take wing, the message was attached to the inner side of a leg of each one, an operation which was submitted to without a struggle,—a final meal was administered, and then, after a perch on the edge of the basket for a few seconds, first one flew off, then another departed in the same direction, whilst the third selected a distinct course of its own. However, they were all gone, and we thought we should see none of them again; but at noon the next day, a little black object was seen hopping across the garden towards our door. It was one of our visitors returning. There could be no doubt as to its identity, for there was still the label attached to its leg. It made no effort to get away as the children went to secure it; it took its usual meal at the hands of its former nurse in the usual matter-of-fact fashion, and retired to its usual corner for its afternoon nap. Having discharged this important function, it again mounted its perch, and there sat, looking at once as sober and sapient and even as self-important as an owl. The children thought a change of diet would not be unwelcome, so they collected a number of ants and small flies which were swallowed with evident relish. This, however, was to be its last repast. Whether or not the change from a vegetable to an animal diet was too much for its digestive organs cannot be positively asserted, as no "post mortem" was held; but this is certain that, soon after the meal, it first moped, then drooped, then died.

One might speculate as to the cause of its returning after having once taken its flight. Perhaps it might have felt that it would not be able to leave this country, and was desirous of returning my valuable manuscript; perhaps it felt that its life was drawing to a close, and it wished to spend its last moments amongst its friends; if so, its desire was fulfilled.

Swallows are wonderful little creatures, and the more closely they are observed the more wonderful do they appear. A full-grown swallow will weigh little if anything over an ounce, but where is there a more remarkable ounce than this? The power to travel over oceans and continents at the rate of ninety and more miles per hour; the capability of obtaining its necessary food whilst on the wing; the instinct—dare we call it intellect?—whereby it is guided to foreign lands and distant climes, and then back home again. Truly, "The works of the Lord are great," but greater than the works is the Worker; it is He who wings an angel and guides a swallow, and who cares for all, of every grade, between these two winged creatures which His hand hath made.

Harpole, Northampton.

A. PARKER.

Notices of Books.

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

Soon after the present number of the Magazine is in the hands of our readers, they will be able to procure from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, or through all booksellers and col-porteurs, *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1900*, and *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1900*, price one penny each. There are still just as many of dear "John Ploughman's"

proverbs, maxims, and mottoes as in previous years, and the five pictures with which the broadsheet is adorned will make it still more acceptable. For the *Book Almanack*, Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has once more selected the passages for daily meditation throughout the year, and for the members of the Text Union to learn and quote in answer to the challenge, "Text for

to-day, please!" Mrs. Spurgeon has also written a letter, as in past years, and an interesting article on "God's Greatness in Little Things." There is the usual number of short illustrated articles by Mr. Spurgeon and other writers; and it is hoped that both Almanacks will prove as welcome as ever to their tens of thousands of readers. They have long had an immense circulation, but their usefulness might be still greater if every purchaser would kindly introduce them to some friend who is not already acquainted with them.

Under the title, *Glorious Themes for Saints and Sinners*, by C. H. SPURGEON, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have published, at 3s. 6d., a volume of Mr. Spurgeon's wise and striking sayings, printed in very large type which can be easily read by old people and little children. The "glorious themes" are set forth in such simple language that the young can understand it, while any who are seeking the Saviour will here find many direction posts plainly pointing to Him. Though the book consists of 310 octavo pages, it is quite light in weight, and therefore specially adapted to the aged and the afflicted. It ought to be in every infirmary, hospital, waiting-room, and reading-room, on board all ships, and in all barracks; and, wherever it goes, it will carry a blessing with it.

All who are interested in sailors should write to Miss Child, Welcome Home, Canning Town, London, E., for a copy of the new illustrated booklet by Mr. William Luff, descriptive of her work; and then seek to aid in one or other of the many ways mentioned in the pamphlet. It will be well to enclose a shilling postal order to cover the cost of booklet and postage.

The early *Annuals* have begun to arrive, the Sunday School Union leading the way with *Young England* (5s.), and *The Child's Own Magazine*, a dainty little volume at a shilling. It is hardly possible to suggest an improvement in either of these splendid magazines for the youngsters, unless

the boys' book could have a little less fighting in it. The war spirit is far too strong in our nation already, and Christian people need to do everything they can to check it.

Not a word too much can be said in praise of "*The Herald of Mercy*" *Annual*, issued under the title, *The Pilot's Warning, and other Readings*, by Messrs. Morgan and Scott. For a shilling, we have here a great variety of simple stories, appropriately illustrated, and all directly aimed at the salvation of souls. The book cannot be too widely circulated; it must do good to all who read it.

"*Home Words*" *Annual* (7, Paternoster Square,) is as bright and up-to-date as all Mr. Bullock's books are, and from cover to cover Evangelical and Protestant. It is well worth two shillings.

The Magazine was just ready for making up when we received, from The Religious Tract Society, the new annual volumes of the *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, *Girl's Own Paper*, and *Boy's Own Paper*,—the first two, 7s. 6d. each; the others, 8s. each. All are too well known and too highly prized to need even the commendation which they richly deserve, while a detailed description of their contents would be more than our limited space would permit. We note that, this month, the *Leisure Hour* is starting an entirely new series, that the size is altered to the popular super royal 8vo., and that Sir Walter Besant contributes the leading serial.

At the same time, there came, from Messrs. Partridge and Co., the smaller but not less welcome annual volumes of *The British Workman*, *The Band of Hope Review*, *The Children's Friend*, *The Infants' Magazine*, *The Family Friend*, and *The Friendly Visitor*. These also are old favourites, and those who read them every month testify that they are all good. *The Band of Hope Review*, in its new shape, is more handy than the larger size, yet we are glad to see *The British Workman* retaining its familiar form.

"*I Believe.*" By the BISHOP OF CALCUTTA. Religious Tract Society.

WITH much that is here written by Dr. Welldon, we heartily agree; but from much more we thoroughly dissent. We cannot endorse the declaration here made that it has been "the will of God to redeem the world by the exhibition of a Divine character upon earth;" and we cannot find, in Scripture, the doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood of God here taught. As for the teaching in this book concerning our Lord's "ignorance" while sojourning here below, we hope that a lad, on one of the lower forms of Dulwich College, could point out the flaws in the former Head-Master's argument on this topic. We certainly do not agree with the statement of the Secretaries of the Religious Tract Society that "this book seeks to put the great truths and facts of Christianity in untechnical language," and we sincerely trust that it will not "become a standard text-book on this all-important subject."

The Harvest of a Quiet Eye. By Prebendary J. R. VERNON. Religious Tract Society.

IT would have been a pity to let this well-known work remain out of print, and this new and chaste edition at 5s., with etched frontispiece and title-page, will help to make it known to a still wider circle of readers than it has already had.

W. F. Moulton. A Memoir. By W. F. and J. H. MOULTON. Isbister and Co.

A CHASTE memoir of a choice man of God. An offering of affection by sons to their father's memory, but singularly free from partiality and passion; indeed, calm and judicial, almost to a fault. The solid form of Dr. Moulton's physical and mental build is made very plain in these pages, and the President of the Conference, as well as the renowned Master of the Leys School, lives vividly before the reader. We could wish that his Nonconformity had been a little more pronounced and outspoken; but his desire to be on good terms with clerics evidently

hampered him. Some of his letters are not pleasant reading to sturdy Free Churchmen; and for all his readiness to compromise, there was no response from the State-paid. How could there be? Yet, even with these drawbacks, it is a notable picture of a born Methodist statesman and scholar.

Social Aspects of the Quaker Faith. By EDWARD GRUBB, M.A. Headley Brothers.

ONE of the most startling and rousing statements of social problems, from the religious standpoint, that has ever been printed; not only addressed to the Quaker brotherhood, but to the whole Church of Christ; and rightly demanding serious thought and prompt action.

Without flinging broadcast the flaming brands of wild Socialism, our author speaks plainly concerning the idolatry of gold, the curse of the cruel modern luxury indulged at the expense of the toiling masses, the horrible overcrowding of our great cities, and other features of our sad social life of to-day. If we were not abandoned to heartless selfishness, such a statement of the case, so calm and Christian, would compel prayerful, earnest, devoted efforts for reform. We ardently commend the volume and its study to all Christians, even though we do not adopt all the author's positions or panaceas.

Light and Darkness; or, All One in Christ Jesus. By SPES. Partridge and Co.

A VERY good story,—written to show the follies of Ritualism,—and one which we hope will sell largely, in this paper-cover edition at a shilling. The young folks, who are likely to be caught by the sensuous teachings and rites of the Popish traitors in the Church of England, could have no better antidote than this. They will, too, read a story, where they would spurn a treatise. Whether "Spes'" dream, as revealed in the last chapter, will ever come true, we take leave to doubt; but the rest is so good that this romantic ending does not matter much.

"Comrades," and other Straight Talks with Boys. By E. C. DAWSON, M.A. Andrew Melrose.

A CAPITAL book to put into the hands of boys. It is brimful of that uncommon commodity misnamed common sense. The author has not forgotten that he was once a boy; he knows what boyhood is, and what it may become, and writes accordingly. The volume is well got-up, and will make a first-rate present for any youth. It is worthy of a wide circulation.

Connemara, on the eve of the Twentieth Century. By A. M. BARBOUR. Partridge and Co.

A PLAIN, unvarnished tale of what the Lord did by means of two sisters in Christ in Connemara. The end for which it was written, to tell of "the dire need, both spiritual and temporal, of the poor Roman Catholics in Ireland," will commend the book, and will lead every Christian reader to pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth more such labourers into this white field.

Life Problems. By Rev. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN. Morgan and Scott.

A THOUGHTFUL discussion of various problems which have long perplexed serious souls. We commend this "Help" to any who are in the "Slough" because they cannot solve the difficulties of "Environment,

Heredity, and Destiny." It costs only a shilling.

Sacred Songs of the World. Edited by H. C. LEONARD, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A SCHOLARLY work that must have entailed tremendous toil, and which reveals how infinitely superior the Scriptures are to all the other sacred literature of the world. Some of the poems in this volume are lofty in their teaching, and sublime in their aspirations, but many more are very sad in their confessions of failure and dissatisfaction. All help to show that the Bible is not only the Book of God, but also the God of books.

Some English Rivers. By WILLIAM J. FORSTER. Charles H. Kelly.

A CAPITAL method of teaching English history and geography; and if "Cousin Walter" had paid a little more attention to the rules of grammar, it might have been perfect. Even with a slip here and there, it is well worth a shilling.

Hiram Golf's Religion. By GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D.D. Partridge and Co.

IN our February number, we commended Mr. Dickinson's edition of this capital story, so we have no need again to praise it. "Hiram Golf" appears to have been a kind of American "Dan'el Quorm."

Notes.

It was a singular coincidence that, on the very day when war was commenced between the British and the Boers, we received The South African Baptist Handbook for 1899 to 1900, and that, on opening it, the first sentences which caught our eye were these remarkable words, addressed to President Kruger, at Pretoria, at the Annual Session of the Baptist Union of South Africa, by the retiring President, Pastor G. W. Cross:—

"It is a great pleasure to us that you honour our Union by your presence at its first Assembly in the South African Republic.

"We are of English and German speech, but we are one with you in the worship and service of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Many of us were born in South Africa, most of us have lived in it a long time, and all of us love it. We count it our highest

privilege to labour in it, and to seek its good always.

"We have seen the marvellous rise of this State, have noted its wonderful deliverances, and have honoured in you, Sir, a strong, God-fearing ruler,—one entrusted by God with the sword of the State,—called to be God's minister to this people for good. We have rejoiced in you as an upholder of our precious Protestant Faith, and have noted with joy your service and support of your own Puritan Church."

Yet it is to crush this "God-fearing ruler" and his "Puritan Church" that the mighty British empire is sending out the most powerful army ever despatched from our shores since the disastrous campaign in the Crimea. Whatever may be the result of this wicked war, it is our firm conviction that it will be the blackest blot

on the Queen's long reign. Any wrongs in the Transvaal, which may have existed, could have been redressed without driving the two little companies of burghers into a state of armed resistance; and an awful responsibility will rest upon those who have produced the present terrible condition of affairs. Unless the Lord should miraculously interpose, poor "Naboth" will be slain, that his coveted vineyard may pass into "Ahab's" possession; but there will be a day of reckoning for "Ahab" as there was for his prototype in Elijah's day.

We were glad to see the announcement that, in consequence of the strong feeling aroused among members of the Y.P.S.C.E. by the Sunday concerts at the Crystal Palace, the meetings intended to be held there, in connection with next year's Convention, were being arranged elsewhere. We have not yet read, in *Christian Endeavour*, an official confirmation of this report: but we sincerely trust that it is true, and that all Religious and Temperance Societies which have been accustomed to meet at Sydenham will refrain from doing so as long as the Sabbath-breaking continues.

Earnest efforts are being made to prevent the renewal of the seven days' licence for music and drinking, but much prayer and labour will be necessary if this result is to be attained. In the struggle against the seven days' newspapers, the secular press, partly in its own interest, fought side by side with the Christian Church: but, in the matter of Sabbath desecration, it is largely on the other side; and the Editors of religious papers have done very little at present to show that they realize how rapidly London and other large cities are conforming to the pattern of the typical Continental Sunday.

On *Monday evening, October 9*, a number of missionaries, either returning to their former spheres of service, or going out for the first time, under the auspices of THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION, attended the Tabernacle prayer-meeting as one of the farewell gatherings held in connection with their departure. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon and several brethren commended the workers and their work to the Lord in prayer, and brief addresses were delivered by Mr. E. H. Glenn, Dr. Churcher, Mr. Venables, Mr. Hooper, and Miss Tiptaft.

One of the Tabernacle members, Miss F. M. Harrald, was unable to be present at this meeting, as arrangements had been made for her to sail on the previous Friday. She has been accepted by the North Africa Mission, to be attached to Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission at Sousse after a year's further study of Arabic in Tunis; and she will be supported by a Missionary Circle of which her sister is the Secretary,—a very happy method of sharing the responsibility and honour of foreign missionary labour.

Are there not many more sisters, or other church-members, who might in a similar way increase the number of labourers in the Master's great harvest field? Fifty persons giving a penny a day can support a lady missionary in North Africa; or fifty collectors of a penny a week each from seven persons can accomplish the same result.

On *Wednesday evening, October 11*, THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its annual public meeting in the Tabernacle Lower Hall. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and stirring addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by the Hon. Canon Leigh, and Pastors John Wilson and W. Stott. The Vernon Chapel Choir sang several pieces, which were much appreciated by the large audience.

The Annual Report contained the following information:—"The principal feature, during the past year, has been the good work done by our visitors, under the leadership of Mr. Haseltine, in following up those who have signed the pledge at our meetings, and any other persons who desired to be visited. About 150 visits have been paid, at which several fresh pledges were obtained. Many very cheering reports are to hand of blessings received through these visits. The work carried on at Townsend Street Branch has also been of an encouraging nature. Our membership has increased by 23 during the year; and, though we are thankful for this, the number is all too small compared with what we might hope and expect from a church of so large a membership as our own. Seventy-five pledges have been taken at our monthly meetings and by the visitors."

The Committee earnestly appeal to their abstaining fellow-members, and other friends of the work, to show their practical sympathy with it by enrolling themselves as members of the Society. As the subscription is only a nominal shilling a year, there ought to be a large increase in numbers, which would encourage the workers in carrying on this part of their service.

The next meeting of the Society, on *Wednesday evening, November 1*, will be under the auspices of the South London Auxiliary of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, and the churches in the neighbourhood will unite with the Tabernacle friends on that occasion. There will be some good speaking and singing, to which all are heartily invited.

COLLEGE.—The annual meeting will (D.V.) be held, in the Tabernacle Lower Hall, on *Thursday evening, November 23*, preceded by ten in the College Buildings. Speakers:—Pastor Thomas Spurgeon (President), in the chair; Pastor Charles Spurgeon (Vice-President); Professor Gausson; Pastor George Freeman (Westbourne Grove Chapel); and two students.

Owing to the very heavy strain upon the Tabernacle Church, the College funds have suffered considerably. The President will be very grateful if all "our own men" and other friends of the Institution will do their utmost to make this meeting a great success in every way.

ORPHANAGE.—The collectors will scarcely need to be reminded of the meeting on *Wednesday evening, November 8*, when W. Vinson, Esq., of Orpington, is to preside.

COLPORTEAGE.—The new District of Thurlow, Suffolk, has been fairly started during the past month, the colporteur appointed to work there being Mr. Charles Powell, of Ashford. The welcome he has received encourages the expectation that a really good work will be done by him. The locality is a very poor one; and the scattered villages afford the prospect of much hard toil for our brother, for whom prayer is asked.

In common with many other Institutions, we have already experienced inconvenience by reason of the sad conflict in South Africa, one of the brethren, who was doing good service in a District, having been called upon to join the Army Reserves now being mobilized. While he, his family, and the church to which he has ministered, are sadly upset, the Association has, at short notice, to find a suitable agent to step into the breach.

The Secretary has recently visited four

Colporteur Districts in Wiltshire and Hampshire: Bower Chalk, Downton, Fritham, and Lymington, in each of which he found the work being carried on most satisfactorily, and the colporteur held in much esteem by the friends in the locality. The average duration of the brother's service in each of the four Districts is about eighteen years.

During the month, several special missions have been held by colporteurs with pleasing results.

Sets of lantern slides, with a lecture on "The House-to-House Brigade, or Spurgeon's Colporteurs," have been prepared, and can be supplied on loan to friends who will devote the proceeds of the exhibition of them to the General Fund of the Association. That Fund having been extremely low, the Pastor and Deacons of the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle have generously devoted to it one Sunday's special collections, amounting to £30. For this timely help, the Committee are extremely grateful; and they earnestly hope that, either as personal members, or as regular subscribers, many new friends will come forward to enable the work to be carried on with less strain. All amounts will be thankfully acknowledged by the Secretary, Colporteur Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Lower Hall, September 28, five; at Haddon Hall, September 28, two.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	15,892	13	7	Mr. John Breeze	1 0 0
Miss L. Sedcole ...	1	0	0	"Another Primitive Methodist"	2 2 0
Miss Jane Hunt ...	1	0	0	"An old friend"	10 0 0
A friend ...	1	0	0	Friends at Hill Street Baptist Chapel,			
Per Mr. J. Lewis:—				Wisbech, per Pastor J. W. Campbell	18	18	1
Dr. Edwards, J.P. ...	0	10	0	J. S., per Mr. P. Brinkler	1 0 0
Mr. J. Lewis, J.P. ...	1	0	0	Miss A. Tolmie	1 10 0
Mr. R. Rowlands ...	0	10	0	Miss Avery	3 0 0
Mr. R. R. Parry ...	0	10	0	Mr. John Pearce	25 0 0
Mrs. Roberts ...	0	5	0	Amounts under £1	4 18 0
		2	15				
Mr. F. L. Edwards	50	0				
Mr. W. R. Rickett	50	0				£16,066 17 9
Mr. E. Gibbons	1	1				

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
An old friend ...	10	0	0	Corsham Baptist Church, per Pastor J.			
Collection at Gresham Baptist Chapel,				Smith	0 10 0
Brixton, per Pastor F. G. Wheeler ...	3	3	0	Mrs. Keevil	10 0 0
Collection at King's Langley Baptist				Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6
Chapel, per Pastor D. Macmillan ...	0	17	1	Mr. Johnson (Buck's Legacy), per			
Collection at North Shields Baptist				J. T. D.	6 10 0
Chapel, per Pastor C. Stanley ...	2	2	8	Mr. H. R. Kelsey	2 2 0
Mrs. Yates ...	0	10	6	Mr. W. Pitcher	2 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—				
E. S. K.	0	5	0	Sept. 17	1	13	0	
Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0	" 24	1	13	8	
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0	Oct. 1	2	8	3	
Collection at Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wallington, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	2	15	6	" 8	1	12	0	
Mrs. Latimer's class, Weston-super- Mare	0	10	0			7	6	11
						£61	4	9

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
For Christ's sake	0	5	0	Collection at Brondesbury Baptist Chapel, per Dr. T. G. Churcher ...	4	2	6	
Major MacKinlay	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. J. W. Harrauld ...	1	0	11	
H. McS.	0	12	0	Collected by Miss F. M. Harrauld ...	0	12	5	
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Circles	80	0	0	Collected by Miss Perkins	0	3	0	
Collections, after sermons by Dr. T. G. Churcher, at Bexhill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	7	3	0			£44	18	10

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Jas. McFarlane	1	0	0	Mrs. G. E. Chapman	0	2	0
One of the "old girls"	0	2	6	Mrs. Adams	0	5	0
S. A. W.	0	10	0	Mrs. Pinder	0	5	0
Colour-Sergt. J. Marriott	0	2	6	Mr. A. Carter	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Mrs. S. Bowen	0	5	0
Postal order, Ludgate Circus	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Webb	0	5	0
Wellington Street Baptist Sunday- school, Luton, per Mr. W. Bigg ...	1	1	0	Mr. T. Lawrence	0	2	6
Miss E. M. Colman	2	2	0	Mr. J. Mee	0	5	0
A friend, per Mr. S. Curtis	1	0	0	Miss Attfield	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Street	0	2	9	Collected by Miss A. Lewis	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Jas. Friend	0	5	3	Collected by Mrs. A. Groves	0	5	6
M. J.	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Beard	0	10	0
Miss J. Pearce	0	2	6	Miss E. L. Fisher	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lawrence	2	0	6	Miss Harding	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge	0	5	0
United Children's Service, Bexhill, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	1	10	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Fryer	0	14	0	Collected by Miss Crumpton	1	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Webb	1	0	0	Mr. W. T. Reeve	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mingins	1	0	0	Mr. F. Holmes	0	3	0
Mr. J. Jenkins	1	1	0	Mr. C. Norton	0	8	0
Mr. Chas. Waters	1	1	0	Mr. Jas. Smart	1	0	0
"Wet Festival Day"	1	1	0	Mrs. Lawrence	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0	Mr. Angus	0	5	0
Mr. Jno. Higgs	5	0	0	Stamps, Aberdeen	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harris	5	0	0	Mr. Geo. Wood	0	3	6
Mrs. S. A. Morris	1	1	0	Mr. A. A. Stephens	1	0	0
Miss E. Waterhouse	2	0	0	Palmer's Green Mission Chapel, per Mr. G. Dudley	1	5	0
Mr. R. Cleaver, J.P.	2	2	0	Mrs. M. Sutherland	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Parkinson	1	10	0	Mrs. H. Freestone	0	10	0
Postal order, Phibsboro', Dublin E. L.	0	3	6	Miss E. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1	0	0	Miss A. Mackereth	0	2	0
Mr. A. Burr	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Farnfield	0	15	0
Written in Heaven	0	2	6	Mr. S. Vincent	0	5	0
X. Y. Z.	0	1	0	Mr. J. Bishop	0	2	6
Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	0	1	0	Mr. N. McVicar	2	0	0
Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Toller	0	5	0
An orphan, Brynmawr	1	0	0	Mrs. Reynolds	0	2	6
Mr. H. Bradley	0	2	6	Alpgra	0	2	6
Miss L. E. Whitfield	5	0	0	Mrs. E. Bowden	0	5	0
Mrs. E. W. Bell	1	0	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Wyles	1	1	0	Mr. Chas. Voysey	2	0	0
Mr. Chas. Archer	1	1	0	A friend, per Pastor N. Dobson	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Bridges	0	5	0	Mr. H. Holder	1	0	0
Mrs. L. Marshall	0	1	0	Mrs. Wright	0	10	0
				Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0
				Produce of pear tree	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	5	0	Mrs. J. J. Hicks	0	5	0
Miss Cudworth's Sunday-school class, Waterbeach	0	2	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
S. M. P.	0	5	0	Harvest thanksgiving service, Craven Arms, Salop, per Pastor M. Matthews	1	10	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0	Friends at Ton-y-Pandy	0	17	6
Miss N. Bryson	0	2	0	Mrs. S. A. Consens	0	2	0
Mr. C. Hooper	0	2	6	Mrs. W. Warr	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0	Mr. Jno. Hosie	0	10	0
Mr. R. Graham	0	5	6	Miss Gregson's Young Women's Bible- class, Westbourne Grove Chapel	0	17	0
Mr. Archibald Peel	5	0	0	Miss L. Stuchbery	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Zuber	0	3	6	Miss Letchworth	1	0	0
W. J. S., Southend-on-Sea	2	5	0	Mr. Wm. McDonald	0	2	6
Miss M. S. Roleston	1	1	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Per Mr. H. Bowden:— Harvest thank-giving ser- vice, Codicote	0	10	0
Mrs. Keene	2	2	0	A friend	1	0	0
Miss Gregg	0	1	6	Miss G. Gunner	0	5	0
Stamps, Oldham	0	1	6	Mrs. C. H. Gibson	0	10	0
Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0	For Christ's sake	0	10	0
Mrs. Baldwin	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	12	0
Mrs. R. Thompson	2	0	0	Mr. Park	1	1	0
Rev. W. J. Guerrier	2	2	0	Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mrs. A. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. R. Baxter Booth	1	1	0
M. A. L.	1	0	0	Miss M. H. Donaldson	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Tolley	0	10	0	Mrs. Storr	0	10	0
Miss G. Shaw	1	0	0	Anon.	0	3	0
Miss L. C. Barrow	0	5	0	Miss Winokworth, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mrs. Hickford	0	4	0	Miss A. Collins	0	5	0
The Misses Hull and Tucker	1	1	0	Mrs. Lewis	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Fromow	1	0	0	Collected on Peckham Rye, Sunday, October 8th, per Mr. W. J. Williamson	4	5	0
Mrs. Faulconer	1	0	0	Executors of the late Dr. MacGill	180	0	0
Mrs. Heales	1	10	0	Executors of the late Rev. Thos. Llewellyn	150	0	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> , per the Editor	3	10	0	Orphan boys' cards (as per 2nd list)	6	4	3
W. B., per the Editor of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	10	0	0	Orphan girls' cards (as per 2nd list)	5	1	9
Mrs. Fyfe	0	10	0	<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—</i>			
A country minister	0	5	0	P.S.A., Christ Church, Westminster Road	3	7	9
Mr. J. Walker	0	2	0	Boxmoor, Berkhamstead, Hemp- Hempsted, and Rickmansworth, per Mr. A. Marraham	36	17	6
Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0	Sale of Programmes, Claylands Con- gregational Chapel	0	11	9
Miss Davies	0	1	0	Catford Baptist Chapel	5	19	3
Miss Salmond	0	10	0	Bury St. Edmund's	12	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. D. Shaw	0	5	0	Miss Elven	1	0	0
Mr. S. Baalow	0	3	6	Mr. H. Ridley	0	10	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0	Attleboro'	9	2	6
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0	Christmas Festivities Fund:—			
Miss MacCormack	0	4	0	Miss Walker	0	5	0
Miss D. Leng	0	2	6		£	26	14
Mr. G. W. Skeats	1	1	0				
Mrs. S. Carveley	0	17	0				
Miss Harris	0	5	0				
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5	5	0				
Mrs. Jefferis	1	0	0				
Mrs. W. Beane	1	0	0				
Mr. J. Wickham	0	5	0				
Collected by Miss Fowler	0	18	6				
Mr. G. Kelly	0	5	0				
Mr. C. Moss-Cockle	1	0	0				
H. M. R.	0	10	0				
Miss Walker	1	0	0				
Mrs. M. Banks	0	5	0				
K. F. F.	0	2	0				

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list):—Curry, C., 6s 6d; Fuller, W. J. (second amount), 6d Halsall, J., 4s 6d; Hyne, F., 1s; Hewitt, W., 5s 8d; Kay, H., 6s 3d; Newbery, J., 7s; Newton, H. B., £1 1s 6d; Ollett, A., 3s 6d; Peek, P., 4s; Trinder, G., 8s 6d; Woods, W., 3s 6d; Wells, F., 15s; Wright, W., 4s; Wilby, B., £1 3s 3d.—Total, £6 4s 3d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list):—Briggs, A., 15s; Blundell, F., 2s; Cooper, K., 9s; Day, M., 5s; Dunslow, R., 5s; Fleetwood, B., 10s 2d; Glover, V., 9s 9d; Green, F., 1s; Hussey, V., 4s; Halls, A., 4s 4d; Palmer, E., 2s; Payne, C., 1s 9d; Robinson, E. A., 1s; Stalker, A., 2s 6d; Still, M., 5s 6d; Usherwood, A., 11s; Westcott, L., £1 1s.—Total, £6 1s 9d.

List of Presents, from September 15th to October 14th, 1899.—Provisions:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 25 bushels Apples, Messrs. E. and S. Fowler; proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Services:—A quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Charn Baptist Chapel, per Mr. E. Cox; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Palmer's Green Mission, per Mr. W. Aldridge; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Green Street Baptist Chapel, Orpington, per Mr. G. W. Ruggles; 1 sack Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Chitterne Baptist Chapel, per Mr. F. Maidment; a quantity of Blackberries, the children of Falcon House School, Kelvedon, per The Misses Wiseman; a quantity of Blackberries, Miss Botting; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. H. Teverson; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. W. Cutter; 1 large Loaf, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—15 Flannel Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 29 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 Flannelette Shirt, Miss Springett; 6 pairs Knitted Stockings, 3 pairs Socks, 8 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. Warriner.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—56 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 Articles, Miss Springett; 40 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox.

GENERAL:—1 box Flowers, Anon., Swaffham Prior; 1 Patchwork Quilt, Mrs. K. E. Overbury; 1 Portrait of the late President, Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, Mrs. Stopford, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 15th, 1899.

District Subscriptions:—		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell...	...	10	0	0	Mr. E. J. Goodman (collecting box) ...	0	16	0
Chard, per Mr. T. Penny	...	11	5	0	Mr. S. Patrick ...	0	5	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-wood	...	8	15	0	Mrs. H. Windmill ...	0	10	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	...	10	0	0	Rev. T. W. Scamell ...	0	2	6
Great Totham, per Pastor W. H. Harvey	...	10	0	0	Trustees of the late Dr. MacGill (Legacy) ...	45	0	0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds	...	10	0	0	Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits ...	5	5	0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	...	10	0	0	Mr. G. F. Johnstone ...	1	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil...	...	11	5	0	Hop gardens, per Mr. J. Morey ...	0	10	6
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	...	5	0	0	Mr. Opie Rodway ...	0	5	0
East Dereham, per Pastor H. Freeman	...	11	5	0	Mr. Richard Cory, J.P. ...	1	1	0
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	...	3	15	0	Mr. E. Brayne ...	0	10	6
Eden Bridge, per Pastor E. H. Powell	...	11	5	0	Mr. Matthew Rogers ...	1	1	0
Cowling Hill, per Mr. F. J. Wilson	...	10	0	0	Open-air Mission, per Mr. Frank Cockrem ...	1	1	0
		£122	10	0	H. O. W. ...	1	1	0
					Mrs. L. Morgan ...	1	0	0
					Mr. W. Beer (collecting box) ...	0	2	2
					Collections at the Metropolitan Tabernacle ...	50	0	0
						£111	0	8
General Fund:—		£	s.	d.				
Mr. W. C. Edwards	...	0	10	0				
Mrs. Bayley	...	1	0	0				

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

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1899.

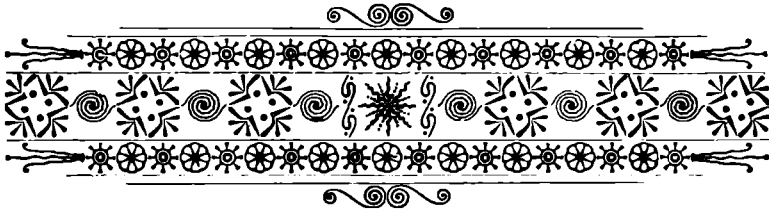
		£	s.	d.	For translations of sermons:—		£	s.	d.
Miss Michell	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Friston	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Best	...	0	10	0			£22	5	0
Mrs. Keevil	...	10	0	0					
E. S.	...	10	0	0					
W. Anderson	...	0	10	0					

Special Notice.—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President or Treasurer of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

DECEMBER, 1899.

A Visit to Calvary.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY

C. H. SPURGEON,

AT THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, ON MARCH 14, 1856,

ON BEHALF OF THE EXETER BUILDINGS' RAGGED SCHOOL.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!"—John xix. 5.

(Concluded from page 583.)



UT, as I have already reminded you, true religion is not all sorrow; nor is much of it grief. True religion makes us happy; it lights up the eye like the lamps of heaven, it causes our feet to bound over this weary earth, it makes our souls elastic, and fills them with joy seraphic. They who have the most religion will have the least misery, for godliness will turn their bitterest cups of grief into sweetest chalices of joy. He who liveth near to Christ must be blessed, come what may; but he who wandereth from Him, give him all the mercies of this life, and he cannot be happy, because he hath not God. Well, ye poor distressed, mourning souls, are you seeking to have joy in your hearts? Come, let me take you to Calvary; your desponding spirits cannot long mourn with the air of Calvary around you. Ready-to-Halt never leaned on his crutches when he went by the cross; for once, good man, he walked without them. Mr. Fearing was not troubled with his fainting heart when he clasped that cross. No; his heart was as strong as that of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth when he was there. Are you often given to depression of spirit? Do you labour under despondency of soul? Let me for once

prescribe for you; let me recommend you something which will effectually cure you. When thou art low and miserable, go into thy chamber, and there, on thy knees, think of Him who groaned in Gethsemane, and thou wilt say, "What are all my sorrows compared with His?" Then, think of Calvary; and when thou hast, in thought, been there a little while, sing to thyself,—

"Oh! 'tis sweet to view the flowing
Of His sin-atoning blood,
With Divine assurance knowing
He hath made my peace with God."

Or, if thou canst not reach so high a flight as that, still say,—

"Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God."

The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ is an infallible remedy for thy misery. If thou wilt put the cross into thy cup, thou wilt find that it will be like the tree cast into the bitter fountain of Marah, it will make the water sweet. If thou wilt take some of the gall Christ drank, thou wilt find that it is marvellous in its power, for it maketh all other gall to be sweet. The happiest men are those who know most of Jesus Christ. Do not tell us that the epicure is happy; tell us not that the dissipated man is happy, he who says,—

"Fill, fill the glass to the brim,
Let the sparkling liquor kiss the rim."

Say not that he is happy who runneth the mad career of lust; say not that he is happy whose whole soul is set on ambitious desires; he is miserable, and his conscience says that it is so. He is miserable; and, in the silence of the midnight hour, his trembling tells us that it is so. He is miserable, and in his inmost heart he knows it; though the upper floods of his soul do sometimes seem to leap with joy, down in the deep caverns of his heart there is darkness, compared with which midnight is as the blazing noonday. If ye would be happy,—if ye would rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, "Behold the Man!"—the Man of sorrows who hath died for you on Calvary's tree.

There is another emotion, which should always be excited when we behold the cross of Christ, that is, *the emotion of most ardent love*. Believe me, beloved, to hold on in this world, as a true Christian, requires much love to your Master. If you are content to conform to all the rules of Society even when you know that they are wrong, you may go on smoothly enough; but if you have a principle within you, which will not let you stoop to do that which is evil, if you have a soul which cannot be cramped or fettered, if you say, "It is not folly to be singular so long as I am right; and even if I stand alone, and though the heavens fall, I must be true to my Lord;"—you will find that, to persevere in such a course of conduct, requires much love to the Saviour. If we could have read Martin Luther's heart, when he stood before the great assembly at Worms, and maintained the truth before them all, we might have seen deeply cut in it the Name of Jesus Christ, his Lord and

Saviour; and if you could know the heart of those who labour for men's souls amidst obloquy, contempt, and scorn, you would see stamped in the very centre the Name of Jesus Christ. You cannot long persevere as a Christian, in the midst of persecution and trouble, unless you have much love to the Saviour.

But, alas! we often hear persons mourn that they do not love the Saviour as they ought. That is a common complaint, but there is an easy cure for it. The more you live with Christ, the better will you love Him. There are some people in the world, of so unlovable a nature that, to see them once in seven years, is quite enough, if you wish to love them; the less you know of them, perhaps, the better you will like them. But of our Lord Jesus Christ, we may truly say, that the longer you live with Him, the better you will love Him. Ask the grey-headed saint whether he loves Christ now more or less than he used to do. If you could have asked one of the old martyrs in the Roman amphitheatre whether he still loved his Master, would he not have answered, "These many years have I served Him, and He has never done me an ill turn; I cannot deny Him, but I can die for Him"? Why do you not love Jesus Christ? It is because you do not live with Him, and think enough of Him, for—

"Living with Christ, His likeness we gain."

Do not try to force yourselves up into a certain degree of love to Christ by some extraordinary means. Go and live with Him; meditate upon Him continually, picture to yourself His sufferings for you, and then you will love Him; it will become easy to you. It would have been almost impossible for any of us to have seen Jesus Christ, when He was here below, without loving Him, if we had any grace in our hearts. Alas! unless grace be within us, we may look at Him for ages without loving Him. One of the ardent desires of my soul is to see the Man Christ Jesus once more on earth. I do look for His premillennial advent. Oh! if we might but clasp His feet, if we might kiss His pierced hands, if we might see the pleasing lustre of His eyes which outshine the glories of the stars, then we should none of us be saying, "We want to love Him"; but we should indeed love Him, for we could not help it. If we are in full fellowship with Him, we shall never say, "We cannot love Him," but we shall say,—

"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;—"

and we shall add, concerning our Lord and Saviour,—

"His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love Him, too."

III. Now we come to our last point. "Behold the Man" Christ Jesus that you may AMEND YOUR PRACTICE.

True religion is not merely emotional, or intellectual; it is also practical. That man has no real religion, however much profession he may make, if he does not carry out the principles of the gospel

in his daily life. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Come with me to Calvary once more, and you will amend your practice.

Let me remind you of one thing, wherein your practice will be very much improved if you truly come to Calvary. Here are members of different denominations of Christ's one Church, but how often are we affected with *that deadly disease, bigotry!* How frequently are we set against one another! Now, if we would love all Christians, we must "behold the Man" Christ Jesus. We have seen Christians fight, and fight manfully against each other,—we say "*manfully*," for we cannot use that other word we might have uttered; we have seen Christians fight *wofully* against each other; but there is one spot that never yet was profaned in this way, and that is, Calvary. There the command goes forth, "Sheath your swords, combatants! The battle is over; this is holy ground, for here Jesus died." There is something that touches our hearts, when we begin to talk of Jesus Christ. We care not who the man is, whether he be sweet George Herbert, of the so-called "Church of England," or the equally excellent Samuel Rutherford, of the so-called "Church of Scotland," whether he be Nonconformist or Conformist, when he comes to talk of Christ Jesus, then we all stand around him, and we say, "We would fight each other about some points; but when we come here, we are all one in Christ Jesus." Then out go our hands, for we feel that we are truly one. That touch, not of nature, but of grace, makes the whole Christian Church one. O poor little-souled man, if thou hast no love for any unless he belongs to thine own sect, thou knowest not much of Christ Jesus, for, if thou didst live near to Him, thou wouldst have a heart full of love towards all those who love Him.

Again, by going to Calvary, you will *amend your practice in regard to outward holiness*. Do not tell me that a man has any real sense of Christ's love to him, if he can wilfully sin against Jesus the Saviour. We do see some strange prodigies now and then; but the strangest of all would be a Christian who could afford to live like a worldling, and yet maintain communion with Jesus Christ. We have heard men talk of their experience, and say much about what they call "godliness", that is, "godliness" on the tongue; but when they come to practice, ah! then we find that their religion is not made to bear the pressure of every-day life. It is a kind of confectionery religion; not at all substantial. It was not made to be carried about in this rough world; but intended rather as an ornament for their drawing-room; a fashionable religion, to come out on a fine Sunday; but it was never intended for week-day business. What! would you have them take their religion to the exchange? Why, it would stand in the way of their dealing with their fellows! Have their religion in the shop? They never thought of such a thing; they thought religion was intended for the closet of communion, though even that has its door listed over so that no sound of it might be heard. They thought religion was intended for them simply when they were reading the Bible, or looking at other religious books. Do you imagine that such men know anything of

Christ Jesus? Alas! no. Those who live near to Him, those who "behold the Man," will become like Him.

There is no such thing as having an interest in the blood of Jesus, and holding fellowship with Him, and yet living in sin. Be not deceived concerning this matter. The follies and the fashions of this world are not consistent with vital godliness; and he who hopes to have Christ, and to have the world, too, hath made a great mistake. Have you ever read that pretty fable, told by the Persian moralist? He took up in his hand a piece of scented clay, and said to it, "Oh, clay! whence hast thou obtained thy perfume?" And it replied, "I was once only a piece of common clay, but they laid me for a time in company with a rose, and I drank in its fragrance, and so became scented clay." Believer, thou also art nothing but a piece of common clay; but if thou art placed beside the Rose of Sharon, if thou art much in the company of Jesus Christ, thou wilt be a piece of scented clay; and, wherever thou goest, thou wilt carry His savour with thee, and all men will know the company thou hast kept by the fragrance thou hast received. If thou hast lain in beds of spices, thou wilt smell of the myrrh, and the aloes, and the cassia. I cannot believe thee to be a child of God unless thou hast the lineaments of thy Father; nor will I think that thou hast been with Jesus unless I perceive that thou hast learned of Him. O dear friends, if ye would reform yourselves, if ye would amend your lives, if ye would curb sin, and restrain the hot-mouthed steeds of your lusts, if ye would overcome your iniquities, and persevere in holiness, here is the means of doing it all, "Behold the Man!" Look continually at Christ Jesus on the cross.

Now I have only time to apply my text to you, and then I have done. "Behold the Man!" This is an exhortation which I will use to every one of you. I have some here, I trust, who are sorrowing on account of sin. You have discovered yourselves to be—

"Lost and ruined by the Fall."

God's sovereign mercy has looked upon you, and taught you your own nothingness. You once thought your morality good enough, and that your own integrity would carry you to Heaven; but now a "hue and cry" is raised in your soul concerning the fire of sin within you, and you have discovered that you are lost. I come to preach to you especially,—

"Not the righteous, not the righteous;
Sinners, Jesus came to call."

If now you acknowledge and feel yourselves to be sinners, "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" is "Behold the Man!" Look to Jesus on the cross; behold your sin laid on His head; and see there the expiation of your guilt. So, the lesson for penitents is, "Behold the Man!"

Let me tell you an anecdote; I have often related it before, but I love to repeat it. A friend of mine, who has been a minister in Ireland, assured me that the narrative was true. The clergyman of an Irish parish said, "I went round to visit all my parishioners, with the exception of one poor woman, who had been an abandoned

character; I dared not go to visit *her*, because I thought it would ill become my position, so I passed by her house. Ah, brother! I know that it was an evil pride, or else I should have gone after the chief of sinners, for the care of her soul was in some measure committed to my hands." One day, that clergyman saw the poor woman in his church, and thought he heard her repeating the responses, and fancied he saw big tears rolling down her cheeks. Oh, how intensely he yearned for her soul! He longed to speak with her, yet felt that he dared not venture to do so. She came there month after month, a constant worshipper, and yet he passed by her door, and did not visit her. At last, one day, as he was passing by, she came to the door, and said, "Sir, I want to speak with you." He went into her house then, and she put out her hand, and, taking hold of his, said, "Oh, sir! if your Master had been in this village half as long as you have, I am sure HE would have been to see me long ere this. I am the worst sinner in the parish, and therefore I want Jesus Christ's help the most; but though *you* have not been to see me, I know where it is written, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners: of whom I am chief.'" Ah, friend! you may never have sinned exactly as that woman had done; but you have sinned. You may not have openly transgressed as she did; but if God the Holy Spirit has been at work in your heart, you will be content to stand side by side with her, and to say at once,—

"I the chief of sinners am."

Once more, I must remind you that Jesus died for poor sinners, even for *you*. I will not speak to any other character but to you; I will have an extra word with you now. Oh, that I could bring you, poor penitent, to the Saviour's feet! Art thou not seeking rest, yet finding none? Where and how art thou seeking it? By the works of the law; endeavouring, by leaving off this sin, and reforming that error, to save thyself? Oh! I charge thee, do not seek thus to put a film over the wound, for all the deadly venom will still be within. Go not to Sinai, for on its rocky sides no mercy grows. Go not there, for the thunder from the mount declares, "Sinner, thou shalt die." But, ah! my hearers, if you are guilty now, and burdened with a sense of condemnation, let me beseech and implore you, by the love ye have to yourselves, to come to Jesus Christ, and believe in Him, and you shall most assuredly find salvation. There never yet was a sinner spurned from His gate; shall you be the first? There never was a penitent sent away without a blessing; and if you now call on Him, you shall not be rejected. Mercy's door is always open to the man who knocks with sincerity. Go thou and knock, and mercy shall be thine. What if thy sins are more than others? If they are, I have all the more reason to preach to thee. The only warrant to believe in Christ is that thou art a sinner. If thou knowest thy sinnership, thou mayest soon know the Saviour to be thy Saviour. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Art thou a sinner? If so, I can tell thee, on Scriptural authority, that Christ Jesus came to save thee.

Ye good moral people, who trust in your own works; ye who are

sewing fig leaves together, to cover your nakedness, and fashioning day by day the garments of your own righteousness, you will find your good works to be utterly insufficient. All that is of nature's spinning, death will unravel. All that nature ever girded about the sinner was vain, and worse than vain. Cast thy righteousness away, thou moralist; cast thy good works away, and "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." A good man, when dying, was asked what he was doing; and he answered, "I am throwing all my good works overboard, and I am trusting wholly in Jesus; I am lashing myself to the plank of free grace, on which I hope to float into glory."

I have done when I have told you the way of salvation. It is written in God's Word, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Do you ask me what it is to believe? To believe, is to trust yourselves, simply and wholly, on the blood of Jesus Christ for salvation. I know of no better utterance of faith than this,—

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

Come to Jesus, with this declaration; and then be immersed "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and verily you shall be saved. May God, of His sovereign grace, enable you thus to believe and to be baptized, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XXII.—BY PASTOR W. J. TOMKINS, QUORN, LOUGHBOROUGH.

(*Concluded from page 604.*)

THERE is one aspect of the work done by Mr. Spurgeon which has not obtained the notice which it deserves; I refer to what may very properly be called "Church extension." How numerous must be the instances in which old churches were resuscitated, and made vigorous and strong through his instrumentality. Deacons and friends connected with a decaying cause seldom appealed to him in vain. After making due enquiries, a student would be sent, and financial aid would be given, until the church became once more strong enough to do without such assistance. The story of this work would not only be interesting, but it would be an inspiration to many a church that is now depressed and weak. How much the dear President gave, in these cases, will never be known by any, except the blessed Master for whose sake it was given.

Then there was the new ground that was broken up, and new churches established, in different parts of the country. In many, indeed, in most instances, Mr. Spurgeon made himself responsible for the initial expenses, such as the hire of halls, or other places in which the services were held. Frequently, the travelling expenses of the student were also paid by him, and the help was continued until the new church was self-supporting. When new chapels were built, a

visit from the famous preacher almost invariably followed, and it was on one of these occasions that I was privileged to hear two other of his most striking Sermons. For nine months of my College course, I conducted the services in connection with the effort to raise a new cause at Maidenhead, Berkshire. During that time, a new chapel was built, the opening services being held towards the end of May, 1873. On Tuesday, June 4, we were favoured by a visit from the President, who conducted two services in a large tent erected in the park, near the chapel. It was a great day for Maidenhead, which had all the appearance of a general holiday. Trains brought in contingents of friends from Wycombe, and Windsor, and such distant places as Oxford and Reading, and vehicles of every description had been pressed into service, to bring in the villagers from the district around. The tent, capable of holding nearly three thousand people, was well filled in the afternoon, and thronged to overflowing at night. The pulpit was an old-fashioned four-wheeled English waggon. After singing, the Scriptures were read and expounded in the most happy and helpful way, the exposition and application being beautifully blended.

The text selected for the occasion was a perfect citadel of Evangelical truth, Hebrews ix. 26: "Now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." It so happened that I had heard the Sermon in the Tabernacle about three years before, but it was illustrated and applied in such a way as to give it all the freshness and power of an entirely new utterance, although the main points were to a large extent the same as at its former delivery. Though six-and-twenty years have passed away since that afternoon, I can still remember the striking way in which the preacher pointed out the difficulty of getting rid of sin. All the Jewish sacrifices could not put it away, nor could that end be accomplished by ceremonies being added thereto. Neither repentance, nor suffering in any form, could suffice to compass its removal; and the same might be said of self-denial, however terrible. Even holy living was unequal to the task, and the solemn change which we call death would fail to rid us of it. "Sin," said he, "is immortal till the immortal Christ deals with it. Sin stands like the everlasting hills, and will not move from its place till He who made heaven and earth casts it into the sea of His atonement."

Having thus effectively shut the door upon all hopes that might arise from human methods of dealing with sin, the preacher proceeded to dwell on the grand and glorious fact that Christ had put sin away by the sacrifice of Himself. It was a noble utterance of the verities of the gospel by which the faith of believers would be confirmed, and seeking souls must have found in it the greatest encouragement to trust such an almighty and all-sufficient Saviour. What a glorious hope would arise in their hearts as they heard the preacher shout, "Pardon for sin is instantaneous; it is not a matter of even minutes or seconds.

" 'There is life for a look at the Crucified One.' "

"One glance of thy soul's eye at the crucified Saviour, and the simple reliance of thy spirit upon Him, and thou art saved beyond all risk."

But the service of the evening was even more memorable than that of the afternoon, certain circumstances tending to bring into prominence most if not all the striking characteristics of the incomparable preacher. The weather which, during the day, had been beautifully fine, suddenly changed, and the evening service had only just commenced when there came a thorough downpour of rain. Those who had been standing around the tent, now pressed into it until every inch of space was occupied. After a little while, the rain began dripping from the roof of the tent, and such as had umbrellas with them, put them up. Many a visitor from a distance must have had anxious thoughts with regard to the return journey. All this, and other things, combined to produce a restlessness that is not at all usual in a religious service. Mr. Spurgeon was not slow to perceive it, and, with rare tact, at once adapted himself to the circumstances. The opening exercises were somewhat shortened, and the text, which in itself was a striking one, was announced: "Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter;" Acts xii. 18. In a few minutes, Palestine became England, the first century became the nineteenth, and the narrative of what took place in Jerusalem became the story of what was taking place all around us. Peter was one of those well-known characters living in our midst; indeed, many of the audience could, in him, as in a mirror, recognize their own likeness. From this, it will be seen that, to the preacher, the historical narrative became a parable in which he saw an illustration of the condition of men spiritually while in a state of nature, and in the deliverance of Peter he beheld the marvellous effects wrought by God's grace, and the results which follow upon their conversion.

The printed report, which appears in the *Sword and Trowel* for 1873, conveys but a faint idea of that wonderful discourse. The illustrations which were used, the stories which were told, the intense earnestness, the sanctified humour, and the pointed applications, are nearly all absent from that account, which was probably condensed from the Sermon as delivered in the Tabernacle. "Christopher Crayon" wrote a special article on the whole of the day's doings; and, at the close of the evening service, he remarked, "I have heard Mr. Spurgeon many times, and in many places; but I have never before heard him preach such a sermon as that of to-night. I have never known him tell so many stories, and never was he more racy than he has been in this service." I suppose it was the circumstances that caused him to take the course he did. Whether that be so or not, I can testify that, for more than an hour, he held that vast congregation spellbound. Umbrellas were speedily lowered and the rain was forgotten as we listened to his voice. Now, by some remark of a humorous character, he called forth a ripple of laughter; anon, with a pathetic appeal, or touching story, he moved his hearers to tears; and never before, nor since, have I seen any audience more impressed and delighted than we were with the plain, pointed, and homely language in which the truths of the gospel were uttered at that memorable service.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE ORNITHORHYNCHUS, OR PLATYPUS.

IT is hardly to be marvelled at, that when its discoverers sent from Tasmania to England a specimen of the curious creature whose likeness is here produced, it was "received by zoologists with caution amounting to suspicion."



The savants supposed that someone was playing a trick on them. There is a story told of certain waggish students in America, who thought to hoax their Professor of Entomology. They ingeniously constructed a curious insect from the legs and wings, etc., etc., of a variety of bugs (they call most insects "bugs" in U.S.A.), and then asked their tutor what sort of a bug this was. He was too old to be caught with such chaff, and he cleverly turned the tables on the would-be wits by answering, "Gentlemen, it is a hum-bug." The wiseacres thought the same of the Platypus, but they were mistaken. All its habits had not yet been accurately observed, but it was no impostor, it was a genuine curiosity.

It was originally called *Ornithorhynchus*, from the genitive of *ornis*, a bird, and *rhungchos*, the snout of a hog, for it was known to lay eggs, and its proboscis was supposed to resemble that of the swine.

It was later termed a *Platypus*, by reason of its broad, flat feet; and its ordinary names, *Duck-bill* and *Water-mole*, still further reveal its nature, appearance, and habits.

Truth to tell, it is a most strange combination. Its fur is like that of the seal, it is web-footed like a duck, yet has toenails like a dog. Its tail reminds one of the beaver. It has small bright eyes. The male has a spur, like a cock's, on his hind legs, presumably to keep his mother-in-law in due subjection. But the strangest thing has yet to be told. The *Platypus* is ovo-viviparous; that is to say, it produces eggs which contain the young alive. Moreover, it suckles the little *ornithorhynchi*!

It burrows like a mole, and swims like a fish, or an otter. Instead of quacking like a duck, as its bill might suggest, it makes no sound save when in peril, and then it growls like a puppy, only rather more melodiously.

Many a time, when I have been fishing in Tasmanian rivers, has the stillness been startled by the splash of the *Platypus* enjoying his evening swim. I never, however, succeeded in capturing one.

Recently, learning that the species is becoming very scarce, I determined if possible to possess myself of a specimen. My dear friend, Pastor Harry Wood, the fiery-headed brother, whom the late President told to "go and blaze away" for the Master on the other side of the world, when ill-health compelled him to emigrate, has kindly sent me a remarkably good sample which I greatly prize.

Since "there is nothing without voice," I have been wondering what this Platypus, though it is only stuffed, has to say to me. It certainly tells of God's wonderful power and wisdom. With what infinite skill and care He has constructed all His creatures! What a truly marvellous variety there is among them as to size, and shape, and habit; and here is one in which the great Creator has seen fit to combine the characteristics of several. Scientists have been puzzled how to classify our friend from Van Diemen's Land. He is beast, and bird, and reptile all in one! The Lord readily brings to nought the calculations and classifications of the wise men. He is indeed a God of order, but He sets His own bounds. Who will limit the Holy One of Israel? Let those believe, who will, that "Nature is a blind power, without intelligence, which acts necessarily." We have no sort of sympathy with this hypothesis, and own no relationship to—

**"This great grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, but full of eld."**

We believe rather in Him "whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," and who is ever "upholding all things by the word of His power." His hand is plainly to be seen in the most familiar forms of life;—shall we not recognize it even more readily in this unusual form? Who but He could have so combined the forms and functions of birds and beasts and reptiles as to produce a creature—curious, it must be admitted,—but not unpleasing to the eye, and eminently adapted to its particular habitat and environment? The Duck-billed Platypus, then, adds its testimony to the creative skill of our great and glorious God. It seems to say to Him, "Thy hands have made me, and fashioned me."

This Water-mole is, as its name indicates, amphibious. It is equally at home on *terra firma*, and in or under water. It is provided with splendid paddles on its feet, and with a serviceable rudder in its tail. Yet it makes almost as good progress ashore as afloat, and it can burrow underground as well. Now, we find no sort of fault with our hero for this;—it is its nature too. Yet, without doing *it* an injustice, we may remark on the *duplicity* of some of God's creatures who were not intended to adapt themselves so readily to various elements and circumstances. Alas! for those who are as much at home with the world as with the Church. Alas! for those who are in their element in any element or atmosphere, and can get along equally well whatever their surroundings. Contrary doctrines are all the same to them. They have "no perceptible theological prejudices." They can be Baptists or Pædo-baptists at pleasure. They are prepared to give religion and worldliness each its turn. They

will make the best of both worlds, they fancy. Even true Christians are too obliging in these respects. We are not sufficiently outspoken and decided. The old nature is allowed far too much play and licence, whereas it should be kept in entire subjection. Ralph Erskine's quaint song is all too appropriate in our mouths,—

“As all amphibious creatures do,
I live in land and water too;
To good and evil equal bent,
And both a devil and a saint.”

At the same time, we cannot but admire, from another point of view, the *adaptability* of the Ornithorhynchus. It must be wonderfully handy to be able to dive into the cool river in the heat of the day, and equally delightful to sun one's self on the bank after a refreshing swim. Happy Duck-bill to be equally content above the ground or under it, floating on the surface of the stream or diving into its deepest depths! Happier still the man who has learned, in whatsoever state he is, to be content. Since our gracious Lord gives strength proportioned to our day, we are at least as well off as the Platypus, for we are prepared for all emergencies, and fitted for every trial and duty.

I envy my Tasmanian friend his *versatility*. He can burrow at least as successfully as the mole, and is blest with far better powers of vision than it possesses. His feet seem to me to be most marvellously formed for burrowing purposes; he is a real sapper and miner. He has five picks on each foot, and this broad web surely makes the best of shovels. What a perfect burrowing machine his snout is, and at the back of it is a ruff which seems to act as a kind of shield to the creature's eyes.

It must be confessed, I suppose, that the Platypus is hardly an athlete above ground. Yet he can travel on an emergency. When once he reaches the river, he shows to advantage; he is a veritable Captain Webb. He walks well, tunnels better, and swims best. But I am credibly informed that he can climb, too. A naturalist, who kept one as a pet, was astonished to note its agility. It had a special liking, if I remember rightly, for bookcases and their shelves.

Now, versatility is one of the best gifts. It is possible, of course, to be “Jack of all trades and master of none.” It is better to be good at one thing than so-so in several. Still, Christian workers ought to strive to be thoroughly furnished unto all good works. We cannot know too much, or be too handy in the service of our King. We want all-round men nowadays. Pastors must be preachers as well, and preachers must be pastors, too. All must be ready to serve in public and in private in all sorts of ways. We must, by all means, save some. We must get out of ruts and corners. We must adapt ourselves, and exert ourselves, and, if need be, humble ourselves. I cannot tell which the Platypus prefers,—perambulating the earth, tunnelling the soil, or breasting the stream. He seems almost equally at home at each, though perhaps burrowing is his *forte*. Certainly, his burrow is his fortress. But he turns to one task as readily as to another. I really don't know which of them constitutes his diversion.

He is always at work and on duty. We need to sink our likings and our prejudices more and more, and to think less of ease and convenience. Be it ours to seize every opportunity, to exercise every faculty, to strain every nerve, to consecrate every hour to the greatest good of the greatest number;—say rather, to the greatest glory of our gracious God.

Writers of Hymns in the "Supplement to Our Own Hymn Book."

(Continued from page 613.)

A HYMN which rightly has a place among those on the Resurrection of Christ is the one beginning—

"Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us;
Hallelujah!"

It is full of faith and hope, and sounds aloud the notes of victory through the blood of the Lamb.

Its author, Christian Furchtegott Gellert, stands at the head of what has been called the Didactic and Pathetic School of German Hymn-writers. He has less of strength and boldness than Luther and his contemporaries, or even than Paul Gerhardt, who comes next to the great Reformer, but his hymns are full of quiet power, holy fervour, and unction, and while not lacking in doctrinal soundness, are more practical than most of the compositions of the earlier poets of the Reformation. He lived and wrote in a time when Lutheran orthodoxy was, in the majority of cases, little more than the skeleton of a once-living form. He was not strictly one of the Pietists of Halle, but he held and taught very much in common with them.

Gellert was born at Hainichen, in Saxony, where his father was the Lutheran minister, July 4, 1715. He studied at Leipsic, and was afterwards Lecturer and Professor of Philosophy at the University. From childhood he had been of a weakly constitution, and for this reason he had to relinquish the ministry. He was retiring, modest, and diligent, and usually poor; indeed, he was called "the Poor Professor." But he had a large heart. A beautiful story is told of how he befriended a poor widow, who, in her deep poverty, was threatened by her miserly landlord that he would turn her out of her house. Gellert gave her the amount due for rent,—all he had;—and then went with her to the landlord, whose heart was softened by Gellert's appeals.

Another of this writer's hymns is the one entitled "Active Faith," which commences,—

"Who keepeth not God's Word, yet saith,
'I know the Lord,' is wrong."

A Romish priest, in Bohemia, wrote to Gellert, in 1761, saying that the doctrine of "active faith" which he had expounded in this hymn

was not the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith alone without works, and therefore he strongly urged him to join the Roman Catholic Church. Gellert replied that the hymn was in perfect accordance with the doctrine of the Lutheran Church, since Luther clearly taught that true faith must work by love, and that good works, though they cannot save or justify us before God, must necessarily grow out of faith; and, therefore, he hoped, until his happy end, to remain a believer in that religion which is the religion of the Bible.

There is another hymn by Gellert in the Supplement, No. 1,082, on the Incarnation, beginning,—

“ This is the day the Lord hath made,
O'er all the earth let this be said;
Praise Him for all the mercies given,
Through Jesus Christ, on earth and heaven.”

It ends with a very spirited verse,—

“ Rejoice, ye heavens; be glad, O earth,
On this blest day of Jesu's birth!
Above, below, let all combine
In the new song of love divine.”

Gellert led a most exemplary life, adorning the doctrines he taught; but he was subject to seasons of deep mental depression. While in one of these fits, he entered a place of worship where he heard one of his own hymns sung; he burst into tears, and said to himself, “ Is it you who composed this hymn? Oh, how little do you feel of its power in your own heart! ”

A rumour was once spread in Coburg that he had hanged himself. Referring to this, he wrote to a friend:—“ Tell the Coburgers (quoting from one of his own hymns)—

“ I hang, and shall be hanging,
For ever on my Lord.”

He died a peaceful, happy death in December, 1769.

No. 1,308 is a fine harvest hymn, being part of a longer hymn first published in 1782, by that grand old patriot and earnest Christian, Matthias Claudius.

“ We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love.”

Claudius, the son of a Lutheran pastor, was born at Reinfield, a village in Holstein, August 15, 1743. His soul was in full harmony with all the sounds and scenes of the world as God made it, and it was sweetly attuned to the song of redemption through Christ Jesus.

A romantic story is told of him when, as a young man, he had been out hunting with an old friend upon whose daughter he had set his heart's love. Their hunting was in vain; but, in returning, he asked and obtained consent to his marriage with his friend's daughter, Caroline. When asked, on his arrival, if he had had a successful day, he joyfully replied, "Yes, very much so."

He lived for many years at Wandsbeck, near Altona, in great simplicity and happiness, holding a responsible situation in an Altona bank. From 1775, he published a periodical named *The Wandsbeck Messenger*, in which he defended Christianity, and attacked the sceptical philosophy of his time. Though free from intolerance, he faithfully bore witness for Christ, and combined a cheerful love of nature with true godliness. In 1813, he was compelled, through the ravages of the French army, to leave house and home, and seek shelter here and there in Holstein. All his children were scattered, and his grief for his oppressed Fatherland added to his poignant sorrow. In 1814, he returned to Wandsbeck; and, the following December, he removed to the house of his eldest daughter, Caroline, the wife of the celebrated patriot and bookseller, Frederic Perthes, in Hamburg. For seven weeks, he lay expecting his end, praying often, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from all evil." And so he serenely passed away, January 21, 1815. The translation of his hymn, given in the Supplement, is undoubtedly the best of the many that have appeared; it was made by Miss Campbell, in 1861, since which time the hymn has been very popular.

R. SHINDLER.

(To be continued.)

Wearin' Awa.

A WATCH-NIGHT DISCOURSE, BY MAISTER HORNE, SPRINGBURN BAPTIST KIRK, ST. MUNGO.

"*My days wear awa like the reek.*"—Psalm cii. 3 (Hatley Waddell's Scotch Version).

A INCE mair, we forgether at the graveside o' a Twalmonth. In a wee while, we'll drap the auld worn-oot corpse intae its last bed, tae tak its place aside the mony ithers laid there afore it. They a' sleep snodly in the Kirkyaird o' History, whaur Time is the gravedigger. Sune there'll be anither gravestane there, wi' this on till't,—1-8-9-9.

Some o' us hae been at the funeral o' a hantle o' Twalmonths; an' aye the last ane seems the sairest on us. As lang's we're youthfu' an' flichty, maybe we dinna think muckle o' the loss o' a wheen years; but as they spin by an' gether ahint o' us, we pairt grudgingly wi' the dwindlin' handfu' in front,—lek the laddie wha cracks the first sweeties o' his bag wi' a gleefu' face, but sooks the last ane or twa unco slowly an' wi' a sair hert. This way hes it been frae ae langsync tae anither; an' as *we* feel, so hae a' men felt.

"Like the reek," says Daavid. Hoo comes it aboot that life is like reek? Weel, I maun jist e'en say here that reek is unco bonnie

in a way,—mair sae whan it jist starts tae wander up frae the hearthstane. It curls awa an' awa, sae roond an' bonnie-lek, a' fu' o' wimplin' whirls an' curves, as tho' it thocht itsel' an' ootlay o' gran' carvin' or chisel-wark. Whan it first taks tent tae rise, it hes this fu', roond, youthfu' beauty o' its ain; but efter the fire brichtens a wee, the reek wears thinner an' mair dreich, till by-an'-by it straggles up in scanty, feckless patches. "An' this is life," says Daavid; "my days wear awa like the reek." Ilka life is fu' an' bonnie at the birth; then it wanes awa tae slenderness, an' syne dees dwindlin' oot o' sicht.

The reek disna stay lang, forby. Ye only see it for a glint or twa; an' whaur is it? As clean awa, an' in a twinklin', as tho' it hedna been there ava. Look at yon callan takin' his bit daunner at the gloamin'. He lights his pipe, an' steps out cantily, puffin' the reek as he gangs. See ae puff efter anither whirlin' ower his bonnet or roond the sides o' his heid; oot they dee at aince, thawin' intae the air as tho' they belanged tae it. E'en sich is life: it appears for a wee while, an' then vanishes awa. An' auld-warld rhyme about smokin' hints tae the smoker that, e'en as his pipe, he's fu' easily crushed, an' lek tae the ashes he maun himself turn tae dust; and then it says o' the reek,—

"An' when the smoke ascends on high,
There thou behold'st the vanity
O' wardly stuff—
Gone wi' a puff!
Thus think, an' smoke tobacco."

Oor days, then, are lek the reek o' a pipe, gone an' awa in a glint. An' fleeter they seem tae gang as we tramp doon the brae! Oh, the lang simmers that used tae be, when we paid't in the burn, an' pu'd the gowans efter the schule wis ower! Ilka auld man'll tell ye that there's no sich lang an' shinin' days noo as he can min' o'. Maybe no; but I doot the simmers haena changed sae muckle as he hes himsel'. Life hes a' its shimmerin' things tae show us whan we're lads an' lasses, an' we look lang at them; but whan it's a' ower, an' the lights turned doon, it a' seems as bodyless as a dream.

I maun say, forby, that oor life, lek the reek, wears awa fu' silently. The reek maks nae clang, an' we dinna hear its feetfa' rinnin' up ony stair. It squeezes itsel' oot at the lum without ony pechin', an' the flap o' its wings ye cannot hear as it flees intae the air. It glides up amang the trees, an' simmers along the branches, yet never gars a leaf stir. Isna this lek the days o' oor puir life? Ne'er a hammer is banged nor a nail knocked in whan a day is made. Ilka day is born wi' less noise than the drawin' o' a breath. The whistle may blaw, or the clock strike, tae tell ye it's time tae be at yer wark; bit nae soond warns ye that ye maun *live*. The Almichty hes nicht an' day marked aff by the settin' an' risin' o' the sun, bit thae signs come an' gang without ony fuss. No e'en the scratchin' o' a match taks place whan the sun lights up his smiddy-fire, or the mune hangs oot her lantern at nicht. The stars gang by saftly owerheid, an' we canna gether a hint o' their feetfa'. Sae gang by oor days,—saftly an' silently; lek the trailin', meltin' reek, they wear awa. Aiblins

it's better they tak aff in that fashion, for it wud be maist upsettin' an' fashious if ilka day cam in wi' a bang o' thunner an' gaed oot tae the rackit o' earthquakes. A' the same, we greet that oor days gang by sae lichtly an' gently, rinnin' by on tip-tae as if no tae let us ken.

An' noo, the last thocht. As the reek wears awa, whaur does it gang tae? Watch it an' see. Look at it circlin' up an' up, heicher an' heicher, ayont lum-heid an' hill-tap; up an' awa yet, till it spreads oot intae bonnie clouds, white an' shinin' in the licht o' the sun. The mirk an' stuffy reek, risin' frae the black peat or coal o' the hills, is noo transfeegured in the licht o' heaven! An' as the sun gaes awa tae the Wast, thae verra clouds are made braw wi' colours an' drip wi' glory. Tak the miracle tae hert! What's flung awa frae earth is lifted tae Heaven, an' shines fu' bonnily there! We tak unco comfort frae the thocht, an' we gie liltin' praise tae the Maist High, that as oor days an' lives wear awa, lek the reek, they arena lost: awa tae the skies they gang, tae be made brichtsome an' bonnie by the Sun o' Righteousness, the Licht o' Heaven!

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LXXII.—PASTOR R. J. PEDEN, CHRISTCHURCH, HAMPSHIRE.



THE subject of our sketch—
PASTOR R. J. PEDEN—comes from the North of Ireland; or, to write more exactly, from Banbridge, County Down, a bright business town on the banks of the Bann. The linen trade is found in the neighbourhood in all stages of development, from the growing of the fibre in the field of flax, to the production of white and glossy linen from the calender. Professor Gracey was a native of Banbridge, and his name is familiar and fragrant to the older generation of the inhabitants. He appears to have been a born tutor, for the old car-driver who took the supplies

about the neighbourhood, said that Mr. Gracey, when a mere child, insisted upon instructing him in vocal music, giving him the names and sounds of the various notes.

Mr. Peden was born, a few miles away from Banbridge, in the autumn of 1861, at a place called Cairnie Hill, in the townland with the truly Irish name of Ballygunaghan, the nearest railway station having the equally rhythmic designation of Mullafernaghan. A few

weeks ago, our friend, in company with his elder brother, paid a visit to his birthplace, which he left thirty years ago. The long thatched house, standing alone on the top of a hill, is now tenantless, and going to decay; on a hill opposite, is a farmhouse, to which belongs a large barn, with steps up to it on the outside, where Mr. Peden's mother, a godly and devout woman, took him to the first gospel service he ever attended.

The family at Cairnie Hill belonged to the Presbyterian Church; family worship, at which the Psalms of David were sung, was an important feature of the home life. On removing to Banbridge, our brother joined the Presbyterian Sunday-school; he was not only blessed with godly and gracious teachers, but it was his privilege to attend the ministry of two devout and cultured men. One of them became a successor of Rev. John Hall, at Dublin; the other was chosen as Literary Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and both have since gone to glory. During the autumn of 1874, a revival broke out in the North of Ireland; special services were held in Banbridge, where great blessing was received. Mr. Peden's teacher was present, and spoke earnestly to her scholars at the after-meetings. One night she quoted John iii. 16, and the Spirit of God enabled our friend savingly to grasp the truth contained in that precious portion of the Inspired Scriptures. Only once since then has he had a dark spiritual hour when the devil threw fiery darts into his soul; it was midnight, and he was alone. In his trouble, he cried for his father, who is now in his 87th year, a man skilled in the Word and work of the Lord. With suitable Biblical quotations, the mind of the troubled one was relieved, and, like Christian in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, he again grasped the Sword of the Spirit, to his great joy, and safety, and deliverance.

Shortly after his conversion, our brother commenced work for the Lord, speaking to his companions, taking part in cottage meetings, and afterwards becoming more closely and systematically engaged, with other and older Christians, in the service of the Saviour. He also attended, on the Lord's-day morning and afternoon, classes for youths and young men; both his teachers were gentlemen who are still earnestly engaged in Christian work. One was a master in elocution, and he gave the members of his class lessons in the art. Answering an advertisement, in *The Banbridge Chronicle*, for an apprentice to the printing business, Mr. Peden's orthography was tested, and he was told to come on the following Monday morning. He was finally bound as an apprentice for seven years from the 25th March, 1878. There was a stationery and bookselling business in connection with the printing establishment, and he had charge of the shop for some time, besides learning the printing in its various branches. The knowledge then gained has since proved very valuable, the duties being of a varied order, including the reading of proofs, drafting advertisements, and writing rhymes for Orangemen and other customers. After a while, Mr. Peden's master asked him if he would like to learn shorthand, and offered to assist him; he eagerly availed himself of this opportunity, and ultimately secured a certificate for a thorough knowledge of Pitman's system, and kept up his

practice by reporting and had the general run of the office. His employer reposed much confidence in him, and their friendship still continues.

Our brother read the Scriptures systematically, and on discovering there the truth about believers' baptism, he was baptized by Rev. S. J. Banks, a brother of Mr. Charles Waters Banks. After joining the Baptists, Mr. Peden was sent to the different mission stations of the church, and travelled many miles on the Irish jaunting car to the services. He was also a member of a little society called "The Christian Union," which consisted of about a dozen young men who met to plan work for the Lord. The members presented Mr. Peden with a handsome copy of the Revised Bible, containing a fraternal inscription signed by Mr. H. Kirker, president. A friend, who is still a prominent member of the Baptist church at Banbridge, and an instructive preacher, once took our brother with him for company when going to preach on the Lord's-day; but he persuaded the young man to preach twice, and conduct the communion service. On the way home, he also suggested that his friend should apply to Mr. Spurgeon for admission to the Pastors' College, promising to give him a hearty recommendation. Application was made some time afterwards, and very kind testimonials were sent, Mr. Peden's master offering to release him from his last year of apprenticeship. The beloved President suggested waiting till the term was completed, and, a year later, invited him to enter the College, which he did in September, 1885. He was late in arriving at "Westwood" on the first day of meeting; but Mr. Spurgeon told the students that no doubt he had some Irish reason for delay. The reason was that the Irish mail train did not arrive at Euston till mid-day. Never will our brother forget the cordial welcome which he received when he did arrive, nor the warm, loving grasp of the dear President's hand.

College life was very happy; it was Mr. Peden's good fortune to be located with a sharp-witted old elder, who had followed Mr. Spurgeon from the time of his coming to London, and who had some wonderfully interesting stories to tell about those ever-memorable early days. Our friend was sometimes engaged by Mr. Spurgeon in doing a little reporting, which was always acknowledged very handsomely; and, when leaving College, the President told him that he had requested a friend to send him on a Commentary, and there was also a volume from himself which he would find at a certain address. Inside the fly-leaf of this volume, in Mr. Spurgeon's neat and beautiful hand-writing, was the following inscription:—"Mr. Peden, in memory of services at Conference, 1888,—C. H. SPURGEON."

Our brother settled at Foxton, Leicestershire, where he laboured for about six years, and received much kindness from the people, who presented him with an illuminated address on leaving for London. He remained near the metropolis for about two years, preaching at Hampton Court and other places, and doing some literary work. Mr. Peden met his future wife, on the steps of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, one Sabbath evening after the service, about a month after his arrival in London. They were married during the early part of his first pastorate. Christchurch, where they have

laboured for some years, is the old parliamentary and municipal borough of which Bournemouth was once an outlying suburb. The tide of life has largely ebbed from there to its Western border. A Baptist chapel was erected long years ago, but it has become so dilapidated that its roof threatens to fall, and the town surveyor declares the building unsafe. Yet the little flock of Pastor Peden has not lost heart. A representative committee has been formed to arrange for a new building, and an appeal is now made to the Lord's stewards to help a needy and most deserving cause. A future of real and increasing blessing is anticipated by and for the little cause at Christchurch, and its brave, plodding Pastor. The reasons for this expectation may be thus briefly summarized:—

1. *Mr. Peden is a man of God.* It is those who know their God who do exploits. Their strength is more than that of mortal man. Having tasted the powers of the world to come, they are able to witness to their fellows of grace to help in time of need.

2. *Mr. Peden is a man of prayer.* It is still true, "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." His brethren know and value their friend's fellowship with God, and on their knees together have learned that he is no more a mere Jacob upon earth, but an Israel before God. Such are the men to lead God's host to victory and blessing.

3. *Mr. Peden is a gospel preacher.* His note is set to that so grandly rung out from the great Tabernacle, and both to our dear Lord. His purpose is not to gather crowds by nostrums, but to save souls by the gospel. Hence, given fair conditions, we believe the little church will grow apace.

4. *Mr. Peden is a man of spiritual experience.* He knows what it is to suffer and be strong, to toil on in discouragement, to hold the fort with a feeble garrison. From his own heart's history, he knows whom he has believed, and is therefore fitted to help other wrestlers in life's sea.

5. *Mr. Peden is a man of unquenchable faith.* Many would have turned their backs, and fled from such difficulties as his. He has drunk deeply of the well of faith, and, like the heroes in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "By faith" he endures, goes forth to labour, and is used of God.

6. *Mr. Peden has the capacity for making friends.* Amid all his difficulties, he has won the sympathy and evoked the prayers of those outside his own communion. He has won the admiration and promise of help from sister churches in the district, and has proved himself worthy of the practical help and sympathy of his own brethren. Already, such help has been afforded by the Pioneer Mission, founded by Pastor E. A. Carter. Given but the needed thousand pounds for a spiritual workshop, we are assured of the Divine presence and blessing. Very heartily do his brother-ministers endorse and urge his appeal. Contributions should be addressed to R. Colman, Esq., J.P., "Lechurst," Portarlinton Road, Bournemouth; or Pastor R. J. Peden, "Roslyn," Christchurch, Hampshire.

G. D. HOOPER.

Fables of the Countryside.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "AFTERNOONS WITH A NATURALIST," ETC., ETC.

XII.—CLOSING IN.

THE year closes. The aster flower has long since failed, and belated bees have ceased to settle on Michaelmas daisies. The limes no scented leaves display; the poplar's foliage rustles not to breeze; "the hazel's gold" is spent. Blasted stems, that once were decked with crowns, edge the disconsolate way; and the winds—Nature's scene-shifters—sweep the last shreds of floral garnishment into a mildewing dell. The countryside looks grey and cold under the wintry sky, which, threatening in its steely blue, breathes prophecy of frost,—

"When men,
Among their children comfortable,
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold."

This is the season when Death takes his tithe, and old folk look up timidly as he presents his writ, while young ones shed resentful tears that life should end so soon. The white-haired, who have basked a space in sunny nooks, now find their limit in an elbow-chair, while those with weakened chest or spine, who ventured forth till October leaves slowly circled through the scarce-moving air, now must rest content to see the outside world from a seat by their window. Such "peeps" as they can get are not without their interest, and imagination can take the invalid where his limbs refuse to carry him, though he would fain verify with his eye the picture he makes upon the mind. Yet often is it best, especially with the weak, that fancy weaves the scene, for realism with its facts would spoil what seems an Eden. It is possible to parody the sublimest poetry. If "distance lends enchantment to the view," then let it. The enchantment may be inseparable from the truth of the view after all. In one of "Q's" vivid stories, a dying boy-missionary, who is passing ere he has well won a soul, takes the glittering reflections on the hillside by the mining camp as prophecies of the coming glory of gospel triumph over a hardened region. But the reflections are only from the sun shining on bleached tinned-meat cans! What of that? The splendour full often is in the mind's eye of him who sees, and is a matter of association with his own convictions and aspirations. To discover that the material of his picture is unworthy, does not destroy his faith in the truth of his conception. Thus the sordid becomes sacred, and the common bush, though thorny, bare, and scarred, a dwelling-place of Deity. Thus the purified imagination, through faith, which is "the substance of things hoped for," beholds in the most abject and degraded of humanity, however hopeless and repulsive in themselves, those for whom Christ died, and those who therefore can be made "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." The transformation of a ghoulish sinner into a glorified saint, is a thing already realized in the faith of the soul-winner.

* * * *

Let us hark back to the hedge once more. The realism of the season has two voices,—lamentation and prophecy. The latter prevails. But, at first, the relics left, after the ravages of wind and rain, have a depressing effect. Perhaps the reader is not given to moralising by a field gate overlooking a green lane, when the meadows and ploughed land are shrouded with a half-drawn curtain of mist, which leaves the lower portion of the landscape clear, but hides the upper part. In reaching such a spot, you may meet the sportsman, seeking a dinner for his appetite, but never a parson on the look-out for illustrations for his sermons; yet suggestions hang, on the bushes round, like the tit-bits put aside by the red-backed shrike. But the gentle reader would rather attend by proxy. So let it be. Only the thickest footgear has a chance on the oozy ground. Those grassy interlacings of the by-roads, which, on July days, invite us to saunter and repose, make sorry walking and a sodden bed in the month of December. But we have been such walks, and still would go. When we were writing the "By-ways" for this Magazine, we became acquainted thus with miles of fields fringing North-west London,—our companion, a medical student, who took to climbing slimy stiles and fording flooded brooks with as much zest as he is said to show at the prospect of surgical operations.

We were, however, moralising by a field gate. Here and there, upon tree and hedge, hang ragged brown leaves held by some film of spider's web, or caught by thorns. A few ruddy hips remain upon the briars of the dog-rose, and bunches of shrivelled purple haws depend from the whitethorn. Every bush drips with moisture; the grass glistens with wet; the gate is green and soddened with it; the very path gives beneath the foot; one's eyelids become heavy with the prevailing mist; and the whole surroundings, to the fastidious, would appear as uncomfortable as a cottage on washing day. Yet it was through this self-same lane that the scent of new-made hay stole on June evenings; and it was in these trees, now looming naked, grotesque, and giant-like out of the fog, that the immigrant birds sang their arrival songs in the days of May. On this hedge, now disconsolate and in tears, the blackthorn braved its white petals before the squally snows of March, while, later, the straight rods of the wild cherry responded in fragrant blossom to the oft-repeated kisses of April showers. Here, too, the pink-stained thorn flowers revealed their types of Calvary, and between Easter and Pentecost turned the spiny stems into branches of victory. It was on this border that the horns of the honeysuckle were exalted, and the garlands of bryony cast. It was here that bees ceased not the soothing undertone to the Summer's songs throughout the livelong day, and ants gave their object lessons in industry to an unheeding world. Slowly, but surely, were the girdles of beauty loosened, and the royal investiture reluctantly relinquished for the weeds of Winter, and the scant raiment of captivity. Now the wind, moaning through the fog-filled fields, seems a Jeremiah uttering his Lamentations. Yet, in truth, if this be so, is there not another interpretation? The moraliser by the gate, despite depressing appearances, catches the hopefulness that springs from the prayer of Nehemiah, and applies

it to Nature's realm, "Though there were of you scattered unto the uttermost part of heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set My Name there." So will it be, for the fledglings of last year will come from far, and seek again the nesting-places of their fathers; and across vast tracts of land and tossing waves the singers will return, peopling these silent groves, and melody will put to flight once more melancholy's moody musings. So, though all things continue as they were through many dull dark days, 'tis only seeming. They have not lost *the faculty of responsiveness*. This is the great endowment, with its far-reaching possibilities, that philosophers, who would limit God, have so persistently despised. But it is *there*; and it is the key to the great sayings of the Son of God.

We leave our trysting-place thinking that "summer lies buried in the *seed*;" that God is every year calling His exiles to chosen places; that, over these dreary fields, another March will come with drying winds; another April, nursing the young year to generous life; another May, calling from their beds of buds the sleeping flowers. Then shall we join the anthem of the Quaker poet,—

"The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more."

* * * *

The year closes in, but there are Idylls of the Countryside to be seen, and set in words, during December days.

Around the village fireside they talk of harvest yet, and laugh contentedly as they tell for the hundredth time how John and Mary made it up bending o'er the sheaves; how Gaffer Giles, who was working next, whistled cheerily, and looked another way;—how, when the Spring comes round, and gilly-flowers do bloom, an honest yeoman will our Mary wed. And gossips already discuss what she should wear, and joke on John's refractory locks, and bandy banter as to quantities of oil.

Oh, the weddings of the Spring! God keep the young folk safe from Wintry winds!

Now do the boys bring in the bays, and ivy green, and holly, berried red, and, using chairs on which the girls stand tip-toe, they with deft fingers decorate the rooms.

Our forefathers loved the evergreens, and in rough carol thus they sang,—

"Here comes holly that is so gent,
To please all men is his intent,
Allelujah!

"Whosoever against holly do sing,
He may weep and his hands wring,
Allelujah!"

* * * *

The profuse hospitality, which our ancestors showed as the year closed in, still characterizes the countryside. In olden time, the

beasts of the field were specially remembered at this season, and Burns refers to the practice in "The Auld Farmer's Address to his Mare" when presenting her, on New Year's morning, with an extra feed of corn,—

"A guid New Year, I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp in thy auld baggie!"

Thirty odd years ago, some pretty verses came under our notice, which may be monitory to those who need to be reminded that—

"Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,
The timid robin comes;
In pity, drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

"All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out your crumbs."

* * * *

In closing these Idylls of the Countryside, we cannot forget that, when the board is spread, and carols sung, there will be many a missing one this year. Fine boys, a mother's joy, a father's pride, lie buried in the far-off land, victims to War's fell grasp. Across the moaning sea come the tidings of many dead. It almost seems a mockery to take upon our lips the angels' song. Yet it is their song, and its TRUTH rings above all men's burlesques of it. Remembering this, we in our grief would lowly chant this 16th century psalm,—

"This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria.

"Then, Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,
In Excelsis Gloria."

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 present number of the Magazine completes Volume XXXV., which will be on sale early in December, price five shillings; or friends who desire to have the covers for binding the monthly parts can obtain them, at 1s. 4d. each, of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C., or through all booksellers and colporteurs.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have added two more books to the many volumes by Mr. Spurgeon at a

shilling each. The first is entitled, *Gospel Extracts from C. H. Spurgeon*, and consists of a considerable number of short, striking paragraphs explaining and enforcing the great truths of the gospel as the beloved preacher delighted to do. The other is an edition, in cloth, of Mr. Spurgeon's last Conference Address, *The Greatest Fight in the World*. The mission of that wondrous "Final Manifesto" is not yet ended; indeed, its message is just as timely now as when it was delivered.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have also published, at seven shillings, a volume of Sermons by C. H. SPURGEON, entitled *Christ in the Old Testament*. It is intended to be a companion to *The Messiah*, issued last year; and is uniform with *Sermons on our Lord's Parables and Miracles* (2 vols.), and "*The Most Holy Place*." In the present volume, there are sixty discourses, equally divided between the three groups,—Historical, Ceremonial, and Prophetic;—and the richness of the mine from which these precious things have been extracted is proved by the statement that the number of Sermons under each heading might easily have been doubled. The book would make a most acceptable Christmas or New Year's present to a preacher, teacher, or other Christian worker.

We have received from Mr. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row, *The Golden Text Calendar*, 1900, price one shilling, or post free, 1s. 2d. Its predecessors have, for many years, been in use at "Westwood;" and the texts, so well selected by M. S. H., have been daily helpful to those who have read and learned them; and the new one promises to be as good and useful as any of the previous ones.

Mr. Holness also sends us *The "Springing Well" Almanac*, "*Day by Day*" *Almanac*, and *Father Chiniquy's Dying Confession*, all one penny each, and the "*Search and See*" *Almanac*, one halfpenny, all good, and full of Biblical texts and plain Evangelical teaching.

More *Annuals* have arrived since our last notice was written, the most notable of them being *The Quiver* (Cassell and Co.), each successive volume of which seems to excel all its predecessors. With 1,152 pages, containing about 900 illustrations, and a vast mass of interesting and instructive reading on all sorts of topics, grave and gay, it would be difficult to find, in this class of literature, better value for 7s. 6d.

Good Words, and *The Sunday Maga-*

zine (Isbister and Co.), 7s. 6d. each, well maintain their previous reputation.

The Day of Days and Hand and Heart ("Home Words" Publishing Office), are two more of Mr. Bullock's two-shilling volumes full of brightly-written and well-illustrated articles. *The Fireside* (7s. 6d.) is bright, warm, cheery, and as welcome as a blazing fire on a wintry night.

Vol. XIII. of *The Christian Pictorial* (Alexander and Shephard), is an admirable illustrated record of the religious, political, and social events which transpired during the six months from March to August, 1899. We do not at all share the Editor's rejoicing over the finding of F. W. Robertson's sermons, and regret that they were not left in the oblivion where they had so long remained.

The Children's Treasury (Nelson and Sons), is a charming shillingworth of pictures, and poetry, and prose that is never prosy. Many little children (and grown-ups, too,) ought to learn the verses, on page 15, and then never afterwards misuse the words "awful" and "awfully."

In addition to the annual volumes from The Religious Tract Society, mentioned last month, we have received *Friendly Greetings* (5s.), *Light in the Home*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, *The Child's Companion*, and *Our Little Dots*, 1s. 6d. each. All who can afford it should obtain the whole set, for all are admirable, and they are suitable for the different members of the family, or are adapted for presents to old and young. *The Scripture Pocket-Book* (1s. 6d.) contains much useful information, beside a text for every day in the year; and the book and sheet *Almanacks* are, as usual, excellent.

Mr. James E. Hawkins, 15, Paternoster Row, sends us the thirty-third annual issue of *The Golden Grain Almanack and Christian's Text Book*, in various styles of binding ranging from 1d. to 1s. 6d.; also a shilling

packet of *New Year Messages*, consisting of six hymns, printed in gold and colours, on embossed folded cards.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's *Minister's Pocket Diary* (2s.) appears to be as comprehensive and useful as usual. If there were spaces for a register of the baptism of believers, it might be rather more suitable for Baptist ministers than it is at present.

The "F. B. Meyer" Birthday Book.
Compiled by FLORENCE WITTS.
Sunday School Union.

FOR 1s. 6d., admirers of Mr. Meyer can obtain this neatly-bound, gilt-edged book of extracts from his works, arranged with blank spaces for the autographs of friends, and an Index of their names and the date of their birthdays.

The "Andrew Murray" Year Book.
Compiled by M. J. SHEPPERSON.
Nisbet and Co.

THIS daintily-bound half-crown volume consists of a paragraph or two for each day of the year from the writings of Mr. Andrew Murray, with a number of supplemental extracts from his works, a portrait and brief sketch of his life, and an Introduction to the book from his own pen. The compilation has been undertaken by one to whom his teaching has been of great service; but it seems to us that a more helpful selection might have been made, at least for ordinary Christians. Yet, doubtless, there will be some happy saints who will walk with joy on the heights here described.

Christ in Possession; or, The Yielded Life. By Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A.
Nisbet and Co.

MR. MOORE'S teaching on this and kindred themes is so well known that we have only to say that this volume is quite characteristic of both topic and author. The best elements of "Keswick" teaching are here emphasized, and without the faintest touch of mere fanaticism. We are led continually, not to self, but to Christ, for

all strength to yield, and be possessed. Only good can come of reading such books, and we therefore gladly commend them to those who desire a richer and fuller spiritual life. One paper on "The Four Carpenters" is sure to be reproduced in many a pulpit, and from many a platform. Read it, and see if it is not so in your case, dear friend.

Strength and Beauty. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANOTHER of those ever-welcome little volumes which Dr. Miller knows so well how to produce. Gracious, lucid, and beautiful, they compel one to read, and ever leave a holy influence behind them. Some of the extracts and quotations are most choice, whilst the illustrations are always apt, forcible, and chaste. For popular devotional books, they stand in the very front rank, and hence their deservedly large sale. This volume is quite equal to its predecessors, and will be eagerly bought for Christmas and New Year gifts.

God's Shepherd Care. Chapters on the Twenty-third Psalm. By JAMES CULROSS, D.D. Drummond's Tract Depôt, London; or Partridge and Co., Stirling.

ANYTHING from the lofty mind and gracious heart of Dr. Culross,—now gone to his great reward,—is sure to be read and deeply enjoyed by all true Christians. He was an interpreter, one of a thousand, and his treatment of this familiar Psalm is refreshingly original and gracious. Simple in diction, it is the simplicity of sublime thought and deep personal experience. The ease and naturalness of the style are a proof of his mastery of the theme. No one could read without being mentally quickened, spiritually enriched, and moved to personal devotion. Every page drops fragrance and freshness. It is a little book to revel in and give thanks for.

Messrs. Headley Brothers have published the fourth edition of *Early Church History*, by E. BACKHOUSE

and C. TYLOR, and the third edition of *Witnesses for Christ*, by the same authors, and in each case the volume is issued at one shilling net. At this extraordinarily low price, they ought to have a still wider circulation than they have already secured, and so increase the number of "witnesses for Christ" who will be the means of helping to repeat some of the glories and triumphs of "Early Church History."

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have just issued two books, at a shilling each, which cannot be circulated too widely,—*The Story of the Man who Fought the Giants*, by W. STANLEY MARTIN, a really admirable little Life of Luther for children;—and *At the Sign of "The Pelican,"* by BRIDA WALKER, a story of the Reformation, founded on fact, and showing what the state of affairs was in France before and after "Black Bartholomew." At the end of the book is a true and terrible tale concerning a priest's promise in Lambeth Palace. The reading of that story ought to evoke such hatred of "priests" that their power in this dear England of ours would be speedily overthrown.

A shilling volume, of a similar character, entitled, *In the Days of the Star Chamber* (Thos. H. Hopkins), is specially interesting to Baptists. Our young folk will probably like it all the better because of the pretty love-story that is woven into the narrative.

Twelve Pioneer Missionaries. By GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E., LL.D. Nelson and Sons.

THE twelve missionaries, whose lives are briefly sketched in this handsome seven-and-sixpenny volume, are Raymond Lulli, William Carey, Hannah Marshman, Capt. James Wilson, Peter Greig, John Vanderkemp, Alexander Duff, Alphonse François Lacroix, Robert Caldwell, Ion Keith-Falconer, Nilakantha Shastri Gorch, and Dhanjibhai Nauroji. Some of these names are but little known, but Dr. Smith amply proves the right of all whom he describes to be included among

pioneer missionaries. The careful study of this book ought to induce many others to follow in their track, either by labouring where they served and suffered, or by becoming themselves pioneers in some field not yet occupied by the servants of the Saviour. Portraits of most of the missionaries, and illustrations of scenes connected with their work, increase the value of the volume.

Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land. By EGERTON R. YOUNG. Charles H. Kelly.

A SEQUEL to the author's account of the "Summer adventures of three boys in the wild North-land" of the Hudson Bay territory, and published at the same price, 3s. 6d. All who read the former volume will surely want this one, and then they will be anxious for Mr. Young to complete the third, so that they may learn whether Frank and Alec really did go back "to meet and wed their sweet-hearts," Rachel and Winnie, and also that they may have some more information about the fun-loving Irish lad whose name was Sam.

The present volume, like the former one, is intended to show that the Christian Indians, among whom Mr. Young and other missionaries have laboured so long and so successfully, are men and women whose acquaintance is well worth making; while the "winter adventures" here described ought to satisfy the craving of any boy or girl who becomes the privileged possessor of the book.

Life and its Phenomena. A Demonstration of the Existence of God. By JOHN MAYNARD. Partridge and Co.

GOOD service would be rendered if this little book, which is ably written, were placed in the hands of those who are at all inclined to be sceptical. It is a book that will stimulate thought and nourish faith. We have been specially pleased with the treatment the Darwinian theory of Evolution receives from the author; and we cordially commend his small but worthy work.

Roses. By AMY LE FEUVRE. Hodder and Stoughton.

ALL Miss Le Feuvre's children are charming little creatures, and win our love at once by their grace and beauty. Whether they appear to step from a choice collection of Sèvres china as animated examples of old-world piquancy and loveliness, or dance down to us from the frames of ancient pictures as embodiments of mingled modesty and mirthfulness, they always move our hearts to admiration and interest; their very naughtinesses are delightful, and appeal to a kindred inclination within us. But fair as they all are, this "Dimple" among the roses is the daintiest of them all.

It is a sweet story, perhaps all the sweeter for the shadows of sadness which pass over it; but, above and beyond all these, there shines the light of true faith in God, and tender submission to His will; and, by both shower and sunshine, "Dimple" is tended and trained as one of "God's little rosebuds."

The approach of Christmas is again indicated by the arrival of large numbers of *Story-books*, of which the first, as usual, are from Messrs. Thos. Nelson and Sons, who have, if possible, excelled themselves in the production of handsomely-bound, tastefully-illustrated, and charmingly-printed volumes. It is a treat to read anything issued by this world-renowned firm.

Beginning with the five-shilling books, we have a tale of the days of the Early Tudors, *The Heir of Hascombe Hall*, by E. EVERETT-GREEN, which deserves a high place in her long list of historical stories. Our boys and girls are highly favoured in having English history thus made easy and pleasant in the form of a most fascinating narrative.

At the same price, is a companion volume, *A Daughter of France*, by ELIZA F. POLLARD, which contains a spirit-stirring and sometimes sad story of Acadia, on the coast of Nova Scotia, in the days of Louis XIV. Love and war are both in evidence, and though there are tragic deeds described ere the close of the tale is

reached, it has the usual happy ending.

Another volume at 5s.,—*A Vanished Nation*, by HERBERT HAYENS,—records, in thrilling language, the adventures of three Englishmen in Paraguay in the days of Lopez. Our young folk, who remember the author's previous stories, will expect to have their interest maintained from the first page to the last, and they will not be disappointed.

Among the 3s. 6d. books, one that specially takes our fancy is *Havelock the Dane*, by CHARLES W. WHISTLER, M.R.C.S. Its sub-title is, "A Legend of old Grimsby and Lincoln," and the author explains that "it is more than likely that the old legend preserved a record of actual events in the early days of the Anglo-Saxon settlement in England." The various versions in poetry and prose have been compared so as to make the narrative as complete as possible, and the result is a volume that should be read by all who desire to know more about our island in the days of long ago.

At the same price, there are three stories of school-boys;—the first, *The Fellow who Won*, by ANDREW HOME, describing many mean things done by a big bully and coward, whose life was saved by the schoolmate whom he had shamefully wronged, and who, in his turn, sacrificed his own life, to save that of his former foe;—the second, *Tom Graham, V.C.*, by WILLIAM JOHNSTON, tracing the hero's progress from the old Grammar School at Seaton to the famous march of Sir Frederick Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar, and the battle where "Tom" won his Victoria Cross;—the third, *Mobsley's Mohicans*, by HAROLD AVERY, in which a school-boy is supposed to relate, twenty-five years after they occurred, the pranks of himself and the other imitation Red Indians who spent two terms with him at Hanover House Academy. Such stories are always interesting, even when they are literally stories.

The next two 3s. 6d. volumes are specially intended for girls. The first—*Priscilla*, by E. EVERETT-GREEN and H. LOUISE BEDFORD, is a

love-story, with a number of marriages ending up with that of the heroine;—the other, *Trefoil*, by M. P. MACDONALD, is a good story of three Australian girls, who, on leaving school, formed the "Trefoil Society," to help in perpetuating the friendship existing between them. The book would make a splendid Christmas present for any girl who is finishing her last term at school.

Another book at the same price is entitled, *The Courteous Knight, and other Tales*, borrowed from Spenser and Malory, by E. EDWARDSON, in which some portions of "The Faery Queen," and "Morte d' Arthur," and other tales of earlier times are modernized for the benefit of young folk of either sex.

Of the three half-crown volumes, the first—*The Twin Castaways*, by E. HARCOURT BURRAGE, contains the record of sufficient exciting adventures to meet the demands of any twins, or other boys and girls; the second—*A Goodly Heritage*, by K. M. EADY, is a thoroughly interesting story, in which an averted strike, a "blue-stockings" special studies, and service and suffering in a town vicarage culminate in a couple of happy marriages;—the third—*Phil and I*, by PAUL BLAKE, describes a French boy and an English lad in the days of Nelson. They were at school together, where they established a state of siege for a master they did not like; afterwards they had some experience of real fighting, and when the war was over, remained steadfast in their friendship.

At 2s., *The Abbey on the Moor*, by LUCIE E. JACKSON, is a touching tale of a charming child who, in her orphanhood, has a very varied experience, which ends all right, of course. Then, the last on the list, at 1s. 6d., *A Story of Seven*, by BRIDGETT PENN, is supposed to be a little girl's account of the adventures of herself and six brothers and sisters during their parents' absence; and a very lively record it is.

From the Sunday School Union we have received two more shilling volumes of the Red Nursery Series,—

More Tales Told at the Zoo, by E. VELVIN, in which some of the tales are told by the creatures with tails;—and *Dick's Hero*, by BLANCHE ATKINSON, which describes a hero-worshipper who became himself a hero of a noble type. These books will be great favourites with the children at Christmas time.

The same remark may be made concerning two sixpenny books issued by Messrs. Partridge and Co.,—*The Good Shepherd*, and *Coming to Jesus*, in which coloured pictures, bold type, and familiar hymns tell to the little ones—

"The old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love."

Sir Constant, Knight of the Great King.

By W. E. CULE. Andrew Melrose.

HE is a brave writer who attempts to set forth, in allegorical form, the journey of a pilgrim to "the City of the Great King." Readers cannot help remembering John Bunyan's unparalleled work, and they are apt to draw comparisons between that immortal allegory and all others. "Sir Constant" uses the King's sword, he is guided by a roll or chart, he loses his Lord's presence through staying in the Castle of Sir Joyous, he has to fight with foes, he rescues a friend from the dangerous City of Good Intent; and, at last, with joy, he enters the glorious City for which he left the Valley of Decision. The book is well written, appropriately illustrated, and it should be the means of inducing its readers to become Knights of the Great King; its price is 3s. 6d.

The Golden Shoemaker; or, "Cobbler" Horn. By J. W. KEYWORTH.
Robert Culley.

AN interesting story of a Christian cobbler who, having had a large sum of money left to him, tried to do all the good he could with it. People thought he was eccentric because he mended for nothing the shoes of his poor customers, made the cottages in the village fit for the tenants to live in, and turned his mansion into a

home for destitute children: it would be a good thing if there were many rich men equally "eccentric." Not the least attractive part of the tale is the account of the little girl, kidnapped by gipsies not long before her father received his wealth; how she escaped, and accepted the position of secretary to her father, and how they became known to one another, must be learned from the book itself. The price of it is 3s. 6d.

A smaller volume (1s. 6d.), by the same author and publisher, and entitled *A Noble Revenge; or, Thomas Gladwin's Example*, is an illustration of the text, "Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

The Touchstone. By HELEN SHIPTON. Isbister and Co.

A HEALTHY and deeply-interesting story. The plot is fresh and unexpected, and the characters both new and true to nature. It is seldom we come across a piece of fiction that we can so unreservedly praise. Our youth, of both sexes, will enjoy it, and be helped in the making of character by it. Though not of the first rank, it comes within hailing distance.

We thought we had finished this month's notices of *Story-books*, but another parcel has arrived from Messrs. Nelson & Sons. We cannot spare much more space, so we must just say that *A Captain of Irregulars*, by HERBERT HAYENS (5s.), is a stirring story of the fighting in South America which secured the independence of Chili;—*In Lionland*, by M. DOUGLAS (2s. 6d.), is an excellent condensation of the life of Dr. Livingstone, and the story of Stanley down to December, 1877, when he bade farewell to his black companions at Zanzibar;—*Blind Loyalty*, by E. L. HAVERFIELD (2s. 6d.), is a sequel to *Our Vow*, a delightful story which we commended last year as heartily as we praise the present one; in this instance, the "blind loyalty" was displayed towards one who, at first, was

unworthy of the confidence reposed in her; but who, through her friend's devotion, was won over to a nobler life;—*Bobby's Surprises*, by the same author (2s.), is a pretty tale of "Bobby" Whittington and his cat "Cuckoo," which never would get reconciled to the cuckoo clock which called his name every hour of the day and night;—*Terry's Trials and Triumphs*, by J. MACDONALD OXLEY (1s. 6d.), describes the adventures of an Irish lad, afloat and ashore, during the American Civil War, in the course of which he is supposed to have witnessed the famous fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*;—*Three Babies and what they did*, by R. B. WAINWRIGHT (1s.), would not be worth a shilling to any of our readers, for it teaches Baptismal Regeneration.

In addition to the story by AMY LE FEUVRE reviewed on page 652, we have received, from the Religious Tract Society, three more books from the busy and able pen of the gifted author of "*Probable Sons*."

Bunny's Friends (1s.), is the title of a short but charming fairy tale, in which a little girl's dreams about a pony, a rabbit, and white heather are made to teach her some useful lessons. Other lassies, and laddies, too, will do well to learn them also.

Legend Led (2s.), is a pretty story concerning some children who wanted to find the Holy Grail, and who were wisely guided to One who is infinitely better than any legend, for HE is "the Truth." Our young folk will be all the better for reading this book.

The Carved Cupboard (2s. 6d.) contains an account of the adventures of four girls, who took a house in the country in which there was a curious cupboard with Arabic characters carved on it. This book is for somewhat older readers than the others, and it ought to do girls good. It is rather amusing to find that, while three out of the four, here described, got married, the one left in single blessedness was "the best of the bunch."

Home-Thrusts; or, Lessons in Domestic Economy. From the French of Bourdaloue. By Rev. CHARLES HYDE BROOKE. W. Walker, 28, Paternoster Row.

THE first part of this book is not much to our mind; it is far too sombre, and one might almost imagine that it was written in the interests of celibacy. Married life, though charged with responsibilities of a weighty nature, consists of something more than obligations, trials, and dangers. There is also too much of the sacramental element about this portion of the work. The latter part deals with widespread evils. The fathers of the Early Church are largely quoted, and there is much which calls for earnest attention; but we prefer some of our home productions even to the teachings of Bourdaloue.

Happy Wedded Life. How to Realize it. By JOHN MAYNARD. Fifth Edition. Partridge and Co.

HERE is advice in abundance on matters matrimonial, relating to "The Choice of Companions," "The Marriage State," "The Duties of Husbands and Wives, and Parents and Children," &c. It would be well if this work, or an abbreviation of it, could find its way into the hands of many who treat the whole subject of matrimony as if it were a comedy, little thinking how soon it may become a tragedy. The substance of the author's advice is, "Be not yoked till of proper age, and in a position to justify such a responsibility; and, above all, be not unequally yoked so far as age, education, and faith are concerned." The work deserves a wide circulation.

The Border-Lines in the Field of Doubtful Practices. By H. CLAY TRUMBULL. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN every respect a capital book, especially for our young men and women. Its plain statements on personal habits and social customs, its sweetly reasonable tone, will make it a healthful and powerful influence for good. The theatre, the dance, the dangers of small gambling, are all here revealed in their true character, and we are warned against their fascination and their folly. It is just the kind of book that every family and school and adult Bible-class should circulate among its members to antidote the poison that is so rife and deadly. We are grateful both to author and publishers for this valuable little volume.

"*Fishers of Men.*" By Rev. J. E. WATTS-DITCHFIELD. With Introduction by Archdeacon SINCLAIR. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

THE man who did not want to be worried about religion would hardly call the author of this book "a proper sort of parson." Yet, whatever may be thought of some of his methods, he is an all-alive and wide-awake parson, and Free Church ministers may get from this volume useful hints concerning the way to deal with the working classes, and to become men-catchers, and so to be in the true apostolic succession. Being written by a clergyman of the Establishment, there are a few allusions which clash with Nonconformist ideas, but the book is to be commended on the whole. It contains a few good stories, some of the best being those told by the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon.

Notes.

Our readers will be very grieved to learn that MRS. C. H. SPURGEON has been seriously ill; and, although, at the time of making up these "Notes," the Lord has graciously answered prayer on her behalf, and blessed the means that are being used for her restoration, she is still confined to her bed, and extremely weak. We, therefore, ask all friends to join with us in pleading that, if it be according to the will of

God, her valuable life may be spared, and that she may be again raised up to continue her many forms of service for the Saviour.

THE STANDARD LIFE OF C. H. SPURGEON. —The last volume of the *Autobiography*, covering the eventful years from 1878 to 1892, will (D.V.) be published in January. We hope to give, in next month's Magazine, full particulars concerning its contents.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1900.—It seems but a few weeks ago that we were writing our programme for 1899, and now we have reached our last number for the year, and are anticipating the near approach of the last year of the century. No one of us can tell what 1900 will bring forth for us; but, so far as we can arrange for the future, the following will be the principal contents of the Magazine which has now been issued for five-and-thirty years, and whose readers are still numbered by tens of thousands.

First and foremost, material from the brain, and heart, and voice, and pen of C. H. SPURGEON will still occupy the prominent position which it rightly deserves. Dr. Robertson Nicoll recently wrote that, when we could find anything better than Mr. Spurgeon's manuscripts for publication in the *Sword and Trowel*, it would become the most popular periodical of the day. Certainly, the present managers of the Magazine have no intention of trying to find anything better, for, at least in their opinion, it would be a hopeless search. They scarcely expect the *Sword and Trowel* to be the most popular periodical of the day; but they believe it is worthy of a still larger circulation than it has yet attained, and they will be very grateful to all friends who will help them in attaining that desirable end.

In addition to Mr. Spurgeon's own manuscripts which have not yet been published, Pastor T. W. Medhurst promises to send us more of the beloved President's notable utterances which he has preserved since the memorable days of the New Park Street and Surrey Gardens services. Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon will continue her "Work-room" articles as the Lord gives her the strength for the task. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will still supply "The Pastor's Page" each month, and H. T. S. will have a new series of articles, running through the year, under the title, "Leaves from a Puritan's Portfolio," in which he will write concerning the eventful period from 1670 to 1740.

Pastor Hugh D. Brown's promised papers upon "Inspiration" have been unavoidably delayed, but he hopes to have them ready early in the New Year, and they will be heartily welcomed by our readers whenever they appear. Dublin will be doubly represented in our pages, for Pastor J. D. Gilmore has sent us a number of short, lively articles upon "Queer Folk." Although we have reached No. LXXII. in "Our Own Men" series, we have not yet had sketches of one in ten of the sons of "Our Alma Mater," so we shall still publish their portraits month by month, with accounts of the work done by them at home and abroad. We have not yet reached the end of the articles upon "C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons," and "Writers of Hymns in the Supplement to Our Own Hymn

Book;" and we shall still keep our friends informed concerning the progress of the Tabernacle and its various agencies and institutions.

On *Wednesday evening, October 25*, a large number of young people and other friends met at the Pastors' College under the auspices of THE YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION. Dr. Churcher presided, and gave an interesting account of the work in North Africa. A thousand copies of "The Wordless Book," and a quantity of medicine bottles for his Medical Mission at Soussou, were presented to him; and he expressed his hearty thanks for them, and for all other practical tokens of sympathy with him in his labour for the Lord which he was about to resume. A worker from Johannesburg described the efforts made on behalf of the miners there; and the meeting, which had been throughout of a bright and cheering character, was appropriately closed with an impressive address by Pastor David Tait, who urged his hearers to renewed consecration of heart and life in the Master's service.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE REBUILDING FUND.—On *Thursday evening, October 26*, "A Thanksgiving Rally" was held in the Tabernacle Lower Hall. Summer holiday collecting-cards, which had been issued several months previously, were brought in, and presented to the Pastors' wives. Following this came a meeting presided over by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The children of the Sunday-school sang a selection of well-known melodies, and each section of the School in turn presented gifts of bank notes in aid of the Rebuilding Fund. The Ladies' Working Party added a cheque for £115, bringing up the total of the gifts for the evening to £443. Notwithstanding the wet night, there was a large and enthusiastic gathering. Further particulars concerning the Fund will be found in the Preface to this year's volume of the Magazine.

On *Monday evening, October 30*, at the close of the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, a special church-meeting was held for the annual election of elders. Two of the former officers—Brethren Cockerell and J. B. Parker—were "called home" during the year, and one was transferred to another church. All the others were re-elected, and five more brethren were added to their number.

On *Wednesday evening, November 1*, the monthly meeting of THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held under the auspices of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, in the College Conference Hall. Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, and addresses were given by Messrs. T. Kyffin Freeman, F.G.S., and J. T. Sears, J.P., and Pastor J. M. Hewson.

On *Friday evening, November 3*, the annual meeting of THE TABERNACLE AUXILIARY OF THE BAPTIST ZENANA MISSION was held at the Pastors' College, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The wet and stormy weather prevented some sympathizers with the work from being present; but, otherwise, the meeting was a good one. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by Miss Dyson, of Calcutta, who was able to give personal experiences of Zenana Mission service. Mr. William Olney presented the Report for the year, which showed that the receipts had amounted to a little over £100. Additional contributions will be gratefully received by Mrs. James Passmore, or Miss Olney; they may be addressed to either of them at the Pastors' College.

On *Tuesday evening, November 7*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MEN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the Tabernacle Lower Hall. Quite a goodly company sat down to tea, and at 7 o'clock a large audience was present, when Pastor T. Spurgeon took the chair. Reports were read by the Secretary and the Treasurer. During the year, the class raised £38 11s. for the Rebuilding Fund, making £126 in all; £25 for the Pastors' College, and £20 for Spanish Missions. The Pastor having suitably acknowledged the gifts, expressed the hope that, ere long, the class would be able to meet under the Tabernacle roof, and wished the members all prosperity for the coming year. He then called upon Mr. W. J. Godbold, who, in a singularly felicitous speech, let the audience into a well-kept secret, viz., a presentation to Elder J. T. Dunn of his portrait in oils, together with an easy chair, and a purse of twenty-five guineas, in celebration of his seventieth birthday and fiftieth year of Christian service. Mr. Dunn, who was moved with deep emotion, made a speech in reply, thanking them all for the love thus displayed to him. Speeches of a most helpful character were delivered by Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., and Mr. W. Olney.

On *Wednesday evening, November 15*, the fourth annual convention of THE YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION was held in the Tabernacle Lower Hall. It was preceded by a conversation for the members and friends, by the kind invitation of the Treasurer, C. Goddard Clarke, Esq., J.P., L.C.C. The Secretary, Mr. Ernest J. Wigney, was unavoidably absent through illness. At the meeting afterwards, the chair was occupied by the retiring President, the Rev. J. Tolefree Parr; prayer was presented by Rev. W. Wright Hay; Psalm lxxii was read by Pastor David Tait; and a hearty welcome to the chairman, speakers, members, and visitors, was given by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Rev. F. J. Paton, son of Dr. Paton, gave a touching and inspiring address on the trials

and triumphs of missionary service in the New Hebrides; Rev. W. Knight Chaplin spoke earnestly and encouragingly concerning the Y.C.M.U.; and he was followed by a missionary who had laboured for the Lord for twenty-five years in China. The Treasurer, in presenting the balance-sheet for the past year, appealed for annual subscriptions, and mentioned that none of the money received was spent for the salaries of officers. There was a large company present, and all must have been greatly stimulated in helping to carry on foreign mission work.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. W. F. Price, from Paignton, to Buckingham Hall, Hotwells, Bristol; Mr. F. L. White, from Stogumber, to Inskip, Lancashire; and Mr. W. E. Pritchard, from Dayton, Ohio, to Oakland, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A.

Mr. T. I. Stockley, who recently returned from Colombo, has accepted the pastorate at Finchley Lane, Hendon; and Mr. G. Wainwright, who had purposed to come back to England, has settled at Fenwick Street, Geelong, Victoria, Australia.

Our report of the College annual meeting must be postponed until next month, as it is being held just as the Magazine is in the printers' hands.

In memoriam.—Another of the elder brethren of our fraternity—Pastor J. M. Murphy—was "called home" on November 4th. He was a member of the Tabernacle Church when he entered the College in 1864. His first pastorate was at New Swindon, and his next at Coleraine. After that, for some years, he was agent for the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission; he also held pastorates at Barnstaple and Hull. He was not one of the most prominent of our brethren; but he was an earnest, godly man, who rendered faithful service in each of the spheres he occupied. He had the joy of seeing his son pass through the College, and enter the ministry and the mission field; to him, and to his widowed mother, and all the members of the bereaved family, we tender our heartfelt sympathy.

ORPHANAGE.—The new number of "The Orphanage Quarterly" will contain a plea by the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon) for continued support for the Institution, and a letter from the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon), which is to serve the double purpose of reminding its readers of the special claims of the orphans at Christmas time, and of their continual needs all the year round. All kinds of good things, as well as contributions in cash, will be gratefully received. They should be directed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W. The Secretary, at the same address, will be pleased to supply applicants with envelopes for Christmas dinner-table collections.

On *Wednesday evening, November 8*,

the collectors' meeting was held at the Orphanage,—the first since Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's acceptance of the presidency of the Institution; and it must, therefore, have been cheering to him to know that both the attendance and the contributions were above the average. He very cordially welcomed the chairman, Wm. Vinson, Esq., of Orpington, who paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the beloved Founder, and, after urging the claims of the Orphanage upon the Christian public, handed to the President £20 towards the maintenance of the work. The other speakers were Pastor Fearn, of Orpington, Mr. Ernest J. Barson, one of the old boys, and Mr. J. Manton Smith, whom all were glad to see again after his long and serious affliction. He hopes to resume his evangelistic work on the last day of the year; his address is Billing Road, Northampton.

Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir have been held in Cambridge, Sobam, Bury St. Edmund's, Lynn, Swaffham, Dereham, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Stowmarket, Ipswich, and Felixstowe. In each place there was a rally of old friends of the Institution, and many new helpers were secured. Mr. Charlesworth has also conducted meetings in and around London; and he hopes, during this month, to pay his annual visit to Portsmouth and district. It would greatly encourage the President, and help the Institution, if arrangements for similar meetings could be made in other parts. As old friends are "called home," others are needed to take their places if the Orphanage is to be kept going.

COLPORTAGE.—We are glad to be able to make the following announcement with regard to the Vice Presidency of the Association. After the death of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, the constitution was so revised as to provide for four Vice-Presidents, whose names, interest, and influence might give additional weight and success to the work. In response to invitations from the President, the office has been

heartily accepted by R. C. Morgan, Esq., who has long been so well known as the Editor of *The Christian*; Henry Wood, Esq., J.P., who is so honourably identified with various forms of Christian service; Lord Kinnaid, whose name is a household word in connection with all kinds of mission work at home and abroad; and George H. Dean, Esq., J.P., who not only holds a prominent place in the evangelistic and philanthropic efforts of his denomination, but who has also, for many years, had direct practical acquaintance with the work of the Association.

On November 7, a most interesting meeting was held at the Shaftesbury Hall, Ealing, on behalf of our work. The gathering was arranged by our valued colporteur, Mr. H. Mears; and with the Vicar of St. John's Church, Ealing Dean, as chairman, and representatives of several denominations, together with the Secretary and the colporteur as speakers, the Protestant, unsectarian, and evangelistic character of the Association was well illustrated.

The new lantern lecture, entitled, "Our House-to-House Brigade, or; the Story of Spurgeon's Colporteurs," mentioned last month, has been delivered in about twenty localities in Berkshire, Suffolk, Kent, Surrey, and Essex. It has been received with much acceptance, and we are looking for a welcome addition to our funds from the proceeds.

The Lord has encouraged us with tokens of interest and sympathy from a good number of friends this month; and we are grateful both to Him, and to them; and, as the year draws to a close, we ask for continued financial help to enable us, if possible, to avoid a deficit in the next balance-sheet. All contributions and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. S. Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Lower Hall, November 2, three; at Haddon Hall, October 29, six.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	16,066	17	8	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school,			
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, per Mrs. C. H.				Mr. Ford's class	10	0	0
Spurgeon	100	0	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school,			
"A friend"	1	0	0	General school	10	0	0
Surrey Gardens Memorial Hall Christian				Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school,			
Endeavour Society	1	1	9	Junior school	5	0	0
H. M. P.	1	1	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school,			
Miss E. Milroy	3	0	0	Infant school	5	0	0
Mr. W. G. Stanningly	4	0	0	Mrs. Ellwood	10	0	0
B. B.	1	1	0	Phil. iv. 19	1	0	0
Proceeds of private Sale of Work, per				Mr. Haynes	5	0	0
Mrs. Upton, Treasurer	115	4	6	Miss S. Higgs	5	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school				Miss E. Higgs	10	0	0
Young Ladies' Bible-classes	10	0	0	Miss Higgs	10	0	0
				"Anon."	6	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. W. Broomfield	2	0	0	Miss Bowden	2	3	0
Mr. Prebble	3	3	0	Master Harold Spurgeon	1	1	0
Children's Holiday Gift, per Mrs. Pearce	1	1	0	Miss Cook	1	1	0
Townsend Street Sunday-school	3	0	0	Miss Roberts	1	1	0
Miss Oldershaw	1	0	0	Miss Hayward	2	2	0
Mr. F. Thompson	1	1	0	Mrs. Curtis	1	1	0
Mr. James Hall	1	1	0	Miss E. Skinner	1	1	0
Interest on insurance money deposit	280	1	5	Mrs. Scutt	1	1	0
In memoriam, J. T. Olney	240	0	0	Mr. W. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	5	5	0	Miss Upton	1	9	2
Miss Dorothy Young, per Mrs. Essex	1	1	0	Mr. Patrick	1	1	0
Mr. J. Pemberton and a few friends	1	10	0	Miss Edith Sawday	1	1	6
W. P., Northampton	1	0	0	Mrs. Scott	1	2	6
Donation from Waltham Cross Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Douglas	3	0	0	Miss S. J. Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. E. Amsden	10	10	0	Mr. A. Childs	2	10	0
Collected in boxes, per Mr. G. P. Johnstone	1	10	0	Miss L. Butcher	1	1	0
Rev. E. W. Tarbox	10	0	0	Mr. Eldridge	1	1	0
Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class (2nd contribution)	88	11	0	Mrs. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	3	9	6	Mr. Dobson	1	15	0
Mrs. Jackson	1	0	0	Mr. D. Chandler	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Booth and daughters	2	0	0	Miss Winter	1	15	0
C. H. E. S.	250	0	0	Miss E. E. Jones	1	1	0
E. I. E.	3	0	0	Pastor C. B. Sawday	6	5	0
Mrs. Davenport	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Johnes	1	2	0
"An old friend"	10	0	0	Mrs. Fairbrass	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Engall	1	0	0	Mr. R. Fairbrass	1	1	0
Pastor F. T. Snell, per Mr. T. H. Engall	1	0	0	Mrs. Watts	1	1	0
Amounts under £1	11	13	0	Mr. Weekes	1	1	0
<i>Collecting Cards:—</i>				Mrs. Ead	1	1	0
Mr. Allum	4	3	0	Mr. Makey	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Collier	0	4	6	Mrs. Pain	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	10	10	0	Mrs. Blundstone	1	1	0
Miss E. Shelton	0	2	0	Miss Harrald	1	1	0
Miss J. Robertson	0	14	6	Mr. and Mrs. Percy	1	1	0
Mr. Williams	0	8	6	Miss Squires	1	1	0
Mr. E. Harrald	1	5	0	Miss J. Cockshaw	1	10	0
Mrs. I. Ward	0	10	6	Miss Spreadbury	1	1	0
Miss Lithiby	1	2	6	Mrs. Spreadbury	1	1	0
Miss Paice	2	0	6	Miss Lott	1	5	0
Miss E. Sayer	2	13	6	Mr. C. S. Miller	1	3	0
<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>				Miss Collins	0	4	0
Mrs. Marriott	0	14	2	Mr. Weekes	1	1	0
Miss Bullivant	1	0	6	Mrs. Glendening	2	2	6
Mrs. Bullivant	0	7	1	Master Harold Spurgeon (2nd card)	1	1	0
<i>Holiday Collecting Cards:—</i>				Mr. G. Sewell	0	10	6
Miss L. Buswell	5	5	0	Mrs. Palmer	0	15	7
Mr. Henry Varley	5	5	0	Mrs. and Miss Chaney	0	20	6
Mrs. Chadwick	5	5	0	Miss Hassell	0	17	6
Miss Hawes	5	6	0	Mrs. Marshall	1	5	0
Mrs. Cook	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Dent	0	10	6
Pastor T. Spurgeon	7	4	0	Mrs. Spaul	0	15	0
Mrs. Smith	5	5	0	Miss L. Bailey	0	12	0
Mrs. W. Park	10	10	0	Miss A. Bailey	0	10	6
Mrs. Mott	5	5	0	Miss L. Hewitt	0	10	6
Mr. Newland, including:—				Miss Smea	0	5	0
In memoriam, A. C. Betts, 1889	1	1	0	Miss E. Appleton	0	10	6
In memoriam, M. A. Betts, 1887	1	1	0	Mrs. Westbrook	1	0	0
In memoriam, Tullie, 1880	1	1	0	Miss Underwood	0	12	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	10	0	0	Miss Butler	0	12	2
Miss Higgs	5	0	0	Miss Saunderson	0	10	6
Miss A. Buswell	1	10	0	Miss J. Seawood	0	10	6
Miss E. Ward	1	2	0	Mrs. W. J. Williams	0	10	6
Miss Jolly	1	1	0	Mrs. Strong	0	12	0
Miss Lynam	1	1	6	Mrs. Scott	0	10	6
Miss E. Smith	1	1	0	Mrs. Rymer	0	10	6
Miss M. Olinch	1	1	0	Mrs. Blackman	0	10	6
Mrs. Reddall	1	1	0	Miss C. Warren	0	10	6
Miss Allum	1	1	0	Mrs. Baker	0	19	6
Mrs. Barrett	1	1	0	Miss Pritchard	0	13	0
Miss Kerridge	2	0	0	Mr. Read	0	15	6
Miss Grant	2	10	0	Miss Swain	0	13	6
Miss Sweeney	1	1	0	Miss Vera Spurgeon	0	13	7
Mr. W. Dykes	1	5	0	Mrs. Tesh	0	10	6
Mrs. Barnard	1	1	0	Miss Jewhurst	0	12	6
Mrs. Whittingham	1	1	0	Mr. E. Vincent	0	10	6
Mrs. N. Burman	1	1	0	Mr. Emerson	0	10	6
				Miss H. Driver	0	10	6
				Mrs. W. Vincent	0	10	6
				Master E. Cook	0	10	6
				Miss Drury	0	8	6
				Mr. Cooke	1	1	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Higgs, junr.	0 10 0	Miss S. A. Appleton	0 5 0
Mrs. H. Wright	0 10 6	Miss A. Jeckell	0 5 0
Mrs. Winsor	0 16 0	Mrs. S. Sparks	0 10 6
Mrs. Vears	1 1 0	Mrs. Ville	0 10 6
Mrs. R. Hinwood	0 10 6	Miss W. Upton	0 5 0
Mrs. E. Hinwood	0 10 6	Mrs. M. A. Butler	0 5 0
Mrs. R. Hinwood	0 10 6	Miss A. Barnard	0 11 8
Miss Johnson	0 10 6	Mr. E. Barnard	0 5 6
Miss A. E. Emmett	0 10 6	Mr. G. Clark	0 5 0
Miss Fairbrass	0 10 6	Miss Buckmaster	0 5 0
Miss Weckes	0 10 6	Miss E. Newman	0 15 0
Mr. G. Willmott	0 10 6	Miss E. Kelsey	0 5 0
Mrs. S. Blake	0 10 6	Miss M. L. Cox	0 5 0
Miss Brook	0 10 6	Miss B. Green	0 6 0
Miss Stevenson	0 12 0	Miss Martin	0 5 0
Miss Spurdens	0 10 6	Miss C. Hall	0 6 0
Mr. C. Fuller	0 10 6	Master Stanley	0 5 0
Mr. E. Jenner	0 10 6	Mrs. Herd	0 8 6
Mr. R. Stewart	0 10 6	Mr. J. Riddell	0 10 0
Miss J. Hodson	0 10 6	Mr. J. Riddell	0 10 0
Mrs. E. G. Cooke	0 11 0	Mrs. McGuffie	0 5 0
Miss Church	1 3 0	Master Willie Buckmaster	0 5 0
Miss Bennington	0 10 6	Mrs. Chamberlain	0 10 0
Mrs. Knapp	0 10 6	Mrs. Cornell	0 7 0
Miss E. Gregory	0 10 0	Mrs. M. Cornell	0 7 6
Miss Wheatley	0 13 0	Mrs. Ayton	0 5 0
Miss Wilks	0 14 0	Mrs. T. Child	0 5 0
Miss Müller	0 17 6	Miss Watson	0 5 0
Mrs. Crisell	1 0 0	Miss M. Smith	0 5 0
Miss M. A. Court	0 10 6	Miss O. Smith	0 5 0
Master L. Cook	0 13 0	Miss S. Hancock	0 5 0
Mrs. Cook	0 10 6	Mrs. Boswell	0 5 0
Miss J. H. Howells	0 10 6	Mr. G. Oettle	0 5 0
Miss H. Pavey	0 10 6	Mr. J. C. Shepherd	0 10 0
Miss C. Appleton	0 10 6	Mr. Boswell	0 5 0
Mr. Spence	0 10 6	Miss Collins	0 5 0
Miss Vera Spurgeon (2nd card)	0 14 0	Miss Nellie Buckmaster	0 5 0
Miss Tilly	0 5 0	Miss Reid	0 5 0
Miss M. Dent	0 5 0	Mrs. Crisell	0 7 0
Mrs. H. Dobson	0 5 0	Mrs. Andrew	0 5 0
Miss G. Dobson	0 5 0	Mrs. Gentry	0 10 0
Mrs. M. Cooke	1 5 0	Miss Strawson	0 12 0
Mrs. M. Sherring	0 10 0	Miss Howard	0 6 0
Miss O. Clark	0 5 0	Miss Wigney	1 3 6
Mr. E. Fell	0 5 0	Miss Plater	0 12 0
Miss Scott	0 5 0	Miss Humphreys	1 2 0
Miss M. Scott	0 7 0	Miss Ash	0 3 6
Miss Rymer	0 5 0	Miss F. A. Powell	0 4 0
Miss A. Blackman	0 5 0	Miss Wollacott	5 0 0
Mrs. Pitt	0 5 6	Pastor T. Spurgeon (2nd card)	5 5 0
Mrs. Skeels	0 8 0	Mr. Paine	1 1 0
Mrs. Laker	0 7 0	Miss L. Seaward	0 10 6
Miss Collins	0 5 0	Miss Woods	0 10 6
Miss R. Nicholson	0 5 0	Miss Linebeer	0 5 0
Miss Nicholson	0 5 0	Miss Carrie Cove	0 8 0
Miss K. Appleton	0 5 0	Mrs. Stockbridge	1 1 0
Mr. May	0 5 0				
Mrs. May	0 5 6				
Master May	0 6 2				

£17,527 13 9

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Wadland	1 0 0	Mr. Johnson (Buck's Legacy) per J. T. D.	6 10 0
Mr. J. Billing	0 10 0	Collection at Sittingbourne Baptist
Executors of the late Dr. MacGill	90 0 0	Chapel, per Pastor J. Doubleday	9 0 0
Harvest Thanksgiving, per Pastor G. P. Edwards:—				Collection at Vicarage Road Chapel,
Gladestry	0 11 4	Leyton, per Pastor G. T. Bailey	3 8 10
Evenjobb	0 9 0	Mr. F. Smith	1 1 0
Collection at Slough Baptist Chapel,			1 0 4	Mr. Benjamin I. Greenwood	5 0 0
per Pastor Thos. Cousins	1 13 0	Collection at Stoke Green Chapel, Ips-
Mrs. E. Raybould	1 0 0	wich, per Pastor R. E. Willis	1 17 9
Mr. E. Pullum	1 1 0	Mrs. C. Robertson	1 5 0
Mrs. Watts	1 0 0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6
				Mr. W. R. Fox	5 0 0
				Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class	25 0 0
				Mrs. Ellwood	3 0 0

Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :-		£	s.	d.
Oct. 15	...	1	11	0
" 22	...	1	7	7
" 29	...	2	16	0
Nov. 5	...	1	7	10

Nov. 12	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
	2	5	0	9	7	5
				£167	16	10

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"For Christ's sake"	0	5	0	Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class,			
Men's Bible-class, South Street, Green-				towards support of Rev. J. T.			
wich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon, towards				Wigstone	20	0	0
support of Mr. R. F. Elder	2	10	0				
Mr. J. Billing	0	10	0				£23 5 0

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1899.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A friend, per Miss E. K. Cox	3	1	0	Postal order, Welshpool	0	5	0
Postal order, Totterdown	0	2	6	Mr. J. Cutler	1	1	0
Young Christians' Missionary Union,				Collected by Mr. Horn	1	5	6
per Mr. W. H. Harvey	2	2	0	Mrs. E. Hood	0	10	0
Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0	Mrs. J. L. Bradley	1	0	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Sutherland	0	10	0
Mr. J. Toon	0	10	6	Mrs. Goodman	0	5	0
Mr. S. Popplestone	1	0	0	Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0
Mr. H. Jackson	1	0	0	Miss M. Hall	3	3	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	N. C. ...	0	10	0
Weymouth	0	5	0	M. G. S. ...	0	2	0
Mr. T. H. Hopping	0	4	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Billing	5	0	0	Mrs. Bonser	0	5	0
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0	Pastor G. W. Linneear	0	12	6
Mrs. S. Brazil	2	2	0	In loving memory of the late Capt.			
Mr. H. Wiles, sen.	0	10	0	E. L. Simpson	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Holloway	0	5	0	Mr. C. W. Bull	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Pointer	0	10	0	Collected by J. M. P.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Ince	0	9	0	Mrs. E. Williams	0	5	0
Miss G. Goddard, per Mr. S. Wigney	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. F. T. Gale	0	13	5
Mr. T. G. Green	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Willmott	0	11	3
Mr. J. Foulkes	0	5	0	Trustees of the Thomas Porter's Equip-			
Mr. S. Cole	0	10	0	ment Fund	100	0	0
Miss M. Cross	0	5	0	Mrs. Baker	20	0	0
Rev. P. H. Good	0	3	0	B. and A. P.	1	0	0
A widow's mite	0	2	0	Miss Sladen	0	2	6
Mrs. Everest	0	6	0	F. S. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. L. Miller	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Watson	0	6	0
Mrs. S. Smith	0	5	0	Collected by "Lynworth"	0	10	0
Young Men's Class, Lee Chapel Sun-				Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
day-school, per Mr. J. W. Pewtress	0	5	0	Mrs. W. H. Beeman	3	3	0
Freda	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Waumsley	0	10	0
Mr. Jno. Lamont	5	0	0	Collected by Master D. J. Freeman	0	5	0
Mr. D. H. Wood	2	0	0	Mrs. Walker	1	1	0
Mrs. Whitley	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Walker	1	5	9
Mr. W. Taverner	0	7	6	S. M. P.	0	5	0
Sarnia	0	5	0	Collected by Miss N. Johnson	0	10	0
M. H. M.	0	2	6	Mrs. O. Robertson	1	5	0
Master A. Jackson	0	0	7	Young women of the Y.P.S.C.E., Victo-			
The Trustees of the 'Lawrence Fund,'				ria Baptist Chapel, Deal, per Miss			
per Mr. Thomas Knutt	21	0	0	F. Pledge	2	5	0
Miss E. Milroy	2	0	0	Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	2	2	0
Orphan boy's collecting card, O. Elding	0	10	0	Miss Porter	1	1	0
Mr. Jno. Marzhan	5	5	0	Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens	5	0	0	Collected by Miss N. Humer	3	4	0
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. Harris	0	6	9
A friend	0	2	0	Major Howard Sprigg	5	0	0
Postal order, Pangbourne	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox (for the sup-			
Proceeds of lecture by Rev. W. Jeyes				port of an orphan for a year)	10	0	0
Styler, per Mr. E. J. Drane	2	12	6	J. B. C.	1	0	0
Messrs. Horn and Co. and employes	2	7	6	Mr. J. M. Lane	0	5	0
Miss J. Pearce	0	2	6	King's Road Baptist Chapel, Reading,			
Collected by Miss Ellis	2	0	0	per Mr. P. Davies	7	17	9

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Robertson	0	10	6	Mrs. Storrar	0	5	0			
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	5	0	The Misses Hall and Torey	0	5	0			
Mr. D. Poord	5	0	0	Rev. T. Barras	0	2	6			
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	1	3	1	Mrs. Christian	0	2	6			
Collected by Miss A. Brown	0	5	0					3	11	0
R. B. ...	0	6	0	Collected by Mrs. Hoyles	0	11	0			
Miss J. Clark	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. H. Gill	0	3	6			
Collected by Mrs. A. M. Strickland	0	17	6	Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0			
Collected by Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong	0	12	0	Jas. F. H.	2	0	0			
Collected by Miss Hitchcock	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Williams	0	5	0			
Collected by the Misses Emily, Elsie, and Ethel Gerry	0	8	0	Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0			
Collected by Miss G. Brake	0	4	2	Miss E. Dunn	2	2	0			
Collected by Miss K. A. Legg	0	6	2	Per Mrs. Megaw:—						
Mrs. Alchin, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	3	3	0	A friend	0	10	0			
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Mrs. Cameron	0	5	0			
Collected by Mrs. Hensby	0	7	6	Mr. R. Martin	0	5	0			
Collected by Mr. J. W. Hose	0	13	3	Mrs. J. McElderry	0	2	0			
Mr. J. Howard Moore, J.P.	1	0	0	Mrs. T. B. Hamilton	0	1	0			
Collected by Mrs. Kington	0	5	6	Mr. J. Boyd	0	1	0			
Mr. T. Houghton	2	0	0	Miss Mitchell	0	1	0			
Mr. J. Slater	1	1	0	Mrs. Megaw	0	5	0			
Collected by Miss Moores, per Mr. A. Mead	6	17	6					1	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. P. Wron	0	10	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0			
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	6	6	Mr. W. R. M. Glasier	1	1	0			
Collected by Miss L. Harrison	0	3	0	Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0	4	6			
Collected by Master P. Scott	0	5	0	Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0			
Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake	0	18	0	Mrs. Gooding	0	4	0			
Collected by Mrs. E. Straw	0	15	0	Collected by Miss E. Oldrieve	0	7	0			
Collected by Miss A. Wells	0	4	6	Postal order, Northampton	0	10	0			
Collected by Mrs. Nobbs	1	7	0	Mrs. M. Rainbow	1	0	0			
Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0	4	0	Sir Frederick Howard	2	2	0			
Collected by Mrs. W. Coward	0	4	6	"Pray for the giver"	0	10	0			
Collected by Mrs. Holland and friend	0	13	0	Mrs. Davis, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	1	0	0			
Collected by Mrs. Ward	0	5	0	M. A. L.	1	0	0			
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	2	6	Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0			
Miss M. Wide	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Jane Hunt	50	0	0			
Collected at prayer-meetings, Ipswich, per Mr. J. Berry	0	15	0							
Mrs. A. Thomson	0	10	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—						
Miss Ellwood	0	10	0	Cambridge Auxiliary	25	0	0			
Collected by Mrs. Beasley	0	4	8	Ipswich:—						
Collected by Miss Hillier (No. 2 Girls' House)	0	6	9	Proceeds of meeting	5	2	9			
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Mr. H. A. Reynolds	1	0	0			
Mr. A. Cumpsey	0	10	6	A friend	0	10	0			
A widow, Bristol	0	15	0	A friend	0	7	8			
				A friend	0	2	0			
				Felixstowe	10	10	6			
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0					17	12	9
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	1	0	0	Stowmarket	16	6	9			
Mrs. Weeks	0	5	0	Lowestoft	16	2	4			
Mrs. S. D. des	1	0	0	Swaffham	12	12	0			
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	7	6	Watton	12	0	0			
Collected by Mrs. M. Court	0	2	6	King's Lynn	11	4	0			
Collected by Mrs. E. Griffin	0	3	0	Dereham	10	16	0			
Collected by Mrs. Fegg	0	12	0	Yarmouth	4	11	0			
Collected by Mr. J. D. Hardie	0	3	6	Salem Chapel, Richmond	4	12	6			
Collected by Mrs. E. Anthony	0	5	6	Berger Hall, Bromley-by-Bow	2	15	3			
Collected by Mrs. F. T. Tucker	0	9	0	P.S.E., Christ Church, Westminster	1	1	0			
Collected by Miss H. Wiseman	0	10	0	Brightside Baptist Chapel, Hither Green	12	0	0			
Collected by Miss H. E. Sampson	0	5	2							
Collected by Mrs. Godfrey	0	5	9	Received at Collectors' Meeting, November 6th—						
Collected by Miss G. Boyce	0	19	0	Collecting Boxes:—						
Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Wm. Smith	0	9	0	Andrews, Mrs.	0	4	6			
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	5	0	Angus, Mrs.	0	4	6			
Collected by Mrs. Angus	0	5	0	Abrahams, Miss	0	2	3			
Collected by Miss Swain	1	5	7	Bridle, Miss B.	0	1	9			
Collected by Mrs. Jifkins	0	4	3	Belben, Mrs.	0	2	3			
Mr. James Jackson	2	2	0	Bishop, Mrs.	0	2	2			
Miss Cromwell	0	5	0	Bradbury, Miss	0	4	10			
Collected by Miss M. H. Sharp	5	12	6	Benson, Mrs. A.	0	17	8			
Collected by Mrs. Tansley:—				Bellini, Miss M.	0	1	9			
Mr. Mellows	1	1	0	Bellini, Miss C.	0	5	6			
Mr. Colman	0	10	0	Bingham, Mrs.	0	6	1			
Mr. Tansley	0	10	0	Barnden, Mrs.	0	11	3			
Mr. H. S. Colman	0	5	0	Buswell, Miss	0	11	4			
Mr. Hendry	0	5	0	Boswell, Mrs.	0	16	4			
Mrs. S. Willson	0	5	0	Bann, Mrs.	0	2	11			
				Brooking, Mrs.	0	12	4			
				Brown, Mrs.	0	1	11			
				Butler, Mrs.	1	4	0			

	£	s.	d.
Ching, Miss F.	0	3	3
Cully, Miss F.	0	2	5
Cook, Miss A. N.	0	6	8
Collins, Miss	0	1	4
Cornish, Miss	0	6	6
Cook, Miss F.	0	16	5
Cook, Mrs.	1	18	6
Conway, Miss	0	4	0
Carpenter, Miss	0	6	0
Crow, Miss	0	9	7
Crowder, Mrs.	0	13	6
Collier, Miss D.	0	1	4
Carter, Miss	1	4	9
Darby, Miss	0	2	2
Dobson, Miss B.	0	3	6
Dobson, Mr.	0	7	11
Elliott, Mrs.	0	5	2
Edmonds, Master	0	1	1
Forward, Miss	0	2	4
Field, Mrs.	0	2	6
French, Mrs.	0	5	2
Fryer, Mr. H. J.	0	9	5
Fisher, Mr. F.	1	13	7
Gurteen, Miss	0	5	5
Goodwin, Miss	0	2	5
Grant, Miss	0	10	1
Garratt, Mrs.	0	3	0
Glede, Miss L.	0	2	6
Grimes, Mrs.	0	5	0
Harmer, Master	0	2	0
Harmer, Miss	0	1	7
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	6	8
Horton, Mrs.	0	6	10
Harris, Mrs.	0	5	0
Herd, Mrs.	0	1	11
Haselden, Miss D.	0	4	0
Hutchinson, Miss	0	5	3
Huitt, Master	0	6	2
Huitt, Mrs.	0	6	8
Hawgood, Mrs.	0	14	8
Hobbs, Mrs E.	0	5	6
Jones, Mrs.	0	2	6
Jeal, Mrs.	0	2	2
Jewhurst, Miss	0	3	1
Jones, Miss	0	4	3
Jones, Miss G.	0	1	6
Kirby, Mrs.	0	3	5
Larkman, Miss	0	6	4
Lee, Mrs.	0	2	10
May, Miss A.	0	7	3
Mallison, Mrs.	0	8	10
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	0
Moore, Mrs. E.	0	3	7
Moody, Mrs.	0	10	6
Mackey, Mrs.	0	12	0
Matthews, Miss J.	0	3	10
Mothers' Meeting, Orping- ton	0	5	0
McAllister, Mrs.	0	4	9
Montagu, Mrs.	0	13	7
Newton, Mrs.	0	2	7
Orton, Miss	0	3	6
Ogilvie, Mr. D. J.	0	5	0
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	5	6
Perrin, Miss...	0	4	1

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Perkins, Miss	0	3	0			
Palmer, Mrs.	0	2	10			
Pinder, Miss E.	0	2	10			
Payne, Master	0	13	11			
Plummer, Miss N.	0	7	4			
Pinder, Miss	0	3	6			
Peck, Mrs. F.	0	5	0			
Roper, Mrs.	0	9	3			
Rymer, Mrs.	0	3	6			
Russell, Mrs.	0	3	5			
Rutter, Mrs.	0	17	1			
Roberts, Mrs.	0	3	0			
Richardson, Miss	0	1	4			
Roberts, Master	0	3	6			
Richardson, Miss	0	14	2			
Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett	0	6	6			
Roberts, Miss (No. 1 Girls' S.O.)	1	1	0			
Smee, Miss C.	0	3	5			
Sutton, Master T.	0	6	9			
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	1	6			
Smith, Mrs. M. L.	0	5	0			
Scott, Miss G.	0	1	6			
Soulsby, Miss	0	10	4			
Thorn, Miss N.	0	2	6			
Tarrant, Mrs.	1	1	2			
Vears, Mrs.	0	9	8			
Vincent, Mrs.	0	9	6			
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	4	0			
Windsor, Miss	0	7	9			
Watling, Mrs.	1	3	1			
Wren, Mrs.	0	6	4			
Whiting, Mrs.	0	6	6			
Whittington, Miss.	0	7	10			
Willmott, Mrs.	0	12	4			
Young, Mrs.	0	1	5			
Boxes under a shilling	0	5	11			
				41	17	10
<i>Collecting Books:—</i>						
Alderton, Miss	0	16	6			
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	15	0			
Coleman, Mrs.	0	7	6			
Everett, Miss	2	12	8			
Howes, Mr. C.	0	10	0			
Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—						
Messrs. Pocock Bros. 2 2 0						
J. L. A. 1 1 0						
Mr. W. W. Thompson 1 1 0						
Mr. C. Deayton ... 1 1 0						
A friend ... 0 5 0						
Rev. J. J. Kendon .. 1 0 0				6	10	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ... 4 0 0						
				17	11	8
<i>Donations:—</i>						
Allen, Mrs. 0 3 0						
Dykes, Mrs. W. 1 1 0						
Everett, Mrs. and Son ... 0 5 0						
Vinson, Mr. W. J.P. 20 0 0						
Collection at doors... 2 9 2						
				23	18	2
				£618	17	1

List of Presents, from October 15th to November 14th, 1899.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; a quantity Bread, Messrs. D. Henderson & Son.

Boys' CLOTHING:—1 Shirt, the Christian Inasmuch Society, South Croydon, per Miss K. A. Taylor; 2 Vests, Miss A. Stevenson; 6 pairs Socks, Mrs. R. Mason; 1 pair Trousers, Mrs. M. N. Mend; 4 pairs Knitted Stockings, 2 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss E. Reid; 4 pairs Socks, 2 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. Hicks; 21 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. E. Mann; 3 Shirts, Mrs. Wilson.

Girls' CLOTHING:—194 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 28 Articles, the Christian Inasmuch Society, South Croydon, per Miss K. A. Taylor; 5 Articles, Miss A. Stevenson; 5 Articles, Mrs. R. Mason; 32 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Articles, Mrs. Horton; 19 Articles, Miss S. Greenwood; 13 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 12 pairs Knitted Stockings, Miss M. Grey.

GENERAL:—1 Gold and Coral Bracelet, 1 pair Gold Earrings, Mrs. Curtis; 2 Pillows, with Slips, Mrs. Sutherland.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 14th, 1899.

District Subscriptions:—			£ s. d.			Stamps, from Wolverhampton ...			£ s. d.		
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans and Son	10	0	0	Mr. A. Byars, per Mr. W. McKenzie	0	1	0
Brentford, Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	10	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Calder	15	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0	Mr. J. Billing	1	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sudd	7	10	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	11	5	0	Mr. J. Bettinson	1	1	0
Home Counties Baptist Association	30	0	0	Mrs. G. Boulsher	0	2	6
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	11	5	0	Col. H. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	3	3	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	45	0	0	Mr. E. J. Gorringe	1	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—						Mr. W. J. Evelyn	10	0	0
Mr. W. L. Hogben	0	10	0	Crawley, per Mr. R. Bellamy	0	5	0
Mr. Herbert Lee	0	5	0	Miss S. Palmer	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilcocks	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Silettoe	0	5	0
A friend	0	1	0	Mr. B. I. Greenwood	2	2	0
Miss Bell	0	5	0	Mrs. Browne	1	1	0
Mr. M. Henry	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Shearman	1	1	0
Thurlow, per Mr. S. I. Harwood	12	10	0	Mr. John Davies	0	10	6
Fritcham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	11	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson	1	1	0
Penrhawceiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.U.	11	5	0	Mrs. Olney	0	10	6
Tewkesbury, Twynning contribution	1	5	0	Mr. W. Olney	2	2	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	1	5	0	Miss E. Maconicoll	0	2	6
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0	Miss Dransfield	0	10	6
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10	0	0	Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	10	0	0	Mrs. Moon, Collecting box	0	2	6
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Mofat	10	0	0	Mr. J. Brooker, Collecting box	0	1	0
			£259	11	0	Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
						Mr. Edward Watson	0	10	0
						Mr. T. D. Ransford	0	12	6
						Miss J. Wood	0	5	0
						Miss E. Nagle	0	10	6
						Mrs. Fordham	0	5	0
						Mrs. Hocock	0	4	0
						Miss E. Passmore	2	0	0
						Mrs. Tinniswood	0	5	0
						Mr. W. Jones	0	3	0
									£87	17	6
General Fund:—			£ s. d.								
Mrs. Curtis	2	0	0						
Mrs. Goddard	0	2	6						
A friend, Bassingbourne	0	1	0						
Mr. H. N. Pbilcox	0	5	0						
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	0	0						
Mr. J. Gozard	0	5	0						
Mrs. A. Baker	20	0	0						

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

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 14th, 1899.

			£ s. d.						£ s. d.		
Mrs. Edwards	0	10	0	Postal order, Northampton	0	10	0
A. Z.	1	0	0	For translations of sermons:—					
Mrs. Everest	0	5	0	Mr. John Thorn	5	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	10	0	H. O. N.	0	12	0
Mrs. Geale	2	1	1				£16	10	7
Mrs. G.	5	0	0						
Mrs. Logan	1	0	0						
A country minister	0	2	6						

Special Notice.—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President or Treasurer of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.