

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.

1901.

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"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 .

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MORE than ten years ago, when the first and peerless Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, the ever-beloved C. H. SPURGEON, came down to his study for the first time for several weeks, he almost immediately began making enquiries about the various publications that had been issued or prepared during his long illness. When he had examined them, he said, apparently with grateful surprise, "*Why, you have kept everything going just as if I had been here!*" The answer was, "No, we have not done that; but we have tried to do it." And if he could come into his study now,—and, how often we have wished that he could!—it is our firm belief that he would repeat his previous remark, or say something even more cheering to those who have had to bear the unparalleled strain of the literary portion of his work during the ten years from 1891 to 1901.

We suppose it would be possible to find out how many of MR. SPURGEON'S publications have been issued during the last ten years, and the total would be a very high one. Counting each separate Sermon, Almanack, Booklet, and Book, the number would certainly amount to many millions. But it will be sufficient, for our present purpose, if we mention (1) the new issues in the regular series of works which were in circulation during the author's lifetime, (2) the reprints of books previously published, and (3) the various volumes which have been issued either singly or in an entirely new series since his home-going.

In the first list must be included—

- 10 volumes of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* ;
- 10 volumes of *The Sword and the Trowel* ;
- 41 volumes in the *Twelve Sermons' Series* ;
- 10 volumes in the Preachers, Teachers, and Christian Workers' Series of Devotional, Evangelistic, Expository, and Illustrative Works ;
- 10 annual issues of *Spurgeon's Illustrated (Book) Almanack* ;
- 10 annual issues of *John Ploughman's (Sheet) Almanack*.

The second list, comprising reprints of publications issued by MR. SPURGEON, includes—*Morning and Evening Daily Readings* (in one volume); *C. H. Spurgeon's Final Manifesto*, *The Greatest Fight in the World*; and *The Clue of the Maze*; together with several new editions of *The Treasury of David*, *Morning by Morning*, *Evening by Evening*, *Lectures to my Students*, *My Sermon-Notes*, *John Ploughman's Talk and Pictures*, *All of Grace*, etc., etc.

The third list is perhaps the most remarkable of the three, and it might be even longer than it is; for, properly, it should include several volumes in the Preachers' Series,—such as *The Soul-Winner*, *An All-round Ministry*, and others that are in the first list. But, omitting all of them, there are the following entirely new series of books that MR. SPURGEON never saw :—

*Our Lord's Parables*, *Our Lord's Miracles* (2 vols.), *Christ in the Old Testament*, *The Messiah*, " *The Most Holy Place*," *The Gospel for the People*, and *The Everlasting Gospel of the Old and New Testaments*.  
*Words of Wisdom for Daily Life*, *Words of Warning for Daily Life*, *Words of Cheer for Daily Life*, *Words of Advice for Seekers*, *Words of Counsel for Christian Workers*, " *Come, ye Children*," and " *We Endeavour*."

Fourteen choice Booklets entitled *Rare Jewels from Spurgeon*.

Then, the new single volumes—*Gospel Extracts*, *Everybody's Book*, *C. H. Spurgeon Anecdotes*, " *Good Tidings of Great Joy*," (the first of a new series of small volumes on the Central Truths of the Gospel,) and the notable volume upon which MR. SPURGEON was engaged almost up to the time he received the home-call,—*The Gospel of the Kingdom*.

No list of MR. SPURGEON'S posthumous works would be complete unless it included the *Autobiography* which he was only able very partially to prepare, but which, in its complete form, is one of the choicest of his literary memorials.

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It is impossible to read through the foregoing catalogue without being impressed with the number and variety of the volumes mentioned in it. Very few men, even of the highest rank, have issued so many books during their lifetime; yet these have all been published during the ten years that have elapsed since that never-to-be-forgotten night, January 31, 1892, when the Lord's faithful servant entered into his well-earned rest. Truly, in a very literal sense, his "works" follow him. The friend, who probably has more than anybody else to do with the sale of them, and who has furnished us with the material which enables us to prepare this statement, truly says, "It is quite a wonderful list." We have had the curiosity to see *how much it would cost to purchase one copy of each of these posthumous publications*; and, so far as we can make out, the published price would not be less than £20. A complete set of MR. SPURGEON'S publications (excluding the Almanacks) would comprise 240 volumes, issued at about £50.

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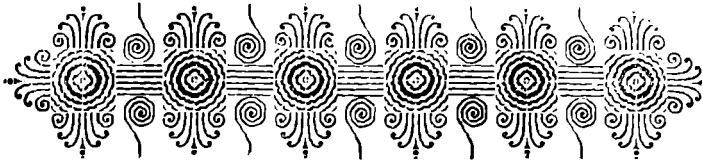
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THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1901.

The Great Day of Declaration.

AN EARLY SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

*"The day shall declare it."*—I Corinthians iii. 13.



TIME is, in itself, a searching test of earthly things. Empires, deemed to be substantial as granite, have melted in the lapse of ages like foam upon the waters. Philosophies, which appeared to be most certain, have proved to be fictions, no more enduring than grass that is mown down by the scythe, and cast into the oven. Even religions, which commanded the faith or fear of millions, have passed away like the phantoms of the night. The gods of one century are the demons of the next. Indeed, on all things mortal, time writes change, and brings decay. Time rusts the bars of prisons, and frets the palaces of kings; nothing escapes his devouring teeth. The test of time, then, will be brought to bear upon all our actions; and if we are ambitious to build that which will endure, we had need exercise great prudence, and be very careful as to the foundation, and the materials, and the mode of our building.

But, in addition to the test of time, a severer test is to come at the end of time, when that day, for which all other days were made, shall have arrived. Then that fire, which is always consuming the wood, and the hay, and the stubble, will be blown up to a more vehement heat. "The day cometh, that shall burn as an oven." The ordinary flame shall then become like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, seven times hotter than it was before, and the test upon our actions will be far more severe because it will be the ultimate test of all. Then, every evil thought, and every evil motive, and every evil principle, as well as every evil act, and every evil word, shall be detected and unmasked; and then, only good shall have permanence, only virtue shall have honour. "The day shall declare it," for in that day "the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

It is of that great trial day that I wish now to speak, but I must speak with stammering lips on such a theme as this. It is too great, too weighty, for human language ever to convey to you the fulness of its solemnity. Nevertheless, God helping me, I will speak upon it as best I can.

I. My first theme will be, HOW DIFFERENT EYES WILL SEE THIS GREAT DAY OF DECLARATION.

When it will come, we do not know: "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in Heaven;" but as a thief, unheard, unseen, it stealeth on. It may be much nearer than we think, or it may be much more remote than some would have us believe. But come it will to every one of us, and we shall all take part in the proceedings of that day,—not merely as spectators, but as participators in the dread transactions of that closing day of time.

To some eyes, that day will come with brightness as a *day of justification*. They have been for many years believing in God, trusting in Christ, seeking to do the Lord's will; and, because of all this, they have been accused of folly. They have been called mean-spirited because they would not act as others did. They have lost, it has been thought, much allowable pleasure; and, indeed, of some of them it has been proved that, if they have made a mistake,—if there is no world to come,—they certainly have been of all men the most miserable; for many of the followers of Christ, who have confidently looked forward to that great day of declaration, have been in prison; others have been stoned, or sawn in sunder, or have yielded up their bodies to be burned for the sake of things which they could not see, and which other men only derided. When that last day shall come, they will be fully justified for this supposed folly. Then shall it be seen that they did the right thing, and the true thing, and the noble thing, and the best thing; and, on the whole, the most judicious thing even for their own welfare. It shall then be discovered that it was better to suffer for the truth than to enjoy the pleasures of falsehood,—that it was a greater gain, in the long run, to endure reproach for Christ's sake than to accept all the honours and all the treasures of Egypt. Those who were reckoned fools will be accounted wise in that day. Those who were regarded as the off-scouring of all things will then be esteemed as "the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold;" and whereas the finger of scorn was often pointed at them here, then will the acclamations of all pure spirits accord them the highest honours, while even the wicked, by their sullen silence, shall be compelled to confess that the righteous were truly excellent after all. In that day, there will be a resurrection of reputations as well as of bodies, and the slandered saint shall come forth, like the sun from behind the clouds, and shine with the greater radiance because of his temporary eclipse. God will take care that, as "wisdom is justified of all her children," so shall righteousness and truth be, for "then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

That day will also be, to the saints, a *day of great consolation*. There will be great discoveries of secrets and mysteries made to them on that last revealing day. You remember how our Lord said to Peter, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know here-

after;" and then will the godly understand why they were persecuted, and how good it was for them to suffer affliction with Christ. Then will some of them see the reason for their poverty, and others will learn why they suffered the loss of all things. Then will some understand the reason for those sicknesses which often deprive them of opportunities of usefulness, and others will see why they were tempted of Satan, and why they had to dwell among ungodly men and women. Then will they learn the reason for all the crooks in their lot, and for the "much tribulation" through which they had to "enter the kingdom." I believe that, when this revelation bursts upon the righteous at the last great day, they will be overwhelmed with astonishment at the infinite lovingkindness of God in their afflictions. Methinks they will then say, with David, "I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing." This mortal life is often all in a tangle, and we cannot unravel it. It is a puzzle and a mystery. We see the wicked prospering, and the righteous chastened every morning; but, then, we shall see the reason for every stroke of the rod, and for every blast of the furnace; and we shall understand that the Lord dealt graciously with His servants after all.

Further, that day will be, to the righteous, *a most confirming day*. They believed in God on earth; but, oh! what solid grounds they will then see for their faith! When they saw but through a glass darkly, they felt that it was right to trust in the living God, and in His Son, whom He had revealed from Heaven; but when they shall see Jesus face to face, when the great Sun of righteousness shall shine brightly before all mortal eyes, then will the righteous say, "Now we know, of a surety, that the half has not been told us. We were assured, on earth, that Christ was precious; but how precious is He now! We heard, on earth, that God was just; but see how just He is, as we behold Him on the great white throne. When we were down below, we were told, in the great Book of God, and by His ministers, that they who trusted in Him should never be confounded. We found that to be true even on earth, but we find it to be still more true here, for no tongue that now rises against us in judgment stands uncondemned. We are, indeed, absolved and acquitted in this last tremendous day." It will be a great blessing that you will not, in that day, have to cast aside your Christian principles. You will learn more concerning the truth, but you will not have to learn a new gospel. You may have found out many mistakes, but those mistakes will be comparatively trifling. The great fundamentals of the faith, on which your soul is resting now, will stand as firmly throughout eternity as they do to-day. The substitution of Christ will still be your joy; the covenant of grace will still be your comfort; the everlasting love of God will still be your Heaven. Yes, beloved, you will be no turncoats there. That which you loved on earth, you shall love then. That which was your comfort on earth, shall be your comfort then. You shall not need to leave the good old road, which your fathers trod; but only to march along it with more happy and swift footsteps.

Just once more, that day will fill the souls of the redeemed with more than usual transport, *and make them overflow with adoring gratitude*. They shared in the stern strife between good and evil here

below, but from the towers of Heaven they shall look down, and see the powers of evil utterly routed. They shall behold the hosts of darkness bound with chains, while "the King eternal, immortal, invisible," the Champion of the good and the true, reigns supremely over all. Oh, what acclamations of adoration, what shouts of song, will the righteous give in that day! And when they recollect what they themselves once were, and when they learn the awful doom of the wicked, and reflect that it would have been theirs but for God's mercy;—when they comprehend, better than they ever did before, who He was that saved them, and what a wondrous sacrifice He offered in order to redeem them from the wrath to come;—when they see, in clearer light, the way by which He led them, and the strange and gracious providence which brought them safely to the City of habitation;—they rejoice with exceeding joy, and their enlarged capacities enable their bodies and souls together to hold so much bliss that the equal to that day they can never have beheld before. Thinking of all this, if we are in Christ, we may even long for that day which shall declare all that is in store for us.

But that day will wear quite another aspect to those who are not in Christ. I would speak to them very earnestly, with deep affection. Friend, if thou shalt live without a Saviour, and if thou shalt die without a Saviour, as I fear thou wilt, *that day will clothe thee with unutterable shame.* Just as the righteous shall be justified for having obeyed God, and trusted Christ, and thought of the things unseen, you will feel just the opposite to them. You will say within yourself, "What a fool I was to live for that poor world that has now gone from me! What a madman I was to choose the little transient merriment, that sin could afford me, and to forget all about the great assize, and the verdict of that Judge who now cries to the ungodly, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed!'" Then will remorse come to you when it will bring you no relief, and your own conscience will join in accusing you. I tell the greatest and richest of you that, if you are found without Christ, you will wish that you had been the meanest pauper that ever died in the workhouse if you might but have had a Saviour. Kings will disdain their crowns, and princes wish their honours to be all trampled in the mire, desiring that they might rather have been like Lazarus lying at the rich man's gate full of sores if, after all, they might but have had a portion amongst the blessed hereafter. Then they who said, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," will be worse off than the beasts that perish; and they, who defiantly asked, "Who is the Lord that we should obey Him?" will seem to be the monsters of folly that they really are. They who said, "There is neither angel, nor spirit, nor resurrection," shall know the truth of all that they denied, and their cheeks shall be crimsoned as they blush to find themselves promoted only into shame, for, as Solomon said, "shame shall be the promotion of fools."

Then, coming at the back of this shame, this day of declaration shall be *a time of convicting power.* Some men either disbelieve, or pretend to disbelieve, in the existence of God, in the judgment to come, and in other truths revealed in Holy Writ; but I will warrant you, sirs, that all infidelity shall be banished in that day. When He



shall come, whose throne of light shall reflect the character of everyone who looks upon it, when every man shall then discover that he is in God's power, and that he must stand face to face with his Creator, there will be no Atheism, and I think no mere Theism either, for He who sits upon the throne will be Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God; and they who despised and refused Him shall tremble at the sight of His face, and desire to be hidden from it. That face will convince them in a moment, better than all your arguments and reasonings; your Butler's Analogies and Paley's Evidences, so good in their proper place, shall then be quite unnecessary, for the eyes of the ungodly shall convince them, and their ears shall convince them, and the fact that they have been raised from their graves shall convince them of God, of righteousness, and of the judgment about to be passed upon them.

But, alas! that day will wear to them *the aspect of confusion as well as of conviction*. You remember that man, who had not on a wedding garment, and who stood speechless before the king: what else could he do? And I cannot imagine a reason for remaining an unbeliever which any man will dare to utter before God's bar. I can think of many reasons with which a man can stultify his conscience here, but I cannot think of one that he would have the hardihood to bring out in the light of that tremendous day. No; speechless must he be, for he will feel that the justice of God cannot err, and that, if the thunderbolts of the Almighty fall upon him, it must be just; and though he would fain speak, and clear himself, yet will he not be able to answer for one sin of a thousand, but he must, by his silence, plead guilty to all that is laid to his charge, and own the justice of the sentence which will follow the verdict.

This last great day will wear a truly awful aspect to all who are out of Christ, for *their conviction and their confusion will be followed by their condemnation*. I marvel how I can talk to you of these things so calmly as I speak, for, if they be not true, I deserve to be scouted from society for uttering them; but if they are true, how is it that ye hear them not more earnestly, or that I speak not of them more forcefully? Why, possibly within a few months,—within a few years, at the outside,—we shall all have passed into the realm of spirits; and however long or short the interval may be, “we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ;” and if your evil deeds are never pardoned, oh, sirs, it will not then seem to be the trifle that it does now to wake up from your grave, and find yourself without a hope, without a Saviour, naked before your God, by Him to be condemned, and driven for ever from His presence! I beseech you, give heed to these things, as ye love your souls, and would not fling them away, and make your eternal destiny to be one of unbroken wretchedness. Ask God deeply to impress eternal things upon your thoughtful hearts, and even now to give you the grace to repent of all your sin, and to trust the merits of His Son.

II. Now, let us think, for a little while, HOW DIFFERENT THINGS WILL BEAR THE TEST OF THAT GREAT DAY OF DECLARATION.

What a mass of *professions* will be brought to the test of that day! Here we are, some thousands of professing Christians, who have been avowedly baptized into Christ. Some of our professions, when

put into the fire, will come out as they went in,—solid, substantial, golden professions. Will that be your case, my friend? Preacher, will that be your case? Hearer, will it be yours? On the other hand, there will be some professions which look very golden now, but which will begin to shrivel almost before they reach the fire. The gilded fraud will curl up, and disappear, and the man's profession will be detected to have been mere tinsel and counterfeit. Will that be your case, my friend? We did our best, when we received you into church-fellowship, to judge as to the truth of your profession. Since then, you have done your best to maintain the outward morality which is demanded of a professing Christian, but were you ever born again? Were you ever really converted? That question none of us can answer; you yourself must judge as to that matter, and in that judgment you will need the Lord to be your Helper. Therefore, pray the prayer of the psalmist, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

*Reputations*, too, will be tested on that last tremendous day. On earth, reputations go very much according to success or wealth. I have seen men, who have been admitted into all classes of society as most reputable persons; yet those who knew them, years ago, know that their money was not gained in a right way. There were frauds, perhaps; or their trade itself was damnable; they fattened upon the tears of widows, who were made so by the drink that these men sold. There is many a man who is reckoned respectable because of his money, yet every farthing of it was coined in the mint of hell, and came to him directly through the damnation of the souls of others. That last tremendous day will shrivel up some of your famous men, with their gold and their silver all accursed and cankered. There is many a trader, in London, who has been made an alderman, perhaps, or it may be that he has been knighted, but his first modes of doing business were not such as they ought to have been, and his methods of trading now are not such as could be proclaimed upon the housetops. Ah, some of your great men,—how little will they become then! There are some still, in this land, who are great through the oppression of the poor, and the grinding of the faces of the needy. So long as the law does not touch them, they will go on treating the poor as though they were the dust beneath their feet; and these are your great men because they happen to be your rich men! Ay, and there are to be found in "society" men,—oh, how delightful is their company, and how they are admired of all!—whose characters are black with debauchery, and infamous with lust! If there is a poor woman who has sinned but once, drive her away, and never mention her name! She has lost her position in life; let her go to the dogs, or to the devils! Yet a man may sin as often as he pleases in this way, yet he may stand up in Parliament if he wills, and all men shall do him reverence. But "the day shall declare it;" and I almost wish it were already come, for the infamies of this city cry to God to hasten the hour when He shall in righteousness draw up the curtain, and let the wicked be known to be wicked, and the churl to be a churl, and the oppressor to be an oppressor, and let the downtrodden once more take their right

place, and stand where God would have them to be. Yes, reputations will some of them suffer terribly when they come to be tried in that great day. Your eloquent preacher, who spoke so well, but who lived so ill; your fine orator, who was so great at telling others how they should live, but who did not live so himself; your professing Christian, who was pious in church or chapel, who sat regularly at the Lord's table, but who, meanwhile, was at home a despot and a tyrant, unforgiving, unrelenting, and in business money-grasping, covetous, worldly, carnal, sensual, devilish! Oh, how the fine feathers will be pulled off these fine birds; and what a come-down there will be for some who sat in such lofty places in the synagogue, who will be shown out at the back door as having neither part nor lot in the things of God!

In that day, too, there will be a testing of *principles*. Some men are swayed by what they call "prudent" principles, which will then turn out to have been mean, sordid, selfish principles. There will be a testing, then, of *positions*. There will be first who shall be last, and last who shall be first. There will be a testing, then, of *public opinions*. In that day, verdicts against will be turned into verdicts for, and verdicts for into verdicts against. There will be trials, then, of *boastings*; and they who now talk loudly, and proudly, shall be dumb then, those who now are silent shall sing out for very joy. Talk of "turning the world upside down," this will, indeed, be accomplished in the day when God shall judge the world in righteousness by Christ Jesus.

My dear friends, I pray that we may have nothing about us that need dread the fire. May we be free from shams and hypocrisies! May we be clear as the morning light, straight as an arrow! May we be consistently truthful in thought, and word, and deed! And even should mistakes arise,—as they will,—for we are frail, let us never forget that the blood of Christ is prepared to remove the guilt of those mistakes; and let us be always honest, upright, downright, meaning that which is true and good, that, when the great testing time shall come, we, having been saved by our Redeemer's sacrifice, shall stand forth, clear as the sun, accepted before the throne of God.

III. Now I come to the last point of my discourse, which is this,—IN WHAT WAYS A CONSIDERATION OF THIS GREAT DAY OUGHT TO AFFECT US ALL.

First, *it ought to startle some of us*. *Dics declarabit*: "the day shall declare it." That is a sentence which I should like to drop into somebody's ear and heart, concerning that secret sin of his. If I should be able to tell about it now, you would almost wish me dead rather than that I should begin the terrible and sad story. But, sir, as certain as that thou livest, it will be known, and it will be published before the assembled universe. Hide it as thou mayest, conceal it with lies and bribes as thou canst; *it will out!* "Be sure your sin will find you out." Oh, if there be anyone here, who has some secret transgression in which he is still living,—it may be some professing Christian, who is living an evil life, and is even now afraid lest he should be found out;—if you are not discovered *now*, you will be *then*. I do pity some poor mortals, across whose path I have some-

times come, who must have lived for years like debtors hunted by a bailiff, always afraid of being discovered; for if they had not this fear of being discovered by men, yet they ought to have been afraid, since God knows all, God records all, and God will publish all to a certainty before high Heaven if it be not blotted out with the precious blood of Jesus Christ. This ought to startle every sinner who is still in his sins.

And if the fact that secrets will thus be revealed shall startle some, *all unrepented hearts ought to begin to tremble.* You are unsaved, good woman,—moral, excellent in other respects, yet you are unsaved. Young man, with much about you that we can commend, you are yet unsaved; and that day will reveal to the world your unforgiven sin. You will have no robe of righteousness to wear; you will have no fountain full of cleansing blood to wash away your guilt. Oh, what will you do amidst the terrors of that last great day? I shall not enlarge upon this point, but I plead with you, who have not Christ as your Saviour, to seek Him now, and to give no sleep to your eyes until you find Him. The way of salvation is very simple; it is just this. Jesus Christ suffered in the room, and place, and stead of as many as will trust Him. If you trust Him, it is certain that all your sins were laid upon Him, that He suffered all that you ought to have suffered on their account, that you are forgiven for His sake, and that you shall never be condemned, those sins of yours shall never again be laid to your charge, for, “he that believeth on Him is not condemned.” Why dost thou not believe on Him now? Oh, may His Spirit sweetly make thee desirous to believe; and then, may He not suffer thee to stop with a desire, but mayest thou now cast thyself upon the finished work of Christ! Oh, do it, and do it now!

I have no greater joy, out of Heaven, than when I hear of those who commit themselves to Christ. Never a day passes—I was about to say—but what I hear of many who find peace with God under the Gospel. I wonder how long it will be before you, dear hearer, to whom I have preached these many years, will be added to the happy throng of those who are resting in Christ. A day or two ago, I had a letter from one who says, “I heard you preach, in a certain street, some twelve years ago;” and he brings to my recollection the subject of my discourse, it was about being almost persuaded to be a Christian. He was a youth then; but the truth stuck in his conscience, wounded him, and led him to come to Christ. He wrote to tell me that, in the class which he is teaching in the Sunday-school, ten boys have been brought to Christ, and added to the church, and now he himself has become a deacon of the church of which he had been a member, and he thought it was time that he made me a partaker of his joy, by letting me know how he was brought to Christ. Well, now, it was only once that I preached there, yet that soul was won; but I have preached to some of you hundreds of times, yet you do not come to Christ. Oh, when will the hammer strike the flint, and make it break? When will the fire dissolve the rock? O blessed Spirit, do save these my hearers yet! Let them not be cast away in that last day that shall declare it; but may they even now lay hold on eternal life, and be saved!

My last word is to you who believe in Christ. As "the day shall declare it," the only word I have to say to you is "*Wait*." If you are a true Christian, you will be misrepresented, you will be sure to be slandered; but "the day shall declare it," so wait! I believe we never do worse business than when we try to set ourselves right with other people. Let them lie, if they will; and let them misjudge us, if they please. We are no servants of theirs; we serve a higher Master, before whom we shall stand or fall. "The day shall declare it." Wait! They call you "hypocrite." "The day shall declare it." Wait! They say you have mercenary motives. *Dies declarabit*. Wait! They say that you are officious and proud, because you are zealous and earnest. "The day shall declare it." Wait! wait! wait! Be not in a hurry. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it;" so do you wait. The day of your deliverance is at hand; the Judge is even at the door. Bear the reproaches of the ungodly, endure their oppressions, hold thee still, and bide thy time; for the recompense, when the wrongs are righted, will be worth waiting for. Oh, the recompense when we shall "see the King in His beauty," and shall be like Him, and shall hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant"! This shall for ever shut the mouth of calumny, and make the face of slander to turn pale and die. God bless you; and may you be "looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God"! "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." God bless you! Amen.

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## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

### THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL IN THE NEW CENTURY.

**B**Y this title, I do not intend a reference to "C. H. Spurgeon's Magazine," though no one hopes for it a successful new century more than I do. I speak rather of those things for the interests of which the periodical was founded, and for which it has consistently laboured during its six-and-thirty years of successful issue.

The Editor called his organ "The Sword and the Trowel" because it was to be a chronicle of battling and building for the Lord. In intimating "Our Aims and Intentions," he said:—"Our monthly message will give us an opportunity of urging the claims of Christ's cause, of advocating the revival of godliness, of denouncing error, of bearing witness for truth, and of encouraging the labourers in the Lord's vineyard. . . . We would sound the trumpet, and lead our comrades to the fight. We would ply the Trowel with untiring hand for the building up of Jerusalem's dilapidated walls, and wield the Sword with vigour and valour against the enemies of the truth." At the end of the first year, he was able to make his boast in the Lord to the following effect:—"Foes have felt the Sword far more than they would care to confess, and friends have seen the work of the Trowel on the walls of Zion to their joy and rejoicing."

Even unto this present, this twofold object has been kept in full

view, and the Magazine continues to exist for no other purposes. Agreeably to this is the present Editor's request to me for a page on "The Sword and the Trowel in the Twentieth Century." I interpret this to mean, *inter alia*, a forecast of the "combat with sin, and labour for the Lord," which we hope to engage in during 1901.

First, let me speak of HOME ENTERPRISE. As a Church, we have lately entered into new premises admirably adapted to Gospel purposes. We are thankful to lay aside the trowel, for a while, as to its literal use. The Sunday-school, which could not but suffer through being so long almost homeless, will soon be in possession of suitable accommodation in the Lower Halls of the Tabernacle. With the new century, we shall have, in all departments, new machinery, so woe be to us if we are not up and doing! The disabilities of the last two years are, thank God! at an end. Oh, that Church and School may enter the new era with new heart! I feel assured that they will. To upbuild the truth, and to smite error, is our twofold yet single aim. "We will furbish the Sword, and scour the Trowel, and use both with our best skill." So say Pastors, Officers, Teachers, Workers, Members;—so, indeed, say all of us. The Lord strengthen our hands, and make bold our hearts within us!

The Institutions of the Church will, I trust, break forth into new blossom with the new age. Their aims and methods will remain the same, for they have been tried, and proved, and blessed.

*The Pastors' College* will still welcome men whom God has already used, and strain all its powers to equip them for faithful and successful service. There is no lack of would-be students, but quite the reverse; yet the demand of the churches often exceeds our ability to supply it. Our only need is in the direction of funds. I sometimes think that the friends of an earnest Gospel ministry must imagine that the College is endowed. This is a mistake. We are still dependent on the gifts of individuals and churches. May the Lord incline them to help us substantially and regularly! C. H. Spurgeon said truly:—"To help young preachers to become more efficient ministers, is one of the noblest works that ever moved the heart of man."

*The Stockwell Orphanage* cannot fail to live in the hearts of God's people, whether the century be old or new. The claims of orphanhood touch every heart, and the unsectarian character of the work secures an interest from members of all denominations. We have, in this department, to wield the Sword against poverty, and to build up a home for each orphan. What opportunity we have also for character-building! Aid us still, I urge you, dear readers of the "Sword and Trowel," for the ship steers better in waters not quite so shallow as those she has been sailing in of late. Again I quote the late dear President:—"What more blessed work than to make the widow's heart to sing for joy?"

*The Colportage Association* provides the happiest possible illustration of the two processes of battling and building. Mr. Wigney, the Secretary, is a capable and courageous leader, and "the men are splendid." The Christian public, however, has not yet fully realized the cheapness and efficiency of this agency. "Testamentary bequests are earnestly

solicited," is the appeal of a certain good work, and we can echo it; but the loving gifts of living friends are still more to be desired. Debt is a thing we hate; but, in order to avoid it, there must soon be a whip-up all round for the Colportage. Another quotation, if you please:—"One of the cheapest and most efficient means of scattering Gospel light in the darkest places."

Our *Pastors' College Missionary Association*, thanks largely to the interest and generosity of the young friends of the Young Christians' Missionary Union, has been able not only to support Dr. Churcher in North Africa, but to aid Mr. Elder in Argentina; and it is adopting, as its Twentieth Century Enterprise, the partial support of Pasteur A. Blocher (formerly in the College) in Paris, under Pasteur Saillens. I want to get 1,901 shillings during 1901 for this new departure. That does not mean, of course, that a donation is limited to one shilling. So we hope to extend Zion's walls very widely, and to carry the Sword into the enemy's territory.

I, for one, am in fullest sympathy with THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE. C. H. Spurgeon once said, "That Gog and Magog are legitimate sovereigns of our great City of London, we will not venture to dispute; but there is a third potentate, whose reign is far more real, and whose dominion is vastly more oppressive,—his name is FOG." Whereupon he proceeded to draw some lessons from the dense November gloom. But the most tyrannical king of all is GROG. Need I stay to prove it? A walk to the street-corner will abundantly demonstrate the fact. Misery and crime abound because drink reigns supreme. How little impression all our efforts make! Are we therefore to cease them? Nay, verily; they must be redoubled. To obtain "a million adult pledges" is a noble enterprise. What wide-reaching influence such a result must have! I long that the Tabernacle may take its fair share in this good work. Oh, that all the people cried, concerning this Crusade, "It is the will of God! It is the will of God!"

When it first came to my knowledge that the Free Churches of England were thinking of uniting in A SIMULTANEOUS MISSION, my heart was filled with thankfulness. I had not seen my way (nor do I still) to join the organization; but when I was asked to lend a hand in evangelizing, I never dreamed of returning any other answer than a whole-souled "Yes." God's call seemed clear and loud. I knew little of details then, and did not stay closely to investigate them. I only knew that a real desire for spiritual awakening and soul-saving had been begotten in the hearts of not a few, and I felt persuaded that I must not hold back, but go "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." So it came to pass that, though neither I nor my Church belongs to the Free Church Councils, we are gladly linked with them during the special united efforts of January and February next. At the Tabernacle, Gipsy Smith, whose praise is in all the churches as an earnest and effective proclaimer of the Gospel, will be the leading missionary; and during the Country Mission, it will (D.V.) be my privilege to uplift Christ, and to declare His atoning sacrifice, in Devonport. Oh, that saving power may be everywhere manifest!

There will be no uncertain sound in either place ; and I am glad to believe that, almost everywhere, an apostolic Gospel will be proclaimed, and a crucified Christ uplifted. What evangel they have to proclaim who sneer at well-loved and much-blessed Gospel hymns, I know not. To be evangelistic, we must first be Evangelical. There is no good news apart from the substitutionary sacrifice of the Divine Saviour. No one wishes more than I do that those who have removed these landmarks would return to the faith, or hold their peace ; and that I have no sympathy with them and their heresies is certain ; but, if the Lord will, I must keep my pledge. Moreover, I am happy in the conviction that this is the path of duty, and the way of blessing. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

Welcome, New Century ! The blessing of the Most High God be upon thee from thy very dawn !

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### "Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

**B**YOND all doubt, the great battle of the twentieth century must rage around the Inspiration of the Word of God. Has the Almighty really spoken to erring mortals ? Or are we mere derelicts, tossed to and fro upon the ocean of life's enigmas, without a chart or compass ? Beside this issue, all other questions, however important, dwarf into comparative insignificance. For if the Bible goes, all vanishes ;—our preaching is vain, our faith also is vain, we are yet in our sins. Sadly we bid "Good-bye" to the old Gospel ; yea, even the Christ Himself melts into the unknown amid the tearful farewells of those who only knew and loved Him through the Holy Scriptures ; and we stand helplessly face to face with the unsolved problems of sin and sorrow, life and death, judgment and immortality. If the Bible be not a revelation from God, of God, but merely the creation of human philosophy, imagination, memory, argument, and tradition, then are we confronted with the greatest and most audacious imposition ever pawned off upon the credulity of the human race, the tragic afterglow of which but casts its pathetic sadness over our hearts as we realize that the fading glory of a magnificent illusion has flitted by for ever.

The very thought is ghastly, shivery. But let us face the remorseless facts like men. Either God has broken silence, or He has not ; either we have a revelation from Heaven, inspired, infallible, authoritative, or we have not ; either the Bible is Divine in its conception, preservation, and destination, or, as the mere writings of certain men, however amiable and pious, claims no more our reverence or loyalty than the utterances of Socrates, Mohammed, Ignatius Loyola, and Shakespeare. It may suit the convenience of Rationalistic theologians to becloud this issue, for who indeed would endow a Christian Professorial chair (and salaries are helpful in these mundane days !) if the Holy Scriptures be false, and their Author and central figure discredited ? But the conclusion is clear-cut, and irresistible,—either



the Book is what it claims to be, "God-breathed," or, as an aggregated mass of legendary lore, historic incidents, pious platitudes, metaphysical reasonings, philosophical thought, and deliberate falsehoods, merits instantaneous and contemptuous consignment to the wastepaper basket, or, at the best, a position in our libraries alongside the literature of Herodotus and Aristotle, Seneca and Bacon.

Some, indeed, who apparently revel in reasoning that all contradictions are harmonies,—that darkness is but light suppressed, and light darkness illuminated, that black is white, and white is black, who trim and twist and torture words and sentences, whether in Hebrew, Greek, or Anglo-Saxon, to mean what their great minds read *into* these passages, and anon use terms and phrases with a forged and different meaning than that accredited by the Standard Dictionaries and universal custom,—such reasoners may arrive at another conclusion; but, to simple and honest minds, there can be no alternative. If the Bible be but a human product, then are our title-deeds for eternity defective and delusive; the Gospel of Christ and the Christ of the Gospel come crumbling down upon our broken lives and blighted hopes, and amid the gathering darkness we feel the touch of Death's skeleton fingers, and hear the roar of the swollen torrent ahead without a single ray of hope or joy to glint us to the mystery of the great spirit-world beyond. To put the matter bluntly, if the so-called findings of the Higher Criticism be true, we have no Sacred Scriptures, but record the funeral of a mutilated, defective, errant, contradictory book, buried with maudlin pious tears by those officials who were salaried to propagate and keep alive its doctrines; and again we have to say that our preaching is vain, our faith is also vain, we are yet in our sins.

Now, that the Almighty God, whose designs are everywhere stamped by order, beneficence, harmony, should break the silence, and convey to the objects of His creation His will and programme concerning them, is but a likely and reasonable deduction; so that we might easily form a legitimate *a priori* argument why the Great Supreme Being should thus make revelation of Himself, and His laws and purposes of righteousness and grace. Indeed, it seems more natural to assume this than the contrary, if mortals be expected to exercise any relationship of conscious responsibility towards God, or carry through in some intelligent manner the objects for which the All-wise Creator originally fashioned them. Revelation, therefore, has the stamp of likelihood upon it; and following this thought there arises a needs be, a necessity for infallible and inerrant guidance. Intuition, reason, conscience, these all fail to lead towards unity of thought and harmony of being; nay, rather, as we are at present constituted, do they inevitably tend to discord, strife, and pandemonium, as, amid the Babel of conflicting voices, each man claims supremacy for his own opinion, and forces his *dictum*, as the only *summum bonum*, upon his fellow-men. An infallible Court of Appeal, to which all can turn, and which will utter its pronouncements with precision, authority, finality, is therefore an absolute *sine qua non* if harmony, usefulness, progress, and love are *desiderata* in our present or future state of being. The hungry yearning of our immortality craves for certitude:

the duties and intricacies of life demand it; the unknown and future mysteries enshrouding our existence all force us to cry out, "Great God, more light, more light!" From Him who made us, to whom we bow, and to whom alone we are responsible, we expect an answer authoritative, infallible, that the conflict of conscience, the struggle of opinion, the discords of reason, and the varied leadings of intuition may cease, and certitude be stamped upon our life down here, and light and glory thrown upon the world beyond.

This certitude, this infallibility, we cannot find in earthly Councils, nor in human fiats; for it we look, not to Jerusalem, Constantinople, Canterbury, Edinburgh, not even to Rome, but to Heaven. Vatican pretensions, conceived in vanity, and begotten in division, we reject contemptuously, for is not their so-called infallibility but of yesterday,—*a younger creation than ourselves*, a child of the very latest generation, only some thirty years of age, whose birth we watched, and whose boyish claims and struggles awakened but alternate pity and anger within our breasts? To God, therefore, we turn. If He has spoken, it is well; but if not, then all must remain confused, chaotic, perilous, for no man, however vain and puerile be his thoughts, dare, for his own soul or honour's sake, yield blind and unconvinced obedience to the whims, dictates, and imaginations of his dying and fallible fellow-man. The Holy Scriptures claim, however, as the distinct and definite utterances of Almighty God, to give us this infallible revelation and authority; and, by the sheer audacity of such an assertion, compel our careful and anxious investigation concerning the self-witness of the Bible to itself.

Besides all this, there is also an *a posteriori* reason which demands our enquiry into this matter. The Book holds pre-eminent sway in the world of literature to-day. Tens of millions of thoughtful, kindly, upright, moral men and women, of all grades and sections of society, of every clime, and race, and temperament, acknowledge its claims, avow allegiance to its precepts, faith in its Gospel, and a comfortable assurance in its teaching that, when death comes, the glory of a sinless, blissful state will dawn upon their souls. Two hundred million copies of the Sacred Scriptures have, in our time alone, been issued in practically every language of the earth by our great Bible and publishing Societies; and so great was the interest awakened, even in progressive America, a few years ago, when the Revised Version of the New Testament Scriptures was issued, correcting certain verbal errors or mistranslations which had crept into our Anglo-Saxon Authorized Version, (none of which alterations affected in the smallest degree any of the great central doctrines and precepts of the Christian faith,) that gay, godless Chicago, had some two hundred thousand words flashed across the wires in order to anticipate by one day the advent of "the lightning express" from New York to that great city.

Were there no other reason than this,—the unique power and position which the Book occupies in all civilized and even heathen lands to-day,—the results and transformations which flow from its perusal and influence, we stand compelled, as thinking honest men, to consider its claims, its arguments, its evidences. Nay, more; everyone is bound to read the Bible for himself if, on the very lowest

ground of literary knowledge, he would keep pace with that Book which moulds and governs the thinking and living of so large a proportion of the most civilized, humane, progressive, philanthropic, and liberty-loving of the human race.

We would, therefore, consider,—

Firstly, WHAT THE HOLY SCRIPTURES CLAIM ;  
Secondly, THE ENDORSEMENT OF THESE CLAIMS ; and  
Thirdly, THE CONSEQUENCES OF SUCH CLAIMS.

I. WHAT THE HOLY SCRIPTURES CLAIM.

(a) *The Books of Moses.*

"In the beginning God." These are the first words of Revelation and History, as of Creation and of Grace. Without the smallest shred of explanation, or any petty apologetics for His existence, the curtain rises upon GOD ; and, in the thirty-six verses describing the origin of Nature, Life, and Man, we have exactly the same number of references to God in His action, speech, and contemplation. Ten times, (practically, eleven, see verse 22,) in the first chapter of Genesis alone, we read the pithy, pregnant sentence, "And God said."

So is it all through "the Book of Beginnings." In connection with the institution of marriage, the Lord God said, "It is not good that the man should be alone" (ii. 18). Concerning "the Fall," we read, "the Lord God said unto the woman," "the Lord God said unto the serpent," "and unto Adam He said," "and the Lord God said" (iii. 13, 14, 17, 22). Of the first murderer, we find it thrice recorded, "the Lord said unto Cain" (iv. 6, 9, 15). About the antediluvians, and to Noah, the sentences occur again and again, "the Lord said," "and God said," "God spake" (vi. 3, 7, 13 ; vii. 1 ; viii. 15, 21 ; ix. 1, 8, 12, 17). Of proud man's wild Babel tower, we read, "And the Lord said, . . . Let us go down, and there confound their language" (xi. 6, 7). The history of the great father of the faithful practically began with the words, "Now the Lord had said unto Abram" (xii. 1) ; and on thirty-one other occasions (xii. 7 ; xiii. 14 ; xv. 1, 4, 5, 7, 9, 13, 18 ; xvii. 1, 3, 9, 15, 19 ; xviii. 10, 13, 15, 17, 20, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 ; xxi. 12 ; xxii. 1, 2, 11, 12, 16 ; ) it is recorded, in some such phrase, that the Almighty and Eternal One conversed with His friend Abraham ; and wandering Jacob, to whom God spoke definitely at least seven times, testifies to his beloved Joseph, when dying, "God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz, . . . and said unto me" (xxviii. 13 ; xxxi. 3, 11 ; xxxii. 28 ; xxxv. 1, 10 ; xlv. 2 ; xlviii. 3, 4) ; while of even the outcast, broken-hearted Hagar and her boy, and the righteous heathen king, Abimelech, it stands narrated that they received blessing and deliverance from high Heaven when "the angel of the Lord said" or "God said" (xvi. 9, 10, 11 ; xx. 3, 6). A careful reading of Genesis xxii. 11—18 demonstrates that "the angel of the Lord," who called unto Abraham, was none other than the Lord Himself : "thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son *from Me*," etc. (See also Exodus iii.)

Add to all these startling and unique statements the hundreds of references to the Divine interferences, actions, thoughts, remembrances, of the Lord God, and it will be at once seen that the whole

Book of Genesis is so thoroughly saturated and interwoven with assertions of God's speech, authority, and revelation, that, if its incidents, statements, and histories be not inspired, we cannot do otherwise than brand it as the most audacious and shameless piece of literary hypocrisy and falsehood the world has ever seen, since it claims, without a doubt, a thoroughgoing, out-and-out, full-orbed inspiration from God.

Passing on to the Book of Exodus, we are at once confronted with similar if not even stronger statements. Moses, destined to be the great law-giver and emancipator of the children of Israel, stands with bowed head and bared feet before the mystery of the burning bush, while the Almighty, "I AM THAT I AM," "the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," speaks to His servant, and ordains him for his magnificent mission, saying, "Certainly I will be with thee" (iii. 4—18). But the trembling, diffident prophet replies, "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord? Now therefore go, and *I will be with thy mouth*, and teach thee what thou shalt say" (iv. 10—12). Notice, not merely with the mind, but *with the mouth*; not simply suggesting thoughts, but actually giving words; and so, all through the life-ministry of Moses, whether in Egypt addressing Pharaoh, or in the wilderness enacting laws for Israel, arranging even the minor details concerning the erection of the Tabernacle, and its simple yet solemn ritual, or delivering prophetic utterances and warnings concerning days to come, we find that he claims to utter the *ipsissima verba*, the actual words of God, unto the people; and, on that ground, meek, shrinking man though he was naturally, he demanded unswerving loyalty, undeviating obedience to every trivial because God-breathed detail. It was because the Lord said unto Moses, "Thou shalt speak all that I command thee" (Exodus vii. 2), that the prophet, in his last address, exclaimed, "Ye shall not add unto *the word* which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you;" . . . "Behold, I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me" (Deut. iv. 2, 5); "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates" (Deut. vi. 6—9); "What thing soever I command you, observe to do it: thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it" (xii. 32).

Such assertions of supernatural dignity, linked with pathetically tragic warnings of the dangers incident upon the smallest addition to or diminution from the words given through Moses, afford most emphatic testimony that the prophet held, and that with no bated breath, or

qualified claim, the doctrine of Verbal Inspiration touching his own utterances, as fully and as unreservedly as he predicted it concerning those of his great Antitype, our blessed Saviour: “And the Lord said unto me, . . . I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren, *like unto thee, and will put My words in His mouth*; and He shall speak unto them all that I shall command Him. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever will not hearken unto My words which He shall speak in My Name, I will require it of him. But the prophet, which shall presume to speak a word in My Name, which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that prophet shall die” (Deut. xviii. 17—20).

When we look back also over the Books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, even the most superficial reader must be immediately arrested by the tremendous sentence prefacing nearly every chapter: “Then the Lord said unto Moses,” “And the Lord spake unto Moses” (Exodus vi. 1; vii. 1; viii. 1; ix. 1; x. 1; xl. 1; etc. Leviticus i. 1; iv. 1; vi. 1; viii. 1; xxvii. 1; etc. Numbers i. 1; ii. 1; iv. 1; v. 5; vi. 1; xxvi. 1, etc.).

Hold the Bible in your hand, and just let page after page flit by, and, as though by a panoramic effect, these words seem to stand out as the root and essence, the heart and manifestation, the centre and circumference of the whole Pentateuch,—as indeed they are, for while the five Books are divided by men into one hundred and eighty-seven chapters, which might, with greater wisdom and continuity of thought, be easily reduced to say one hundred and sixty-seven, we have in all, it is computed, five hundred and one distinct assertions in them of supernatural authority, being *an average of three such claims in every chapter*.

Verily, well may we ponder over this condescending grace of that wonderful Jehovah who “spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend” (Exodus xxxiii. 11); and note, with humble gratitude, His object in it all, that the prophet might simply be His honoured mouthpiece to pass on, unsullied and unalloyed, God’s words of light, and life, and love, to lost and erring men. Thus, whether it be in the cleansing of the leper (Leviticus xiii., xiv.), awarding justice to the daughters of Zelophehad (Numbers xxvii. 6, 7), making and sounding silver trumpets (x. 1—10), or facing and routing rebels (xiv. 26—39), Moses invariably claims a “Thus saith the Lord” for his every action, while the Almighty Himself speaks words of strongest condemnation, direct from His own lips, to Miriam and Aaron for audaciously exclaiming, “Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? hath He not spoken also by us?”—“Hear now My words: If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make Myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream. My servant Moses is not so, who is faithful in all Mine house. *With him will I speak mouth to mouth*, even apparently, and not in dark speeches; and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold: wherefore then were ye not afraid to speak against My servant Moses? And the anger of the Lord was kindled against them; and He departed” (Numbers xii. 6—9). Indeed, God’s deep love and jealous sympathy for the

character and reputation of His friend and servant Moses, is one of the most beautiful things in the whole Bible, and cannot possibly be exaggerated. On every debateable occasion, He, the Almighty, is represented as accepting the challenge made against His honoured prophet as one rather directed against Himself,—whether in the case already cited, or in the rebellion caused by the grumbling report of the unbelieving spies (Numbers xiv. 10, 12, 35, 37), or in the ecclesiastical revolt of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, when Jehovah's anger flashed out, and consumed, not only all the antagonism, but also the antagonists themselves (xvi. 20—35).

The truth is, the glory of a God-given immortality still clings so closely round the man, that all who touch his prophecies and person become thereby themselves enwrapped with an unenviable but lasting notoriety. Who would have even heard of Jannes and Jambres, to-day, had they not dared to cross swords with this especial *protégé* of Jehovah? Nor would our own Colenso be remembered but for the fact that he borrowed immortality from the prophet he assailed. Let critics of the Pentateuch, those who "resist the truth: men of corrupt minds, of no judgment concerning the faith" beware, since "they shall proceed no further: for their folly shall be manifest unto all men, as theirs (that of Jannes and Jambres) also was" (2 Timothy iii. 8, 9\*). For it is a dangerous thing to touch the utterances of God's beloved servant, since the Almighty, His sympathetic Partner, will Himself indignantly respond thereto. Did not our Lord bury Moses, as though not one of those grumbling, unappreciative millions was worthy to take part in the great man's obsequies, and He would say to them, "Let the funeral be private; I alone can understand Moses, and therefore I will act as chaplain;" and so they still were face to face, as Jehovah buried him (Deuteronomy xxxiv. 4—6), after they had gazed together over the goodness of that land where, fifteen hundred years afterwards, they spake together once more upon the Mount of Transfiguration and glory (Matthew xvii. 3); and, in Heaven, John tells us that this man's name alone is mentioned alongside that of Jesus Christ, our radiant, risen Lord, for "they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb" (Revelation xv. 3). Again I say, let assailants of the Pentateuch "consider how great this man was," and is, and beware and tremble lest the memory of "higher critics" should live only like that of assassins of emperors, presidents, reformers, and philanthropists, stained with indelible ignominy and never-ending disgrace, for "there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face, in all the signs and the wonders, which the Lord sent him to do in the land of Egypt to Pharaoh, and to all his servants, and to all his land, and in all that mighty hand, and

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\* This allusion to "the higher critics" of Pharaoh's time is particularly significant when we note its immediate argument and context: "In the last days," Paul writes to Timothy, "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived. But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Timothy iii. 1, 13—17).

in all the great terror which Moses shewed in the sight of all Israel” (Deuteronomy xxxiv. 10—12).

“But,” exclaims some shallow thinker, whose words babble like the superficial brook, “how can you ask me, a man of intelligence, to believe that Moses wrote an account of his own funeral?” Well, I might easily answer,—Where does Scripture claim that he did so? The postscript chapter to Deuteronomy *may* have been given by Joshua; and yet, to me, there seems an indescribable grandeur in the thought that *the old hero literally recorded his own death-scene!* Indeed, the thing came with no surprise to Moses, for God and he had personally talked the whole matter over before (Numbers xxvii. 12—14; Deuteronomy iii. 23—29; xxxii. 48—52); and if the prophet could pen a detailed and graphic picture of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem sixteen hundred years before that grim tragedy took place (xxviii. 49—57), surely he could also anticipate and recount the occurrences concerning himself not twenty-four hours ahead? Yet this is not the all-important *crux* at issue, for were there not two present on that Pisgah mount, when the Lord showed Moses all the land, and said unto him, “This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither” (xxxiv. 4)? Who heard that saying? Who recounted that solemn, simple, dignified, gladsome death and burial scene? Why, naturally, *the Survivor of the twain, Almighty God Himself*; for, after all, we believe that Moses did *not* compose the Pentateuch,—THE LORD DID THAT, and thus the explanation of Creation’s mysteries and the recital of prehistoric events as well as the prophetic records concerning the unknown future stand explained,—~~God~~ *spake, God revealed*, Moses heard and transcribed the Divine Message, whether looking backward to Creation, forward to the scattering of Israel, upward for Heaven’s will, or downward to the people and their responsibilities,—all was of Jehovah literally, absolutely, verbally.

This is the claim of Moses and his writings,—a claim accepted by Jewish teachers, and so wrapped up with their religion and history that its acknowledgment became the open source of all their testimony as a nation, and the secret spring of every genuine revival (Joshua xiv. 10; 1 Kings ii. 3; 2 Kings xxiii. 25; 2 Chronicles xxiii. 18; Ezra iii. 2; Nehemiah ix. 13, 14, 20; Psalm ciii. 7; Daniel ix. 11, 13);—a claim accredited by our blessed Lord (Luke xx. 37; xxiv. 27, 44; John v. 46, 47; vii. 23; ix. 29); and His inspired apostles (Acts iii. 22; vi. 11; xv. 21; xxvi. 22, xxviii. 23; Romans x. 5, 19; 1 Corinthians ix. 9); one of the apostles daringly asserting that, not only the leadings, teachings, words, and acts of Moses were through Divine suggestion and control, but that even *the very symbolism of the Tabernacle and its ritual was immediately and directly under the Verbal Inspiration of the Holy Ghost* (Hebrews viii. 5; ix. 8, 19, etc.).

(To be continued next month.)

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

### I.—BACK FROM THE WARS.

(The period is the reign of Queen Anne and of George I. The scenes are laid near Chalfont and in London. The "Puritan gentleman" is the youth who listened to the old Ironside's talk.)

STRANGE for one to be in peaceful England again after such a rain of iron and flash of steel. How loved is the homeland! Her sons, returning on the wave, strain their dim eyes to see her cliff-washed shores. Sweet England, sacred soil of our fathers, freed by their blood, thy wanderers return to thee, as to a desired haven! O dearest land of stalwart oaks and ivied towers, of dells where violets grow, and banks of sweet primrose,—home of the fair-skinned maids, with eyes of April blue, and tressy lures shot through with gold, how welcome once again is the sight of thee to thy war-worn sons!

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Much may happen in a few short years; and the past is put far off by the stirring scenes of a nearer yesterday. I have followed His Grace of Marlborough from the siege of Liège to the victory of Ramillies. It seems as though it were almost in another life that I gave my ear to the old warrior's tales in the porch at Chalfont. I shall miss the excitements of the array of battle; nor do I know how I shall settle to the life of a country gentleman. Fighting and marching, in shite and storm, bring out stern qualities; but a soldier's life makes a man chafe, one would think, at the uneventful round of mere civilian duties. Yet, was it not the Roman who, having driven out the enemy, went back contentedly to his farm? I mind me of a wise saying of Margery's uncle, "He is a hero who is such at home."

Marry, God helping me, I will order my life so as to be useful; then, mayhap, I shall have some opportunity to be heroic. Now that we have such a settlement, I must do my part as it opens up; but my lady-love must forgive me if, in my dreams, I hear the champing of the horses ere we charged across the swamp at Blenheim. One thing I can pride myself upon. I have borne my share in the crippling of the French king, which act has more firmly established the liberties of our own dear land, and the surety of the Protestant succession. I have been preserved through many an awful day of blood and fire. It makes the heart ache to ride amid the ravages of war. The slaughter of pitched battles, the sack of towns, and the sight of smoking villages lie heavily on the mind of the reluctant warrior. My lord of Marlborough has not the scruples of John Hampden. I have seen some lines by Mr. Addison, who is rising into fame, where he compares the duke, directing the current of the great fight, to the spirit of the storm which burst over England three years ago,—

"Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,  
And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."



I am in a quandary as to "the Almighty's orders." The "question-time" of conscience makes a man ill at ease. But how, otherwise, England was to be saved from the supremacy of Popery, and the tyranny of the Stuart kings, I find not. Perhaps those who come after us may see clearer issues. When a man is beset, he lays hold of that which is nearest; and God forgive him if it be a weapon! This much I am sure of. I should not have been true to my ancestors, of glorious memory, who fought for the Parliament against Charles the First, nor should I have been worthy of my ancient friend and mentor, whose lovely niece is my sweet Margery, had I not served, as became me, the principles of the Revolution. To-day, he who is loyal to the triumph of '88 is a staunch Whig and a good Puritan.

The name of Puritan has fallen into disuse and discredit. It was a grand name, and it meant what was best and noblest in English life. But what if the term be lost? Its truths remain. These need as much setting forth as sixty years ago; and, if I am to settle down at home, I should like to be such a country gentleman as was Colonel Hutchinson. I am enamoured of his life as written by his wife. I have the picture, like a Vandyck, in my mind's eye. A squire, serious in his temper in graver things, yet fond of hawking, and piquing himself upon his skill in fence. A man with a love of gravings, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and having sound judgment in the laying out of gardens. Diligent was he in his examination of the Scriptures, and great in his affection for music. "He was as kind a father," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "as dear a brother, as good a master, as faithful a friend, as the world had." He strove to be deliberate in speech, "ranking the words beforehand." He was, as to temper, under strict control; and, as to diet, he was sparing. "He never was at any time idle, and hated to see anyone else so. Neither in youth nor riper years could the most fair or enticing woman ever draw him so much as into unnecessary familiarity or dalliance. Wise and virtuous women he loved, and delighted in all pure and holy and unblameable conversation with them, but so as never to excite scandal or temptation. Scurrilous discourse even among men he abhorred; and though he sometimes took pleasure in wit and mirth, yet that which was mixed with impurity he never could endure." Truly a noble portrait, and worth copying.

This charming description I read long before I went to Flanders; and, even away in the army, I strove to embody such a character, by the grace of God. But there were few among my comrades who cared to companion me. They were brave enough; who would expect any other from an Englishman fighting for his Queen and country? They were not, however, animated by the same high principles as the conquerors at Naseby. My dear old friend of the Chalfont memories would have cried, "Oh, what a falling off is here!" Ah, how he delighted to describe the Ironsides as "a lovely company,"—no drinking, no disorder, no impiety in their ranks; and "not a man swore, but he paid his twelve pence." Truly, "a new model" indeed; and, from my experience of camps, likely to remain so. There may come a time when the army shall be led by a great general who will discountenance the use of strong waters; and, by example and precept,

lead his men to respect themselves, and certainly the helpless. War is a dreadful thing, and but seldom can it be conscientiously waged. It takes the chivalry of a Sir Philip Sidney, or the high faith of a Hampden, to prevent it from becoming utterly brutal. I have seen its horrors at Blenheim and Ramillies; and from them I fervently pray, "May the good Lord deliver us!" My prayer may savour of hypocrisy after the share I have taken in the campaign; but though I hold the cause to be just, I would to God there were a better way of settling it.

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I am in England again; and though much remains, much also is changed. There seems to be a lull in the cry which reached us even upon the battle-field, so loud and bitter was it,—“The Church is in danger!” When I heard the grounds of it, I thought how false and self-deluded were the raisers thereof. I went with the Bishop of Lichfield when he said that “if a source of danger existed anywhere, it was to be found in the clergy, and the clergy only.” I remarked, before I left for the war, that the Romish party in the Church were striving for nothing so much as to undo the work of the Revolution, and to enforce again the penal laws. The only persons they wished to see established were themselves, and they were ready to forbid, like the uninstructed disciples, all who followed not with them. But they over-reached themselves. It was inconveniently remembered that Sharpe, Archbishop of York, who wished to suppress Dissenting Academies, was indebted to one of them for the education of two of his sons. Certain lords supported these firebrands; but they were snuffed out by a sarcasm of Lord Wharton, who said, “In all that I have read and heard, I can find but one fact; and that is, that the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, and the Earl of Nottingham *are out of place.*”

Now we have an interval of quiet, though the agitation in Scotland, over the proposed union of the two countries, will be sure to revive the old cry. The Scots, I hear, fear for their Kirk that she must needs expect nothing but an uncertain toleration, for which she must go a-begging to the lawn-sleeved legislators of England; while, over here, there is a muttering that the Church of England, being *jure divino*, no other church could be admitted on the same terms, and that Queen Anne will be involved in an irreconcilable contradiction when she is bound by oath to maintain the Church of England, and bound likewise by oath to maintain the Kirk of Scotland in one and the same United Kingdom. So the unseemly struggle goes on. Were not the Independents of Cromwell's day right when they urged that princes and parliaments had best let churches and consciences alone?

Mr. Daniel Defoe, a gentleman of considerable fame as a writer, is the secretary to the Commissioners who are arranging the Union. I met this celebrated person ere I left England, and hope to do so again when we have our nest in Bucks. He is a good companion, can tell a story well, and has a wit without dregs. He has suffered much for conscience sake. Three years ago, he was tried at the Old Bailey, fined a hundred marks, and set in the pillory three times for writing a

satire, "The shortest way with Dissenters." Ay, it was so clever as to deceive the very elect. The rabid party among the clergy thought it was written by one of themselves. Their rage, when they found that it was a rapier presented at them, knew no bounds. They moved the Government to issue a reward, and fifty pounds was offered for the apprehension of "a certain spare, brown-complexioned hose-factor." Defoe gave himself up, stood in the pillory, and the people made a hero of him, singing around him his "Hymn to the Pillory"—

"Tell them the men that placed him here  
Are scandals to the times,  
Are at a loss to find his guilt,  
And can't commit his crimes."

The satire for which Defoe was condemned had some pungent things in it. Speaking of occasional conformity, he said that men, who took the sacrament according to law in order to be sheriffs, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged.

But, ah, me! it is weary work all this pamphlet warfare and pulpit thundering. One longs for quiet; to listen, as in *Comus*, to the shepherd,—

"Whose artful strains have oft delay'd  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale."

\* \* \* \*

One of the sad changes I notice, on returning to England, is the rapid disappearance of the praying, God-fearing spirit of our fathers. The people of the city are becoming cynical and sceptical; and in the country parts, I am told, they are like sheep without a shepherd.

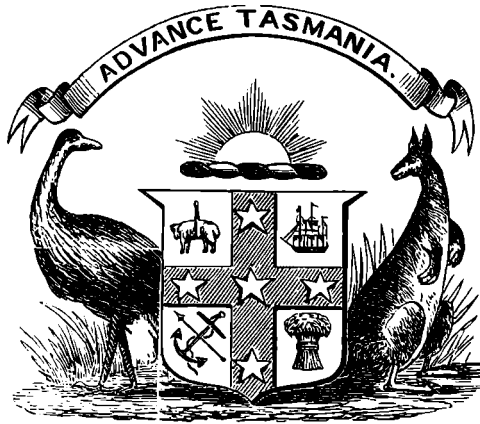
Then, too, I miss the grand men of my hood. Mr. John Howe died a year since. One of my first visits was to the parish church of All-hallows, Bread Street, where the remains of this eminent preacher were interred. No monument marks the spot. The verger brought me to the place, and there I stood, with head uncovered, bowed in solemn thought over the shrine where lay all that was mortal of the man who wrote "The Living Temple" and "Delighting in God." The sounds of hucksters crying their wares only reached me as a distant hum. But what were this man's wares, and what his cry? Then, in the quiet of that holy place, I thought that, even if no memorial ever marked the burial-place of John Howe, his precious words and works would bring him lasting fame, and feed the souls of men as long as seekers after truth were to be found upon the earth.

\* \* \* \*

Ah! I hear the step of my beloved. I must put this diary by, for I am to journey with her and the family attorney to the place her dear uncle has left to her, and there I am to be put into possession of Colonel Pickering's books and papers. Mayhap I will take my diary with me. The house I visit is sure to stir my spirit, for there I listened to the Ironside's memories, and there I wooed my Margery.

# Bush Life in Tasmania.

## I.—THE SETTLER.



**I**N Colonial parlance, "the bush" means either the uncleared forest, or else the partly-cleared land. The untrodden, sunless recesses of the trees which ring the most distant settler are to him "the bush"; and when others have passed him, and the white skeletons of the rung trees are his most familiar sight, he is still in "the bush."

For some men, it has a wondrous charm. The weird fascination of it is hard to analyze and explain. It may be the long aisles of the sombre evergreen trees, the far view bounded by the purple glory of the mountains, or fading away in the hazy blue of the distant horizon; or perhaps the irregular track that has followed the line of least resistance among the gaunt trees, whose shed bark crackles beneath the feet of the lonely traveller, along with the ghostly colours of the rung giants of the forest, their topmost branches pointing to the sky, like the bare, stretched-out fingers of an angry witch, as if in fierce yet futile denouncement of those who, with glistening axe, have robbed them of their life and beauty; possibly these things awake the bushman's love.

Anyhow, there is enough to attract many in Nature's wild and simple beauty, in the fleeting play of the shadows in the sunlight, the fragrance of the prodigal bloom, the prevailing eucalyptic perfume, the gay colours and distinct calls of the birds, the sharp echo of the bushman's axe, the loud reverberating crash of the falling tree, the gliding of a snake across the path, the quick movement of the iguana, the queer jump of the kangaroo, the wallaby, and bandicoot, the white foam of a dashing stream;—these, with many other things, and, above all, the solemn silences and vast solitudes of Nature, go, perhaps, to make up that inexpressible charm and clinging affection which some men have for "the bush."

Of course, this kind of life would not suit everyone; but some it

does, and suits them well ; so much so, that, for sweet satisfaction, "the bush" is to them the next thing to Paradise.

But "the bush" has its tragedies. In your travels, you will come across a deserted hut. The violent gales have torn some of the slabs from the sides, and also from the roof ; the stones, which formed the bottom of the wooden chimney, have fallen in ; a few old tins, and broken tools, and bits of harness lie about in damp disorder. Burnt logs straggle here and there in black confusion. The fence of the little garden is broken down ; the currant and gooseberry bushes are running wild ; the apple, and pear, and plum trees stretch out long unproductive, unpruned arms. The hardiest flowers, of those dependent upon man's care, still bloom ; but thick beds of nettles and thistles cluster where the house refuse has been thrown. For about an acre's space, there remain the squat stumps of enormous trees which have been felled for the hut's safety in stormy weather, and also that grass may grow for the cattle, and a little produce for the service of man. If you enter this tumble-down house, you will find that the walls have been papered with specimens of the Home and Colonial press. As they dangle from the walls, you may read the news of long-past days, and see pictures, from the illustrated papers, of great events long since forgotten, and produced in a style the fashion of which has passed away. A piece of board, upon two supports, has done duty for chairs ; a broader piece, nailed to the hut's side, has served for a table. In the only room alongside, you will find the broken-down crosslegs of a trestle-bed made from the rough palings at hand, and the bagging of the bed bellying in parts, or hanging in tatters.

Perchance, this spot belonged to a man who wearied of clerical or mechanical toil in the old land, and who read, one day, an account of the lovely climate, the fruitful soil, and the many advantages of life in sunny Tasmania. The bright side of the picture was turned to his view,—the side which was meant by the writer to allure the readers to Colonial life. Straightway, the surroundings of his English lot seem more dreary than ever. His toil appears more monotonous and mechanical. Everything takes on its blackest hue ; he longs, with an ever-increasing intensity, for the free, less-worried life of the sunny South.

Alas ! we all find out, sooner or later, that distant fields look most green, and that the reality does not equal the enchantment of the dream. Every land, every life, is under a beautiful and beneficent law of compensation.

"I thank Thee, Lord, that all our joy  
Is touched with pain ;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours,  
That thorns remain ;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

"I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest ;  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesu's breast."

On the North, East, Midland, and Southern parts of Tasmania, the climate is pretty well all that is usually claimed for it; but among the mountains, and especially on the West coast, it is anything but lovely. The Rev. John West, the historian, says:—"This region is lashed with tempests; the sky is cloudy, and the rain falls more frequently than elsewhere. In its chill and humid climate, animal life is preserved with difficulty: half the goats died in one season, . . . and sheep perish: vegetation, except in its coarsest and most massive forms, is stunted and precarious." Men get lost in the horizontal scrub and terrible jungle; some, after awful struggles to find their way out, lie down in sheer exhaustion, and die; others are caught in mountain snow-storms, and perish in the fearful cold. The writer knows of one man who, with almost incredible persistency, fought his way out of "the bush" after seventeen days' effort to extricate himself from its gloomy mazes.

In this district, therefore, it is a little excusable that the bush poet, inspired by a six-weeks' spell of rain, should write with comic exaggeration from "Oil-skin Villa,"—

"Dirty days hath September,  
 April, June, and November:  
 From January up to May,  
 The rain, it raineth every day.  
 Sometimes in February,—if it's fine,  
 The days run out to twenty-nine;  
 All the rest have thirty-one,  
 Without a blessed gleam of sun;  
 And if any of them had two-and-thirty,  
 They'd be just as wet, and twice as dirty!"

\* \* \* \*

Let us return to our friend who pines to be an emigrant beneath "the Southern Cross." He has reached his desired haven. His land is selected. The fairly-easy terms have been arranged with the Government. What has he now to face? Trees, over two hundred feet high, as thick as a church steeple at the base; with undergrowth, so closely packed, that only the axe can clear a way. It needs a man of Herculean strength, and of Job-like patience and perseverance to master it.

"The heroes of the bush" do as much as, or even more than, "the soldiers of the Queen" to extend her empire. These, who let light into the forest, and chase away its damps and glooms, to give the sun a chance to work his wondrous transformations, are they who also deserve the thanks of the nation, and medals "for valour." To kill trees,—some of which have a circumference of a hundred and thirty feet,—in order that wheat may grow, is truer and nobler work than killing men, and burning happy homesteads. There is no better Imperialist in all the world than the brave-hearted, unassuming British colonist, who cuts down the serried ranks of the trees, and with ploughshare makes long gashes in the bosom of the earth, that broad acres of smiling fields and fruitful orchards may be added for the world's food and health.

O Lord, how long shall it be ere Thou shalt "judge among the

nations, and rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more"?

\* \* \* \*

It is not every man who wins in this struggle with Nature. Sometimes the settler's money is soon spent; his strength fails; perhaps he has chosen poor soil; maybe, he is little fitted for a life which, at its beginning, is so hard and lonely. He sees at length that the struggle is hopeless, and he leaves the place with a broken and a bitter spirit. He has been sadly disillusionized.

Very few men are wise who go on the land without experience, and aptitude for a farmer's life. Even if a man is able to stay on for years by the mortgage of his farm, it is usually a slave's life for others, and not for himself and home.

But there is another side to the shield. You will often come upon a clearing in "the bush" upon which a cottage, well-built and well-painted, has been erected. It belongs to a man who, in the old country, was a farm-labourer in Norfolk. He has been through all the grades of farm toil. He heard, from the emigration agent, of the fair land beneath the Southern sky. He bade a tearful farewell to home and friends. On his arrival in Tasmania, he engaged himself to a squatter. He soon picked up the different methods of Colonial agriculture and stock-raising.

He saves a little money. He gets to know good land when he sees it. He buys a few acres by paying so much per year to the Government. When work is slack, he toils on his own-plot. Gradually, he prepares the way until he can build a fit house for wife and children to live in. By dint of sheer pluck, and stiff toil, and perseverance, the whole of his land is cleared, and, at last, he is able to take life easier, and ride to market, or to church, in his buggy behind a spanking horse. The various members of his grown-up family are able to do all the work with the help of a hired man or two, and he is only needful for the oversight which, by reason of use, has become as easy as the winking of his eye.

In dear old Norfolk, he would have become a vacant-faced labourer, pulling his forelock to every well-dressed passer-by; and, at the end, his bones disjoined by rheumatism, lying down in the workhouse to die, with scarcely a friend to shed a tear over his coffin. In Tasmania, he has become a respected landowner. Upon his own acres, he has built a beautiful verandahed house; and he has a well-stocked farm, and riding-horses for his sons and daughters. He is a member of the local Road Trust, or Municipal Council. He can write J.P. at the end of his name; and, in some instances, M.H.A., since he has time and mother-wit enough to serve his fellow-citizens as their representative in the House of Assembly.

Whilst there are sad instances, pitiable indeed, of men who have failed through lack of pluck, or skill, or capital, we have also seen some of the grandest examples of dogged tenacity and strength the British race can show. All the elements of Nature have been subdued to their use. Fire and stormy wind have but fulfilled their word.

They have known how to take occasion by the hand. They have fought the forest, and cleared "the bush", and sown and reaped; and, at last, though somewhat worn by the struggle, they can look, with deep-toned satisfaction, upon their own three or four hundred acres of undulating fields, and hear the music of their lowing herds, and the bleating of their flocks, thus realizing the psalmist's ideal of true manhood, "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet."

The loneliness of the early days of the settlement has passed away. Others, of the same spirit and skill, have found out the good land around him, and have had like success. The rough roads have given place to the best that can be made. Chapels have been erected, and church services are common. Stores are near at hand. "The bush township" becomes the centre of many social amenities, in which music, religious and temperance meetings, ploughing-matches, balls, races, tea-meetings, surprise parties, floral and horticultural shows, and scientific lectures bearing on the colonists' life and work, give something of interest for all classes and all tastes.

J. E. WALTON.

## The Old Book and the New Critics.\*

WHILST the weapons of Christian warfare—both in attack and defence—remain the same in all ages, the method of wielding them must change from time to time. The style of attack, from the enemies of the Truth, decides the kind of defence which its lovers must employ.

Once, the great foe of Christian Truth was Atheism, more or less coarse and blasphemous. Those who had to answer a ribald Voltaire, or a coarse Tom Paine or Charles Bradlaugh, endeavoured to meet their gross aggressiveness with the broad shield of Christian faith, and the broadsword of religious life.

Since their day, however, the coarser forms of atheistic denial and blasphemy have given place to subtle and cultured undermining of the Truth; and this, not in the name of ungodliness, but of study of the Bible itself! Satan has been transformed into an angel of light, and what calls itself "the Higher Criticism" now does the old work of attacking the Truth of God,—but from an apparently literary and devout standing-ground.

This compels those who love the Word of God to change their tactics; and, now, criticism must be met by criticism; the arrogant sort by the Spirit-humbled, the assumptive by the severely logical; and the issue be thus made clear and unmistakable.

In other words, the great battle of to-day is not so much as to what the Bible teaches, as whether we have, in any worthy and unique sense, a Bible at all.

To decide this, the great controversy of our day, and to arm true believers against the insidious assaults upon the Inspired Word of

\* *The New Biblical Guide.* Vols. I., II., III. Edited by Rev. John Urquhart. S. W. Partridge and Co.



God, is the one great aim of the periodical to which we wish, in this article, to call the very special attention of our readers.

*The New Biblical Guide* is edited, and written largely, by Rev. John Urquhart, long and honourably known as a "stalwart" in able defence of the Scriptures and their true Inspiration. Three valuable volumes have already appeared, and each is worth its weight in gold for its lucid and impregnable defence of the Book of books. The latest information gained from Oriental monuments, from the witness of travellers, and from archæological "finds", has been here gathered into handy and brief form, and it makes a wondrous armoury of weapons, both offensive and defensive, against all would-be Bible-destroyers.

We should much like to give specimens of the style of argument and fact heré employed, but space will only allow of very few. Refuting the fallacy that absolute Inspiration of the Scriptures means mechanical control, we are reminded:—

"There was no obliteration, by Omnipotence, of their special gifts and characteristics. He who was enthusiastic, could be enthusiastic still; he who was tender, could be tender still; he who was poetic, could be poetic still; he who was logical, could be logical still.

"When our Lord chose and charged the seventy disciples, and sent them forth to preach, we cannot suppose there was a stereotyped verbiage, a stereotyped set of gestures, a stereotyped method of illustration, a stereotyped form of appeal, to which every member of the band had rigidly to conform. They would pass, in pairs, from hamlet to hamlet, enforcing their Master's instructions, but with variety of voice, argument, and action, as their special endowments rendered appropriate."

On the other hand, a very positive definition of the real meaning of Inspiration is given:—

"The unerring guidance of the Holy Spirit implies the wise selection of materials, and all needed accuracy in transcribing; but not iron rigour of identity, either in language or style."

A very careful and fair description is given of the name Higher Critic, and what it really implies; but solemn warning is uttered against the lofty assumption of infallible judgments as to Bible-books and their writers. We are reminded that eminent Assyriologists like Hommel and Sayce, who began their career as followers of the Higher Critics, have been forced to abandon their former opinions, and to rank themselves openly among the defenders of the accuracy of the Bible. The latter writer, in an article published in *The Contemporary Review*, sarcastically thus refers to these modern assailants of God's Truth:—

"I had hoped to propitiate them by calling them 'the Higher Critics,' and modestly allowing that archæologists like myself stood on a lower platform; but I find that they will have none of it. They are 'Critics' and critics only, and those who differ from them are not Critics at all!"

In another portion of this able review of the Higher Criticism, we are told of the varying theories, which for a while are boasted of as infallible, and then in a few years have to be revised, because of later information displacing and disproving them. Instead of a series of obvious and consistent and unchanging results, Higher Criticism, since

its very birth, has been "like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up" enmity and strife.

One of the saddest and deadliest developments of this teaching is that the children in our Sunday-schools and homes are to be taught to question the true Inspiration of the Bible; and in a recent booklet, entitled *The Bible and the Child*, written by eight different writers, the most extreme criticism of the Old Testament is set forth, and this to *unsettle the faith of children!*

The extravagant assumptions and assertions are here powerfully exposed, and the true authorship of the various Books proved from internal evidence.

One of the finest portions of the first volume of this valuable Biblical Guide, is an article, by Principal Handley Moule, on "Dangers in the Literary Study of the Holy Scriptures." In the course of doing this, two startling facts are stated, as coming within the writer's personal knowledge. Here they are:—

"My experience, during some seventeen years of work as an Examining Chaplain to a Bishop, makes me unhappy in this direction. I trace a tendency, a distinctly growing one, in the answers of candidates for Holy Orders to questions on Scripture, to talk loosely, I might say, to talk coolly, about the Divine Book. Not long ago, I gathered some flowers of this kind, not sweet to smell. Here are a few of them:—'Matthew's quotations are rather far-fetched;' 'Paul's argument here is a little mixed.' And my impressions, as an Examiner for the Theological Tripos at Cambridge, on two occasions, were often of the same kind."

Is it any wonder that flippantly destructive views as to Bible Inspiration are held by many, when their religious teachers can speak in this fashion?

But Principal Moule has even more to tell; he says:—

"I may mention a grave fact, of which I have certain knowledge. About the year 1890, a large Clerical Society, in a Midland town, having to revise its rules, resolved that, for the future, the meetings should *not* include, in the short preliminary service as heretofore, the reading of a passage of Scripture. This decision was the direct result of the new views of the character of Scripture held by the large majority of the members."

It is no wonder that, in view of such facts as these, alas! only too common, that the learned Principal should be led to say:—

"We may be pretty sure that, in a very few generations, there will result a vast decrease of Bible-reading, not to say of marking, learning, and inwardly digesting it, as by those who go to it with eyes open but humble, with hearts thoughtful but adoring, to 'learn God's heart in God's words.'"

It is to meet this ever-rising tide of arrogant but ill-founded theory of criticism, that *The New Biblical Guide* is issued; and its solid learning and argument will, we trust, be read by thousands, so that they may be fortified against the insidious fallacies which, under the plea of superior scholarship, threaten to deluge the religious world. To put this valuable work within the reach of all probable purchasers, it is now being issued, month by month, in sixpenny parts,

which can be obtained of any bookseller. When the eight contemplated volumes are complete, we believe it will form the best and most reliable answer to extravagant Bible criticism that has ever been written, and therefore we desire for it the widest welcome from all who still believe that the Scriptures are not only the God of books, but the very Book of God.

## "The Quiet Valley of Sweet Content."

I AM travelling home to the better land,  
 To a city built by the Lord's own hand ;  
 The road is rough, and the journey long,  
 But His Word of grace is my strength and song ;  
 So I halt my journey, and pitch my tent  
 In the quiet valley of Sweet Content.

I have not much, but my Lord had less  
 When He went through this wilderness ;  
 And the thought of His nearness is so sweet,  
 As I look each day for the print of His feet,  
 And at night lie down, by travel spent,  
 In the quiet valley of Sweet Content.

I love to think that the way I go  
 Is the path He trod when here below ;  
 And the weight I carry seems light as air,  
 When I think of His burden of grief and care ;  
 And I bless His Name for my homely tent  
 In the quiet valley of Sweet Content.

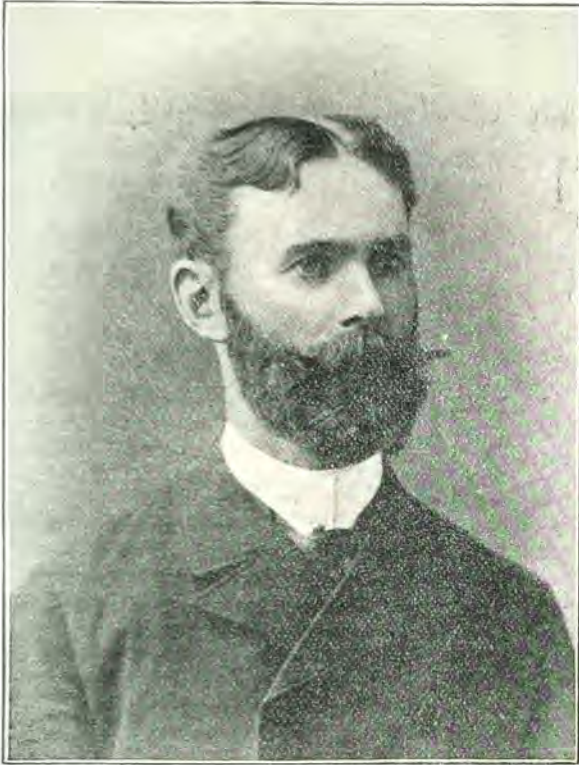
When the morning dawns, I look to see  
 The path for the day He has marked for me ;  
 And I seek His strength to bear my load,  
 And ask His guidance along the road,—  
 The good old way that the fathers went  
 Through the quiet valley of Sweet Content.

How free from danger my daily lot !  
 I have a Helper who "fainteth not ;"  
 By day, I trust Him for everything,  
 At night, I shelter beneath His wing,  
 And in dreams behold Him within my tent  
 In the quiet valley of Sweet Content.

Some day, there will come a bend in the road,  
 And, lo ! I shall be in the presence of God ;  
 And there, in the beautiful home above,  
 Shall sit at His feet in grateful love,  
 And know to the full what those visions meant  
 In the quiet valley of Sweet Content.

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

LXXXV.—PASTOR N. A. PAPENGOUTH, CHIESA CRISTIANA  
APOSTOLICA, MILAN.



THE mention of the city of Milan, the sphere of our brother Papengouth's work, will mnemonically recall, in most minds, Ambrose and his "Te Deum." The desire of this eminent father of the Church was truly expressed in the confession he embodied in his universal hymn of praise, "All the earth doth worship Thee." But those who have succeeded him have not, we fear, reciprocated his yearning for the recognition and worship of the Triune Jehovah; at least, so far as the opportunities for meeting for worship are concerned. For, though the population of Milan, to-day, amounts to about half a million, the churches there number only about ninety, corresponding, as it so happens, with the spires on the great *Duomo* ("the architectural porcupine," as some irreverent unartistic critics have called it).

To a visitor, it seems that, when the churches ceased to increase with the population, factories began to rise, and now the city has become the commercial capital of united Italy. The *locale* of our brother's long and loving labours on behalf of the people of this

great city would not, of course, be mentioned by the æsthetic “earth-ranger” in the same day with the beautiful creations of art, which many of the churches, and their contents, are. Nevertheless, the Church of Christ, that meets in the lowly ground-floor room of No. 39, Via Pesce, is in the apostolic succession with the church that was in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, in the capital city of that fair land of sunshine, music, and art.

Our brother, NICHOLAS ANATOLE PAPENGOUTH, belongs to a limited class of students, in whose studies, and subsequent labours, our late beloved President took special interest. They came from their foreign homes, and in every case passed through the curriculum of our Alma Mater with credit. At the conclusion of their College course, they returned to their respective countries, to labour in the cause of the Master among their own people.

Our friend was born at Odessa, in 1858. His family, though long resident in Russia, was of Dutch origin, if we may judge by the name. But when, or under what circumstances they left the Low Countries, we are not informed. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that those members of the family, from which our brother is directly descended, knew who and what they believed, and that Christ as Lord and Master was able to keep them in all things. They were both consistent and persistent in that faith; and there arose, in consequence, a division between the two branches of the family, and our brother's relatives were denied the rights and privileges of Russian citizenship. His father held commissions in the Russian army and navy for ten years, and occupied a conspicuous post during the Crimean war. Real and valuable as these services were, they weighed as nothing in the eyes of the Russian ecclesiastical authorities. They could not and would not brook the independence of religious thought and action, which resulted in the baptism of the children by a Lutheran. Their grandfather, however, was thought worthy of a public monument, and two of his nephews are to-day in the Russian military service, one as a general, and the other in command of a military district. The ejection from the service of the Czar led to the whole family settling in Naples, in the higher service of the King of kings.

Our brother was converted in Paris at the early age of ten. Of the agency used for the purpose, we are not informed, but we presume it was the prayerful teaching and example of his parents. His baptism, however, did not take place until 1872, in the Seine. He entered the Pastors' College in 1876; and, upon leaving, he at once joined his father, who had been labouring in Naples for twenty-one years. Here our friend remained, for six years, working, with considerable success, in that most difficult of mission fields, independent of any Society or Committee.

His father having, we believe, imbibed the opinions of the Seventh Day Baptists, our brother felt it to be his duty to leave him. He, therefore, in 1884, took up his present work at Milan, under the auspices of the American Baptists. His father was, shortly after, driven from Naples by a ruinous law-suit against one of his evangelists, which was really directed at him. He subsequently started work at Rome, where he is still labouring.

The little hall at Milan will accommodate about a hundred persons. In it, good work has been done. The church numbers about fifty. But for the constant stream of emigration, their membership would not be less than two hundred. Those who have gone forth from their midst have proved that they had obeyed their Lord's allegorical command, "Have salt in yourselves." Their unostentatious Christian character has, nevertheless, been sufficiently evident to raise priestly persecution against them in France, Switzerland, and the other provinces of Italy. One, who was an officer in the police, has been twice removed from his office on account of his faith, but he is not vanquished. In another recent instance, before the death of one, who had gone to the shores of Lake Maggiore, the priests made strenuous and unceasing efforts to induce him to recant, but his dying remonstrance was an evangel to these blind leaders of the blind. Witness was borne to his Christian character by the vast concourse of his friends and neighbours, who followed his remains to the grave, though all of them were publicly excommunicated from the Romish pulpit. This event has caused no small stir in the place, and cannot fail to produce important results. The convert, like Samson, slew more of the Lord's foes in his death than he did during his life.

Mr. Papengouth was called recently to unite the three Missions at Naples,—his father's, the British, and the American Baptists,—and to take charge of them. He was personally quite willing to accept the proposal; but when he mentioned the matter to his people at Milan, the scene, and the outbursts of regret, were such that he felt that he ought not to move. Strong veterans of the War of Independence sobbed and wept with the young and old, testifying to a flock both loving and grateful.

His brother, who also studied at the Pastors' College, was for seven years a missionary in the West Indies, whence he was invalided by reason of an attack of sunstroke. He has been recruiting in the island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples. He hopes soon to be able to resume his work, and so satisfy the craving which he has for souls, in common with the other members of this truly evangelistic family.

Nice.

W. L. LANG.

## 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. XLVI. of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* will (D.V.) be published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, early in the new year, at 7s. It contains fifty-two Sermons by C. H. SPURGEON, most of which were preached in the Tabernacle in 1881; but it also includes several discourses delivered in New Park Street Chapel in 1858, and one as far back as 1855. This combination of the early and later Sermons

has been greatly appreciated by regular readers, who have noted that the doctrines proclaimed by the young man of twenty-four were identical with those taught by the matured preacher when he was double that age. There may have been some change in the form of expressing certain truths, but there was no difference in the truths that were taught at New Park Street Chapel, Exeter Hall, the Surrey

Gardens Music Hall, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, or wherever else Mr. Spurgeon exercised his marvellous ministry.

It is a fact quite unique in the realm of literature that the weekly publication of one man's Sermons should have commenced early in the second half of one century, and should be continued in the next century, even though the preacher himself had for nine years been engaged in the higher service of the upper sanctuary. The number of unpublished discourses is, necessarily, diminishing year by year; but, happily, they can still be counted by hundreds. While they last, all lovers of C. H. Spurgeon, and of the Gospel he delighted to declare, will increasingly prize them, and help to make them known to others. The last-published volume would make a most welcome New Year's gift to any clergyman, minister, or other Christian friend; while anyone possessing it, as well as its forty-five predecessors, would have a vast store of doctrinal and devotional reading matter of the most helpful character.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have published a new edition of *Waymarks for Wanderers*, by W. Y. FULLERTON (price 1s. 6d). The neat little volume comprises a lucid, fresh, and striking exposition of Luke xv. 11—32, as given in five evangelistic addresses delivered in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and also in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, and probably at other places visited by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. The Holy Spirit graciously set His seal upon them in the delivery, and He has also blessed them to many who have read them. The book would make a most appropriate present to a friend under conviction of sin, or one still away in the "far country"; and Christian workers might gain from it many helpful hints concerning the "waymarks" to be pointed out to "wanderers" who may be induced to cry, with

the prodigal, "I will arise, and go to my father."

Mr. T. Walter Partridge, 32, Stockwell Road, London, S.W., the accompanist of the Orphanage choir, has published, in conjunction with Mr. Charlesworth, under the title of *Stockwell Gems*, a dozen music leaflets which have been specially composed or selected to be sung by the orphans. They include such choice pieces as "After the Cross, a Crown;" "Mother's Easy Chair;" "Let the Sunshine in;" "God Calls our Loved Ones;" and the ever-popular "Sabbath Memories," in which several well-known hymns are introduced. This last is a double number (2d.), but the others are a penny each; the set will be sent post free for a shilling, and special terms will be quoted for quantities, on application at the above address.

Mr. Partridge has also arranged two pieces of music of rather a different character.—*Nursery Nonsense, Rhymes and Chimes of Olden Times, and Three Blind Mice, and other Rhymes, with Actions.* The first set is 1s. nett, and the second, 6d. They comprise many of the rhymes with which children are familiar, and of which they never seem to tire. The action songs are specially amusing; anyone who has heard, *and seen*, the orphan boys contrast the way they "go to school" and "come out of school, on a cold and frosty morning," is not likely to forget it. Wherever children gather, these "Nursery Classics" are popular; and, when played and sung at Stockwell, we notice that they are just as much appreciated by adults.

*In the Beginning; or, Stories from Genesis for Children.* By Mrs.

E. R. CONDER. Elliot Stock.

AN interesting arrangement of the early Bible stories, largely in the words of Scripture, so as to be read to or by children. Mrs. Conder does not believe the "days" of Genesis i. are literal days, and therein we do not agree with her.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, 23, Old Bailey, have sent us their Calendars for 1901, including *The Daily Calendar*, *Poetical Daily Calendar*, *Proverbial Daily Calendar*, and *Shakespearean Daily Calendar*. They are a shilling each, the figures can be plainly seen in any part of a large room, and the quotations are wisely made. In the Proverbial Calendar, we meet with many old friends, and now and then we are glad to find pithy and pointed sayings worthy of preservation on "John Ploughman's Almanack."

Several *New Year Addresses* have reached us; all of them are good and helpful, but none are particularly striking, so we simply mention their titles, and the authors' and publishers' names, that friends may make their own selection:—*Too Heavy for me. Is Anything Too Hard for Me?* By SOPHIA M. NUGENT. *The Diadem of Honour*. By CHARLOTTE MURRAY. "Old Faithful;" or, *The Gospel in a Geyser*. By Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A. *Two Ways to Heaven, and Two Ways to Hell*. By a Traveller. All the foregoing are published by Messrs. Partridge and Co., at a penny each. At the same price, from Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling, come *What Time is it?* by the late BISHOP RYLE; *Only Three Words*, by Rev. GEORGE EVERARD; and *A Motto for Life*, by the author of "Have you—?"

Among the later *Annuals*, the first place must be assigned to Mr. Bullock's handsomely-bound, gilt-edged, 7s. 6d. volume, *The Fireside*. With its 762 pages of choice letterpress and illustrations, it is worthy to take rank with the best of the serials. It is issued from "Home Words" publishing office, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C. From the same place, we have received Mr. H. Somerset Bullock's smaller, though not less welcome *Annual, Hand and Heart*, which is excellent value for 2s.

Another volume, which we are always glad to see, is *Our Own*

*Magazine*, the organ of the Children's Special Service Mission, published at 13A, Warwick Lane. The Magazine has now come of age, for this is its twenty-first volume, and it has a circulation of 117,000 monthly. Its success is well deserved, for it keeps up its high tone, and aims at the spiritual blessing of its large army of young readers.

Equally satisfactory are the three annual volumes from Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling,—*The British Messenger*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, and *Good News*. They cannot be circulated too freely, for they are full of Evangelical truth from cover to cover. Their prices also, ranging from 1s., make them more suitable for distribution than more expensive volumes.

We cannot speak quite as confidently concerning *Great Thoughts* (Smith's Publishing Company, 4, St. Bride Street,—4s. 6d.), which appears to us to be an improvement upon what that serial was some years ago, but its contents are not yet all that its title would lead us to expect.

*The Golden Rule* (Sunday School Union, 2s.) is the first volume of the admirable serial which was formerly known as *The Silver Link*. It is an excellent magazine for young people in general, and specially for members of the Y.P.S.C.E. and the I.B.R.A. We wish the Sunday School Union would only issue literature of a helpful tendency, and we fully agree with those who consider such a publication as *Boys of the Empire* as unworthy to be associated with the headquarters of the Sunday-school movement.

*Notes on the Scripture Lessons for the year 1901. The International Pocket Notes, January to June, 1901.* By FRANK SPOONER, B.A. Sunday School Union.

MR. SPOONER'S first series of *Pocket Notes* has proved so marked a success that we give a hearty welcome to the second instalment of them. Sixpence will be well invested in



the purchase of such a handy set of hints and helps for busy teachers. In one place, we note an illustration by C. J. Spurgeon, which we suppose should be C. H. S. The *Notes* have reached their fifty-seventh annual issue, and their widespread adoption and use indicate the teachers' estimate of their value. The new volume, published at 2s., appears well worthy to take its place with its fifty-six predecessors.

*The Baptist Almanack*, published by Messrs. Robert Banks and Son at 2d. and 4d., has reached its Jubilee year of publication, and is as full and accurate as ever. It is indispensable to all London Baptists or their provincial brethren who wish for information concerning the denomination in the metropolis, and in various country towns. The frontispiece is a tinted portrait of Dr. John Robertson, of whom a brief biographical sketch is given, with an account of his present sphere of service at the East London Tabernacle. The other illustrations are representations of the new Sunday-school and platform at Chatsworth Road Chapel, Norwood, and of the new baptistery at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*The Scripture Pocket Book for 1907*, issued at 1s. 6d. by the Religious Tract Society, is compiled as excellently as usual. There is some interesting astronomical information supplied by W. T. Lynn, Esq., B.A., F.R.A.S., and the pages of "Facts about China" and "Chinese Nomenclature" are specially timely.

More *Story-books* have come from Messrs. Nelson and Sons, as noteworthy as their predecessors for excellence of typography, illustrations, etc. The first in the list is a handsome five-shilling volume, *My Lady Marcia*, by ELIZA F. POLLARD, a most thrilling account of a young English lady's experiences in France before and during the Revolution. A double wedding shows that, amid the awful tragedies

of the time, loving couples managed to meet, and afterwards to mate. Another five-shilling book, *After Worcester*, by E. EVERETT-GREEN, may please those who regard Oliver Cromwell as "a hideous red-nosed soldier of fortune, with nothing but his military skill to recommend him;" but it will not be acceptable to our readers except as a faithful picture of the plottings and perils of the Cavaliers under the Commonwealth. A couple of love-stories are woven into the narrative. *Adventurers All*, by K. M. EADY (2s. 6d.), is a stirring story of daring deeds in the Philippine Islands at the beginning of the war which the United States is still waging there. The hero is supposed to witness Admiral Dewey's victorious fight at Cavité. *Rhoda*, by E. L. HAVERFIELD (2s. 6d.), tells how five orphan girls lived on £350 a year, buying useful and necessary, or sometimes unnecessary, articles on the three years' system, when they might have been a good deal happier if they had adopted the "do without system" until they had cash in hand for the desired purchases. Love-stories add to the interest of the tale. *Gunpowder Treason and Plot* (2s.) is the title of one of seven stories for boys by HAROLD AVERY and other well-known writers. "In Honour Bound" is a fine testimony to the value of an honourable and brave man's word.

Yet another parcel has come from Messrs. Nelson and Sons, containing seven more *Story-books*, issued in their usual admirable style. The first, at 2s. 6d., *A Gordon Highlander*, by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN,—is a touching tale of a soldier's son, which would have delighted us more if it had dealt fairly with the brave farmers who are being so cruelly crushed out of existence in South Africa. Next come two 2s. books,—*A Terrible Feud, and other Stories for Children*; and *Ivy and Oak, and other Stories for Girls*;—the first, just the very thing for reading to the

little folks; the other, more suitable for the growing-up girls at home for the holidays. School-boys and their ways are amusingly described by HAROLD AVERY, in the 1s. 6d. volume, *A Toast Flag, and other Stories*; and the present list closes with three 1s. books,—*A Little Ray of Sunshine*, by JENNIE CHAPPELL; *The Overtons*, by ELSIE MACGREGOR; and *Craddles*, by ALICE KNIGHT,—all of which will interest the youthful readers who are privileged to possess them.

Mr. Andrew Melrose has sent us two more *Story-books*,—the first, *From the Scourge of the Tongue*, by BESSIE MARCHANT (3s. 6d.), a fascinating but rather improbable tale in which the heroine triumphantly emerges from cruel slander and great suffering;—and the second, *Barfield's Blazer*, and other school stories, by W. E. CULE (2s. 6d.), which might have been more interesting if they had been woven into a continuous narrative. Even as they are, they will delight many youthful readers, especially boys.

The new shilling volume in the Sunday School Union's "Green Nursery Series"—*Our Holiday in London*, by ELLEN VELVIN,—would make a capital guide-book for those who are trying to see the sights of London, or it would convey to others a very good idea of much that is to be seen in our great metropolis. Quite a mass of historical information is woven into the narrative, which is written in a bright, popular style.

Mr. Alfred Holness, 14, Pater-noster Row, has published a penny booklet of 64 pages which ought to be very widely circulated,—*What Christ Taught; or, "Modern Thought" in the Light of His Words*, by H. D. BROWN (London). The popular modern errors and heresies are faithfully exposed and condemned, and the great Evangelical doctrines are just as clearly made known.

*The Palace of Poor Jack.* By FRANK T. BULLEN. Nisbet and Co.

WITH Mr. Bullen's powerful plea,—all the more potent because of his personal experience of a sailor's trials and temptations,—with a "foreword" from Mr. S. R. Crockett, and an "afterword" from Mr. Matthews, the indefatigable and sympathetic Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, there ought to be no doubt about the sale of the 100,000 copies of this shilling illustrated booklet anticipated by its author. Then, if each of the *three* hundred thousand persons who will, he hopes, read his appeal, will send the one or two shillings for which he asks for the endowment and equipment of the Sailors' Palace so generously given by Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, the work will be done, and many a "poor Jack" will be preserved from shipwreck ashore; and, with God's blessing, will be safely piloted into the heavenly harbour. Our readers will be specially interested in noting Mr. Bullen's touching reference to the shipmaster's widow, who brought to Mr. Spurgeon £50 for the Sailors' Society, with the prayer that some one of its missionaries might find and rescue her long-lost sailor son.

*Church Folks.* By IAN MACLAREN. Hodder and Stoughton.

MANY who read this series of papers in *The British Weekly* will like to preserve them in this handy form. They embrace a wide range of subjects, and relate to many phases of ministerial and congregational life. The chapter on "The Revival of a Minister" might suggest to many churches the way in which the members also might be revived. "The Candy-pull System in the Church" may apply specially to the United States, but the evil against which "Ian Mac-laren" protests is rife here also in the form of Entertainments, Bazaars, and Fancy Fairs, with such "side-shows" and "exhibitions" as hat-trimming and washing competitions by gentlemen!

We are glad to find such a man as Dr. John Watson writing thus:—"Would Christianity have begun to exist if the apostles had been 'pleasing preachers' and 'bright men,' and had given themselves to 'socials' and 'sales' and 'talks'? The Church triumphed by her faith, her holiness, her courage, and by these high virtues she must stand in this age also. She is the witness to immortality, the spiritual home of souls, the servant of the poor, the protector of the friendless; and if she sinks into a place of second-rate entertainment, then it were better that her history should close, for without her spiritual visions and austere ideals the Church is not worth preserving."

*Woman: her Charm and Power.*  
By ROBERT P. DOWNES, LL.D.  
Charles H. Kelly.

DR. DOWNES has a high ideal of what woman should be, and his dainty volume ought to help many to reach it. There are chapters upon the duties of woman as daughter, sister, wife, and mother; nor is the lone woman's useful sphere of service forgotten. There are many examples of true women who have been blessings in their homes and to the world at large, and the whole style of the volume should make it a welcome wedding present to a lady-friend.

*Children's Sayings.* Edited, with a Digression on the Small People, by WILLIAM CANTON.  
Isbister and Co.

A CHARMING volume, marred here and there by Downgradeism. What a pity that some of the sweetest sayings of children could not be strung together without dragging in the unscriptural doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood! We wonder whether the author or printer is responsible for the use of the letter *b* as the initial of the word Bible. God's Book is worthy of a capital letter.

A few of the sayings here given would have been better omitted.

for children are often, unconsciously, shockingly irreverent; but most of the utterances here collected are well worthy of preservation, and some of them are jewels of the first water.

*State Prohibition and Local Option.*  
By JOSEPH ROWNTREE and ARTHUR SHERWELL. Hodder and Stoughton.

A MOST valuable reprint from the seventh edition of the famous book on "The Temperance Problem." It deals especially with the Prohibition and Local Option movements as actually at work in the American States. It is a very capable and lucid exposition; and being copiously illustrated with maps and photos, its usefulness can scarcely be overstated. It ought to be in the hands of all Temperance sympathizers, and be carefully studied, that it may prompt action in this kingdom along similar or kindred lines. It is a marvel of cheap production at a *shilling net*, and can only be made to pay by having an immense sale. The cheapest shillingworth, and most up-to-date that could be secured. Get it, read it, and then pass it on to someone else.

*Facts about the Memory and its Use.* By Rev. J. D. KILBURN.  
Partridge and Co.

MR. KILBURN'S system certainly has the appearance of simplicity, and he gives a number of emphatic testimonies to its efficiency in practical use. As he says, in one part of the booklet, it is "not merely a mnemonical, but a mental help;" and we may add that it is also a moral and spiritual help, for great gospel truths are interwoven with the facts and figures which students of the system are bidden to remember. All who are troubled with defective memories will be wise to expend a shilling in the purchase of the booklet. In any case, they will do good, even if they do not gain any personal benefit from it, for all profits arising from its sale will be devoted to foreign mission work.

*New Editions* of various works have come to hand, but space can only be spared for brief mention of them.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott have published, at 5s., the Authorized Edition of *The Life of Dwight L. Moody*, by his son, W. R. MOODY. Being unabridged, and containing 576 large octavo pages, and over eighty of the hundred illustrations in the half-guinea volume, it is remarkably cheap, and ought to be the means of making many more thousands of readers acquainted with the life-story of the great American evangelist.

At the same price, the Religious Tract Society has issued a new edition of DR. EDERSHEIM'S standard work, *The Temple: its Ministry and Services as they were at the time of Jesus Christ*,—a volume which is simply invaluable to every Bible student who would understand the symbolical meaning of the gorgeous ritual of the ancient Temple service which was for ever abolished when Christ became "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

A work, which reached its seventh edition in the eighteenth century, and which has been upon the list of the R.T.S. since 1827, starts upon a new mission as the twentieth century begins. It is entitled *The Force of Truth; an authentic narrative*, by Rev. THOMAS SCOTT, and is at once an autobiography of the worthy Commentator, and an exposition of the great Evangelical doctrines of Christianity. It is now issued at 1s. 6d.

At the same price, the Religious Tract Society has published another small volume, which we commended when the Australian edition reached us,—"*Yet Will I Trust Him*," an autobiographical sketch by Miss H. R. HIGGINS, who narrates, in a simple, gracious fashion, the story of her extraordinary sufferings, and of the way in which they have been sanctified to the glory of God, and to the edification of other afflicted ones.

A sixpenny pamphlet of 96 pages,

issued by the R.T.S., records the remarkable history of the striking tract entitled *The Swearer's Prayer*, which was published early in the nineteenth century, has had a circulation of between six and seven millions, has been translated into at least a dozen languages, and has been greatly blessed by God. The tract was never more needed than at the present time, for it is scarcely possible that profane swearing could ever have been more prevalent than it is among the men, women, and even children of to-day. One cannot pass along the street, at least in London, without being compelled to listen to blasphemous and obscene language similar to that which vexed the righteous soul of Lot in Sodom of old.

Mr. George Stoneman has published a revised and enlarged edition of *Points and Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers*, by Rev. JOHN MITCHELL, a really remarkable collection of anecdotes, stories, and illustrations which might be used in sermons and addresses, or in conversation with the unconcerned and the awakened.

From the same publisher comes a new and revised edition of the charming story which Mr. J. M. Barrie has so highly praised,—*Busy Bee; or, the Little Watercress Seller*, by NETTA LEIGH. This book should be placed straightway in every Sunday-school library which does not already possess it, and it should also be included among the New Year or birthday presents of boys and girls who may, by reading the story, be stirred up to become as useful as the little watercress seller was.

Two shilling books (1s. 6d. each in cloth), just published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott, should be in every Christian home and every library in the land,—*The Story of the Tinker of Bedford, and the Book that he Wrote*, by W. STANLEY MARTIN; and *The Fights and Flights of the Huguenots*, by EBENEZER WILMSHURST. Both

writers have proved their power to reach the ear and heart of the public, old and young; and with such themes as Bunyan and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and St. Bartholomew and the Huguenots, they have subjects worthy of their noblest efforts.

*The Golden Gate of Prayer.* Devotional Studies on the Lord's Prayer. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

CRITICISM is disarmed by the word devotional in the sub-title of this dainty book, and also by the frank statement of the Preface, "These chapters are not expositions,—they are no more than studies." Indeed, the milder description is quite strong enough.

After one has read Dr. Stanford's classic studies on the Lord's Prayer, everything else seems thin; and these devotional sketches, while reminiscent of Stanford, make the comparison obvious, if not odious. The kindest friend of Dr. Miller would be the one who could persuade him not to publish another new book until he has something fresh to say.

*The Christian Worker's Equipment.* By F. E. MARSH, Sunderland. Marshall Brothers.

PASTOR MARSH speaks and writes a message out of the Book. He knows his Bible, and believes it. He airs no doubts, he casts no shadows; his teaching is all clear sunlight truth. The Christian worker, who reads this book as it deserves to be read, will be a stronger and better servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, for here is strong meat, and milk as well, and the sparkling wine of the Kingdom. Happy are the people who have listened to such addresses, and almost equally happy are those who here read them. Would you know more of the work of the Holy Spirit, Assurance, Consecration, Sanctification, Growth, Power, Reward? Then, study this volume, for these subjects, and many more, are dealt with in a way that must commend

itself to the true Christian worker. This work will be a useful handbook for Bible-classes, and it will suggest many topics for Bible-readings. Now and again it sparkles with bright, telling illustrations, and altogether is a book which deserves our warmest commendation.

*The Clayborough Endeavourers.* By G. H. HEMSOLL. Elliot Stock.

PROBABLY a good many of our readers recollect this story as it appeared in *The Baptist*, and they will welcome it in volume form. It is the history of the origin, progress, and success of a Christian Endeavour Society, related in a realistic and pleasing manner. Members of the Y.P.S.C.E. will be specially interested in the narrative, but other readers will also like to follow the fortunes of the various characters introduced by the author.

*A Little Botany for Little People, and the Making of Hills and Valleys.* By Rev. Professor G. HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. G. Stoneman.

BOTANY and Geology taught in a fascinating fashion, in language that even children can understand, in a booklet of 80 pages. In the first part, the flowers and vegetables tell their own story, and a very interesting and instructive one it is.

*The Romance of the South Pole* By G. BARNETT SMITH. Nelson and Sons.

A WELL-WRITTEN, illustrated narrative of Antarctic voyages and explorations, describing all the principal expeditions during the last three centuries, with the exception of the one which was, perhaps, too recent to be included in this volume. The publishers rightly call it "fascinating geography." Such books are well worthy of the attention of youthful readers of both sexes.

*These Three.* By Mrs. A. R. SIMPSON. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. ANOTHER of the charming little books with which this gifted authoress graces the years. We scarcely know how to characterize them; they are artistic, yet scrappy; simple, but full of the result of deep thinking; revealing the writer at every turn, yet more clearly revealing her Saviour; enriched with rare extracts and quaint

conceits, smooth, yet jerky. Here is a quotation, taken almost at random, and showing both the subject of the book and its style:—"It is Faith that sings, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' It is Hope that answers, 'Oh, rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him;' whilst Love's assurance finds expression, saying of all the way to come, 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,' and the Shepherd's name is Love."

## Notes.

Since our last "Note" was published, MRS. C. H. SPURGEON has been called to pass through another trying period of great weakness; but, at the time of writing, she appears to be regaining a little strength, though not sufficient to enable her to resume her literary labours.

Mrs. Spurgeon has received from Mr. Frey, of Riga, a copy of the Lettish translation of *Morning by Morning* and *Evening by Evening*. As far back as 1895, some of our readers generously contributed a considerable sum towards the cost of issuing the daily readings in the language of the Letts; and those donors who are still spared will rejoice with us in the completion of the enterprise. The volume consists of 740 large octavo pages, clearly printed and strongly bound, and is certainly remarkably cheap at 3s. Mr. Frey explains that the people cannot buy books unless they are issued at a low price, and then he adds:—

"I am very sorry that I cannot yet publish more translations of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. I have translated three more into Lettish, and I have received from a pastor two in the Esthonian language; but they are all waiting for the permission of the censor. As soon as I get his authority, I will let them be printed. I have not a copy of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons left for distribution, and I could distribute thousands if I had them."

If our readers will join us in praying the Lord to influence the censor to give the required permission, the good work can again go on; and then, further funds will be needed to pay for the fresh Sermons as they are printed.

The following letter to Mrs. Spurgeon, from a provincial pastor, gives a touching instance of the usefulness of the beloved preacher's Sermons to aged Christians in the homeland:—

"It will doubtless cheer your heart to hear how greatly God has blessed dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons to an old couple, who lived in a very lonely country district within the sphere of my visitations. They were both considerably over eighty years of age; and every evening, after tea, the old man would say, 'Now, wifey, let's have a Spurgeon's Sermon before we go to bed;' and he would read one out of the volume which I had left at the cottage for his use. It is more than thirty years since they have been able to get to a public service; and it has always been a joy to anyone to visit them, and to hear how very much spiritual profit they derived from reading the Sermons of the great preacher. The husband used often to say to me, when I called to see them, 'I can live and die on these blessed Sermons, for they are like milk and meat.'

"I little thought, a month ago, when I last saw him alive, how near he was to Heaven, where he was to meet the dear preacher of those Sermons he fairly lived upon. It was only four days after I had called that he was reading the Sermon, 'Redemption by Price,' (No. 1,554), and had got only half-way through it when, all of a sudden, he closed the volume, and said, 'I am going, going, going,'—and he was gone! I now have the volume returned to me; and, at the page where he was reading, is an old tract, just as he left it when he passed away to be for ever with the Lord."

Many commendations of the two

Almanacks have been given. One of "our own men" writes:—"John Ploughman's Almanack is capital. The proverbs read well; they seem to me to maintain their old standard; many reach the first rank. If only C. H. S. had been here, at the back of them, they would have been widely acclaimed and quoted." Another of our brethren says:—"The Sheet Almanack is very good. 'John Ploughman' would be delighted to see how well it is maintained. It must require much thought to keep it at high-water mark. The *Book Almanack* has long been a favourite with me. If anything, it is better than ever. That snail is excellent, so are the swallows; indeed, all is good."

A lady writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"I cannot tell you how much you have been to me, all these years, through your dear little Almanack, for I have got them from about the beginning of their publication, and have given them to many instead of Christmas cards. One old lady made pockets in the back of her easy chair to hold them all as she got them; and another precious invalid, who can neither move nor speak, but writes most beautiful letters, enjoys them. I am so sorry to learn that you have written this one in such pain. . . . I am such an admirer of your dear and honoured husband that I have got a hundred of his Sermons to give to sick and lonely ones, and I enjoy reading them myself first. . . . Thanks so much for all you have been enabled to do for others. May you have much comfort to your own soul from the very heart of God!"

All readers of the Magazine should see that they get, with the January number, the presentation plate given by the publishers. It is a beautiful memento of the opening of the new Metropolitan Tabernacle. We shall be glad if friends will help us to make the presentation known, and also if they will aid us in keeping up and extending the circulation of the Magazine.

The WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE, to be conducted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on New Year's Eve, will be of a very special character; for, not only will it be the first such service in the rebuilt sanctuary, but those who remain to the end of it will be able to watch the

old century out and the new century in under peculiarly solemn circumstances. It is probable that the new building will be crowded to its utmost capacity, so that all who wish to be present should take care to be at the Tabernacle between ten o'clock and half-past ten on Monday night, December 31.

On *Wednesday evening, November 21*, a "New Century Missionary Demonstration" in connection with the YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION was held in the Tabernacle. The chair was occupied by the President, Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., and there was a large audience, though not sufficient to fill the building. Mr. E. J. Wigney read extracts from the Annual Report, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon gave a hearty welcome to all, the President spoke upon "Preparing for the Advance," and several representative speakers delivered "New Century Messages." A special feature of the evening's proceedings was the lime-light lecture on "The Missionary Crisis in China" by Rev. George W. Clarke, of Tien-tsin, who proved very clearly that the Protestant missionaries were not the cause of the present trouble, but that it arose from the continued encroachments of the Romanists and the various foreign powers, which the Chinese very naturally resented.

All who desire information concerning the Young Christians' Missionary Union should write to Mr. E. J. Wigney, 8, St. Martin's Road, Stockwell, S.W.

On *Wednesday evening, November 28*, the annual meeting of the HADDON HALL TRACT SOCIETY AND BENEVOLENT FUND was held under the presidency of William Vinson, Esq. There were large attendances at the tea and public meeting. Pastor C. Spurgeon was to have been a speaker, but was prevented by illness. The Report stated that over fifty persons, connected with Haddon Hall, are engaged in the work of the Tract Society. In all, 46 districts, containing a very large population, are visited. All the districts are quite close to the Hall, making invitations to the services the more likely to be accepted. In connection with the Tract Society, a Benevolent Fund was started some years ago. It has grown to considerable proportions, its in-

come for the last twelve months being £112 12s. 10d. 1,030 tickets for coals and provisions have been distributed to widows, sick people, out-of-work cases, etc., during that time. Several interesting instances of blessing were reported during the evening, and between £70 and £80 were given or promised towards the Benevolent Fund. Any of our readers who wish to "add thereto" will find their contributions gratefully acknowledged by Mr. William Olney, "Hill View," Champion Hill, S.E. He writes:—"The needs of Bermondsey are appalling. 'Pray for us.'"

On *Wednesday evening, December 12*, the "London Inaugural Meeting" of THE FREE CHURCHES TWENTIETH CENTURY TEMPERANCE CRUSADE was held at the Tabernacle. The special object of the Crusade is the obtaining of a million new pledges from adults as early as possible in the century about to begin. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and representatives of several different denominations took part in the proceedings, which made up in enthusiasm for the lack of the numbers that had been expected. All information and literature concerning the Crusade can be obtained of the Secretaries, 11, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

COLLEGE.—Mr. R. L. Jennings has been accepted by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for work at Matadi, Congo River, Africa. He hopes to start for his future sphere of service in January.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. H. Knee is going, from Bristol, to Queen Street, Peterborough; Mr. W. E. Piper, formerly of Eltham, is settling at Wimborne, Dorsetshire; and Mr. J. Young has gone, from Rugby, to Normanton.

Mr. C. Crabbe, of East London, South Africa, has taken temporary charge of the church at Bloemfontein; and Mr. W. H. Watson, who went recently to Durban, Natal, has become pastor of the newly-formed church at Berea, a suburb of Durban.

On *Thursday evening, December 6*, the annual meeting of the College was held in the Tabernacle. Notwithstanding very heavy rain, a large company met for tea in the new Lecture Hall and Schoolroom, and many more joined them afterwards. The President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, oc-

cupied the chair; and, in mentioning the absence, through illness, of his brother, expressed his gratitude for the Vice-President's services to the students in the domestic, homiletic, and athletic departments; and then spoke of the continued applications for admission to the College, and from the churches for "our own men" to serve them in the pastorate. Dr. McCaig gave particulars concerning the eighteen students who had completed their course since the last anniversary, and Mr. Debnam, one of the brethren still in the College, delivered a very effective address. Pasteur R. Saillens was to have been present, but he had to return to Paris, before the meeting, because of the serious illness of one of his best helpers.

A very notable part of the evening's proceedings was the lecture, by Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, on "Impressions and Recollections of Charles Haddon Spurgeon." It was generally admitted that the tribute, both to the preacher and to the man, was the most remarkable that has yet been delivered. If any lovers of C. H. S. see an announcement that the lecture is to be delivered in their neighbourhood, let them, by all means, go to hear it.

COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the College, the President gave particulars of the "New Century Enterprise" to which he has referred in "The Pastor's Page" in this month's Magazine. Finding that the Baptist brethren in Paris needed help, he had consulted the College Trustees, and they had approved of the suggestion to raise 1901 shillings during the year 1901 for the support of Mr. Blocher (a former student of the Pastors' College) as assistant to Pasteur Saillens, of Paris. A special form of receipt has been designed,—bearing portraits of Pastors Thomas Spurgeon, R. Saillens, and A. Blocher, with a view of the Baptist Chapel in the Rue Meslay, Paris,—and any number of these, at one shilling each, can be obtained on application to Mrs. T. Spurgeon, 14, Macaulay Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.

ORPHANAGE.—As the Magazine is published before Christmas, we must postpone until next month our report of the festivities, and also the lists of contributions received after December 10.



COLPORTAGE.—The past month has brought nothing of a striking character in connection with any department of the work, but it has been a time of steady plodding, and of quiet success. From many Districts, tokens of spiritual blessing are reported; the following brief extracts from them will be read with interest.

One of the colporteurs writes:—“In the early summer, I succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in selling a *South African Traveller's Guide* to a woman, whose husband was away at the front. She forwarded it to him, and I have since heard that it has been made the means of leading him to the Saviour.” Another brother writes:—“Blessing has rested upon books which I have sold, specially ‘*Precious Truths for Everyone*.’ A lady, who had purchased one, found it such a spiritual help that, when next I saw her, she bought another to send away to a friend.” A third says:—“I visited a poor man, who was very ill; and as he grew worse, constant watching and nursing were needed. I sat up with him during two nights; his mind wandered, and he was unconscious a good deal; but,

in moments of clearness, I had the gratification of hearing him declare that he was at peace. He said it had been a hard fight, but that Satan was not going to have it all his own way. I repeated the verse, ‘Jesu, lover of my soul,’ and he whispered faintly, ‘Ah, that’s it! Peace at last!’”

During the month, the Secretary has visited Districts in Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Warwickshire; and he was gratified to find the respect and esteem in which the brethren are held in every case. At Bourton-on-the-Water, he had the privilege of addressing a Colportage meeting which had been arranged, after twenty-five years of continuous successful Colportage work in the locality.

The Funds are a source of some anxiety, and subscriptions are earnestly invited; all contributions and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. S. Wigney, Pastors’ College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle—November 29, nine.

## Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1900.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Amount previously acknowledged	24,091	3	10	Miss Blackman	...	0	2	6	
Collected by Mrs. J. White	...	0	16	6	Mr. T. Albany	...	0	8	9
Collected by Mr. W. Gwillim	...	10	0	0	Mrs. Marriott	...	0	7	6
Mrs. W. Ashby	...	1	1	0	Mrs. Smith	...	0	2	0
Miss E. Wood	...	1	0	0					
Collecting boxes:—									
Mrs. F. Guy	...	0	4	0					£24,105 6 1

## Pastors’ College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1900.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Miss Hadfield	...	10	0	0	Mrs. C. Robertson	...	1	0	0
Mr. D. C. Apperly	...	2	2	0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff	...	0	2	6
Mr. Wadland	...	1	0	0	M. H. B. W.	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Keevil	...	10	0	0
Miss Higgs	...	2	2	0	In loving memory of C. H. S., per				
Pastor J. J. Knight	...	1	1	0	J. T. D.	...	2	10	0
Mrs. M. M. Ferguson	...	1	1	0	Mr. P. Davies, per Mr. James Withers	...	0	10	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	...	2	2	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:				
Pastor N. Dobson	...	5	0	0	Nov. 18	...	3	11	9
Mr. F. J. H. Humphrey	...	1	0	0	„ 25	...	2	3	9
Pastor H. F. Adams	...	1	0	6	Dec. 2	...	6	11	0
Mr. John Robinson	...	1	1	0					
Collection at Fairford Baptist									12 6 6
Chapel, Gloucestershire, per Pastor									£56 3 6
A. R. Morgan	...	0	15	0					

# Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1900.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. P. J. Thomas	0	3	3	Collected by Miss Hall ...	0	2	8
Mrs. C. Robertson	0	5	0	For Christ's Sake	0	5	0
Anon., per Mrs. T. Spurgeon	2	0	0				
Mr. H. Higbed	0	2	6				
					£2	18	5

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 16th to December 10th, 1900.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0	Penge Baptist Tabernacle, per Mr.			
Mr. L. Atkinson	1	1	0	A. N. Chew	3	15	0
Mrs. A. Thomson	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Barrah	0	10	0
Mrs. D. Campbell	0	5	0	Mrs. C. Robertson	1	5	0
Mr. J. Mee	0	2	6	Mrs. G. Watt	0	2	6
Misses D. and O. Strickland	1	3	0	Miss Watts	2	2	0
Collected by Miss H. Wood	0	6	6	D. T. W. T.	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Jamieson	1	0	0	Miss L. M. Walker	1	0	0
Miss M. Hadfield	10	0	0	Collected by Master Hall	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lister	2	2	0	Mr. W. B. Wearing	1	1	0
Mrs. E. J. Walker	2	2	0	Mrs. and Miss Lowe	1	10	0
Rev. T. Matthew	1	0	0	Mrs. Milne	0	10	0
Mr. Baker	1	0	0	Miss B. M. Swift	0	10	0
X. Y. Z.	0	2	0	In memoriam, K. D. S.	0	13	6
Collected by Mr. C. S. Pellatt	0	13	0	Miss Hayball	0	5	0
Mr. S. Bastow	0	2	6	Mr. H. R. Dalgleish	0	5	0
Postal order, South Shields	1	0	0	Mr. J. W. Jackson	1	0	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	6	6	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. Buhicosan	0	6	0	Mr. S. R. White	0	2	6
Per Mr. J. W. Hose:—				Old soldier, Govan	0	5	0
Mr. J. Howard Moore, J.P.	1	0	0	Maiden	0	5	0
Miss Spackman	0	5	0	Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hose	0	15	0	Mrs. Curtis	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. W. Hose	0	4	0	Miss Macduff	2	2	0
				Mr. R. Baxter Booth	1	1	0
	2	4	0	S. Newball	0	4	0
Trustees of the Dalmar Charitable				Miss H. E. Sampson	0	5	0
Trust, per Mr. Henry Verden	5	5	0	Collected by Mr. H. A. Yerbury	0	2	6
Miss O. E. Selfe	0	10	0	Mrs. Jarman	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Lewis	0	10	0	Mrs. W. Hiner	0	1	0
Miss A. Bath, per Miss Curtis	0	5	0	Master F. R. Linsell	0	2	0
Mrs. Goodman	0	2	6	Mrs. Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. J. A. James	2	14	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Mr. A. H. Sexton	1	0	0
A widow, Worksop	0	3	0	Miss Pinckstone	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Rouse	0	2	6	Mr. R. Bilton	0	6	0
Matt. xiv. 20	0	10	0	Miss White	0	5	0
Rev. C. L. Gordon	0	2	6	Mrs. Lawrence	0	2	6
G. M. A.	10	0	0	Sixpence per week	1	6	0
In loving memory of W. T. Clark	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Gilby	1	1	0
Rev. Jas. Smalley	0	5	0	M. G.	5	0	0
Miss F. Hall	0	10	6	Mrs. Tice	0	10	6
Rev. W. Woods	0	10	0	Postal order, Pyrlford	0	5	0
L. M.	25	0	0	Mr. J. P. Sones	0	2	6
Mrs. W. J. Bear	0	10	0	Miss E. Milroy	3	0	0
Mrs. W. Rainbow	1	0	0	Mr. Wm. Dixon	2	2	0
Mrs. Horsburgh	0	1	6	Miss E. Kirtley	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Tansley:—				Mrs. Rennard	1	0	0
Mrs. Storrar	0	5	0	M. C., Bedford	0	10	0
Mr. Mellows	1	1	0	Mrs. Everest	0	5	0
Rev. T. Barratt	0	2	6	Miss Hewlett	0	5	0
Mr. Colman	0	10	0	Mr. H. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. H. Colman	0	5	0	Postal order, Aberdeen	0	5	0
Mr. Hendry	0	5	0	Miss N. Mizen	0	3	6
Mrs. Christian	0	2	6	Miss E. Crumpton	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Willson	0	5	0	Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0
Mr. Tansley	0	10	0	Mr. D. C. Apperley	2	2	0
Miss Hall and Miss Torey	0	5	0	A. and M.	1	0	0
				Mrs. F. H. Gray	1	1	0
A friend	3	11	0				
	0	15	0				

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Rev. W. Parry	...	0	5	0	Executors of the late Miss M. A.	...			
M. H. B. W.	...	1	0	0	Lane	...	18	0	0
Mrs. L. Garrett	...	5	0	0	Executor of the late Miss Mary	...			
Mrs. Spear	...	0	5	0	Smith	...	1	10	4
Per Mrs. J. Withers:—					Sandwich, per Bankers	...	2	2	0
Mr. E. P. Collier	...	1	0	0	In memory of the late Rev. J. G. Van	...			
Mr. P. Davies	...	1	0	0	Rijn	...	5	9	7
Mrs. S. J. Davies	...	1	0	0	CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FUND:—				
Mrs. Hampton	...	0	10	0	Mrs. S. J. Porter	...	1	0	0
Mr. Wells	...	0	5	0	Miss L. M. Walker	...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davies	...	0	2	6	Mrs. M. A. Ferguson	...	2	0	0
				3 17 6	Miss P. White	...	0	2	6
Mr. F. C. Neve	...	1	1	0	Bessie	...	10	10	0
Mrs. Lake	...	0	3	0	Mrs. A. Shearman	...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Hardy	...	0	5	0	H. E. S.	...	1	1	0
Mrs. T. Miller	...	0	2	6	Mr. R. L. Thompson	...	1	0	0
Mrs. W. H. Beeman	...	3	3	0	Mr. S. Bradshaw	...	0	5	0
J. Allen, Portsmouth	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Faulconer	...	5	0	0
Mr. H. Tyler	...	1	0	0	Mr. W. A. Nathan	...	0	5	0
Mr. D. H. Wood	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Buckmaster	...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Flanders	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Sturdy	...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. J. Hicks	...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Phillips	...	0	2	6
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrews	...	0	7	0	Mrs. Cantwell	...	0	2	0
Mr. E. Sykes	...	0	5	0	Mr. R. J. Hatton	...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Illman	...	0	3	6	Mr. J. W. Seaman	...	0	2	0
Mrs. E. L. Simpson	...	0	5	0	S. B. S.	...	1	0	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	...	0	2	0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH				
Miss E. Clover	...	0	5	0	AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—				
Collected by Mrs. A. Johnson	...	0	10	0	Cambridge Auxiliary	...	22	0	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	...	5	0	0	Willingham	...	12	11	0
Mr. J. Thomas	...	0	10	0	Waterbeach	...	9	5	6
Collected by Mr. Whitehorn	...	0	9	8	Guildford	...	13	12	3
Mrs. B. Jones	...	1	1	0	Emsworth	...	12	2	6
Per Miss Tarrant:—					Brondesbury Baptist Church	...	23	12	1
Mrs. Seed	...	0	10	0	Lambeth Band of Hope Union	...	1	1	0
Miss Seed	...	0	10	0	SEA-SIDE HOME, MARGATE:—				
				1 0 0	Mrs. Woodbridge	...	0	1	0
Executrix of the late Mr. Charles	...				Mr. D. Macpherson	...	0	5	0
Martin	...	225	0	0	<u>£702 13 11</u>				
Executors of the late Miss L. M. A.	...								
Battam	...	90	0	0					
Mr. James Clark	...	63	0	0					

## LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM NOVEMBER 15TH TO DECEMBER 10TH, 1900.

PROVISIONS:—5 cwt. Broken Biscuits, Messrs. H. O. Serpell and Co.; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 10 cwt. Jam, Mr. G. H. Dean; 1 Sack of Apples, Mr. W. J. Graham; 1 Lamb, Mr. J. Williamson; 1 Hamper of Apples, Mrs. R. V. Barrow; 1 Box of Christmas Fruit, Mr. A. Tilley; 1 Bag of Flour, Mr. C. P. Clover.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—15 Articles, Mrs. M. O. Sellar; 11 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 12 Sailor Hats, Mr. Owers; 6 Articles (boys' and girls'), Anon.; 14 Articles (boys' and girls'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Down; 91 Articles (boys' and girls'), Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Articles, Miss Burningham; 21 White Pinafores, Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon; 4 Articles (boys' and girls'), Miss Alice Stephenson; 59 Articles (boys' and girls'), Reading Young Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers; 17 Articles, 12 yards Calico, 12 yards Flannel, Miss E. Torr; 37 Articles, Miss Poole.

GENERAL:—Parcel of Periodicals, Mrs. Wren; Parcel of Periodicals, Messrs. Morgan and Scott; 12 months of the "Light in the Home," Miss Barrow; 12 Haberdashery Cabinets (prizes for girls), Mr. F. W. Amsden; a few Christmas Cards, Master F. R. Linsell; 1,000 Temperance Magazines, Mr. A. P. Brown; 6 Scrap Books, Miss Poole; 1 vol. each "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," "Boys' Own Paper," "Girls' Own Paper," "Cottage and Artisan," "Friendly Greetings," "Child's Companion," "Light in the Home," Mrs. J. G. Van Rijn (in memory of the late Rev. J. G. Van Rijn).

## Colportage Association.

## Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 8th, 1900.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Hadleigh, per Rev. W. F. Durant	...	10	0	0	Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	...	10	0	0
Taunton, per Mr. T. W. Penny	...	11	5	0	Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J.	...			
Chard, per Mr. T. W. Penny	...	11	5	0	Moffat, J.P.	...	10	0	0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	...	10	0	0	Maldon, per Rev. C. D. Gooding	...	3	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7	10	0
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	11	5	0
Sellindge, per Mr. T. E. Yeld	1	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. J. Turner	0	5	0
	£146	5	0

AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. A. W. Gould	0	13	0
Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., Limited	1	1	0
Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons	1	1	0
Mr. John Bateman	1	0	0
Mr. F. H. Hurd	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. E. Garrett	1	0	0
Miss M. Fitzgerald	0	3	0
Mrs. L. E. Hazelton	0	1	0
	£6	0	0

GENERAL FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Gunner (Collecting box)	0	4	9
Miss Dransfield	0	10	6
Proceeds of lantern lecture at Sittingbourne, etc., per Mr. J. Morey	0	14	0
Messrs. Godden and Son	0	10	6
Mrs. F. Upton	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney	2	2	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	2	0	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	0	5	0
Mr. H. N. Philcox	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Nagle	1	0	0
Mr. B. I. Greenwood	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Raymond Bomford	1	1	0
Mr. John Davies	0	10	6
Miss E. Macnicol	0	2	6
Mr. T. D. Ransford	0	15	0
Mr. Chown (Collecting box)	0	4	6
Mrs. A. Shearman	1	1	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	1	0
Dr. J. Tanner	1	1	0
Mrs. Patrick	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Sillitoe	0	5	0
Mr. R. Spink	1	0	0
Mr. Arthur Pearce	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	2	0
Proceeds of meeting at Southall, per Mr. Henry Mears	1	10	0
Mr. Penny, per Mr. H. Mears	0	2	6
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Wilt- ington	0	13	6
Miss Daisy Hazelton	0	1	0
Miss J. Wood	0	5	0
Mr. Thos. Harris	5	0	0
Mr. W. Mannington	3	0	0
Mr. J. Marnham, J.P.	2	2	0
Mr. James Hall	5	0	0
Mr. J. Spencer Smith	0	2	6
Mr. J. Dennis	0	5	0
M. H. B. W.	0	10	0
J. D. W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Miss S. Hancock	0	5	0
Mr. H. Higbed	0	3	0
	£47	17	3

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

Statement of Receipts from November 16th to December 8th, 1900.

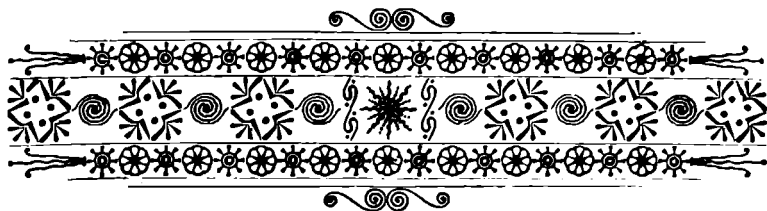
	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
W.	1	0	0	M. R.	...	1	0	0
Miss Susan Bevan	0	3	0					
Mrs. Lees	1	10	0			£3	13	0

*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.

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THE

# Sword and the Trowel.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

## Spiritual Samsons.

AN EARLY SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

*"Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth."*—Judges xvi. 6.



OFTEN as I have repeated that sentence, "The best of men are but men at the best," it has not lost any of its meaning or force, and the truth of it is impressed upon my mind and heart more deeply every day. No child of God should ever forget that, even when he is nearest Heaven, there is nothing but the grace of God that keeps him from being equally near to hell. When he is most diligent in his Master's service, instead of pluming himself upon that fact, this reflection should arise to humble him, "I should have been quite as diligent in the service of Satan, and perhaps even more so, if the grace of God had not prevented me."

We ought to be very thankful that the Holy Spirit, as a biographer, is very different from most of the writers of the memoirs of men; for, if you purchase a volume containing the life of any good man recently deceased, as far as anything there is in the book, you might conceive that he was not of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. There is a great display of all his virtues, but his failings—if, indeed, they are mentioned at all,—are recorded as though they leaned to virtue's side. All that was deficient in the man's character is forgotten, and all that might have been told to the dishonour of his poor human nature is generally left out. I do not know that, constituted as we are, these memoirs could be written in a different style, but I thank God, the Holy Spirit, that He did not write the memorials of the men of faith in the olden times according to this rule. He has given us a full and a fair picture of them. He has not done as Apelles did with Alexander

when he put the warrior's finger over the scar; He has shown us the scars, and given us the weak points of the strong man, the foolish points of the wise man, the sinful points of the holy man; in fact, He has shown us that, while they were men of God, they were not gods, and that, while God helped them, and was with them, the highest glory of all the good that they did was due to Him, for if it had not been for His sovereign grace, they would not have been able to do anything at all that was good.

1. Coming to the consideration of our text, we shall notice, first, that **THE BELIEVER IS, OR OUGHT TO BE, A MAN OF GREAT STRENGTH.**

Of course, no one will imagine that I mean that believers should always be distinguished for great physical strength, or even for extraordinary mental development, for there are many true believers who have no great powers of mind or body; but there is a wonderful strength which dwells in the believer as the result of his possessing the inner spiritual life which is the gift of God's grace. He is, or at least he ought to be, and might be, a man of great and even gigantic strength.

This strength will be shown, first, *in overcoming afflictions*. When the young lion roared against Samson, the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent the lion as he would have rent a kid; and afterwards he found a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase. So is it often with the Christian, if he be indeed a man of God, and filled with his Master's spirit; when affliction roars upon him, he does not turn from it as though some strange thing had happened unto him, but he faces it boldly, wrestles with it bravely until he overcomes it, and then, ere long, he finds unexpected sweetness in the trial which he had conquered. It shows great strength of heart when a man can meekly bear severe trials and troubles. Many people are like reeds shaken with the wind as soon as ever affliction falls upon them. Like ships that are without moorings, they are driven out to sea; like the vane on the church spire, that turns round with every breeze, they have no strength of character, no force of will with which they can stand against the storm. But the Christian has learnt to spell the word "patience"; and, though trial should succeed trial till all God's waves and billows have gone over him, yet will he cry, with David, "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, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." The Christian, who is what he should be, is a man who looks at affliction as being only light, and but for a moment, and not worthy to be compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which is yet to be revealed. He knows that, through much tribulation, he must enter the Kingdom; so he lifts up his song unto Jehovah from the midst of the floods, even in the furnace of affliction his trials do not overwhelm him.

Next, the believer proves that he is a strong man *by overcoming difficulties*. Samson was in the city of Gaza, surrounded by foes who sought his life; he desired to come forth, but there stood the huge gates,—probably, massive structures, like the gates of many Eastern cities still are, it would take several men even to open and shut them. They were so great, and so firmly fixed in their

sockets, that they could not be moved by anyone possessing only ordinary strength. But Samson, instead of lifting them from their hinges, pulled up the doors, and the two posts, "and went away with them, bar and all," and carried them up to the top of the hill that is before Hebron. Vast was his strength, and grandly was it displayed in overcoming the difficulties that stood in his way. It is the same with the Christian when he is "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." Whatever may oppose him, when he is serving his Master, he always reckons every difficulty as a thing to be overcome; and if it be an impossibility to all human power, he relies the more completely upon the Divine strength, and then nothing is impossible to him. It is a true saying that "there is nothing so hard but what it can be cut with something that is harder;" and there is nothing in this world, which the Christian is ever called to do, that is so hard, but that a firm resolution, importunate praying, and unfaltering faith can cut right through it. Talk of Hannibal melting the Alps with vinegar,—'tis but a legend! But the true Christian, with his passionate tears, and his vehement pleading, and his earnest faith, can bore the rocks, and make them melt like wax. Each believer, if he leaned upon his God as he should do, might, like Samson, take away the gates of any Gaza where an attempt might be made to shut him in.

The Christian has great strength, in the third place, *to overcome enemies*. In the chapter preceding the one from which our text is taken, we find that Samson was bound, by his own countrymen, with two new cords, and delivered up to the Philistines, but he fearlessly contended alone against the whole host of them, "for the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him." There might be thousands of them, but what cared he when filled with a faith that perhaps has never been equalled? Notwithstanding all the sin that was in Samson, his faith was glorious. He rushed upon his foes,—one solitary man against thousands of them;—and with no other weapon than the jawbone of an ass, he laid them prostrate. Exulting in his victory, he cried, "With the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men." Then he lifted up his heart in prayer to God to give him relief from the thirst engendered by the extreme exhaustion resulting from the conflict; he said, "Thou hast given this great deliverance into the hand of Thy servant: and now shall I die for thirst, and fall into the hand of the uncircumcised?" Like a man who knows the holy art of prayer, he uses past mercies as an argument for further favours yet to come. So the Christian, if he be living near to God, is strong to meet his spiritual foes. Doubts and fears assail him,—doubts concerning the authenticity of Scripture, doubts concerning the Deity of Christ, doubts concerning the doctrine of atonement, doubts concerning the power of the blood of Christ, doubts about his being elected, doubts about his being called, doubts about his perseverance, doubts about his ever seeing the face of God. O friends, the doubts that assail some Christians are far too numerous to be catalogued. They go in hosts, as the Philistines were before Samson; but, with simple faith in the promise of God, the Christian meets them, and puts them to the rout, and piles his enemies in heaps till, like Deborah, he can say, "O my soul, thou hast trodden down

strength." The strong one he leads captive, and the mighty one is utterly overturned by the vehemence of his triumphant faith. He that hath faith like this will not only have strength enough to disperse his own doubts, but he will, oftentimes, also put to flight the falsehoods and false teaching of errorists without. He may not be able to meet them in argument, and overthrow them according to the rules of logic. He may not be able to disentangle their subtleties and sophistries; but, like Alexander, who could not untie the Gordian knot, but cut it with his sword, so will the Christian, often, profiting by his own experience, cut through the knot that another man cannot unloose; and thus he will overcome some of those who have overturned the faith of the unwary. It is grand to see a believing Christian, by his godly life, and by his holy example, put to the rout all adversaries, even though they be armed to the teeth, and conquer them with a most despicable weapon, as they esteem it, but which really is far too strong for them to stand up against it.

The Christian has great strength when he is as he should be, when he has not told his secret, when the secret of the Lord is with him, as it is with all them that fear Him. And when God, the Holy Spirit, continually supplies strength to him, then is he strengthened indeed to overcome those three things which I have mentioned, affliction, difficulties, and adversaries.

I must also add that, like Samson, the Christian man, when he is as he should be, is wondrously strong *in snapping his bonds*. It may be that the attempt is made to strap the Christian down tightly with the bond of custom. "This is the rule in the trade." "This is the manner of buying and selling which is current in dealing with this kind of merchandise." The true believer will break that bond as Samson snapped the seven green withs with which Delilah bound him. "No," he will say; "I cannot and I will not lie, neither will I act the part of a deceiver, whatever others may do." Perhaps an attempt will be made to entrap him into sumptuous forms of worship, glittering with show, and fascinating with all manner of sweet musical sounds; and, for a while, his ear may be entranced, and his feet may be almost gone; but presently he remembers the words of his Master to the woman of Samaria, "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." In an instant, away go the bonds of Ritualism and Romanism, and the man is free once more.

Possibly, he is bound, for a time, with the fetters of fear of man, which is a snare to many. He is in the presence of one of whom he is afraid; so, for a while, he holds his tongue, and does not reveal his own sentiments with regard to Christ and His cross. Or else he has the fear of losing his business; or—such fools are many in England,—the greater fear of "losing caste in Society." It is that fear which makes slaves of half our population,—the fear of not being thought "respectable." But the true man of God very soon snaps that bond, for he regards it as an honour to be accounted dishonourable for Christ's sake; he feels that, if it be vile to be a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, he will be viler still; and that if the fact that he is a Christian will bring him into contempt, he will be willing to be in even greater contempt, for he will serve his Lord.



If you want a good specimen of a spiritual Samson snapping his bonds, look at Martin Luther. In that day when he rose up from the Santa Scala, and would no longer go up and down those stairs on his knees in the vain hope of winning salvation by his own good works,—in that moment he snapped his bonds. At the gates of Wittenberg, on that cold December day when his friends had piled together a little heap of wood, and it was blazing away right cheerily, Martin thought that nothing would make the fire burn so well as one of the Pope's bulls, so he threw it on, amidst the wondrous gaze of all the spectators of the daring deed, and the hope or fear of some that he would drop down dead while performing so dangerous an action. He was, by that defiance of the Pope, a real Samson breaking all bonds that still held him to Popery. And such freemen should all Christians be. If they were, you would not see them—as so many of them still are,—fettered with absurd notions about holy days, and holy places, and priests, and I know not what beside of Papistical trumpery. The true believer in Christ breaks away from all this nonsense and error, and goes forth, even though he stands alone, and says, "The Son of God hath made me free, and I am free indeed." I might give you many other illustrations of the way in which the Christian uses his God-given power; but I will simply repeat what I have already said, that he is, through the grace of God, made to be a man of great strength.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

### II.—COLONEL PICKERING'S STUDY.

(The period is the reign of Queen Anne and of George I. The scenes are laid near Chalfont and in London. The "Puritan gentleman" is the youth who listened to the old Ironside's talk.)

PLACES once invested with the romance of life keep it, even as drawers retain the scent of lavender. Reveries amid such surroundings, recalling the companionships of the flown years, while they may stir regrets, may be also a solace and a stimulus. The features of other days appear in the mirror of meditation, and the chastened thoughts that arise from the view both sober and exalt the mind. Thus do we come face to face with the solemn truth that the past never dies; it only dozes.

During the time of my sojourn in this house, I have been in a subdued mood, by no means unprofitable either for the body or the mind. To go over the effects of a dead friend, is to touch spring after spring in the cabinet of memory. All was left in the veteran's study just in the same orderly fashion that the Ironside was wont to observe. Such a room, filled with the mementoes of a busy life, stays the disturbing hand. One almost feels that the owner might return. Yet, as you reverently tread, examining here and there, you realize that the

worker will come back no more. So the very books are taken down tenderly, and returned with care; the desk, inkhorn, and papers become relics of a great life. How long this place will be a shrine, I cannot tell. The present owners will hold it inviolate; but other years will come, and stranger hands. How needful it is that, in life, we should do work that will outlast our mere surroundings!

I almost feel it to be a sacrilege to write at this desk. I cannot bring myself to use the quills my old friend left upon the stained rosewood. Ever and anon, I rise, and again open one of his favourite volumes. "The Nonsuch Professor" is among them. No wonder that Colonel Pickering admired Secker. His book is a wonderful production. It is full of practical piety, put in pithy phrase. The language is as vigorous as the thought is forcible. The sentences turn on jewelled hinges. My Diary will be the richer for the transference of such select seed-thoughts as these:—"It is both meat and drink to a formalist to fast, if others do but see it." "Jehu only made religion a stirrup to mount upon the saddle of popularity." "Sounding souls are seldom souls that are sound." "Hypocrites are more in love with the gold of the altar than with the God of the altar." "A Christian is more in love with his present duty than he is with his future glory." But where can a sympathetic Puritan pause when quoting William Secker? He combines the seriousness of Cromwell, some of the stateliness of Milton, the sententiousness of Trapp, and the savour of Samuel Rutherford.

Again I get me to my old friend's treasures. Here are the works of Thomas Brooks, another quaint and outspoken preacher of the Word. Mr. Brooks was pastor in London while my old friend was fighting the battles of the Commonwealth; but he was as hard a hitter as the Ironside with his own weapons. In his epistle dedicatory to "The Unsearchable Riches of Christ," published first in 1655, I notice that he says:—"In this tract, much is spoken concerning the nature, properties, and excellencies of humility, which is both the beautifier and preserver of all other graces. . . . And if ever there were an age, since Christ was on earth, wherein it was needful to preach, press, and print this great doctrine of humility of self, of soul-abasement, this is the age wherein we live. Oh, the pride, the stateliness of the professors of this age! But, because this point is largely spoken to in this tract, I shall satisfy myself with this touch." 'Tis the touch of a very sharp point indeed. Nor, if aimed to-day, would it fail to strike home to many who need it.

There is one sermon by Mr. Brooks that seems to have been a special favourite with the grand old veteran. It was preached on the interment of Colonel Thomas Rainsborough, who, according to the title-page of the print, "was treacherously murdered on the Lord's-day, in the morning, at Doncaster, October 29, 1648, and honourably interred the 14th of November following, in the Chappell at Wapping, neare London." On a fly-leaf of the volume, my dear old friend has recorded the death of his comrade, and he has underlined the words "treacherously murdered" on the title-page, and written the expression "the villains!" in the margin. It seems that Rainsborough had been sent

by Cromwell to lay siege to Pontefract. He had got as far as Doncaster, and was in bed on the Lord's-day morning. A party of Cavaliers from Pontefract got into Doncaster in disguise. They went to the inn to arrest the colonel. On his resisting, they ran him through, pursued him into the street, and there despatched him.

Mr. Brooks' sermon was dedicated to Sir Thomas Fairfax; and though he modestly speaks of "that little little worth that is in it" because it was the meditation "but of some few hours," it is evident that it made a great impression, and was well relished by the stalwart men who were waging war for the sake of principle, and who hailed such a setting forth of truth that proclaimed the triumph of the cause of the saints. I can fancy their stern faces glowing as they listened to Thomas Brooks' sermon on the text, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." Even as I sit in my mentor's study, the scene of that service comes to my imagination. There had been, to use the words of Brooks himself, much "neutrality, apostacy, and treachery of men, high and low, in this kingdom." The army of the Parliament had fought, in the darkest night and in the greatest storms, for what Brooks called, in writing to Fairfax, "the honour, the safety, the sound peace and liberty of the saints." The struggle had been dour, as they say in the North; and, till the New Model was formed of men of religion, the issue was uncertain. When these became the leaven of the army, victory was their pillar of fire through the rest of the dark years. It was to men who felt they were called of God, and that every battle fought was to further His cause in the land, because, forsooth, there was no other way left; it was to men who held that, if they were slain, they fell gloriously, and that the crown of righteousness awaited them; it was to the Ironsides and their sympathizers that Mr. Thomas Brooks preached, in the dark November of 1648, when his subject was, "The Glorious Day of the Saints' Appearance," and these were some of his words:—"It is nothing for a man to serve his generation when he has wind and tide on his side, and all the encouragements that the heart of man can desire; but it is the glory of a Christian, and then he doeth gloriously, to be faithful in his generation against all discouragements. Therefore, honoured commanders, and worthy members of the House of Commons, for you to do gloriously is to hold out against discouragements, and to serve your generation. Though your soul may be among lions, and you live among them that are set on fire, as the psalmist speaks, yet say as he saith in that Psalm, 'Our heart is fixed, our heart is fixed in God; we will sing and give praise.' Fixed stars are most useful, and so are fixed souls to Church and State." In the same year, in December, Mr. Brooks, I observe, preached his first sermon before the House of Commons. The title was, "God's Delight in the Progress of the Upright." It was probably owing to the appreciation of his discourse at the interment of Colonel Rainsborough that this preferment was made. The choice showed the taste of the times; and the topic, the courage of the preacher.

As I return the sermons of Thomas Brooks to their place in the Ironside's collection, I ask myself why I linger on these times. I, too,

have seen war, on a far greater scale than the battles of the Commonwealth. But it is not the size of the field; it is the issues, and the men, which make the scene historic. Where can there be found greater issues than those which moved the Puritans of the Civil War? And the men were worthy of the issues. The toleration they sought for has at last been given, though grudged in many quarters; and, to judge from appearances, likely to be curtailed. Yet no Ironside fought or died in vain. Their blows resounded through the world, and the echoes of them will be heard in the ages yet to be. I am proud to think that those of my flesh and blood, who were before me, were on the right side then. I am glad that my heart leaps at their exploits, and that my mind responds to their convictions. I rejoice that I enjoyed the friendship of Colonel Pickering, and listened to his stirring memories. By reason of these things, and by the grace of God, I hope I am a Puritan gentleman in the reign of Queen Anne.

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## The King's Daughters.

"Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."—1 Corinthians xiii. 13. (R.V.)

THERE dwelt together, in one royal home,  
 Three sisters, fair and bright;—  
*Faith*, queenly, girded with a golden zone,  
*Hope*, rainbow-clad, with eyes that starlike shone,  
*Love*, robed and veiled with light.

The King—their Father—was away; would come  
 Again, none knew the day;  
*Faith* said, "I know Him, He will come ere long;"  
*Hope* smiled, and lifted up her voice in song;  
*Love* sighed, "Oh! why delay?"

Then came the day; the King returned again,  
 To claim and bless His own.  
*Faith* had His sceptre, set with many a gem;  
*Hope*, for her guerdon, had His diadem;  
 But *Love* sat on the throne.

East Dulwich.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

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## "Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 19.)

(b) *The Historical Books.*

Passing over to the Book of Joshua, we are immediately confronted with the same claim of Divine authority in the familiar words, "The

Lord spake unto Joshua, saying ;” while again and again God magnifies Joshua in the sight of all Israel, lifting him up to a dignity and position equal to that of his predecessor, “that they may know that, as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee” (i. 5 ; iii. 7 ; iv. 14) ; which position was so fully and unreservedly acknowledged that death was pronounced as the penalty of disobedience : “Whosoever he be that doth rebel against thy commandment, and will not hearken unto thy *words* in all that thou commandest him, he shall be put to death” (i. 18). In short, now that Moses was dead, Joshua became in his stead the mouthpiece of Almighty God, who Himself directly commanded, reproved, and intervened in connection with the varied details of Israel’s history, whether in the crossing of Jordan, the circumcision at Gilgal, the taking of Jericho, the punishment of Achan, or the ambushment at Ai. Ten times, in the first eight chapters alone, we find the definite utterances of Jehovah recorded (i. 1 ; iii. 7 ; iv. 1, 15 ; v. 2, 9 ; vi. 2 ; vii. 10 ; viii. 1, 18) ; while, when the prophet-warrior was old and stricken in years, God gave him detailed and explicit directions concerning the division of Canaan among the tribes, and the appointment of cities of refuge for the manslayer ; and his valedictory address, like the swan-song of Moses, was prefaced by the claim of supernatural authority : “Thus saith the Lord God of Israel” (xiii. 1 ; xx. 1, 2 ; xxiv. 2 ; Deuteronomy xxxi. 19) ; and, indeed, the parallelism between the testimony and experience of Joshua and his mighty leader is so marked throughout this Book that even “higher critics” have spoken of “the Hexateuch,”—thus bracketing Joshua’s writings with those of Moses, and putting them on the same level.

When we reach the Book of Judges, one is almost immediately conscious of such a distinct fall in the spiritual atmosphere that, although the record commences, “and the Lord said” (i. 2), the thought naturally and almost necessarily arises, “Can the Inspiration here be on as high a plane as that of the preceding revelations,—things seem so mundane, sin-stained, sensual?” Ay ; *the atmosphere is lower, because this is a record of human failure*, of lives, alas ! more nearly approximating to our own ; for, while Joshua recounts the triumphs of Jehovah, the Book of Judges lays bare the rebellion, ingratitude, unbelief, and repeated transgressions of His chosen people. Thus is the revelation dark and sickening, not bright and glorious ; but it is true,—a picture of ourselves, drawn by a master-hand,—a mirror wherein we see the carnality of the natural heart made manifest. The Inspiration is just as definite and complete, although, because its searchlight is turned earthwards, rather than heavenwards, to man’s soul rather than to God’s heart, we find it not enchanting, albeit profitable and real.

We must ever remember that the object of the Divine revelation is twofold,—not only to make manifest God, but also to lay bare man ; and we can know neither fully without the unfoldings of a Heaven-given Inspiration. Truly, this history is a sad and humiliating record,—failure after failure, slavery after slavery ;—but, on the gloomy background, flash again and again the goodness and glory of the great

longsuffering God,—mercy after mercy, deliverance after deliverance; while a close study of its narratives shows how Jehovah spoke repeatedly to Israel as a nation (ii. 1—4, 20—22; vi. 8—10; x. 11—14; xx. 23, 28); or to God-raised deliverers like Deborah (iv. 6), and Gideon,\* concerning whom the statement occurs eleven times over, "The Lord said unto (him) Gideon" (vi. 12, 14, 16, 20, 23, 25; vii. 2, 4, 5, 7, 9);—how the Almighty is represented as Himself directly, not only permitting, but sending judgments upon Israel, and afterwards emancipating them when they cried for mercy (ii. 14—16; iii. 8—10, 12, 15; iv. 2, 23; vi. 1; ix. 23; x. 7, 12; etc.);—how "the Spirit of the Lord came upon" Othniel, Gideon, Jephthah, and even Samson (iii. 10; vi. 34; xi. 29; xv. 14);—for the whole Book of Judges is instinct with God; and the responsibility of the chosen people to Him, and to His Divine presidency, is as much revealed during His absence from them as in His presence with them, in their humiliations and disasters as well as in their restorations and successes.

Yet is there, throughout, a distinctly falling tendency in the record. Man sinks lower and lower, and God seems removed farther and yet farther away, as we go stage by stage from the son of Joash made magnificent because "the Spirit of the Lord clothed Gideon" (vi. 34, margin), to the strange, pathetic story of Samson, mighty victor when in fellowship with God, weak, helpless, blind, degraded, when abandoned of Jehovah; and, finally, from Jonathan, the priest who carried his soul-destroying Ritualism from Micah's private chaplaincy to the ultimate destruction of a tribe, for the sake of wider usefulness (?) and larger salary (!) to the last sentence of the Book: "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes" (xxi. 25). Are there any Gideons now? Possibly, some; though few are small enough to grow so great. Samsons? Yes; up and down, godly and worldly; yet, withal, chosen of God (xiii. 5), and strong through faith (Hebrews xi. 32, 33). Jonathans? Many;—rub your eyes, brother, and look around you; bring these three characters of three thousand years ago to London, plant them in City life, and there would be no discord, no strange intrusiveness, for they would truly fit in up-to-date, as we can see their miniatures at least in all the churches.

And while in this connection, we may emphasize the truth that the great charm and force of the Historical Books, especially of the Kings and Chronicles, lie here,—in God's unfoldings, in one character-sketch after another, of what man naturally is apart from grace, and what grace can enable him to be, to do, and, if need be, to suffer. That some of these biographies *might* have been narrated apart from Inspiration, we frankly admit; but that they should be so recounted as to touch, in every phase and detail, our many-sided life to-day in a way that Homer and Herodotus, Virgil and Tacitus, utterly and ludicrously fail to do, we cannot conceive except on the assumption that God, who knew what was in man, Himself wrote these memoirs.

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\* A careful review of the scenes where the angel of the Lord appeared at Bochim (ii. 1—5), Ophrah (vi. 11—24) and to Manoaah and his wife (xiii. 18—22), would seem to confirm my previous statement, that these were none other than visitations of the Lord Himself.

In them all, the subtle and metaphysical movements of our nature, fallen and regenerate, stand revealed by a master-mind, in the most terse yet trenchant sentences. Life after life flits by upon the platform, and in thought and passion, failure and success, we see ourselves predated and described in these marvellous object-lessons of God's Kindergarten School, and grasp, with helpfulness and warning, the truth that “whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope” (Romans xv. 4). The narratives of David, Jehoshaphat, Ahab, and Hezekiah, throb with a wonderfully practical application of Theology, which doctrinal statements, however systematically expressed, could never by themselves, without this pictorial representation, adequately convey; and that such histories, expounded and driven home, can still hold sway, and transform the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men, is proved by the notable success attending the ministries of two such utterly diverse ministers in thought, style, speech, and mannerism, as John McNeill and F. B. Meyer, whose charm as preachers lies mainly in their power to make these old-time characters live again, and speak to us in Biblical, yet Twentieth Century language, until we almost think their deeds and voices are but imitations and echoes of our own, while above and behind them all we discover GOD in a way that nought else, save alone the Christ of Calvary, can reveal Him to our personal need and benediction.

Nor is there any masking or glossing over the sins and follies of God's noblest heroes;—everything stands revealed. What book, save the Bible, would, in chaste yet definite language, in marked contrast to modern *de-mortuis-nil-nisi-bonum* memoirs, record Noah's drunkenness, Abraham's equivocations, David's adultery, Elijah's craven fear, Hezekiah's vanity, Jehoshaphat's worldliness, Peter's blasphemies, and Paul's quarrellings (Genesis ix. 21; xii. 13; xx. 2, 11—13; 2 Samuel xii. 9—14; 1 Kings xix. 3, 4; 2 Kings xx. 12, 13; 2 Chronicles xxxii. 25; xviii. 1; xix. 2; Matthew xxvi. 74; Acts xv. 39)? True, certain sentimental purists would fain gloss over these pages, and edit a more moral (?) edition of the Scriptures with these parts expurgated; but do such men never read the papers, or apply their theology and gospel to practical and every-day life; and do they not know that society is, at present, rotten to the core through these very sins, which, like a cancer, eat the sap and strength, not only of our nation, but of our churches, too? Why! these selfsame critics tell us that, to know how to preach, one must forsooth read every modern book where vice is unblushingly laid bare, and a glamour of romance is thrown over the most infamous transgressions. Yes; and do not some of them even patronize theatres, which would not pay were their plays untinged by evil innuendoes and unholy suggestions, and do they not know that, while the stage and novel rival each other in the desire to make sin charming in its conception, and inoffensive in its consequences, the Bible records paint it black and loathsome as of the very devil, insisting upon the terrible nature of its character, and the damnable results which follow its practice, so as to deter and safeguard men from evil and from hell?

The preachers who blur over or pass by these narratives are but

covering or removing *God's danger-signals of warning to men and women on the downward track*. Did any critic ever hear of a young *roué* reading Genesis xix., or 2 Samuel xi., and xii., as a preliminary tonic to a night's sin in some gilded *salon*? Nay; it is the suppression of these warnings which is damning and destroying the souls of men, while the non-recital of God's pardoning grace to Noah, and David, and other great sinners, has kept many and many a weary wanderer away from Heaven and home, because he saw not, glinting through the clouds of iniquity and sorrow, bright beams of pardon, restoration, and hope. Blot out these narratives, and men may go on sinning more and more with absolute impunity, while others, despairing, yet longing for nobler things, dare not take courage, and hie back again to the glory of a moral life. To truly know self, and man, and God, the depths of depravity in the human heart, the utter vileness of sin, and the amazing grace of Heaven, we must read these God-given, honest, uncoloured memoirs of good yet erring men, for *these Historical Books are not mere man-made records of incidents and biographies grouped together, but inspired revelations from God of what man is and may be, and of what God is and ever must remain*.

"Howbeit in the business of the ambassadors of the princes of Babylon, who sent unto him to enquire of the wonder that was done in the land, God left him, to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart" (2 Chronicles xxxii. 31). "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come. Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Corinthians x. 11—13).

We next come to that most beautiful idyll, the Book of Ruth, which, while it does not in itself distinctly claim Inspiration, yet has always been recognized among the Jews as belonging to the Canon of the Old Testament Scriptures, and was, as such, accepted by our Lord and His apostles in the Septuagint Version (from which the apocryphal writings were most rigidly excluded). But if any *litterateur* doubts the God-breathed record of this sweet old love-story, we would issue a simple challenge. Let him, or any other author, pen an equally powerful, tragic, pathetic, and eminently human narrative in the space of eighty-five short verses, which will so throb and scintillate with life that volumes of exposition can be written on it, and yet the spring remain still sparkling, clear, and inexhaustible. Why! even Shakespeare's noblest creations are wordy, stilted, jagged, beside this exquisite romance, while Tennyson and Longfellow taste but as water after mellow wine.

The physical hunger, leading to soul-famine in the far-off land, bereavement following bereavement, till greater trouble drove back home again the widowed Naomi, whose tears and pleadings failed to turn aside the persistent, God-given love of widowed Ruth. The entry of the Jewess and the Gentile into Bethlehem, the gleanings of the



stranger in the fields of wealthy Boaz, the manly, kindly revelation of his character as kinsman, the dramatic redemption of Elimelech's inheritance, the solemn joyous marriage amid the prayers of hundreds, and, finally, the birth of Obed, to give new purpose and cheer to the lonely heart of Naomi,—these scenes still live, and will as long as weddings, births, and funerals remain, and love and sorrow sway the hearts of men and women, for God has put the romantic into our being, and spirits still yearn for creature sympathy; and so the whole Book, whether viewed from a merely literal or a strongly spiritual standpoint, is in Jehovah's revelation but one of God's “handfuls of purpose,” let fall that mortals may glean rich comfort from his harvest-field of providence and grace.

And when we further consider that this narrative was written more than three thousand years ago, and remember how every story loses much of its charm, and nerve, and realism, when translated into a colder, poorer language, and read amid totally altered surroundings by people of different social, climatic, and national ideas, we marvel yet more, and feel that all comparisons of this chaste, homely, and yet exciting and magnetic Book, with the inanities of Horace, or the vileness of Terence, is nothing short of blasphemy itself; especially when we remember that the record was transmitted and preserved because it was the love-story of royal David's great-grandmother, and gives the explanation why a lonely, bankrupt, Gentile woman should be accorded the privilege of being reckoned among the blessed ancestry of our beloved Lord. That genealogical fact accounts for the survival of Ruth's name, and the recital of her history.

Here let us clear the ground upon another matter also. While we believe that “all Scripture is God-breathed,” we do not for a moment contend that every part is equally essential as regards the salvation, comfort, and edification of man. Our Lord's utterances to Nicodemus are of much more tremendous importance than the words of Boaz, and the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians must always bulk more largely before our eyes than the death-scene of Josiah (John iii. 3—21; Ruth iv. 9, 10; 1 Corinthians xv.; 2 Chronicles xxxv. 20—27). Millions of believers are now in glory who, while on earth, enjoyed much precious intimacy with the messages of God through Paul and Peter, but scarcely knew ought except the names of Jeremiah or Ezekiel. (How ashamed some of us will be to see those worthies!) Yet nothing—not even the gift of Artaxerxes, of “salt without prescribing how much” (Ezra vii. 22), nor “the cloak . . . at Troas” (2 Timothy iv. 12),—may be regarded as insignificant or unimportant, any more than the homely daisy or the modest bluebell might in the world of being, for the God who made the book of nature also wrote the volume of grace, and as He who made the forest made the leaves, so He who inspired the Bible inspired the verses. In revelation, as in creation, there are magnificent manifestations of almighty power which, like the Deity and Atonement of our beloved Lord, stand as the Himalaya peaks, and the great cedars of Lebanon, supreme above such petty things as the falling snowflake or the clinging lichen; *but all is of God*, whether lilies or worlds, sparrows or seraphim, sigh or sacrifice, breakfast or resurrection (Matthew vi. 28—30; Isaiah

xl. 26; Matthew x. 29; Psalm civ. 4; Mark vii. 34; x. 33, 34, 45; John xxi. 9—13; Acts xiii. 30); and in the Scriptures, as in nature, every homely bush or other commonplace thing is all aglow with the great glory of a greater God.

It should be remembered that the upholders of Verbal Inspiration do not claim that the Holy Scriptures, in the translations as we have them, are necessarily in every part verbally accurate. Even in our splendid Revised Version,\* there have crept in, strangely enough, some mistranslations; while varied readings of different copies of original manuscripts have led to long and closely-reasoned discussions as to which was the more accurate and preferable text. Dealing especially with such a language as the Hebrew, the occurrence of some small inaccuracy of eye or hand on the part of the copyist, however careful and conscientious, seems well-nigh unavoidable; and, possibly, to these errors in transcription may be ascribed some apparently contradictory though trivial details as regards numerals and dates in the Historical Books; but, in their broadest significance, such *errata* are practically of no importance, affecting neither the genuine character of the records, nor tinging even with the shadow of a suspicion of variation any point of doctrine,—the "shalls" of promise and the "haves" of possession remaining unimpaired.

We only admit that they may and possibly do exist in certain cases, and—in full sympathy with that reverent "Lower Criticism" which patiently and prayerfully investigates, and in scholarly fashion compares the most reliable copies extant of ancient manuscripts,—wait for more light upon such difficulties, fully persuaded that, one day, it shall shine upon the page, and reveal how "the words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times"

\* For example, the Name "Jehovah" is used some seven thousand times in the Old Testament, yet it is so translated only four times in the Authorized Version (Exodus vi. 3; Psalm lxxxiii. 18; Isaiah xii. 2; xxvi. 4); and thrice when combined with another word, "Jehovah-jireh," "Jehovah-nissi," and "Jehovah-shalom" (Genesis xxii. 14; Exodus xvii. 15; Judges vi. 24). This seems peculiarly unfortunate, as the Lord's own utterance with marked significance emphasizes the importance of that Name: "I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the Name of God Almighty, but by my Name JEHOVAH was I not known to them;" and the Revised Version renders it consistently "Jehovah" throughout the passage (Exodus vi. 2—8); but, in the tenth verse of the same chapter, falls back on the old expression. The very fact that this "incommunicable Name"—"The Self-existent," "The Eternal One," can scarcely be translated, but strengthens our contention that it should be rendered "Jehovah." If the two-fold name of Isaac's son has marked import in such passages as—"He said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but *Israel*: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed" (Genesis xxxii. 28); and "one told Jacob and said, Behold, thy son Joseph cometh unto thee: and *Israel* strengthened himself and sat upon the bed" (xlviii. 2); surely the Names under which the great God reveals Himself are of more significance! In a passage like Nehemiah x. 29, "to observe and do all the commandments of the Lord, our Lord," much beauty is lost by not calling attention to the different terms "Jehovah" and "Adonai."

If the word *baptizo* dare not be translated lest certain sectarian susceptibilities should be offended, why should our God's Names be translated as though the different Holy Ghost given appellations were a matter of indifference? We marvel also that the preposition "*en*," while translated some thousands of times "in," and occasionally "among," should be persistently rendered "with," almost only when it refers to baptism, and also that "*dia*" should not have been translated "through," in preference to "by," in such a passage as Acts xxviii. 25, "Well spake the Holy Ghost by Isaiah the prophet, saying"; and we wish that our English brethren had followed the less sectarian and more scholarly action of the American Revisers in this matter.

(Psalm xii. 6); and that they shall emerge from the fires of textual criticism as perfect as ever. We well recall how, in very youthful days, the reading of Isaiah ix. 3,—“Thou hast multiplied the nation, and *not* increased the joy: they joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil,”—seemed always to confront us with an apparently insuperable difficulty, the whole tenor and structure of the passage suggesting what one lad read into it,—“hast” instead of “not.” Imagine, therefore, our delight in finding it so rendered afterwards in the Revised Version; and if Martin Luther had grasped the fact that a qualifying adjective was before the word “faith” in the Epistle of James, (“can *that* faith save him?” ii. 14, R.V.) the gigantic antagonism which, to his mind, existed between the writings of that apostle and Paul, would have immediately disappeared into the blending of a delicious harmony.

However, these apparent contradictions and inaccuracies are extremely few; and, indeed, even a superficial but prayerful comparison of texts will explain many that sceptics and even “higher critics”, with astonishing ignorance and audacity, again and again reproduce; (such as the number of Israel’s family who went into Egypt, and the price paid to Ornan for his threshing-floor;) while the unsolved ones may well wait till God reveals the hidden things to us, since the acknowledged law of science, that a great principle should never be given up on account of difficulties as yet unexplained, should surely apply with even greater force to the greatest and most important of all investigations,—the discovery and comprehension of Eternal Truth.

Our contention, therefore, is not that every word, as we have it in our Version, is necessarily verbally accurate; but that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as they originally came from God, were absolutely perfect, without a flaw or blemish in thought, or speech, or word, or writing; and that, further, by a peculiar and special intervention, God, in nothing short of a miraculous way, has so watched over the preservation of His own writings, that errors of copyists and transcribers are comparatively few, and in all cases of a trivial and insignificant nature, leaving absolutely unimpaired the fulness and clearness of the Divine revelation.

Passing on to the first Book of Samuel, we find, in the thirty-nine verses describing the sorrow, prayer, and song of Hannah, and the birth, and dedication to the Lord, of Samuel, no less than thirty-six references to “the Lord” or “God”; while, in the third chapter, narrating the remarkable call of the young boy to the dignity of being Jehovah’s prophet, we have exactly two more such allusions than there are verses (twenty-one); and, indeed, the singular parallelism in God’s elections to ministry, shown in the choice of Moses, Samuel, Jeremiah, and Paul as prophets of the Most High, must be obvious to all (Exodus ii. 6—10; iv. 12—16; 1 Samuel i. 27, 28; Jeremiah i. 4—9; Galatians i. 1, 11, 12, 15, 16). The little lad, startled by the thrice-repeated call of Jehovah, becomes, on the fourth occasion, the Lord’s messenger to pass on to old Eli words, the terrible, tragic import of which the child himself could not thoroughly grasp or comprehend: yet, from that night, young Samuel stood acknowledged by all Israel

as the very mouthpiece of Jehovah: "And Samuel told him every whit," (margin: "all the words,") "and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good. And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let *none of his words* fall to the ground. And all Israel, from Dan even to Beer-sheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord. And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh: for the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord" (1 Samuel iii. 18—21).

Thus was it all through the life of Samuel. In the deliverance of Israel from their implacable enemies, the Philistines; in the election of a king; the anointing of Saul; the destruction of Amalek; Saul's rejection by the Lord, and the subsequent choice of David, and his ordination (1 Samuel vii. 9; viii. 7, 9—19; ix. 15—17; x. 18; xv. 2, 3, 10, 11; xvi. 1—7, 12, 13); we invariably find *God giving His definite verbal authority to and through the prophet for every one of these actions*, while the whole historical record bristles with bold assertions of the direct intervention of Jehovah for or against Israel (1 Samuel v. 6—9; vi. 19; vii. 10—13; xii. 18; xiv. 23; xvii. 47; xxviii. 19); and this deliberate claim of supernatural Inspiration and Sovereignty so manifestly pervades all subsequent writings in the Books of Kings and Chronicles, that one is driven to characterize such records either as forgeries or as histories created and preserved by the absolute fiat of the Almighty Himself.

Again and again, David is described as seeking Divine guidance, and holding definite communication with High Heaven (1 Samuel xxiii. 2, 4, 11; xxx. 8; 2 Samuel ii. 1; v. 19, 23—25; xxi. 1; xxiii. 1—3; 2 Chronicles iii. 1); and of other prophets we read: "The word of the Lord came unto Nathan saying," "According to all these words did Nathan speak unto David," "The word of the Lord came unto the prophet Gad," "The word of the Lord came unto Solomon," "and God said to Solomon," etc., etc. (2 Samuel vii. 4, 5, 8—17; xii. 1, 7, 11; xxiv. 11, 12, 18, 19; 1 Kings iii. 5, 11; vi. 11; ix. 2, 3; xi. 11; 1 Chronicles xvii. 3, 4, 7, 15; xxi. 9—11, 18; 2 Chronicles i. 7—11; vii. 12); while it forms a peculiarly interesting Bible Study to note how, even in the building of Solomon's temple, the Lord Himself gave as explicit directions to David and Solomon, in reference to every detail, as He did to Moses concerning the tabernacle in the wilderness (1 Kings viii. 15—18; 1 Chronicles xxii. 7, 8; and especially 1 Chronicles xxviii. 3, 11, 12, 19: "Then David gave to Solomon his son the pattern of the porch, and of the houses thereof, and of the treasuries thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the inner parlours thereof, and of the place of the mercy seat, and *the pattern of all that he had by the Spirit*, of the courts of the house of the Lord, etc. . . . All this, said David, *the Lord made me understand in writing by His hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern*"); and in every chapter of the first Book of Kings, subsequent to Solomon's time, we find similar assertions of infallible authority.

Of Ahijah the prophet, the record runs, "he said to Jeroboam, Thus saith the Lord" (1 Kings xi. 31). "The word of God came unto Shemaiah the man of God, saying, Speak unto Rehoboam" (xii.

22). "There came a man of God out of Judah by the word of the Lord unto Bethel" (xiii. 1). "The Lord said unto Ahijah" (xiv. 5); "according unto the saying of the Lord, which He spake by His servant Ahijah" (xv. 29). "The word of the Lord came to Jehu the son of Hanani" (xvi. 1). "The word of the Lord came unto Elijah" (xvii. 2, 8; xviii. 1; xix. 9, 15; xxi. 17, 28). "There came a prophet unto Ahab, saying, Thus saith the Lord" (xx. 13, 28, 35, 42). And Micaiah, the unpopular prophet of evil, who drew a startling distinction between true and lying spirits, said, "Hear thou therefore the word of the Lord" (xxii. 19). In the same connection, we can only glance (for time and space would fail us if we were to multiply our proofs,) at Elisha and Isaiah (2 Kings iii. 16; vii. 1; xix. 6, 20, 32; xx. 16;) with their "Thus saith the Lord," "Hear the word of the Lord," etc.;—"the young man the prophet," who, with a "Thus saith the Lord" anointed Jehu the son of Nimshi to be king over Israel (ix. 6);—the unknown, but equally-inspired witnesses, who testified ineffectually for God and against idolatry, "until the Lord removed Israel out of His sight, as He had said by all His servants the prophets" (xvii. 13, 23);—Jehovah's warnings through other unspecified mouthpieces to Manasseh (xxi. 10, 12); and His words of love and wrath through "Huldah the prophetess" unto Josiah (xxii. 14—20);—and just indicate that the second Book of Chronicles abounds with similar instances, such as, "the word of the Lord came to Shemaiah" (xi. 2—4; xii. 5—7);—"the Spirit of God came upon Azariah the son of Oded" (xv. 1);—the testimony of "Hanani the seer" to Asa (xvi. 7—10);—of Jehu, his son, to Jehoshaphat (xix. 2, 3);—of Jahziel the son of Zechariah (xx. 14—17);—of Eliezer the son of Dodavah (xx. 37);—of the "writing from Elijah the prophet, saying (to Jehoram,) Thus saith the Lord God of David thy father," (xxi. 12);—of how "the Spirit of God came upon Zechariah the son of Jehoiada the priest," who was stoned in consequence of his fearless denunciation, "Thus saith God, Why transgress ye the commandments of the Lord, that ye cannot prosper?" (xxiv. 20—22);—of the prophet who warned Amaziah (xxv. 15, 16);—of Oded (xxviii. 9);—and, finally, passing the experiences of Hezekiah, Manasseh, and Josiah, already alluded to (xxix. 15; xxx. 12; xxxiii. 10; xxxiv. 23—28);—of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, who "humbled not himself before Jeremiah the prophet speaking from the mouth of the Lord," but, with his nation, "mocked the messengers of God, and despised His words, and misused His prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy," and they were carried away to Babylon "to fulfil the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah" (xxxvi. 12, 15, 16, 21). In short, overwhelming evidence necessitates the conviction that these memoirs and their historians claim throughout nothing less than a "Thus saith the Lord" for the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel and of Judah,—a claim recognized and acknowledged equally by Jews and apostles (Nehemiah ix. 30; Romans xi. 2); by our beloved Lord (Matthew xii. 3, 4); and by the prophet who more immediately heralded in the advent of the Messiah (Zechariah vii. 12).

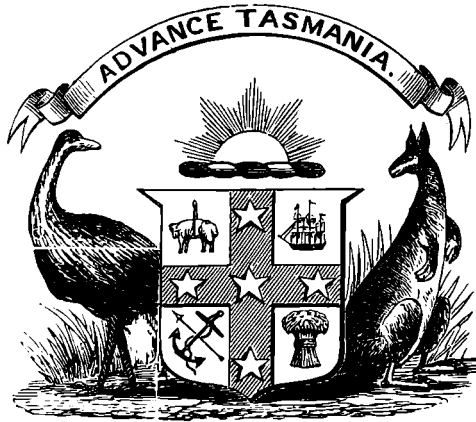
How singularly appropriate, therefore, are the closing verses of these Chronicles, which record the decadence and captivity of Judah, and

the opening ones of Ezra, heralding the revival and restoration of the nation, "that the word of the Lord spoken by the mouth of Jeremiah might be accomplished." The Lord called Cyrus, elect by name before his birth for this very purpose, from his wild highland life amid the ozone of the everlasting hills, to overturn as prince of an invincible army the mighty but luxurious power of Babylon (Isaiah xlv. 28; xlv. 1-6); till, constrained by grace, he proclaimed in writing throughout all his kingdom, "Thus saith Cyrus king of Persia, All the kingdoms of the earth hath the Lord God of Heaven given me; and He hath charged me to build Him an house in Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Who is there among you of all His people? The Lord his God be with him, and let him go up" (2 Chronicles xxxvi. 23). Ay; man reads, "Thus saith Cyrus king of Persia," for, verily, the proclamation and the writing are his; but, to the eye of faith and revelation, the words and voice are those, not of an earthly monarch, but of Almighty God Himself; and "*Thus saith Cyrus*" spells the old-time message, in the dialect and power of Heaven behind it, "*Thus saith the Lord,*" since Cyrus and Darius, equally with Jeremiah and Daniel, were but pieces upon the great chess-board of human history, whereby Jehovah had ordained to check and overturn the devil's hatred of His chosen people, and to work out for erring but beloved Israel His own sweet sovereign and predestined will.

(To be continued next month.)

## Bush Life in Tasmania.

### II.—BUSH PREACHING.



THE Mission Church is usually the centre of all the social and religious amenities. Near the time for the service, the men come strolling through the intricate and shady tracks, others ride

in on horseback, or drive up in the family buggy. The women and children form groups for their weekly gossip; and the men sit on logs, or stumps, smoking the while, and enjoying, with evident relish, their well-earned respite from hard labour. Many of them have been alone, or with but one mate, all the week, in the thick forest, splitting timber, felling trees, or burning off. To talk of the look of the crops, the prospects of the shearing season, the price of shingles, the great events in the world, local politics and scandal, gives a fillip to good fellowship, equal to the township taproom without its danger and degradation. As the preacher drives up, two or three young men hurry to ungar the horse, and either stable him, or tie him up to a fence. The people then file into the building, the men, for the nonce, stowing their pipes in their waistcoat pockets.

A few of the worshippers have come long distances, and find a very heaven of delight and spiritual profit in compensation of their weary trudge. One of these—a widowed lady from London,—drinks in “the Word” with an avidity entirely good to see. She came to Tasmania with £4,000 and a bonny family of sons and daughters.

“To plant and sow,  
And reap and mow,”—

in the sunny South, appeared to them so much better than scratching paper with a pen in overgorged London. The soil which had been selected for the good woman was poor; the road to it was cut through the thick forest; the sun could scarcely smite it by day, or the moon by night. It was a veritable Slough of Despond in winter, and but little better in summer. For about two years, she had lived in a wilderness of tree trunks without seeing the face of another woman. But one day she heard the “good tidings of great joy” that the Baptists were about to start a Mission Church, two or three miles away. She resolved to attend. She trudged through the mire; and where a creek barred her way, took off her shoes and stockings, and with tucked-up garments waded through. The process had to be repeated on the return journey; but she was glad to bear any inconvenience that again she might hear the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. She knew more than most of us how to sympathize with the psalmist when in the wilderness he cried, “How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.”

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As a rule, “the bush” audience is very attentive, if the sermon be neither long nor dry. If they tire of it, sometimes they will begin to chat at one end of the building while the parson is proclaiming at the other. Occasionally, young fellows of the baser sort will make some uncomplimentary remark which is not relished by the preacher. One servant of God, of the athletic type, asked them to kindly desist; but, as the interruption remained unabated, he requested them to leave the church, or he would be compelled to eject them. This assertion was only met by derisive cries of “Good enough!” “Go it, boss!” so, seeing that it was useless to attempt to continue the service under such

circumstances, he quietly informed his congregation that a very unpleasant duty devolved upon him; he then proceeded to the leader, and requested him to retire; and, on his refusal, he tackled the offender, and to his astonishment quickly had him *hors de combat* outside. A man who can do that, and preach the Gospel, too, has a double advantage, and quickly gains a double portion of respect. Courage, strength, and godliness, are qualities that invariably evoke "the bush larrikin's" esteem.

Often enough, the wearied listener will walk out at the part of the service that suits him best, in quite *nonchalant* style. He will, as a rule, stand at the door, or at the window, listening at pleasure, whilst he has "a couple o' draws o' 'bacca." Sometimes, a dog or two will wander about the aisle, looking enquiringly for someone they know. Now and again, the dogs that attend Divine worship are rather quarrelsome, and the preacher is interrupted; the trouble is further accentuated by the caretaker's efforts to eject the canine intruders, or perhaps by the owners saying, in a gruff undertone, "Ger out."

Often, the tunes are fearful and wonderfully made and executed. The different verses revel in a medley of three or four compositions, and the native talent will extemporize a part of an air for the part forgotten. In some way or other, the hymn must go through. Men who fell trees, in which there is enough wood in one of them to build a ship, must not suffer ignominious defeat by a hymn-tune. If there is an American organ, the playing of it, in some instances, is all that can be desired; but, in other cases, alas for the man whose musical taste is fastidious! The one praiseworthy feature is the admirable way in which "the bush" audience will adjust itself to all the fantasies of the music.

At the close of the service, the young men gear up the parson's horse; while the others knock the ashes from their pipes, and "light up again." After a little more gossip, they break away in groups, going by different avenues to the huts hidden among the trees.

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Some of these hard toilers make fine preachers to their own class. One, the writer knew, had a face as round as the sun, and as sunny. For good humour, kindness, and hearty hospitality, he could not be beaten. His merry laugh was contagious, and his godly life was readily acknowledged by the toughest "bush" sinner. Many of them he had led, by tactful ways, to the sinners' Saviour. It was a delight to know him, and to have his tireless help in Christian work. He could scarcely read or write. His wife would read a chapter, a verse would strike his attention, that was learnt by heart, chapter and verse. Some-one read the lesson, and gave out the hymns at the service. Here is a *facsimile* of two of the outlines of his sermons.



The first, or afternoon sermon, is from Matthew 28th chapter, 19th and 20th verses. The second is the evening text, Hebrews 9th chapter, 14th verse. The figures 1, 2, 3, are meant to remind him of the three main ideas. One of his converts said, when giving his experience, "I served the devil for twenty-four years; and when I left his service, he never said so much as 'Thank you.' I have found Jesus a good Master, and I mean to serve Him for ever."

Occasionally, bush audiences have preachers of another stamp, like one brother who was quite a "larnt" man. On the occasion to which I refer, he was preaching in the city; but sometimes he held forth in "the bush." Let us hope his hearers were not "bushed"—the Colonial phrase for being "lost" or "bewildered." The text was John xiv. 8: "Shew us the Father." The divisions of the subject were:—I. There is no such thing as Agnosticism. II. There is no such thing as Pantheism. III. There is no such thing as Polytheism. One friend suggested a fourth head,—“There is no such thing as Mollycoddism,” with the proof-text, “For what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?”

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"Bush" sinners, like all others, are hard to catch. A ministerial friend of mine, who was on the alert to win souls, tried to explain to one of these rough sons of the soil the difference between a worldling and a Christian. Said my friend, "If you wash a pig, and it has the chance, it will go straightaway, and wallow in the mud; but if you wash a sheep, will the sheep do that?" "No," replied his hearer; "but if there is a black stump anywhere near, bless me if he won't go and rub agin it." "Dear me," said the minister, in speaking of the incident to a Christian friend, "I thought I had him, but I found that I hadn't." Ah, me! how slippery are the souls of men, more so than the greased unclad wrestlers of ancient times. "Nevertheless, being crafty, I caught you with guile." How can some souls be caught, except in Paul's way, with sacred cunning; and even then, how many give us the slip!

People of a superfine and overscrupulous nature object to fishing, because it is a species of deception to offer food in which a hook is hidden. In the great sea of life, such folk never "catch men." The dear, dear Governor, of blessed memory, used to tell us to preach sermons with plenty of hooks in them. How often we have wished that we could do it as he did! This is how a brother-minister did it on one occasion. The man he wanted to catch for Christ was a burly sea-captain, slowly fading away in consumption. No other minister had dared to visit him. He did not believe in "the canting lot," as he called them. What was hell but the bugbear of the priests, and what were they but a set of confounded hypocrites? My friend met him in the street, and, as the sick man panted for breath, expressed his sympathy, and told him of his own brother's similar trouble. The man was touched, and he invited the pastor to visit him. He did so; and, to his sorrow and disappointment, found an infidel friend of the captain with him. For the time, his tongue seemed tied. Soon, however, the infidel left; he was not easy in the presence of a minister and encroaching death. The captain enquired, "Do you think I'll get

better, Mr. ——?" "I'm afraid not, captain," the minister replied, in sympathetic tones; adding, "I've a nice hymn I would like to sing to you, captain, if you can bear it; it is called 'The Harbour Bells.'" Yes, he would like to hear it. Before singing, the inscription was read:—"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and night was drawing nigh. Suddenly, a heavy fog settled down upon us: no lights had been sighted; the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore. The whistle was blown loud and long; but there was no response. The captain ordered the engines to be stopped; and, for some time, we drifted about on the waves. Suddenly, the pilot cried, 'Hark!' and, far away in the distance, we heard the welcome tones of the harbour bell, which seemed to say, 'This way! This way!' Again the engines were started; and, guided by the welcome sound, we entered the port in safety."

The singer's heart was in the song,—

"Our life is like a stormy sea,  
Swept by the gales of sin and grief;  
While on the windward and the lee  
Hang heavy clouds of unbelief.  
But o'er the deep a call we hear,  
Like harbour bell's inviting voice:  
It tells the lost that hope is near,  
And bids the trembling soul rejoice."

And on through the hymn the heart of the singer touched the heart of this hard "son of the sea." When the song was finished, he said, "Captain, in your seafaring days, when you got near to a strange coast, you would not think of risking your ship by taking her into port yourself, would you?" "No," replied the captain; "I should signal for the pilot." "And then," continued our brother, "you would hand all responsibility over to him. Now, you are nearing a rocky coast, a strange land, and your poor storm-injured ship needs the Pilot; hand over your soul to Jesus: He is the Pilot, and He will take you safely into port." The captain saw the truth, he put his trust in Jesus; and, with great rejoicing, he told his friends who visited him, "The Pilot is on board; I've handed over the ship to Him." In this faith, and in peace, he fell on sleep, finding Keble's words quite true,—

"Amid the wild and wintry sea,  
We *are* in port if we have Thee."

J. E. WALTON.

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## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

A NEW YEAR'S ASSURANCE.

[The gist of a Thursday evening discourse.]

**I**T was a combined Card, Almanack, and Bookmarker. The design upon it consisted of an artistic representation of Peel Harbour, with hazy hills beyond a narrow stretch of bright blue sea; dark-

sailed fishing-boats at anchor in the shelter of a substantial breakwater, lighthouse-crowned; and white-winged gulls giving life to the whole bright scene. But the accompanying text was best of all;—well might it shine in golden letters,—“*The Lord will be the harbour of His people.*” I confess that I was not familiar with this promise. The fact is, that these words are the marginal reading of Joel iii. 16, but they are a very fair and suggestive rendering of the original. Shall we meditate on them a while?

*A harbour is a place of refuge.* Whether natural or artificial, it serves the one purpose. Its outstretched arms, be they of man-made concrete or of God-made promontory, provide shelter and safety. It is “a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.” The billows are broken by the protecting mole; their wrath is spent upon the sheltering headland. Once round the point, the bark which was in direst jeopardy rides in perfect security.

All this and more is our Triune God to those who seek His face. From the terrors of the broken Law, and from the raging power of sin, we have found shelter in the Man Christ Jesus and His finished work. Temptation, persecution, and tribulation only drive us to our Father, and we sing, as we drop anchor in His tender love,—

“In God I have found a retreat,  
Where I can securely abide;  
No refuge or rest so complete:  
And here I intend to reside.”

In the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, we will “hide behind Jesus,” who has already “vanquished death and all its powers.”

*A harbour is “a place of repair.”* Thither come the wounded vessels that have survived the struggle with the elements. It is the hospital of the ocean. Here the damaged bark must refit. Broken boats, a mast gone by the board, bulwarks carried away, sails blown to ribbons, or whatever else is wrong, must here be made good. Maybe, some of the crew have been damaged also, and the surgeon’s aid is requisitioned. Provisions, too, are short.

Ah, me! most of us know what it is to need restocking and refitting. How battered we have been on the high seas of life! How nearly wrecked we were! There was nothing for it but to run for the haven. Stress of weather drove us to our God. Then did we tell Him all the truth. Our tattered canvas and our shattered boats, our broken rudder and our crippled crew, were entrusted to his care. Broken vows, “dismal failures,” wasted energies, lost opportunities, half-hearted services, frequent shortcomings, and flagrant sins,—we laid them all before Him. He knew the struggle we had had. In His infinite mercy, He took us in hand, renewing, and restoring, and forgiving, as only He can do. What ineffable tenderness He showed to the wounded, and with what rich stores He replenished us!

*A harbour is a place of rest.* “Then are they glad because they be quiet.” What a sudden transition it is from the storm-torn main to the mill-pond calm of the port! And how sudden is the change sometimes! A ship’s length makes all the difference.

It does not take God long to transform our storm into a calm. A word suffices. We have been one moment tossed high upon the broken wave, and the next "resting so sweetly in Jesus." In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, "peace, perfect peace" was ours. There is a great calm as soon as the heart dwells in God. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

*This harbour is of all the most to be desired.* "So He bringeth them unto their desired haven." God Himself is the haven where we would be. He was our home-port from the first. We set sail originally for God; and when we have answered the enquiry of other voyagers, "Whither bound?" we have always signalled, "We are travelling home to God." We do not wait, however, till we reach Heaven, the "happy harbour of the saints," before we get to God. He is our way-port as well as our final anchorage. Only God contents His people. None but Christ can satisfy.

"Ah, then! to His embrace repair;  
My soul, thou art no stranger there:  
There love Divine shall be thy guard,  
And peace and safety thy reward."

*There is no other harbour so accessible.* What can be more provoking than to have to "stand off" after a tedious and perilous voyage, because there is not enough water on the bar? God is available to every craft, however much water it may draw.

"Ho, all ye heavy-laden, come!  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home."

There can be no state of the tide to hinder seeking sinners or sorrowing saints. No ice can ever block this port. "God is love." The devil may seek to blockade this harbour, (did not Beelzebub keep a terrifying dog hard by the Wicket Gate?) but he cannot exclude the earnest and the desperate. It is well worth our while to run any such blockade for the blessings that lie beyond.

*God is the most ample of havens.* He is no mere "boat harbour." We say of some of our most capacious ports that all the navies of the world could ride in safety in them. But what shall we say of the all-embracing love and power of the Highest? Our God is a great God, and He has a mighty heart.

Moreover, just as, in most ports, there is an inner harbour for the smaller craft, or to ensure absolute calm for commercial purposes; so, believe me, there is in things spiritual an inner harbour. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will shew them His covenant." "In the shadow of His wings, there is rest, sweet rest." This is especially prized by "little ships"; and, oh, what rich freight is received at these quiet resting places!

*God is of all harbours the most beautiful.* Some of the most enchanting of scenery is connected with harbours. The mingling of sea and land produces a rare charm. I bethink me, as I write, of Sydney Harbour with its inlets and islets, of Auckland Harbour with its ample tideway and its volcanic sentinels, of San Francisco's famous

port within the Golden Gate, and of Rio Janeiro, perhaps the finest haven in the world;—but none of these compare with our God, and His great salvation. “Fair Havens” itself, despite the stately towers of Lasea, and snow-clad Ida, possessed no such charms as we perceive in things Divine. What scenery they see who dwell in God! Precious promises, covenant relationships, full assurance, unspeakable joys, eternal glories, delight their raptured eyes.

But how are God and all He is to His people to be attained unto? How can we “make” this harbour?

*There is a splendid light;—look out for it.* “God is light.” Jesus said, “I am the light of the world.” The Holy Spirit is the great Illuminator. The Word is as a lamp. Conscience, despite its fall, still glimmers. And there are gospel ministries, and providences, strange or sweet, which are as “the lower lights” which burn along the shore. Follow the light. Respond to the beckon of the beacon. A star still leads to Jesus and to God.

*Moreover, there is, in connection with this harbour, the best of pilot services.* Signal for a pilot, then. “Jesus ready stands to save you.” Oh, come to the Father, by Jesus the Son!

Seamen have a notion that, as soon as the pilot boards the vessel, the weather, however tempestuous before, “fines down.” Indeed, it is not mere imagination, though it must, of course, be mere coincidence. But this I know of Jesus, beyond a doubt,—He always brings fine weather with Him. Get Christ on board, and the Lord will direct your hearts into the love of God and into the patience of Christ.

“Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.”

*Just as, in every well-appointed harbour, there is a tug in readiness to tow vessels into safety, so the good Spirit waits to help us on to God.* We grieve Him when we try to do without Him. Why do we tack about, and beat up against the wind,—making all too much lee-way at every tack,—instead of laying hold of His strength? Shipmen call the tug, “a fair wind ahead;” and there is no sweeter music, even in a hardy sailor’s ears, than the long-looked-for order, “Get the hawser along.” This is the beginning of the end. This is the termination of the anxious watching and ceaseless working. The tug will take the craft to her moorings.

Thus, the Holy Ghost lays hold of men, and brings them to Jesus and to God. His drawing power is wonderful. Only let the connection be complete; and, despite swift currents and strong winds, He bears the trustful soul along. So, “get the hawser along.”

“Oh draw me all the journey through  
With cords of heavenly love,  
And when prepared for going hence,  
Draw me to dwell above.”

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

LXXXVI.—PASTOR WILLIAM J. SEARS, WILLESDEN GREEN.



THE sovereign electing grace of God, in family life as well as individual salvation, is clearly exemplified in the subject of this sketch and his ancestral history. He was born at Kennington, on April 26, 1871, being the child of godly parents, and grandparents, and descended from Puritan forefathers, one of whom was amongst the noble band of Pilgrim Fathers who, for the cause of religious freedom, left this land for the shores of New England in the *May Flower* in 1620. On his mother's side, he traces his descent from Samuel Rogers, the poet, and relationship to Agnes Strickland, authoress of "Lives of Queens of England;" while his grandfather, William J. Sears, was superintendent of Kennington Sunday-school for 50 years, and his uncle James was minister of Cottage Green Chapel, Camberwell, for nearly a quarter of a century, and there his father for many years has been, and still is, an honoured Deacon and Secretary of the church.

As a lad, he was educated at Wyndham House, Camberwell, under

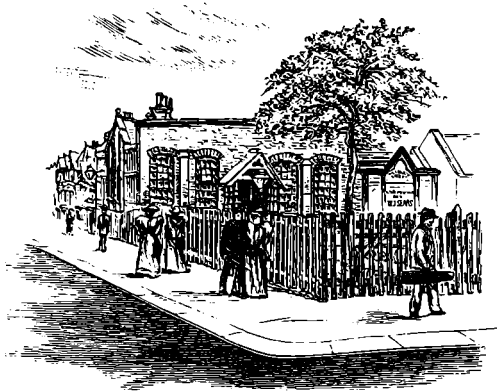
Dr. John Bowick, and whilst at school he obtained, among other prizes, in the 1887 essay competition of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, notwithstanding that there were 26,525 other competitors, the first principal male prize,—a magnificent copy of Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," in 5 vols., presented by her Majesty the Queen, who also afterwards forwarded a cabinet portrait of herself in recognition of the distinction.

In very early days, owing to the priceless boon of godly parentage and home training, as well as regular attendance at Cottage Green Chapel, he received deep religious impressions, and at fifteen years of age, whilst still a schoolboy, professed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was baptized by Pastor J. Alexander Brown, M.R.C.S. He had the charge of a Sunday-school class at Cottage Green for a considerable period, and many of the lads who attended it, through the grace of God, have since joined the church, and themselves become teachers and prominent Christian workers; he was also one of the founders of the Special Gospel Services, carried on in the school-room at the close of the ordinary evening services for many years with very signal blessing.

Before entering College, the Lord manifestly led our brother into the secretarial department of a City Life Assurance Office, where he had some years of business experience, which has proved of the greatest value in fitting him for general pastoral work, and especially for dealing with many legal and financial details connected with the clearing off old debts and mortgages of the church, to which he was afterwards called, at Willesden Green. In writing to Pastor C. H. Spurgeon concerning Mr. Sears, the chief clerk and accountant of the Assurance Office said:—"He is a young man of considerable intelligence and ability, and has fulfilled his duties here with great integrity and zeal. His general bearing, habits, and the tone of his mind, leave nothing to be desired. I have had many conversations with him on other subjects than Insurance work, and have found him unusually well-stored with general information, showing him to be a reading man with zealous student tastes."

Eventually, Mr. Sears entered College in January, 1892,—one of the last batch received during Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's lifetime. He had a strong desire to become a missionary on the Congo, but medical advisers declared him unfit for the severe constitutional strain of work in that dangerous part of Africa; so, after two years of steady study, and the manifestation of deep devotion to the Word of God, Mr. Sears, in March, 1894, undertook the student-pastorate at Willesden Green. The following are the main facts concerning the history of the church there:—The work was commenced in the year 1882. A few earnest Christian friends, residing in the locality, feeling the growing need for a place of worship as Willesden Green was rapidly being transformed from a country village into a residential suburb, waited on Mr. Spurgeon for his advice and help. Ever ready to encourage such efforts, the beloved President appointed two students, week-by-week, to hold open-air services. After a short time, a *tent* was erected on a piece of waste ground; but, in winter, this was relinquished, and a *cottage* rented. From the cottage, the little church moved to a *stable*, and

from thence to a *shop* fitted up for Divine worship. As the band of workers increased, they resolved to secure ground for a permanent Chapel and Sunday-school. A freehold site, in a central and prominent position in the High Road, was secured and mortgaged; and, on a portion of this ground, a School-chapel erected, seating about eighty worshippers. The building was afterwards twice enlarged, and classrooms and vestries were added, so that it is now capable of accommodating about 250 persons.



THE PRESENT SCHOOL-CHAPEL.

At the time Mr. Sears accepted the student-pastorate, the work had almost dwindled to extinction, there being only just over thirty names upon the church-roll. After successfully serving the church for two years, our brother was unanimously invited to take the full pastorate on January 1st, 1896. The church now has a membership of 210,—270 new names having been entered on the roll during the six and a half years of Mr. Sears' faithful and prayerful service.

Mr. Sears, having refused several tempting invitations to labour elsewhere, wrote, on accepting the pastorate:—"Looking to the fact that I never sought the work at Willesden Green,—but that indeed it was thrust upon me,—and gratefully remembering the blessing which Almighty God has graciously permitted to rest upon the work during the time—now nearly two years,—that I have been privileged to be with you as student-pastor, and recognizing the love and sympathy and co-operation which have ever been heartily extended to me by the deacons and members of the church in our work for the Master, and now, taking into consideration the hearty and unanimous call I have received, I feel that I cannot do otherwise than cheerfully and hopefully accept the pastorate of the church so kindly offered to me. . . . Not in my own name do I come among you, but in the Name of the Lord God of hosts."

The devotion of his congregation to their pastor is manifested in the fact that he has been the recipient of six different presentations, including a secretaire writing table, silver-plated inkstand, a reading lamp and stand, and a cheque for £15.



On May 17th, 1900, he was married to Miss Lily Ada Payne, fourth daughter of Mr. William Payne, late of the Chamberlain's Office, Guildhall, who is now the Senior Deacon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Concerning this family, one of the last paragraphs written by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon for the "Sword and Trowel," contains the following sentences:—"Mr. Payne has sons and daughters growing up around him as helpers in all sorts of good work. With such an example as they have seen in their loving mother, it need not surprise us that the family is a very gracious one, to their father's exceeding joy. God bless them all!" Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., in conducting the marriage ceremony, after expressing his deep joy at the union between two such earnest Christian families, said to the bride, "You, my friend, I am loth to let you go. You have been a true friend in this church. Little faces, that you have so often brightened by your coming to your Sunday-school, will look for you, and long for you; and the work you have done, throughout this district, amongst poor children and others, will be your best equipment for the larger service God calls you to."

Turning now to the present position and needs of the church, it is evident that the school-chapel is far too small for the congregations which gather week by week; and, frequently, many persons are unable to gain admission. The Sunday-school, which numbers over 400 scholars, and is the largest one connected with the Free Churches in Willesden Green, also overflows all available accommodation. The need for a new building is therefore extremely urgent. The church has a large Band of Hope, active and flourishing C.E. Societies, Sick Benefit Clubs for men and women, Mothers' Meeting, Dorcas Society, Missionary Working Party for young people, etc. The Pastor's Sunday Afternoon Bible-class for men has outgrown the room in which it has hitherto been held, and is now about to meet in the largest class-room on the premises.

On 24th October, 1899, the members of the congregation and other friends met to consider the suggested new buildings, plans for which have just been accepted. The secretary of the church on that occasion pointed out what Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had recently referred to, viz., the extraordinary growth of that part of Middlesex:—"Thirty years ago, there were 15,000 inhabitants; six years ago, 61,000; and now there are 101,000. That was a growth hardly equalled in any part of the country, and not greatly surpassed by the extraordinary mushroom growths of other parts of the world." During the present pastorate, the members and their friends have cleared off nearly £1,000 of debt, the freehold being completely paid for; and they have already promised or contributed £500 towards the new premises to be erected.

The chapel will seat 840, and the double-storied schoolroom in the rear, with class-rooms, will provide for about 600. The estimated cost of the chapel is £4,088, and of the school, £1,498, making a total of £5,586. Although so sadly lacking more accommodation, the pastor and people feel that, before commencing building operations, they must see their way clear to obtain a large sum. "Moreover," they say, "feeling convinced that concerts, bazaars, and other ex-

pedients frequently adopted for raising money for the Lord's work are not only detrimental to spiritual growth, but inconsistent with New Testament ideals, we are compelled to rely entirely on prayerful effort and the generosity of the Lord's stewards to help us in our very pressing need."



THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon writes:—"This is evidently a *good work*. The friends themselves are setting about it with a right *good will*. They are, moreover, in my judgment, adopting a *good way*, for they are determined to avoid all worldly methods of raising funds. So I gladly say for them this *good word*: 'Help them if you can, *good friend!*'"

The following letter was received from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon when the church was arranging to purchase the freehold:—

“Westwood, Upper Norwood, S.E.,

“Dear Mr. Sears,—Just now, having to bear all the responsibility in building Bexhill Chapel, I am not in a position to help any other good causes, but I make an exception in your favour, because I am so glad to see you are casting off the worldly shackles which have so long bound the Church of God in money matters. Mine is but a small gift, but it comes with hearty wishes for your prosperity and success in this new departure,—a real turning *to God* for help.

“Very sincerely yours,

“S. SPURGEON. (Mrs. C. H.)”

May God grant that the Christian life and testimony, the evangelistic effort, and missionary enterprise of the pastor and people worshipping in Willesden Green Baptist Chapel may not long be hampered and hindered through want of suitable buildings in which to labour for their Lord! All contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor W. J. Sears, 92, High Road, Willesden Green, London, N.W.

A. W. P.

## In Memoriam—Archibald Fergusson.



BY the home-going, on December 27, 1900, of PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD FERGUSSON, there has passed away from earth to Heaven the last of the early tutors of the Pastors' College. All of them are now re-united with the beloved President, with whom they so long laboured in the happy and responsible task of training men for the Christian ministry. Mr. Fergusson's term of service lasted for just thirty years, commencing in 1862, and closing in 1892, when increasing infirmities compelled him to resign his tutorial office, although he continued for a while to discharge the duties

of his pastorate at Ealing. How many men passed through his hands, either in the Evening Classes, or in the College itself, and how greatly they profited from his tuition, can scarcely be ascertained; but many, who are now prosperous in business, and serving the Lord as they have the opportunity, together with hundreds of pastors, evangelists, and missionaries, at home and abroad, are full of gratitude to “dear old Fergy”—as they affectionately call him,—for the help rendered to them at the most important period of their preparation for future labour. The above portrait represents Professor Fergusson as he appeared at the close of his tutorial career; the one on the following page, which is extracted from *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, shows what he was like in his earlier days.



Mr. Fergusson not only served the College as a tutor, but also in other ways. In 1863, he wrote a twelve-page pamphlet entitled "Faith's Witness; or, the Record of the Lord's Work in connection with the Pastor's College;" (it was the *Pastor's* College then, though some years afterwards its designation was changed to the present title—The Pastors' College;) in which he described the origin, progress, mode of maintenance, and results of the work of the Institution during the first seven years of its existence. The elder brethren of our world-wide fraternity will not be likely to forget some striking addresses delivered at the Conferences of thirty years ago, and more; on some of those occasions, Mr. Fergusson spoke like a man inspired, and left indelible impressions upon his hearers. In recent years, since his blindness and weakness prevented him from attending the annual gatherings, he has always sent a letter to the President, the contents of which have been received by the whole assembly with sympathetic interest.

At the memorial and funeral services at Ealing, the College and Tabernacle Church were represented by Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and C. B. Sawday, Principal A. McCaig, Professor W. Hackney, M.A., Dr. Usher, Pastors W. Cuff, J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., Frank H. White, and other brethren, in addition to Mr. Fergusson's successor at Ealing, Pastor W. L. Gibbs. Many tributes of esteem and regard for the "promoted" Professor, and many expressions of sympathy with Mrs. Fergusson, and her daughters, and other bereaved relatives, were uttered by the various speakers, and with them all we cordially unite, for we have lost a dear personal friend as well as a kind and genial tutor.

J. W. H.

## 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 Tabernacle Colportage Association has issued *Our Daily Guidance Calendar* (price 6d.), and *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Motto Text for 1901* (price threepence). They may be obtained of any of the colporteurs, who can also supply Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's sermon on the Motto Text, entitled "Pray! Pray! Pray! or, a Watchword for the New Century." The discourse is No. 1 in Vol. ix. of the series published weekly by Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell.

In addition to *The Baptist Almanack*, which we reviewed last month, Messrs. Robert Banks and Son have published *The Congregational Almanack and Directory for 1901*, which is intended to furnish Congregationalists with information similar to that supplied to Baptists in the Almanack arranged specially for them. The two ministers of whom sketches and portraits are given are Revs. Thomas Stephens, B.A., of Camberwell, and Llewellyn H. Parsons, of Finsbury Park.

Mr. Andrew Melrose has taken advantage of the return of Lord Roberts to issue a fourth edition of Mr. Howard G. Groser's shilling volume, *Field-Marshal Lord Roberts*, from which the main facts of the life of the Commander-in-chief can be ascertained by anyone who wishes to know them. It is absurd for the author to write about "the close of the war;" according to present appearances, it might be more correct to speak of the commencement of an unending campaign. We suppose Lord Roberts is a more humane general than some others who might be named; but the essential cruelty and brutality of war are illustrated by the driving out of women and children into the mountains in the depth of winter, and the farm-burning and looting which have done more than anything else to make the conflict

in South Africa perpetual. If our new King could devise some righteous way of ending the war, his reign would indeed begin gloriously.

We have received from the Scripture Gift Mission, 15, Strand, W.C., *The Soldier's New Testament* and *The Sailor's New Testament*, price sixpence each. Both are illustrated; but if "Tommy" and "Jack" are pleased with the pictures, they must be easily satisfied. It seems strange to see, on the back of the books given to the men going out to kill their fellow-creatures in South Africa, "Peace through the blood of His cross," and "My peace I give unto you;" but we hope that, even amid the horrors of war, some of the recipients will learn, by happy personal experience, the meaning of those blessed words.

From the publishing department of the Presbyterian Church of England, 14, Paternoster Square, E.C., we have received five sets of *The Westminster Helps*, edited by Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D.,—Senior, Intermediate, Junior, Primary, and Lesson Cards. All appear likely to be helpful to the different classes of scholars for whom they are intended, although some of them are more adapted for America than for England. Some of the illustrations are quite extraordinarily inaccurate; notably, the Lord's supper (our Saviour standing, with six disciples in a similar posture, and five others kneeling before Him); the anointing at Bethany, and the foolish virgins.

Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons have published, at 1s. 6d. net, a dainty little edition of Dr. MILLER's volume, *Come Ye Apart*, Daily Readings in the Life of Christ. Being printed on "Royal India" paper, and bound in limp leather, with gilt edges, it is specially suitable to be a gift-book to a friend, and its contents

have already proved widely acceptable.

*With Christ at Sea.* A Religious Autobiography. By FRANK T. BULLEN. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume—or a cheap edition of it—ought to be put into the hands of all that go down to the sea in ships; and all shipowners also will do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what Mr. Bullen has to tell them concerning the experiences of the men and boys who earn their wealth for them at such terrible risks and in such frequent discomfort to themselves. No one could be better qualified than Mr. Bullen to describe, first, what it is to be “*without Christ at sea,*” and then to be “*with Christ at sea.*” There is a wise reticence on certain subjects, as well as a sailor’s frankness upon other parts of his life-story, which should commend the volume to dwellers on land as well as to those who are more familiar with “a life on the ocean wave.” We have been fascinated by the narrative as it appeared, chapter by chapter, in *The British Weekly*; and we are delighted to have it all in this substantial six-shilling volume, which will, we trust, be the means of winning for the Lord Jesus Christ many a thoughtless Jack in the mercantile service or the royal navy.

*George H. C. Macgregor, M.A.* A Biography. By Rev. DUNCAN CAMPBELL MACGREGOR, M.A., Wimbledon. Hodder & Stoughton.

A WORTHY and sufficient record of this saintly man of God. That it is interesting may be gathered from the fact that the reviewer, a hard-worked minister, took it up at the close of a Sunday’s labour, and finished the reading of it ere he laid it down. The author need not regret that other hand than his did not write the memoir; he has brilliantly accomplished his task; and, without spreading out his material, he has given us an artistic picture of the man.

Everybody who knew Macgregor loved him; there was such transparent honesty about him, such burning zeal, such high spirituality, such unaffected grace. At Keswick, he was one of the most useful speakers; he was much sought after in all sorts of Conventions; and in his own churches, first at Aberdeen, and then at Notting Hill, he has left a noble record. Though not thirty-six when he was called hence, he had done a good day’s work, and his memory is enshrined in the lives of many on both sides of the Atlantic. This volume will be to such a precious memento of the dead, and it will well repay the attention of those who seek to discover the way God leads His chosen saints to holiness and to power. A chapter by Dr. Handley Moule, on Keswick, adds interest to the book, to which we hope to turn again and again for refreshment of spirit.

*George Whitefield, M.A., Field-Preacher.* By JAMES PATERSON GLEDSTONE. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS book is a classic: though it has only 350 pages, it is a great book, and it should not be neglected by any teacher who desires to trace God’s working in the past, and is expectant of greater things in the days to come. In this volume, Whitefield lives and moves; there is no excess of detail, but the narration is not so bare as to be barren of interest. Mr. Gledstone is not new to his subject. Of his former work, “*The Life and Travels of George Whitefield,*” we said, at the time of its publication, that it was one of the fullest and best lives of the marvellous preacher that we had ever seen. This volume, though not so full, is even better. A rare skill, born of what must have been deep and sympathetic study of his subject, has guided the author in the selection of his materials. He has evidently foraged far and near: his own Yorkshire residence is evidenced in the treatment of Whitefield’s visits to Grimshaw; his London experience in the vivid pictures of his hero’s work in the

metropolis; his catholicity in his references to those who were Whitefield's opponents; his earnest Evangelical fervour in the delight with which he describes Whitefield's burning ardour for the souls of men.

But Mr. Gledstone is too much of an artist to consciously reveal himself, or to neglect proportion in the picture he draws of the great preacher. The title of his book fixes attention at once on what was Whitefield's chief characteristic: he was a field-preacher; that, first, because the churches were shut to him; that, chiefly, because no church could hold those who flocked to hear the glad Evangel from his lips. He had his faults, and these are not hidden by his biographer; but never has the world had a more wonderful ministry of the Gospel. What was the secret of his sustained power? "From the first effort he put forth to the last, (and he laboured without respite for thirty-four years,) he never flagged in his ardent attachment to the same truth, expressed in the same words, looked at from the same standpoint." His oratory may account for much, but his faith was the real spring of his success. Oh, for another Whitefield! Perhaps already God is training some unknown man for even a greater work.

*Emma Marshall. A Biographical Sketch.* By BEATRICE MARSHALL. Seeley and Co.

To the multitudes who have been charmed by Mrs. Marshall's books, this biography should come almost as a sequel. It is brightly written by her daughter, and it is almost as interesting as the stories by which so many have been fascinated and instructed. We are apt to think that an author must be so devoted to books as to be unmindful of household duties, but here is a picture of the way Mrs. Marshall was accustomed to write:—"I have recollection of her seated in the midst of us with her pen gliding rapidly over sheet after sheet of foolscap. Never did a mother who was a writer of books make less

fuss about the writing of them. The children came first, the books second. To the appeal, 'Do read to us,' she never answered, 'I am too tired, or too busy,' nor did her voice as she read ever betray weariness, but always an interest in the story as keen as the listeners'." Her memorial brass, in Bristol Cathedral, sums up her life in these words:—"A lover of good men, and herself a follower of their faith and patience, she strove by her writings to make others love them." A number of excellent pictures, chiefly of cathedral scenes, embellish the volume, which forms a fitting and simple souvenir of a beautiful life.

*Heroes of the Covenant. Life and Times of Donald Cargill.* By Rev. W. H. CARSLAW, M.A. Alexander Gardner, Paisley.

WE cordially welcome the second volume of this series. The accomplished author is rendering invaluable service to the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty by the production of such works as this. Cargill, the subject of this volume, was a maker of history, a preacher and a prophet, one of the heroic Scottish band who joined "the noble army of martyrs." Naturally timid and desponding, out of weakness he was made strong, and soon became a marked man with a price set on his head. He was one of between three and four hundred ministers who refused to conform to the Act passed by the Scottish Parliament. The Seceders contended for "the Church's inalienable right to manage her own affairs under the sole headship of Christ." It was for this that thousands sacrificed their worldly all.

As a preacher, Cargill "was marrowy and sententious, a man of unction and of power." Several of his sermons are given in this volume; and though they might not serve as homiletic models at the present time, they possess that which is absent from much of the pulpit literature of to-day, and to the lack of which "the dearth of conversions" may be largely attributed. Those who would know

what manner of man this Donald Cargill was, and the evil times in which he lived,—how he sang on the scaffold, and took most eloquent farewell of earth, must read this informing and inspiring volume.

*Life and Times of James Renwick, M.A.* (Same author, publisher, and series.)

THIS volume, with its two predecessors on William Guthrie and Donald Cargill, covers the period of the Covenanting struggle in Scotland. Together, these "Lives" give a connected view of the stirring events associated with that great fight for freedom. The author has displayed intense sympathy and keen insight, and withal a well-balanced mind, in dealing with these noble characters and the conflicting interests and movements of those stern times; and we trust that his hope may be realized, and that his work may help to perpetuate the memory of the struggle which invests the heroes of liberty with glory, and covers their persecutors with infamy.

James Renwick was a stalwart of stalwarts; and, verily, there were giants in those days. Carlyle describes him thus:—"Last of the Cameronians, Renwick was the name of him; honour to the name of the brave." We were interested to learn that the Baptists, or, as they are here designated, the Anabaptists, gave Renwick some little trouble; but this could hardly be avoided when the preacher undertook to "assert the Divine right of infant baptism from Scripture." Only a bold man would have ventured to do this, and such was he.

It is impossible to read this series of "Lives" unmoved. Would that the young people of the present day could be prevailed upon to read such works! There would then be some hope of producing the "men" that Lord Rosebery feels are needed for this kingdom at such a time as this. These three volumes should be in every library throughout this and every other liberty-loving land.

*William Herschel and his Work.*

By J. SIME, M.A., F.R.S.E. T. and T. Clark.

A DELIGHTFUL story of a delightful man. The great astronomer, and his self-effacing sister, are set forth here with much vividness and power. Our author cares little for mere graces of literary style, but is absorbed with an intense and strenuous desire to make his hero living and real to his readers. He has succeeded in no ordinary fashion, and the result is a most admirable biography. This series of "The World's Epoch-makers" is strangely mixed in quality, some of the volumes being utterly unreliable; but the present specimen has our heartiest approval.

*Anecdotes and Recollections of A. K. H. B.* By D. R. HENDERSON, M.A. A. Gardner, Paisley.

IF this booklet had not been published, no one would have been the loser, not even the compiler or the publisher. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the garrulous old preacher who is its subject, and certainly does not enhance his reputation. A. K. H. B. could not be saved from himself, but he might have been saved from his injudicious friends.

*The Life of Joseph.* By Rev. THOMAS KIRK. Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh.

THIS is essentially a narrative life of Joseph, with a circumstantial background adapted from the stores of modern Archæology. Of its kind, it makes easy and pleasant reading, while the hortatory vein is, on the whole, fairly well streaked with the lessons and reflections that come within the scope of the average pulpit. We cannot call this a deep work, nor does it anywhere betray signs of rugged strength; but the general level of interest is well maintained. For our own part, we prefer a little less of Egyptology, and more of the man who was, in God's providence, raised to such a prominent position in that ancient kingdom.



*Daybreak in Livingstonia.* By JAMES W. JACK, M.A. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

LIVINGSTONIA is that district round Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, in which the first mission work in memory of Livingstone was begun, and where, in spite of many sacrifices, it has been continued to this day. Readers of Drummond's *Tropical Africa* will remember his word-picture (p. 41) of his visit to the deserted manse in Livingstonia Bay, where he found furniture, and medicines, and dishes, and books, but no missionaries. "Then," he says, "a native approached, and led me a few yards into the forest. And there, among the mimosa trees, under a huge granite mountain, were four or five graves. There were the missionaries." But one hundred and fifty miles North, the work of the mission is continued in a healthier spot, and this work this volume describes. Though Mr. Jack confesses that he has never been in Africa, he has given us a missionary book of absorbing interest, the accuracy of which is vouched for by Dr. Laws, the veteran leader of the enterprise. We cannot have too many books like this.

*The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood.*

By Mrs. MARCUS B. FULLER. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THIS book is a necessity for those who really want to know what Indian women suffer. It is an unsavoury subject, and the authoress touches it with a very sparing hand; but she really tells us the truth, as far as she knows it, though the whole truth is known to nobody. Of the 23,000,000 widows, (many of them children,) and their indignities, of various castes of women whose whole life is devoted to the obscene service of idols, of barbarous cruelties, and of the possible remedies, Mrs. Fuller writes with sympathy and yet with restraint.

An Introduction by Ramabai—of whom, if we mistake not, there are two portraits among the pictures that grace the book,—adds the word

of a second witness, and out of the mouths of these two everything is confirmed. In reviewing a book on *Women's Influence in the East*, some years ago, we had to comment, with some severity, on the statement of Sir Lepel Griffin that "we may well doubt whether the Occidental or the Oriental method of treating the fair sex is more in accord with practical wisdom." No unprejudiced person could have any such doubt after reading the present volume.

*East and West. The Story of a Missionary Band.* By MARY N. TUCK. London Missionary Society, 14, Blomfield Street, E.C.

A HALF-CROWN volume which ought greatly to help the cause of foreign missions. The frontispiece is a most charming reproduction of a photograph of juvenile representatives of East and West, and there are altogether seventy illustrations in the book. The story of work in India, which charmed the members of the Missionary Band while they were working for their dark-skinned brothers and sisters far away, must suggest to many others how they also can help in this blessed service. The book should be placed at once in every missionary and Sunday-school library.

With it should go a shilling volume, also published by the London Missionary Society,—*Missionary Readings and Recitations*,—a number of short pieces suitable for reading at missionary working parties, or for recitation at children's gatherings. One of the most impressive chapters in the book is Dr. Jacob Chamberlain's explanation of "What Retrenchment Really Means;" but all the articles are well worth reading again and again.

*Christianity in Polynesia. A Study and a Defence.* By Rev. JOSEPH KING. William Brooke and Co., Sydney.

IN this brief work, the whole history of missions throughout the Pacific Islands is outlined. A more admirable handbook on the extensive

region of which it treats could not be desired. Brimful of facts, it presents in sober prose a record rich in adventure, and which, in realization, has borne more precious fruit than is dreamed of in the fictional paradise of romance. Let anyone read what is written concerning the transformation of Fiji (p. 118), and then let him ask himself,—What power but the Divine power of the Gospel could have achieved such results? In view of what the Gospel has wrought among degraded peoples far remote, we ought to have a large faith in the possibilities of Evangelical achievement at home and abroad.

*What is Truth?* By Rev. R. WATERS, A.K.C.L. Robert Banks and Son.

A SOLID, encyclopædia of theology, thoroughly orthodox, and manifestly prompted by the desire to correct prevailing errors by the Truth of God's Word. And yet we greatly fear whether it will command many readers. The days of bulky volumes on theology appear, for a while, to be over; even the preacher and theologian now wants his treatise on Divinity in pocket form. Specializing has been so elaborated, that small handbooks, dealing with sectional topics, are far more in favour than large and comprehensive ones. Had this volume been published fifty years ago, it would have made a stir; now, we doubt whether it will ever repay the time and trouble spent upon it. The weakest point of the weighty volume is its lame explanation of baptismal grace; for it, like the ordinances it professes to explain, is a series of assumptions. But this is only one blemish on an otherwise excellent work.

*The Biblical Illustrator. Joshua. Judges. Ruth.* By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

THIS great work advances to its completion, and each succeeding volume gives abundant evidence of the care with which the compilation has been done. The one before us

is no exception to the rule, so the literature upon these three Books will be worthily represented. The volumes are published at 7s. 6d. each, but any four can be obtained at 4s. 6d. each. To Christian workers with small libraries, they are a great boon.

*The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The Book of Daniel.* By Rev. S. R. DRIVER, D.D. The Cambridge University Press.

THE Introduction alone to this portable volume exceeds one hundred pages, and covers a wide field. There are also numerous notes, combined with the Introduction, which serve to show the author's point of view, and to give scholastic completeness to the research. Despite the mass of learning shown in this work, we cannot deem the work itself an exegetical help. If we could believe all that Dr. Driver has written, then our feeling would be that there was little left in the Book of Daniel that was of interest to faith at all. Of course, this is a matter of opinion; and it may be said, with reason, better let the whole truth be known even though faith itself be abrogated. Still, it is somewhat dispiriting to find that the Book of Daniel, when sifted by "the Higher Criticism," contains so little that is positive, so little to which we could apply the term "sacred", and that matters of gravest moment are left to be enveloped in impenetrable fog. Thus, the Book of Daniel is not Daniel's at all, according to the times specified in the Book itself; the prophecy of the seventy weeks is a hopeless riddle; and the utmost that can be said of any one of the theories advanced, is that it is the finding of desperation. Then, it is assumed that Nebuchadnezzar's dream terminates with the Macedonian Empire; and, what is stranger still, it is affirmed that the resurrection spoken of in Daniel xii. 2 had relation to "the period ending with the fall of Antiochus,"—a conclusion which, so far as we can see, leaves but two alternatives, either

that the resurrection then took place, or that Daniel's prophecy is false. "Higher Criticism" (to speak without offence,) is like removing the sun from the day, and the stars from the night. Happily, we who reject it still have the light of both sun and stars.

*A First Primer of Apologetics.* By R. MACKINTOSH, D.D. Elliot Stock.

A good specimen of the modern apologetic for Christian doctrine, which renounces nearly all in the Bible that is worth the keeping, or makes it a Bible at all. Not satisfied with undermining the Old Testament,—now an ancient piece of traitorhood,—our author coolly declares that there may be moral errors of the apostles in the New Testament! We can imagine no result but an evil one from the acceptance of this teaching, and would advise all who love the Truth of God to leave it severely alone.

*"After the Spirit."* By JAMES ELDER CUMMING, D.D. Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling.

DR. ELDER CUMMING has already laid us under obligation by his work, "*Through the Eternal Spirit.*" This smaller volume is composed of additional studies, and in all of them there is the same mark of careful study and of ripened experience, combined with a caution which sometimes dulls the force of the exposition. While in general agreement with the author, especially when he affirms his belief that "the fulness of the Spirit" is only a difference in degree in the Christian life, yet we cannot quite understand why, on the next page of the chapter which has Luke xi. 13 for a heading, it should be said "that very few Christians have received the gift." The text refers to the gift of the Spirit, while almost without warning Dr. Cumming glides off to the subject of the fulness of that gift; which, though he says many admirable things about it, is rather confusing to his readers.

It is a hopeful sign of the day that so much attention is being directed to the work of the adorable Comforter: the reviewer would like to express his personal opinion that, if Mr. Spurgeon's utterances on the Holy Spirit were collected into a volume, it would be discovered that he has left an unequalled "body of divinity" on the subject, and that, long ago, he preached the truth about the Spirit's work, which is now regarded by many persons as a recent discovery.

*Robert Bruce's Sermons on the Sacraments.* By Dr. JOHN LAIDLAW. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

The five colossal "Sermons on the Sacraments," here for the first time put into modern English, have long been a classic on the other—theological—side of the Tweed. We trust that this up-to-date reprint will be very largely read and pondered by all preachers now. The invincible exposure of all idolatrous theories of the Lord's supper should fortify our Protestantism, and give vigour to our assertion of the spiritual meaning of this august ordinance. Some recent compromises, in deference to High Church teaching, could not find a more complete refutation than is provided in this valuable volume; and for this reason, if for no other, we wish for it the very widest circulation.

Concerning the term "sacrament" as used in reference to the communion, the following sentences from a Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon are worthy of remembrance:—"I do not like that word 'sacrament' as applied to the ordinance of the Lord's supper; at all events, there is no mention in Scripture of such a thing as a 'sacrament.' It is an old heathenish word, applying to the oath which a soldier swore to be faithful to his commander. I like neither swearing nor sacraments, and I do not like either one of them any more than the other, for both of them are contrary to the Word of God. Out of that word 'sacrament'

a great mass of mischief has grown up; it is a bed of rottenness out of which all sorts of evil fungi have sprung. Let us keep clear of that once for all."

*A Dictionary of the Bible.* Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D. Vol. III. T. and T. Clark.

THERE are many most valuable articles in this elaborate volume, among which may be mentioned the articles on the "Logos", the "Lord's day", the signification of the terms "Name", "Mystery", "the Lord of Hosts," etc. The old tendency, however, is still in evidence,—to give place to the Higher, or, to speak more correctly, the Destructive Criticism of the period. On this score, we regret the article on "the Old Testament Canon," though to the one on "the New Testament Canon" the same objection does not apply with the like force. It is not pleasant to find fault; and while we are frequently obliged to take exception to the speculative element in this work, and the tendency to seek in things human the explanation of things Divine, we bear willing testimony to the sterling quality of a great mass of the information which is to be found in this treasury of Biblical literature.

The great need of the age (and the contents of this scholarly work only deepen in us this conviction) is that the sanctity of Scripture as a Divine Revelation should obtain axiomatic force. This does not mean that the product of Inspiration is mechanical, or that the Spirit of God does not, by His inspiring breath, act dynamically, influencing and controlling each of the apostles and prophets according to his own peculiar mould. But it does imply a different attitude to the Scriptures from the critical method of recent growth, which, by seeking a natural cause for a supernatural product, resolves Divine verity into mist. Why should human sources be sought, by rationalistic enquiry, for results which Scripture itself alleges to be

due to the immediate action of the Divine Mind on the human mind? A man's individuality will, no doubt, appear in his style (and under this law inspired writers as well as others come); but there is no need for rationalistic labour to account for the phraseology, or for the thought, of this inspired writer or that. The sufficient explanation lies in the dynamic effect of the Spirit's own inspiring breath on the writer himself. To carry the matter farther tends to make of learning the accumulation of speculative tissue that can never obtain body or weight.

*Until the Day Break.* By WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THIS neat little half-crown volume shows Dr. Landels at his best, and pleases us far more than some of his controversial writings. It contains seventeen short chapters of a devotional and consolatory character, which are eminently calculated to attain the author's object, "to comfort mourners whatever may be the cause of their distress." We have been specially delighted with the Calvinistic teaching of the chapter entitled "The Perfection of God's Way," which is a remarkable testimony to be given by such an ultra-Arminian as Dr. Landels was.

*Keep to the Right. A Book of Outline Addresses to Children.* By GRACE WINTER. Sunday School Union.

THESE addresses are an improvement upon many that we have seen. It is so often assumed that all children are Christians; and, as a result, there is little of Jesus the Saviour in the teaching that is given to the young. The Christ is in this volume; and we should like to see the Crucified One more prominent in all addresses and sermons to children. Being both simple and sensible, these Outlines, which are well filled in, are adapted to the child mind, and there is a crispness about the style that is sure to create interest.

*A Book about Longfellow.* By J. N. McILWRAITH. T. Nelson and Sons.

FOR its size, and obvious aim, this is altogether a delightful book. It is not a philosophical analysis of the poet's character or his poetry; but just a bright, cheery, interesting, chatty book about both. The very

thing to give keen-eyed youths or maidens, to make them want to read the genial poet's writings. As a popular handbook and introduction, it is ideal in its simplicity of form and balanced sympathy in feeling. Happy the youth or girl, or even old reader, who can enjoy its attractive pages.

## Notes.

By the tender mercy of our God, we are glad to be able to report that, during the greater part of the past month, MRS. C. H. SPURGEON has continued to improve slowly. She is still very weak, so that praise for her partial recovery needs to be accompanied with prayer for further restoration, if it be the Lord's gracious will.

Pastor Ernest Baker, of Cape Town, in gratefully acknowledging the second consignment of Sermons sent to him by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for distribution amongst the soldiers in South Africa, writes:—"All in the first lot were gone when the second parcel arrived. . . I have reached 164 camps, with 588 parcels, and 32,500 pieces of literature." Our brother encloses two letters, as specimens of those he is constantly receiving, expressing the appreciation of both officers and men of the service thus rendered to them.

Brother Baker also mentions another matter, which will be of interest to those of our readers who desire to see the Lord's work carried on without resorting to the worldly expedients which are so common nowadays. He says:—"I have just had my Annual Thanksgiving Day, and have realized £238, against £192 last year. We began this Thanksgiving Day in Cape Town seven years ago. Four other Baptist churches in South Africa have followed suit. In each place, this method has always raised more than these same churches ever raised by a Bazaar, and it has been a means of spiritual blessing as well."

Regular readers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons are aware that the first one in this year's volume is entitled "The Old Gospel for the New Century." It is a striking and powerful exposition of Matthew xi. 28, and is worthy of being very widely circulated as an auxiliary

to the Simultaneous Missions in London and the country, or wherever English-speaking people are to be found. Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will be happy to quote special terms for large quantities.

The services at the Tabernacle, in connection with the Simultaneous Mission, are being held just as the Magazine is passing through the press, so we must defer until next month our report of them.

The Watch-night service at the Tabernacle must have reminded many who were present of the great gatherings in the former hallowed sanctuary; for, not only was the seating accommodation in the new building all required, but hundreds of hearers had to stand. Amongst the thousands of worshippers were very many who, evidently, were not in the habit of attending a place of worship, but there was little that was unseemly or irreverent in their behaviour. The whole service was of a specially solemn character, and consisted of prayer by Pastor C. B. Sawday, singing by Madame Annie Ryall and the congregation, the reading of part of Acts xvi., and the delivery of an earnest address on the three G's,—“The Gospel of the Grace of God,”—by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. A little before midnight, a brief space was devoted to silent prayer, and the new century was commenced with the expression of mutual good wishes by Pastor and people.

A Watch-night service was also held at South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, where Pastor Charles Spurgeon addressed a crowded audience upon the special subject which had been announced,—“1900, Going! Going!! Gone!!!” It was one of the largest and most impressive meetings ever

held in connection with the midnight services; and, best to relate, some souls found the Saviour. The members of the Men's Bible-class led the singing, and large numbers of non-chapel-goers were found within the house of God, thus profitably spending the last hour of the closing century. Taken altogether, it was a memorable occasion.

The annual church-meeting at the Tabernacle, on *Wednesday evening, January 23*, was necessarily overshadowed by the great national calamity which had occurred on the previous day; so, after the opening hymn, and prayer by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon,—in which he very tenderly and sympathetically remembered the bereaved royal family and stricken nation, and specially pleaded for the new King,—the Pastor made a brief but appropriate and touching reference to the Queen's death, and to the kind sympathy which the Prince of Wales had shown during the long illness and after the home-going of the late beloved Pastor. The following resolution was then moved by the Pastor, seconded by Pastor C. B. Sawday, carried by the silent rising vote of the whole assembly, and at once telegraphed to King Edward VII. :—

“The members of the Spurgeon's Tabernacle Church, assembled in their annual meeting, humbly tender to your Majesty their heartfelt sympathy in your grievous loss sustained by the death of your royal mother, and desire to express their own sorrow over the irreparable national bereavement; and respectfully assure your Majesty of their prayers to Almighty God for your prosperous reign.”

Proceeding to the business of the church-meeting, the statistics for the year were reported as follows :—“Additions, by baptism, 87; by letter of transfer, 29; by profession (persons previously baptized), 14;—total, 130; decrease, by transfer to other churches, 116; by joining other churches without letters of transfer, 34; by removal at their own request, 7; for conduct inconsistent with their profession, 4; for

non-attendance, 99; deaths, 74;—total, 334; leaving on the church-roll, to the end of December, the names of 3,656 members. After encouraging and stimulating addresses from Pastors T. Spurgeon and C. B. Sawday, the church accounts were read, showing a balance in hand on every fund, and Mr. James E. Passmore was unanimously re-elected Treasurer, with best thanks for his services during the past year. Mr. Ford reported that the contract for the rebuilding of the Tabernacle was virtually finished, and that about £500 remained in hand towards the School Extension Fund. He also called special attention to the generosity of Messrs. Higgs and Hill, by which “some thousands of pounds' value more than the church had paid for had been put into the contract.”

A long and loving resolution was enthusiastically carried, congratulating the Pastor on the hearty unity in the church, the continued spiritual blessing resting on his ministry, the physical strength and gracious wisdom vouchsafed to him, and the restoration and re-opening, free of debt, of the beloved house of prayer. After the Pastor had appropriately acknowledged this spontaneous token of esteem and love, the accounts of the College, showing a balance of £563 11s. 7d. in hand, were read, and the usual resolution pledging the church to support the work, was passed. It was decided to send “a most loving message of sympathy” to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, and another to Rev. John Spurgeon, who, in his 91st year, is seeking to help the South Norwood Baptist Church in completing its unfinished sanctuary. The happy and harmonious annual meeting was fittingly closed with the Doxology and Benediction.

**SOUSSA MEDICAL MISSION.**—Most of our readers are probably aware that Dr. T. G. Churcher, one of “our own men,” whose communications are always welcome to our pages, is supported by the College Missionary Association. They may not know, however, that the expenses of the Medical Mission have to be met by voluntary contributions, which are not always adequate to the requirements of the work. Recently, through lack of funds, the branch-station at Mōknine has had to be abandoned, and fears have even been expressed

with regard to this part of the service at Soussa. In acknowledging the receipt of help from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Churcher writes:—"While others have to seek their hearers, physical relief *draws* the people in crowds, and gives an object-lesson of what the Gospel can do for their souls." It is a thousand pities that this Christ-like work should suffer through want of the means to continue and extend it; so, if any of our friends desire to aid it, their contributions will be gratefully received by the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel," "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, or by Dr. T. G. Churcher, Medical Mission, Soussa, Tunisia, North Africa.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. J. E. Barnes, from Hounslow, to Little Kingshill, Buckinghamshire; Mr. W. Holyoak, from Bromley Common, to Tenterden, Kent; Mr. H. S. Smith, from Fenny Stratford, to Potter's Bar; Mr. James Smith, from Wimbledon, to Salters' Hall Chapel, Baxter Road, Islington, N.; and Mr. F. G. Wheeler, from Gresham Chapel, Brixton, to Thornton Heath.

The Conference Committee meeting, on January 25, is held just too late for an account of the proceedings to appear in the present Magazine; but we think our brethren may take it for granted that the Conference will be held in the week commencing April 15, that is, the week preceding the Baptist Union meetings.

ORPHANAGE.—The usual festivities took place on Christmas day, our ever-generous friends having supplied the good things required to gladden our large family as in former years. It was a pretty sight when the children were seated for dinner, the tables containing the special gifts for every guest. Before each child there were displayed, a box of figs, a Christmas card, a cosaque, an orange, and a new shilling. As these articles were appropriated, in turn, the youngsters made the walls ring with their cheers for the respective donors.

The staple fare of roast beef and plum pudding, with the usual accompaniments, made a dinner which would not have been despised by the feasters in an old baronial hall. It did one's heart good to see the children so supremely merry, and it is a matter for regret that all the donors were not

able to look upon the grateful recipients of their bounty. The President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, the Treasurer, Mr. William Higgs, several other members of the Board of Trustees, and many other friends, not only witnessed the feast, but waited upon the guests until the bill of fare was exhausted.

By the free votes of their school-fellows, the premier boy and the premier girl were each presented with a silver watch, one being the gift of the Medical Officer, Dr. Soper, the other being presented by Mrs. Morgan, an esteemed member of the Tabernacle Church. The applause of the children was sufficient proof that they themselves were pleased with the choice they had made.

When a call was given for the service of silent memory, there was a deep hush throughout the Hall; and, during these sacred moments, many recalled the familiar faces of those we had "loved, and lost awhile."

Commencing with the verse,—

"Let us with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord for He is kind;"—

the following emendation of another verse was sung,—

"All things living He doth feed,  
He supplies the orphans' need;"—

and the last Christmas dinner of the century was brought to a happy conclusion by an earnest prayer from the President.

In the evening, Mr. David Devant, of the Egyptian Hall, arranged an entertainment consisting of moving pictures, etc., with which the children were greatly delighted.

At the New Year's meeting, the orphans spent a very happy time with their friends. The President commenced the meeting with prayer, and gave an encouraging address, after which a programme of singing and recital was rendered by a party of our former boys and girls.

Mr. Charlesworth has a few dates available, and would be glad to hear from friends who can arrange for a visit of the Orphan choir.

The next Collectors' Meeting is fixed (D.V.) for *Tuesday, March 10*. We give an early notice, in the hope that some friends may write to the Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds, for collecting-boxes or books.

*Sea-side Home Branch, Margate*.—The Institution has sustained a very serious loss by the death of the Head Matron,

Miss Jane Good. An abscess on the brain, after a long and trying illness, proved fatal; and the sufferer fell on sleep, to awake in the presence of the Saviour she had loved and served from her childhood. She was greatly esteemed by a large circle of friends, but by none more sincerely than by those who were her fellow-workers in connection with the Orphanage. Memorial services were held at Stockwell, and at the Sea-side Home; and the funeral was conducted by the Head Master, and Pastor B. Brigg, of Margate.

**COLPORTEGE.**—Foremost in the record of the past month must be the announcement that the vacant Vice-Presidentship, occasioned by the lamented death of the late Henry Wood, Esq., J.P., in October last, has been cordially accepted by John Marnham, Esq., J.P., of Boxmoor, whose accession to the post will doubtless prove a source of strength to the Association.

The new District of Winsor, near Southampton, has been started, and Mr. Elisha Piercey, of Maidenhead, is the colporteur who has been appointed to open up the work.

As a result of strenuous and united effort, The Aged Colporteurs' Fund had reached nearly £315 as the year was about to close. The sum of £500 had been contemplated, and John Cory, Esq., J.P., had promised £25 when the total had reached £475. He has, however, very generously contributed the promised amount to crown

the list for 1900, so that the workers might be encouraged and stimulated in raising the further £160 to complete the sum required. Many readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," who have not yet contributed, will doubtless like to share in this effort to make some provision for veteran workers who have faithfully laboured until obliged, by reason of age or infirmity, to relinquish their much-loved vocation.

The colporteur at Thurlow, Suffolk, Mr. Charles Powell, has been appointed by the Suffolk Congregational Union to the oversight of two churches. We are sorry to lose him, but wish him every blessing in his new sphere of service.

Will our friends kindly make a special note concerning March 26, and reserve that evening, as Mr. Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., has promised (D.V.) to give, in the Tabernacle, his popular lecture entitled "Romance and Reality at Sea" on behalf of the funds of the Association. The occasion is expected to be one of unique interest, and full announcements will be issued in due course.

The General Fund for 1900 is less than during the previous year, and an appeal is made for new annual subscribers. Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged if forwarded to the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—January 3, fourteen.

## Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1900, to January 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	£24,105	6	1	Deposit interest	26	18	4
Mrs. Scutt	...	0	2	Mr. W. Davis	...	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. R. E.	...	1	0	Profit on sale of photos, per Miss Underwood	...	0	6
Mr. W. T. Van Someren	...	1	0				
Mr. J. Sims	...	1	0				
A new century guinea	...	1	1				
"First Fruits"	...	5	0				
					£24,142	14	11

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1900, to January 15th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	...	1	0	Collection at Slough Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Theo. Cousens	...	1	14
Mr. W. P. Hampton	...	5	0	Proceeds of Annual Tea-meeting, including collection, £25 12 0	...	55	13
Miss Nelson	...	0	5	Mr. W. Pitcher	...	1	0
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	...	3	3				
Miss M. Morton	...	1	1				



£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. ... ..	2 0 0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff ... ..	0 2 6
Contribution from Abbey Road Baptist Church, St. John's Wood, per Pastor H. E. Stone ... ..	6 0 0	Mr. J. Brewer ... ..	3 0 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Training Class, per Mr. G. H. Atkinson ... ..	2 2 0	Proceeds of Watch Night Service at Metropolitan Tabernacle, after paying expenses ... ..	6 15 6
Executors of the late Mr. W. Crichton	6 10 9	Mr. R. Parfitt ... ..	0 1 0
Mr. Hopkins ... ..	0 5 0	Rev. C. H. Annesley ... ..	0 9 6
Mrs. Scutt ... ..	0 10 0	" Dear Grannie" ... ..	1 0 0
Collection at Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wimbledon, per Pastor C. Ingrem ... ..	4 11 0	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10 0 0
Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	1 10 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—	
Pastor Isaac Near ... ..	0 5 0	Dec. 9 ... ..	3 13 0
Part collection at Drummond Road, Bermondsey, per Pastor H. A. Burleigh ... ..	1 10 0	" 16 ... ..	1 8 11
Mr. H. Donkin ... ..	1 0 0	" 23 ... ..	1 10 0
Mr. A. Mead ... ..	5 0 0	" 30 ... ..	2 1 0
Mrs. Yates ... ..	0 10 6	Jan. 6 ... ..	5 0 9
		" 13 ... ..	1 10 8
			<hr/>
			15 4 4
			<hr/>
			£137 3 10

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1900, to January 14th, 1901.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Pastors' College Students' Missionary Association ... ..	5 5 0	From Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey :—	
H. McS. ... ..	1 0 0	Young Women's Bible-class ... ..	1 15 3
Collected by Miss Permain ... ..	0 12 0	Young Men's Bible-class ... ..	1 0 0
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.F.E. ... ..	2 2 0	Sunday-school ... ..	3 5 5
Contribution from Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey ... ..	4 10 0	Rev. C. H. Annesley ... ..	0 9 6
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. ... ..	1 0 0	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3 0 0
Pastor J. Dickie ... ..	0 5 0	For Christ's sake ... ..	0 5 0
Miss E. Tarrant ... ..	0 5 0		
Mrs. E. Horne ... ..	0 10 0		
East Finchley Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, box collections, per Pastor J. J. Bristow ... ..	16 12 0		
			<hr/>
			£41 16 2

## The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 11th, 1900, to January 14th, 1901.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. E. W. Bell ... ..	1 0 0	W. A. ... ..	0 5 0
Mrs. Best ... ..	1 0 0	Miss R. Dale ... ..	0 5 0
Mr. J. T. Bond ... ..	2 2 0	Mrs. J. R. Haywood ... ..	1 0 0
Mrs. E. Hogg ... ..	1 1 0	Mr. G. Herring ... ..	0 10 0
Mrs. G. Webb ... ..	1 0 0	Misses Cunningham ... ..	2 2 0
Mrs. J. L. Bradley ... ..	0 10 0	In loving memory of J. Orme ... ..	1 0 0
Miss A. M. E. Reeves ... ..	1 0 0	Mrs. Gardiner ... ..	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Langby ... ..	0 10 0	Mr. S. Friddy ... ..	10 6 0
Miss M. A. Seale ... ..	1 0 0	Mrs. M. Grout ... ..	1 1 0
Mr. J. Steyner ... ..	1 0 0	Miss M. Rowlands ... ..	0 2 6
Cienfuegos ... ..	0 5 0	Mr. D. G. Overall ... ..	0 3 0
Mr. J. Kearry ... ..	0 10 0	Miss M. Orr ... ..	0 1 0
Miss M. Rudman ... ..	0 2 6	Mr. W. B. Scott ... ..	2 0 0
Mr. W. Haigh ... ..	0 5 0	Mr. T. Hyslop ... ..	1 0 0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey ... ..	0 5 0	Mr. R. Bate ... ..	1 0 0
Mr. W. Higbed ... ..	0 5 0	Mrs. J. Symington ... ..	1 1 0
Mrs. Mitchell ... ..	0 2 6	Mrs. H. E. Marshall ... ..	10 0 0
Mr. M. Oliver ... ..	0 5 6	Miss Scott ... ..	0 2 6
Miss Nelson ... ..	0 5 0	Mr. D. Binnie ... ..	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Clark	0 7 6	Friend ... ..	0 1 0
Mrs. Howes ... ..	0 10 0	Mr. C. Coupland ... ..	0 1 6
Miss J. Penman ... ..	0 2 0	Mrs. J. Spicer ... ..	0 12 0
Mrs. Morris ... ..	0 1 0	Collected by Miss Diment	0 3 0
Mr. J. Taylor, jun. ... ..	0 7 0	Miss Fort ... ..	1 1 0
Mr. W. Grey ... ..	0 2 6	Mr. E. Vincent ... ..	0 10 0
Mrs. A. Sluce ... ..	0 10 0	Mrs. Ellwood ... ..	3 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. H. Curtis ...	0	5	0	Mrs. B. Veall ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. West ...	2	2	0	Mr. T. Atkinson ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Harris ...	1	1	0	Mr. D. MacNee ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Windmill ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Stevens ...	0	0	6
Mr. J. Caine ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Munro, sen. ...	0	1	0
Mr. W. T. Flew ...	0	10	6	Third Girls' class, Baptist Sunday-school, Tewkesbury, per Miss E. M. Gardner ...	0	3	6
Mrs. A. V. Uridge ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Felton... ..	0	10	0
Miss Potter ...	0	10	0	Mr. P. Lamont ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Dodwell, sen. ...	0	10	6	Drummer T. E. Walker ...	0	10	0
Miss Hardiman ...	0	10	0	Postal order, Kingston Cross, Portsmouth ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Baker ...	0	10	0	Mr. H. Skinner ...	0	10	0
M. G. S. S. B. G. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. T. Blake ...	0	5	0
A. B. K. ...	0	14	0	Mrs. Blundell ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hutson ...	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Barefoot ...	0	5	0
Mr. Jarrold ...	0	1	0	Mrs. A. Schaffler ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Southwell ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Whalley ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Watson ...	0	2	0	Mr. W. Woolidge... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Fordham ...	0	3	0	Postal order, Welshpool ...	0	10	0
Mr. Hazell ...	0	5	6	In memory of the late Rev. J. J. Williams ...	0	2	6
Sympathiser, stamps ...	0	2	0	Mr. A. Matheson... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Grange, sen. ...	0	5	0	Miss Murray Gartshorn ...	0	5	0
Rien sans Dieu ...	0	2	6	Miss E. Sheppard ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. W. Camos ...	0	3	6	M. A. C. ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Gouldin ...	0	1	0	S. P. ...	0	5	0
W. M. Bristol ...	0	5	0	Miss G. Beddome ...	0	3	0
Mr. J. Bird... ..	0	1	0	Mrs. E. Lloyd ...	0	1	0
Mrs. J. Roe ...	0	5	0	Mr. F. Arnold ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Vincent ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Rose ...	0	2	6
Miss Gregg... ..	0	1	0	Mr. O. Rodway ...	0	15	0
Miss Harding ...	0	1	0	Mr. R. Mitchell ...	0	5	0
Miss J. Pearce ...	0	2	6	Mr. D. Thomas ...	0	1	0
Mr. A. Webb ...	0	3	6	Mr. L. Thomas ...	0	1	0
Mr. T. Knight ...	5	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	0	6
Mr. T. Harris ...	3	0	0	A friend ...	0	3	0
Mr. E. J. Upward, J.P. ...	3	3	0	Mrs. Robinette ...	0	1	6
Mr. T. Cottam, J.P. ...	1	0	0	Miss J. Stewart ...	0	10	0
Miss R. E. Taylor ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Garside ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Connell ...	1	1	0	Mr. Garnar... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. W. Hicks ...	1	1	0	Mr. D. Boyd ...	1	0	0
Miss Buckland ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Jackson ...	2	0	0
John and Ann Potts ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Norton ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Richards ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Maddison ...	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Holloway ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. J. White ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. J. Spencer ...	0	3	0
Mr. D. Clarke ...	1	1	0	Mr. E. Turner ...	0	2	6
Mr. S. Cornborough ...	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Older Ebenezer ...	1	14	6
J. B. C. ...	1	0	0		5	0	0
Mr. R. J. Inglis ...	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Blant:—			
Mr. C. W. Roberts ...	10	0	0	Lady Burton ...	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Blott ...	5	0	0	Mr. C. James ...	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Plumbridge ...	3	3	0	Mrs. J. B. Kind ...	0	5	0
Mr. Samuel Sharp ...	3	3	0	Mr. C. Spalding ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Lapthorne ...	2	2	0	Miss Bamford ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. Wells ...	2	2	0	Mr. L. Barber ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Sear ...	0	15	0	Mr. Buxton ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Hutton ...	1	0	0	Mr. Allen ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. J. Johnson ...	1	0	0	Coffee supper ...	2	4	1
Mr. W. Wyles ...	1	1	0	Small sums... ..	0	3	5
Mrs. E. Hardy ...	1	1	0				
Mrs. A. Aston ...	1	1	0	Mrs. R. Davies ...	2	0	0
Miss L. M. Pittman ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. J. Heath ...	1	1	0
Messrs. Hine Bros. ...	1	1	0	Mundesley Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. T. L. Wakelin ...	1	12	0
Mr. W. Furse ...	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Yallop ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. K. Moss ...	2	0	0	Mr. H. R. Parker ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Franklin ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Hawkes ...	0	10	0
G. J. Old Hill, Staffs. ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Cameron ...	45	0	0
Mr. W. Mingins ...	1	0	0	Master R. Maidment ...	0	2	0
Mrs. T. Evans ...	1	2	6	Mrs. E. Jones ...	0	10	6
Miss Little... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. Jas. Stiff ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Allmey ...	0	5	0	Sir James Colquhoun, Bart. ...	5	0	0
Mr. T. Fowler ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Ironside ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Malsbury ...	0	7	6	Mr. J. G. Taylor ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Webb ...	0	2	0	Mrs. S. A. Biddle ...	2	2	0
Mr. F. F. Norman ...	0	10	0	Mrs. M. J. Conn ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. B. King ...	0	2	6	Mrs. M. Walker ...	1	0	0
Miss E. Elven ...	0	10	0				
Mrs. C. Bateson ...	0	5	0				
Miss L. A. Scott ...	0	5	0				
Mrs. Young... ..	0	1	0				
Mr. F. G. Potter ...	0	3	6				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Clark	1	0	0	Miss L. Wilson	0	2	6
Battersea Chapel Sunday-school, per				Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
Mr. G. J. Rowley	1	1	0	Mr. H. S. Jones	0	2	0
Misses A. J. and E. Gould	3	0	0	Mr. J. Harris	0	10	0
Mr. J. Warren	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Frohock	0	5	0
Mr. R. Cain	0	10	0	Mr. J. J. Milne	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Porter	0	10	6	Mrs. Towler	0	8	0
Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0	Mr. G. Russell	1	0	0
Mrs. Grover	0	15	0	Mrs. Ratcliff	1	0	0
Mr. J. Mann	0	10	0	Mr. J. F. Porter	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Cruikshank	0	2	6	Miss Meares	2	0	0
Nurse Rose Fisher and patients	0	15	0	Miss R. Wood	0	2	6
Miss Finlayson	0	2	0	Mr. J. Walker	0	2	0
Mr. M. Perry	0	3	0	Mrs. R. Jones	0	2	6
Miss S. Green	1	0	0	i Peter i. 5	0	10	0
M. S. T., Edinburgh	0	5	0	Mr. T. Stocker	5	0	0
Miss A. McClumpha	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Evans	10	0	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	2	6	Mr. T. Stark	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Howard	0	5	0	Mrs. Atfield	0	5	0
Mr. G. Atkinson	0	1	6	Mrs. Ray, sen.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Clark	0	2	0	Mr. G. Wood	0	5	0
Mr. W. Miles	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. George	1	1	0
Addiscombe Baptist Sunday-school,				Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown...	0	10	6
per Mr. J. T. Cole	0	12	6	Misses E. and K. Pearce	0	5	0
Mr. T. B. Granger	0	5	0	Mr. J. H. Jackson	1	1	0
Mrs. Woodcock	0	10	0	Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mainland	0	1	0	Miss M. A. J. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2	0	0	Miss E. Briggs	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hastie Kennedy	1	1	0	Mr. E. Sparrow	0	5	0
Mrs. Page	2	0	0	Mr. G. Tolley	0	10	0
Mr. F. Kay	0	10	0	Per Mrs. Mott:—			
E. W., Tunbridge Wells	1	5	0	A friend of the little ones	4	0	0
Per F. R. T. :—				Mrs. Davies	1	0	0
Mrs. Keen	0	5	0	Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mr. S. Pewtress	0	5	0	Mr. D. Miller	0	10	0
				Collected by Mrs. Mott...	2	4	0
Mr. C. A. Stace	0	10	0				
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0	Mr. H. A. Haverson	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Bowden	0	5	0	S. B., Ltd.	2	2	0
Mr. T. R. Thomas	0	10	0	Mr. T. Hooley	1	1	0
Mrs. Cheney	0	5	0	Mr. E. T. Clark	1	1	0
Miss A. Winckworth	0	10	0	Mr. Samuel Welman	1	0	0
Mrs. Maynard	0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Squibb...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. E. Green	0	5	0	Miss Keates and schoolfellows	2	0	6
Mr. and Mrs. Beeton	0	2	6	Mr. J. Smeed	0	5	0
Mrs. Reeves Hughes	0	10	0	Mrs. M. E. Bedwell	0	1	0
Mr. R. Graham	0	5	6	Miss Priestley	0	10	0
Miss Bryson	0	2	0	Mr. H. H. Dove	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Speed	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Oliver	0	5	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0	B. C., Goodnestone	0	1	0
Mrs. Porter	0	5	0	Mrs. E. R. Billing	0	4	0
Mr. H. Jelly	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Hewkley	1	10	0
Miss Lightbound...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Luckham	0	10	6
Mr. J. Beesley	0	5	0	Mrs. M. A. Melhuish	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Hunter	2	6	2	Collected by Miss Tipton	0	6	0
Mr. H. Knott	5	0	0	Mrs. E. Williams...	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Robbins	5	0	0	Mrs. J. B. Near	0	2	6
Mr. J. Manger	0	5	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mr. Hooper	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Kite	0	6	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	5	0	Collected by Master Nance	0	2	5
Miss Pople...	0	5	0	Mr. Andrew Scott	10	0	0
Mr. A. E. Jones, per Messrs. Pass-				Mr. T. P. Fisher	3	3	0
more and Alabaster	0	2	6	Miss Spencer	1	0	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0	Miss L. Francis	1	0	0
Miss M. Fraser	0	5	0	Mr. J. Grant	0	2	0
Mr. Beswick	0	2	6	Mrs. J. L. Pring	0	2	6
Misses E. and S. Charles	0	2	6	Mrs. C. R. Stevens, per Mrs. T.			
Mrs. Nears...	0	7	0	Spurgeon	0	10	6
Mrs. Conder	1	0	0	Mrs. L. Pendlebury	0	3	0
Mr. G. Jifkins	0	1	0	Mr. T. J. Hughes	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. G. T. Hunt...	0	6	4	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	7	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6	Mr. Kent	0	10	6
Mr. A. Greenland	1	0	0	Mrs. Boniface	0	10	6
Mrs. Sizmur	0	5	0	Colonel R. Parry Nisbet	5	5	0
Miss R. Wells	0	10	0	Mrs. Kelley	1	1	0
Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell	1	1	0
Mr. J. Pearson	1	0	0	Mr. W. Hill	0	5	0
Mr. J. Starr	0	5	0	Mrs. Gregory	2	0	0
Mr. A. Hawes	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Dale	0	11	0
Miss M. W. Keen	0	5	0	Mr. J. O'Gram	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. A. Newbery	0	1	6	Miss Richards	0	4	0
Mr. J. W. Nixon	0	5	0	Miss E. Norledge	0	2	6
Miss S. Cabban	0	2	0	Baby Eric and Claude S. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. Fleming	0	2	0	Mr. J. W. Moore	0	2	6
Mr. B. Nicholson	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. Osborne	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	2	6	Miss S. J. Clout	0	2	6
Mr. W. S. Hardy	1	0	0	Mrs. Alexander	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Chudley	1	1	0	Mr. H. Pond	0	5	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	2	0	Mrs. Kerry	0	10	0
Mr. P. W. Durant	1	0	0	Mr. J. B. Dixon	0	5	0
Mrs. Hickison, sen.	1	0	0	Miss M. Turnbull	0	10	0
Matt. xxv. 40	0	3	6	Mr. Williams	0	2	6
Mr. James Scott, Dulverton	1	0	0	Miss M. Livingstone	0	1	0
M. C. W.	0	2	0	Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	0	10	0
Mr. Carrington's Bible-class, Eld Lane Chapel, Colchester, per Miss Cook	0	10	0	Miss C. J. Spurgeon	0	2	0
Dr. McClelland, J.P.	1	0	0	Mr. E. F. Brook	3	0	0
Mr. H. B. Billington	1	0	0	Mr. W. Church, jun.	0	5	0
Mr. S. Banfield	0	10	6	Mrs. Bickle	0	5	0
Miss A. Neale	0	8	0	Mrs. J. Le Feuvre	0	2	0
Mr. A. D. Colleen	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. Chilman	0	5	0
A friend, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	22	5	6	Collected by Miss Charlish	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Wheeler	5	0	0	Mrs. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. T. Field	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. A. T. Dugan	7	16	6
Mr. J. N. Hubble	0	10	0	Mr. R. J. May	10	0	0
A country minister	0	5	0	Misses A. and R. Stocker	2	0	0
Miss Treves	0	10	6	Mrs. Lovering	1	1	0
Mr. T. Church	1	0	0	Mr. Bentley	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Jones	0	10	6	Collected by Mrs. Stinson	0	5	0
Mr. T. Clydesdale	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Freestone	0	10	0
Miss R. Smith	1	0	0	D. J. and Mrs. Gordon	0	1	0
Mr. T. E. Turk	0	15	0	Messrs. McCammon and Sprout	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Billing and family	0	5	0	Mrs. F. Rice	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Bush	0	10	0	Mrs. Greenhalph	0	2	6
W. F. G.	0	5	0	Mrs. M. J. Warren	0	10	0
Mr. G. Greenland	1	1	0	Mr. J. Millard	0	5	0
Mrs. Clarke	0	2	6	Miss Bennett	0	1	0
Mrs. A. L. Davies	0	5	0	Postal order, Burnley	0	10	0
Mr. E. C. Messeder	0	10	0	Mr. H. J. Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. T. Bowler	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Laver	2	1	0
Collected by Miss J. Green	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Elford	1	3	0
Mr. T. Pamey	0	2	6	A friend, Portobello	1	0	0
Misses Smither and Gregory	0	2	0	Mr. J. Cameron	0	5	0
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0	Mrs. Plummer	0	4	0
M. A. B.	0	10	0	Mr. R. Wilkinson	0	10	0
Mr. D. Rees	0	10	0	Miss R. Cane	1	0	0
Miss T. Spry	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Barton	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Barnes	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Girdlestone	0	14	0
Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0	2	6	Mr. O. Clabon	1	0	0
Miss N. McKelvie	1	0	0	Mrs. Layle	0	5	0
Mr. W. Coles	2	0	0	Mr. S. Pettit	0	10	0
Mr. W. F. Whittle	1	1	0	Mrs. Wynne	0	10	0
Mrs. T. E.	0	10	0	Mr. B. C. Forder	1	7	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Shore- ditch Tabernacle, per Mr. J. Frost	0	15	0	Mrs. Underwood and daughter	0	5	0
Mr. J. Scott	2	2	0	Mrs. Higgins	0	5	0
Mr. G. Bantick	0	5	0	Mrs. Hunt and friends, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	4	6	0
Mrs. T. Bowler	0	1	6	Postal order, Birmingham	1	1	0
Captain Tutton	0	5	0	Mr. P. A. Taffs	0	5	0
Miss E. Randall	0	1	6	Miss A. Davies	0	10	6
Mrs. Martin	0	5	0	B. S., East Garforth	0	2	0
Mrs. Caudle	0	2	6	Collected by Miss Mason	0	10	0
Miss L. N. Turner	0	5	0	Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0
Miss E. Davies	0	1	6	Miss M. M. Hodges	0	10	0
Miss McEwing	1	0	0	Mr. J. Webb	0	6	0
Mr. E. J. Reid	1	1	0	Mr. S. A. Harris	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Snelling	5	0	0	Miss B. Parkes	0	10	0
Mrs. Redfern	1	1	0	Miss E. Camps	0	5	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0	Mr. P. Stearn	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. B.	2	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Lithgow and Son	0	4	0
Mr. F. Higgs	2	2	0	Mrs. W. Nicoll	1	0	0
Men's Bible-class, Westbourne Grove Chapel, per Mr. W. Elsey	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Angus	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Royce	1	1	0	Mrs. Shaw	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Britcher	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Newman	0	2	0
Mr. J. Barnes	1	10	0	Mrs. Crabbe	0	5	0
Mrs. P. Exton	0	10	0	Master J. and Miss S. Beharrell	0	4	0
Mr. R. Stewart	0	2	6	Mr. T. Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Evans	0	5	0	Mr. E. Evans	0	5	0
				Mr. J. Smith	0	10	0
				Miss E. M. Ll. Roberts	0	10	0
				A well-wisher, Ballachglish	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allen ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Duffell ...	1	1	0
Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richings ...	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Hill ...	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Cousins ...	1	0	0
Miss A. Mackereth ...	0	2	0
Mr. W. J. Suter ...	1	1	0
Miss J. Ashton ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Andrew ...	0	1	6
Mrs. A. J. Hodson ...	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Rogers ...	1	10	0
Little Melton Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. Carr ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Walker ...	0	10	0
Miss E. Macnicoll ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Wiles, sen. ...	0	10	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson...	1	8	0
Mr. G. L. Wight ...	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Sharpington ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Petter... ..	5	5	0
Mr. A. W. Lennie ...	0	2	0
Miss L. E. Knight ...	0	10	0
Mr. James Cobain ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Reynolds... ..	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Lees ...	1	1	0
Miss F. E. Lang ...	0	3	0
Mrs. J. Dickerson ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Riley ...	0	1	0
F. G. ....	0	1	0
Mr. H. W. Breeze ...	0	2	0
Mr. R. Leighton ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Pullum ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Barber ...	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Sissons ...	0	4	6
Mr. J. Brown ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sloan ...	0	5	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham ...	5	0	0
Mr. H. T. Trevanion ...	2	0	0
Miss Freeman ...	1	10	0
Messrs. J. Hooker and Sons ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Stevens...	1	0	0
Mr. L. Clayton ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Perrin ...	1	1	0
Gascoigne Road Girls' Working Party, Barking, per Mrs. Mason...	0	4	0
Miss E. C. Elder... ..	0	5	0
For Jesus' sake ...	0	1	0
Mrs. S. K. Hullett ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Parry ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Wincombe ...	0	2	6
Friends, per Mrs. Reed ...	0	1	0
Mr. C. H. Thrower ...	0	10	6
Mr. W. T. Carrey ...	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Deacon ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Hambly ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wickham ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Farnfield ...	1	3	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith ...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Fox ...	0	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Chapman ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Patterson ...	0	5	0
A. B. ....	0	10	0
Mr. Sawyer... ..	3	2	0
Miss Sheen... ..	0	5	6
Mr. E. Garrett ...	0	2	0
Mr. A. Watson... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. B. Buckmaster ...	1	1	0
Mr. Hartswell ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Dawson ...	0	2	6
Postal order, Nairn ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Buswell ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lundie ...	0	2	6
A well-wisher, Nottingham	0	10	0
Mr. S. Cornish ...	0	3	6
Mr. W. Linklater... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Mackie ...	0	10	0
Mr. N. S. Smith ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Hall... ..	2	2	0
Mr. N. Romang ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Collier ...	2	0	0
Mr. A. Cave ...	0	10	6
Mrs. F. G. Pritchard ...	0	5	0
Miss A. Fuller ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Potter ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Lunn ...	0	5	0
Mr. F. Rees ...	0	5	0
Miss Lang ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cooper ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Allen ...	0	2	0
Mrs. B. Imlach ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. Sturrock ...	1	0	0
Mr. D. Grant ...	1	0	0
Misses Eliza and Emily Kilborn ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. Law ...	4	12	4
Mr. J. S. Pilling ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Bevan ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jones ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Morrison ...	0	5	0
Psalm cxlvi. 9 ...	0	2	0
Postal order, Retford ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Last ...	1	0	0
Miss Greenlees ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Pillel ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Nicholas ...	2	0	0
Miss Green... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. French ...	0	4	6
Mr. J. Niblett ...	0	5	0
Mr. K. M. Scott's children... ..	0	15	0
Mrs. Drummond ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardner ...	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Pepperdine ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. McClintock ...	1	0	0
Miss A. M. Duckett's Bible-class	1	10	0
Mr. R. Morris ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sims ...	1	10	0
E. G. ....	0	2	6
M. J. L., Edgware Road	0	5	0
M. J. H., Ashford ...	0	5	0
Miss Seiwright ...	0	2	0
Collected by Miss A. Johnson...	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Wright ...	0	4	0
Collected by Miss R. Patten ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Short... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat ...	1	6	0
Collected by Miss M. Skeet ...	0	6	0
Collected by F. T. Gale ...	0	17	6
Mr. R. Adcock ...	0	10	6
Misses Hardy ...	0	3	0
Mr. G. Eldridge ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Gardner ...	0	1	6
Mr. W. Wright ...	0	5	0
A poor widow, Ryde ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Heatley ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. McIlroy ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Robertson... ..	0	10	0
Postal order, Appleby ...	7	7	6
Mr. J. Charters ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. Watt ...	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Parrett ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Bishop ...	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. Carlisle ...	0	10	0
Per Pastor T. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. Scutt ...	0	5	0
Misses Oyler ...	0	8	0
Mr. R. Beck ...	0	13	0
Mr. J. Mortimer ...	0	10	6
Stamps, Accrington ...	0	15	0
Hirst S. S. C., per Mr. W. Andrew...	0	0	6
A friend, stamps ...	0	14	0
Mrs. Pugh ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Lodge ...	0	3	0
Miss Stevens ...	0	5	0
Mr. D. H. Saunders ...	0	10	0
Mr. F. Thornley ...	0	2	1
Mr. and Mrs. Wale ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Bradley ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Campbell ...	0	5	0
	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Sargent	0	2	6	Misses J. and A. Hogg	0	2	6
Mr. T. Young	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Flecknoe	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Shurmer	0	9	0	Mr. W. Joass	0	2	6
Mr. D. Davies	0	10	0	Mr. W. Johnson	0	4	0
Postal order, Queen Street, Cardiff	0	2	6	Mr. G. Rendall	0	5	0
Mr. H. Ridley	0	10	0	Miss A. Johnson	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Ellison	1	0	0	S. M. P.	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Dunn	1	5	0	Part (thank-offering)	0	10	0
Postal order, Mark Lane	1	0	0	Mr. D. Macintyre, M.A.	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Rice	0	10	0	Mr. W. Baddon	3	0	0
Mr. J. Bishop	0	2	6	Mrs. Finlay	0	2	6
A friend, Calstock	0	10	0	Rev. J. H. Moore	1	0	0
Mrs. Ives	0	10	0	Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0
Mr. G. Smith	0	5	0	Mr. Adams' class, Battersea Park			
Mr. and Mrs. Weekes	0	10	0	Tabernacle Sunday-school	0	3	9
Misses J. and F. Weekes	0	10	0	Mr. R. G. Battley	2	2	0
Mr. S. Witton	0	10	0	Emmanuel Baptist Sunday-school,			
Mr. and Mrs. F. Adams	2	2	0	and Y.P.S.C.E., per Mr. G. K. S.			
Miss S. A. Harrison	0	5	0	Edgley	0	15	0
Mr. J. C. Lance	0	15	0	Christmas morning service, George			
Mrs. Hoult	0	2	6	Street and Mutley Chapels, Ply-			
A. J. Llandesif	0	5	0	mou, per Mr. R. Stephenson	6	9	1
Mr. F. Mitchell	0	10	0	Christmas morning service, United			
Mrs. R. Oakley	0	2	6	Free Churches, Newcastle, Staffs.,			
Sermon-readers, per Mr. and Mrs.				per Mr. J. Withenshaw	1	11	0
Fryer	0	7	0	Collected by Master Goodwin	0	2	3
Pastor G. K. Smith	2	2	0	Collected by Mr. S. Church	1	19	0
Mr. W. Gilbert	0	2	6	Mr. W. E. Coysh	0	10	6
Mr. T. W. Lister	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. W. E. Coysh	1	8	7
Mr. J. Haseltine	0	5	0	Rev. T. Currie, M.A.	1	0	0
Mark, Coventry	0	10	0	Mr. Hartswell	0	2	6
T. A. L. H.	1	0	0	Per Rev. E. Spurrier:—			
Mrs. Young	0	10	0	G. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. C. A. Bray	0	2	6	The late Mrs. Blaxill	1	0	0
Mr. S. Street	0	5	0	Mr. A. Blaxill	0	5	0
Long Sutton Baptist Chapel, per				Mr. R. Arnold	1	1	0
Pastor A. C. Batts	2	0	0	Box at 36, High Street,			
Mr. T. Ackland	0	5	0	Colchester	0	4	6
Mrs. Davies	0	2	6	Mr. T. R. McNab	0	2	6
Miss Kemp	0	2	6	Rev. E. Spurrier	0	9	0
Mr. J. Scott	2	2	0				
Mr. J. D. Barrett	0	5	0				
Collected by Mr. P. Wigney	0	15	0	Postal order, Stepey	0	2	6
Mr. A. O. Bagster	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. A. Carman	0	2	6
A commercial traveller	25	0	0	Mr. G. Henderson	0	5	0
Mr. G. Jackson	1	0	0	Mr. A. Foxwell	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Fromow	1	5	0	Mr. E. Hodges	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Reid Sharman	1	0	0	Mr. E. Martell	3	0	0
Carrow Sunday-school, Norwich, per				Mrs. Duckenfield	1	0	0
Mr. W. Reeder	1	1	0	Mrs. W. Piper	1	0	0
Mr. F. West	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Cousins	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Barnard	0	10	6	Mr. J. Funnell	0	3	0
Mrs. J. R. Pollock	0	10	6	Stamps, Haverhill	0	2	0
Collected by Miss J. Permain	1	10	0	Children's Christmas morning ser-			
Friends, per Pastor T. Nelmes	0	5	6	vance, Shirley Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. J. Lewis	2	2	0	Southampton, per Pastor E. R.			
Mrs. J. Parry	1	0	0	Pullen	0	11	0
Mrs. Couper	0	2	6	Miss E. Tempest	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones and friends	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. W. B. Mumford	0	2	0
Miss E. Hobson	0	3	0	Mrs. G. Hodges	0	2	6
Postal order, Gomshall	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Millar	0	5	0
W. D. S., Hove	0	10	0	Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. J. Gavet	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Hoyles	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Tullis	1	15	6	Mr. J. Sinclair	0	10	0
A friend, per Rev. T. T. Lucius				Mr. W. W. Gooderham	0	10	0
Morgan	1	0	0	Christmas morning service, Willes-			
Collected by Mr. Patrick	0	9	1	den Green Baptist Chapel, per			
A. H. C.	0	5	0	Pastor W. J. Sears	0	8	6
Miss Hood	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Youens	0	10	6
Mr. W. H. Kirby (in memoriam)	0	5	0	Mr. W. B. Mortimer	0	10	0
Mr. J. McFarlane	1	0	0	Mrs. F. A. Pearce	0	2	6
Mrs. M. J. Waters	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Llewellyn	2	2	0
Mr. L. Lake	0	5	0	Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ball	0	5	0	Centenary Baptist Sunday-school,			
Mr. and Mrs. G. King	0	5	0	March, per Mr. G. Markwell	0	15	0
Miss Sargent	0	0	6	Mr. J. W. Jarvis, sen.	0	10	0
Postal order, Brighton	0	1	0	D. S. Johns	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Collin	0	5	0	Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0
Mr. E. Rees	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. E. Powell	0	12	0
Mrs. Field	0	3	6	Mr. Barrow	0	5	0
				Mr. H. A. Hall	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Williams ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Page ... ..	2	13	0
Collected by Master G. R. Shaw ...	1	4	0
Collected by Master W. Cheer ...	0	5	0
Queen's Road Baptist Sunday-school, Wallington, per Mr. W. Strange ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. T. C. McKibbin ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. C. C. Smith ... ..	0	2	6
Miss A. Stevenson ... ..	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. C. Burnard... ..	0	14	7
Miss C. Thomson... ..	1	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox (toward the support of 3 orphans for a year) ... ..	50	0	0
Mrs. D. F. Cocks... ..	1	0	0
Mr. R. W. Williams ... ..	1	1	0
Christmas Day service, St. Leonard's Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. Stockbridge ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Geo. Wakeham ... ..	1	0	0
Girls' class, Otley Baptist Sunday-school, per Miss Barker ... ..	0	9	0
Boys' class, Otley Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Dunnett ... ..	0	5	0
Miss S. E. Rude ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Gregory ... ..	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Adcock ... ..	0	4	4
Mrs. and Miss Waller ... ..	0	3	0
Nottingham Tabernacle Y.P.S.C.E., per Mr. J. H. Stevenson ... ..	0	7	0
Postal order, Bulth ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Spence ... ..	0	2	6
Wishaw Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. T. Prentice, jun... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Bray ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. R. Chalmers ... ..	0	10	0
Miss J. R. Jarvis ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. R. David ... ..	0	7	6
Collected by Miss S. Carvey ... ..	0	15	6
Mrs. Talbot ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Harvey ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Austin ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. G. R. Ward ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Foxwell ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. A. B. Tood ... ..	0	5	0
Miss E. M. Perkins ... ..	0	5	0
A friend, per Mrs. W. L. Williams... ..	0	10	0
Miss E. Hendrie ... ..	0	10	0
Master S. Livesey ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. P. Perkins ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. H. Cross ... ..	0	5	0
L. B. ... ..	0	5	0
Stamps, W. ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rudd ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Parry ... ..	0	5	6
Mr. R. Thomas ... ..	0	1	6
Mrs. G. A. Calder ... ..	50	0	0
Mr. A. Briscoe ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. A. Stace ... ..	1	0	0
Postal order, Devonport ... ..	0	1	0
West Brompton Branch, Railway Mission, per Mr. J. W. Gooding ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. Lunham ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. F. C. Orr White ... ..	5	0	0
A few friends at Downs Chapel, Clapton, per Mr. W. Payne ... ..	3	16	0
Mr. W. G. Healing ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Murphy ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Staples ... ..	1	10	0
Mr. W. Peacock ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. T. Moorley ... ..	1	1	0
Milton Hall Baptist Sunday-school, Kidderminster, per Mr. J. Harvey ...	1	7	3
J. C. Kinaldie ... ..	0	3	0
Miss E. Wilmot ... ..	0	3	6
Mrs. Walker ... ..	0	5	0
A reader of Spurgeon ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Stubbins ... ..	0	1	6
W. W. ... ..	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A widow, stamps ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. Phillips ... ..	1	10	0
Mr. E. Johnson ... ..	1	0	0
Moiety of collection at United Watch-night service, Wesleyan Chapel, Bournemouth, per Pastor G. D. Hooper ... ..	1	1	1
Mr. G. W. Falkner ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. E. G. Midgley ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. Jackson ... ..	3	0	0
Mr. J. Ocock ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. J. T. Russell, per Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. H. A. Swan ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Reeves ... ..	0	2	6
S. G. A. ... ..	0	10	0
Stamps, London, W.C. ... ..	0	0	6
Miss M. Hair ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Wenham ... ..	0	4	6
Mrs. M. Cunningham ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Burnett ...	0	12	6
Newton C.E.S., per Pastor W. Jenkins ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. Barritt ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Merrin ... ..	1	0	0
Miss J. Sillitoe ... ..	0	4	0
Mr. W. Fyson ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Holdsworth ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Lovell ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Harris ... ..	0	12	6
Acton Lane Sunday-school, Harlesden, per Mr. W. Maggs ... ..	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. McAllister ...	0	4	1
Bideford Baptist Church Carol Singers, per Mr. C. E. Bennett ...	4	4	0
Mr. J. Brewer ... ..	5	5	0
Mr. J. Hart ... ..	1	10	0
Mrs. E. Schofield ... ..	1	4	0
Misses E. and S. A. Rossiter ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. South ... ..	1	13	0
Miss Scoles ... ..	1	1	0
Per Mr. R. Giles:—			
In memory of Bertie ... ..	0	10	0
In memory of Bertie's mother ...	0	10	0
In lieu of Christmas cards ... ..	0	5	0
Sunday dinner-table box ... ..	0	16	8
			2 1 8
Mr. H. P. West ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. A. E. Alder, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. F. Flanders ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Howard ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Yates ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Martin ... ..	0	10	0
Boyer Street Baptist Sunday-school, Derby, per Mr. S. T. Hudson ...	0	7	6
Mrs. E. H. Williams ... ..	0	5	0
M. A. C. ... ..	0	2	6
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew ...	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Andrew ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. Heywood ... ..	0	7	0
E. A. B. ... ..	0	2	6
Berea Baptist Church, Portmadoc, per Mr. R. Lloyd ... ..	0	18	6
Mrs. Anderson, per Mr. J. Addison ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Ross ... ..	0	2	0
Postal order, Cannon Street, E.C. ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Logan ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Manaton... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Watson ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Rowlands ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Thompson ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen ...	0	6	0
Per Mr. J. J. Davies ... ..	1	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gorringe... ..	5	0	0
Collected at Barn Services, per Mr. E. J. Gorringe ... ..	1	3	6
Collected by Mr. G. F. Smith ...	3	6	6
Mr. F. J. Aldridge ... ..	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Watch-night Service, Woodville			
Road Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, per Mr. J. Thompson	2	10	0
Mr. R. P. Froste, M.A.	2	0	0
Mr. G. Huntley	1	1	0
Miss P. Hubbard	0	5	0
Mr. J. Gay	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	4	0
Mr. T. Darby	0	10	0
Miss J. H. Chapman	0	3	6
Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson	0	13	6
D. N.	0	10	0
Miss M. J. Infield	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Jefferies	0	5	0
Anonymous	0	1	0
Mr. C. Cole	0	0	6
Miss J. Allan	0	3	0
Postal order, Folkestone	0	2	6
Postal order, Welwyn	0	1	0
Mrs. Hopkins	1	0	0
Bramley Zion C.E.S., per Mr. Turner	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Half-year's interest on £5,000 debenture bonds, Messrs. Cory Bros. and Co., Ltd.	11	15	0
Readers of the "Christian World," per the Editor	1	0	0
Mr. F. D. Collen	5	5	0
Mrs. J. E. Maunder	2	0	0
Mr. E. Crick	1	1	0
Miss Barry	0	5	0
A friend, North of Scotland	0	5	0
T. B. L.	1	1	0
Mr. G. Middleton	0	10	0
Mr. J. Ferguson	0	5	0
Sarah	0	2	0
Fillebrook Junior C.E.S., per Miss A. Taylor	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0	2	6
Houston U.F.C. Sabbath-schools, per Mr. J. Mackay, jun.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. S. E. Mayne	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Wilson	0	6	0
Mrs. Sellar	1	1	0
Mr. T. Bedford	0	10	0
Miss Jensen	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. Dauncey	6	10	0
J. B.	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Bailey	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Latta	1	17	0
Mr. J. Ollington	0	5	0
Per Mrs. Willsher:—			
Collected by Miss Betts	0	6	5
Collected by Miss Saunders	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. Hitchcock	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Parish	0	15	3
Collected by Mr. Judge	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Willsher	0	16	3
	3	18	11
B. L.	0	5	0
Miss B. Thomson	0	10	0
Pastor A. G. Haste	0	2	6
C. F.	0	2	6
Mr. W. B. Turner	0	5	0
Mr. W. Farvis	0	2	6
Mr. J. H. Biggs, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	15	0
A few friends, per Irene and Harold	0	13	0
Miss Ethel Colman	2	2	0
Miss Helen C. Colman	1	1	0
Christmas morning Service, Kington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. B. Nichols	1	10	6
Messrs. Francis Nicholls, White and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0
Mr. E. Goodman	1	0	0
Reggie	0	1	0
Postal order, Hilltown	0	5	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Velindre Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. G. Mansfield	0	15	0
Rev. J. Kempton	0	5	0
Mr. C. M. Colville	0	7	6
Postal order, Woodside Ferry	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Hall	0	2	6
Watch-night Service, Eastgate, Chapel, Lewes, per Mr. J. P. Morris	2	3	0
Mr. S. Calver	1	0	0
Collected by Miss N. Hamer	2	17	0
Mr. F. Jackson	2	0	0
Mr. W. G. Wilkins	1	1	0
Miss M. Muil	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Bawtree	1	1	0
Per Mr. H. Letch:—			
Parsons Heath Sunday School	0	11	6
Collected by Mr. Jas. Letch	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Letch	0	11	0
Misses King	1	7	6
Mr. A. Foulkes	0	7	0
Miss Grace Turner	0	5	0
Miss Brooks	0	2	6
Mr. R. Whiteside	0	10	0
Mr. W. Lewis	0	15	0
Mr. W. Lewis	0	10	6
Talbot Hall Men's Bible-class, per Mr. F. Cursons	1	1	0
Christmas morning Service, Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, per Mrs. Harriss	0	6	9
Mothers' Meeting, Garland Street Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Harriss	0	4	0
Mr. Richard Guy	2	2	0
Mr. R. C. Jones	1	1	0
Master E. Bevan	0	10	0
M. A. G.	1	0	0
Grimsby Baptist Tabernacle, per Mr. E. A. Dickinson	1	9	0
Postal order, Kilburn	0	1	6
Mrs. L. N. Edmonds	0	10	0
Mr. J. T. Mills	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0	13	0
Hamilton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. D. Weir	0	10	0
Mr. F. Allen	0	5	6
Townsend Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Ballands	2	9	7
Mr. J. Martin	10	0	0
Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P.	3	3	0
Mrs. Burson	0	2	6
Postal order, Hayle	0	2	6
J. B.	0	10	0
2 Cor. ix. 15	2	0	0
Mr. W. P. Robertson	0	2	0
Per Mrs. R. Ward:—			
Dear Grannie	1	0	0
Mr. Bainbridge	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
	1	11	0
Mr. O. Clover	1	1	0
Postal order, Strathdon	0	7	0
Miss A. Collins	0	6	0
Mrs. H. Yorath	0	5	0
Mrs. Tatton, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	4	0
Rien sans Dieu	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Armistead	0	6	6
E. G.	0	2	6
Miss Crace	0	2	6
Mr. R. J. Noull	0	2	6
Postal order, Bridport	0	5	0
Buckland Baptist Sewing Meeting, per Miss Hedges	0	2	1
Mr. G. Fisher	5	0	0
A. and M.	1	0	0
Anon.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Donkin	1	0	0
B.	0	10	0



STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

101

	£	s.	d.
Rev. C. H. Annesley ... ..	0	9	6
Mrs. Becliff ... ..	0	10	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :-			
Anonymous ... ..	19	0	0
The Girdlers' Company,			
per Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0
Miss R. H. Down ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Nagle ... ..	1	0	0
Clifton ... ..	0	15	0
Mrs. F. E. Davies ... ..	0	2	6
Orphan boys' collecting cards (as			
per list) ... ..	50	1	5
Orphan girls' collecting cards (as			
per list) ... ..	43	8	4
Executors of the late Mrs. S. F.			
Clements ... ..	150	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Andrew			
Flockhart ... ..	571	15	8
Executors of the late Mr. W. Crich-			
ton ... ..	6	10	9
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FUND :-			
Mrs. E. W. Bell ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Best ... ..	0	5	0
Miss H. E. A. Jensen ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. S. George and K. S. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. T. Pound ... ..	0	10	0
Postal order, Acton ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Griffiths ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Stirling ... ..	0	3	0
Postal order, South Gorleston	0	2	6
Stamps, Lydd ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. H. Woollaston ... ..	0	10	0
Stamps ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. Innes ... ..	0	1	0
Miss J. Penman ... ..	0	2	0
In memoriam, J. James ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. G. C. Heard ... ..	1	1	0
Postal order, Queen's Road, Peckham	1	0	0
Miss M. Hall ... ..	0	2	6
Miss S. Watts ... ..	0	6	0
Mrs. Groves ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Patmore ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Nixon ... ..	0	5	0
Miss M. Rowlands ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. D. G. Overall ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. Bedford ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. G. E. Chapman ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. F. Hicks ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Bashall ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. Allmey ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. D. Sharpe ... ..	0	2	6
Miss M. Orr ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. Murdoch ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. E. Vincent ... ..	0	2	6
In memory of C. H. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Pavey ... ..	0	2	6
Rev. G. Hughes ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. F. J. Woodland ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. J. Langton ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. J. Bird ... ..	0	1	0
Miss M. C. Irwin ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. S. E. Hough ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. A. George ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. Vincent ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Amor ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. G. Phillips ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Evans ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Garland ... ..	0	1	0
Postal order, Romford ... ..	0	3	6
Mr. R. Edwards ... ..	0	5	0
Miss G. Bell ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. W. Payne ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Gregg ... ..	0	1	0
Miss Harding ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. T. Poulter ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Holloway ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Fear ... ..	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Clarke ... ..	0	10	0
J. B. C. ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. E. H. Edwards ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Sear ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. A. Hutton ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. G. J. Johnson ... ..	0	2	6
A friend, Sunderland ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Crees ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Geo. Stoford ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Scarfe ... ..	0	1	0
Endymion ... ..	0	10	0
Postal order, New Throckley ... ..	0	5	0
G. P. A. ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. Bossingham ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. A. White ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. Guest ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Gibb, sen. ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Earlsfield ... ..	0	5	0
Stamps, Berkeley ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. G. Shippey ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. I. J. Brown ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Pocock ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. J. Hannam ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Tyler ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. W. Donaldson ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. D. Sutherland ... ..	0	3	0
Rev. J. F. Linn ... ..	0	2	6
Messrs. E. and A. Hewson Bros. ... ..	0	7	6
Stamps ... ..	0	2	6
Stamps, Lairg ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Marr ... ..	0	2	6
T. H. ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Bascomb ... ..	0	10	0
H. A. B. ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Lock ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Salmond ... ..	0	5	0
Miss J. Robertson ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Pleasant ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. G. Norris ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. A. Leslie ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. R. Lane ... ..	2	0	0
Miss Pavey ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. T. Collins ... ..	0	5	0
Messrs. Hedley ... ..	0	9	6
Mrs. Hunter ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wood ... ..	0	10	0
Stamps, Market Harboro ... ..	0	1	0
A friend, stamps ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Baker ... ..	0	2	6
Friends from Reading ... ..	0	2	0
Stamps, Erwood ... ..	0	1	3
Mrs. S. A. Cousins ... ..	0	1	3
Mr. T. Lawrence ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Holliday ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. T. W. Bearn ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. E. Turner ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Willcox ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Jeffers ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Hawkes ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Jas. Stiff ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Nicholl ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Cook ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Walker ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Clark ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Castleton ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Layzell ... ..	0	3	6
Mr. J. Mead ... ..	0	10	6
Postal order, Camberwell ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Coombes ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. H. Barrett ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. Jno. Walker ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hawkes ... ..	0	5	0
Miss L. Bibby ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. R. Reed ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lightbody ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. M. Scott ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. W. Miles ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. W. D. Wilson ... ..	0	8	0
Mrs. Burles ... ..	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Smith ...	0	2	6	Stamps, Hastings ...	0	1	0
Mrs. B. R. Davis ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Hiner ...	0	1	0
H. P. ...	0	2	0	Miss R. Wells ...	0	2	6
W. C. R., Romsey ...	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Plowman ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Baines ...	0	2	6	Miss L. Wilson ...	0	5	0
E. M. U. ...	0	2	9	Mr. W. Nicholls ...	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Bell ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. Russell ...	2	0	0
Mr. E. F. Davis ...	0	10	6	Mr. T. W. Beveridge ...	0	10	6
B. J. T. ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Cutler ...	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Workman ...	0	10	0	Postal order, Carnarvon ...	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Cooper ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Highampton ...	0	2	0
Mr. D. G. B. White ...	0	2	6	Mr. T. Davies ...	0	2	6
Miss Lillie A. Deveson ...	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Beddwell ...	0	1	6
Mr. W. Mainland ...	0	1	0	Pastor R. Bastable ...	0	2	0
Miss Nice ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Warmington ...	1	1	0
Mrs. and Miss Dury ...	0	2	6	Stamps, Alford ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Page ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. T. C. Mould ...	0	2	6
Mr. H. Proctor ...	1	0	0	"Feed my lambs" ...	2	0	0
Mr. F. Kay ...	0	2	6	Miss Parson ...	0	4	0
Mr. A. A. Stephens ...	1	0	0	Mr. G. Wood ...	0	4	6
Mrs. J. Vowles ...	1	0	0	Mr. A. Ross ...	1	1	0
Per Miss Thatcher —				Mr. R. Mortimer ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Mannington (Has-				A friend ...	0	5	0
tings) ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. Tolley ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Mannington (Lewes)	0	5	0	Mrs. Ward ...	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. C. Man-				Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson ...	1	1	0
nington ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Luckham ...	0	5	0
Miss Caffyn ...	0	5	0	Currants, Liverpool ...	0	2	6
Miss M. Thatcher ...	0	5	0	Mr. Jacobs ...	0	5	0
Misses Hamshar ...	0	4	0	Master E. and Miss G. Abraham ...	0	5	0
Miss Porter ...	0	2	6	Miss B. Prior ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Faulconer ...	0	3	0	Miss Horton ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Jno. Guy ...	0	2	0	Putton Sunday-school, Weymouth,			
A. Thatcher ...	0	2	6	per Mr. S. J. Fowler, J.P. ...	0	10	6
			1 19 0	Mrs. E. Rainbott ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Jones ...	1	0	0	Miss Steele ...	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Hall ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Looseley ...	0	2	6
Mr. C. H. Parrett ...	0	2	6	Miss Cornborough ...	0	5	0
Mrs. and Miss E. G. Lang ...	0	7	0	Miss Mathew ...	0	2	6
Per Miss Tarrant —				Miss M. Montgomery ...	0	2	6
Friends at Woolwich ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Matcham ...	0	2	6
M. R. and E. T. ...	0	2	0	Misses Rowland ...	0	5	0
			0 7 0	Mrs. I. J. Carter ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Scott ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. F. Alldis ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Jackson ...	0	10	6	Mrs. M. A. Mellhuish ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Munton ...	0	2	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson ...	0	6	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich ...	0	5	0	Mr. Hy. Reid ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Davies ...	0	10	0	Mr. A. E. Waite ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Roberts ...	0	5	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Sitting-			
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders ...	0	2	6	bourne, per Mr. H. Parker, J.P. ...	1	16	0
Postal order, Charlbury ...	0	3	0	Mr. J. West ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Nicholl ...	0	2	0	Mr. Geo. Cox ...	0	10	6
Mr. Jas. Wilson ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Grant ...	0	4	0
Mr. W. Johnson ...	0	1	0	Miss Speh ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Bowden ...	0	5	0	Miss Brame ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Smith ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Austin ...	0	5	0
Rev. J. Crouch ...	0	5	0	Miss Jervis ...	0	2	6
E. G. ...	0	10	0	Mr. Howe ...	0	10	0
Miss Sheppard ...	0	2	6	Miss Larcombe ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. King ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Vinson ...	0	10	0
Miss Standen ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Grout ...	0	3	0
Miss Knott ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. G. Smith ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Holbrook ...	0	15	0	Mrs. J. Roberts ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Weekly ...	0	5	0	Mr. D. Parkins ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Stone ...	0	2	6	S. M. ...	0	8	0
Mrs. Toogood ...	0	2	6	Mr. F. Hoy ...	1	0	0
Miss F. P. Haward ...	0	2	6	Mr. W. S. Hardy ...	1	0	0
Miss A. Nash ...	0	5	0	A well-wisher ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. C. Trimmell ...	0	10	0	Stamps, Kettering ...	0	2	6
Miss M. Fraser ...	0	2	0	Stamps, Elstead ...	0	3	6
Mr. Beswick ...	0	5	0	H. M. F. ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Fairweather ...	0	7	0	Mr. C. Buchel ...	1	1	0
C. E. B. ...	0	0	3	Mr. H. B. Billington ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Goodchild ...	1	0	0	A country minister ...	0	2	6
J. M. H. D. ...	0	2	0	Miss Treves ...	0	10	6
Mr. C. Bayes ...	0	2	6	Miss R. Smith ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Conder ...	0	5	0	Postal order, New Cross ...	0	4	0
Mr. G. Jiffkins ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Phillips ...	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Harvey ...	0	5	0	Mrs. G. Colyer ...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Postal order, Croydon	0	1	6	Mr. Geo. Lawrence and friends at			
Mr. J. Aubrey	0	5	0	Wellingborough	14	0	0
Mrs. A. Pottinger	0	2	0	Master J. and Miss Beharrell	0	4	0
Mrs. Rugg	0	10	0	Mrs. Stephens	0	1	6
Rev. W. J. Mayers	0	5	0	Mr. J. Harvey	0	10	0
W. C., Grange Corner	0	1	0	Miss A. McAlister	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Dales	0	5	0	A well-wisher, Ballachglish	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grace and friends	0	5	0	Mrs. Willis	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	10	6	Postal order, Dover Priory	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Clark	0	5	0	Postal order, New Lenton	0	2	0
Miss E. L. Tarver	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. P. Barton	1	1	0
A friend, Kilmalcolm	1	0	0	West Mersea C.E.S., per Mrs.			
Miss Faith	0	5	0	Watson	0	2	6
Miss Adderley	1	0	0	Mrs. Archer	0	1	0
Mrs. Dodds	0	5	0	Mrs. Massey	0	5	0
Mr. E. Davis	0	10	0	Mrs. B. A. Richards	0	2	0
M. A. B.	0	10	0	Mr. W. Loveland	0	10	0
Mrs. Vague	0	2	6	Mr. H. Wiles, sen.	0	5	0
Mr. F. W. Trotman	1	1	0	Stamps	0	2	0
H. C. V., Oxford	0	5	0	Postal order, Colchester	0	1	0
A widow's mite	0	2	0	Mr. D. Rippest	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Reid	0	5	0	Mr. B. Fielden	0	2	0
Postal order, Kirkconnel	0	2	6	Miss Paddock	0	2	0
Mrs. Whiting	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Robjohns	0	5	0
A pensioner, Bristol	0	2	6	Postal order, Hatton Garden	0	2	6
Misses Pearson	0	7	0	Mrs. May	0	7	6
Mrs. T. Bowler	0	1	0	Miss M. M. Thomas	0	1	0
Postal order, Brasted	0	2	6	J. C.	0	1	0
A widow's mite, Swansea +	0	2	6	A friend in Christ	0	1	0
Misses A. and M. Payne	0	2	6	Mrs. R. Fakeley and family	1	0	0
Mrs. S. A. Frew	0	5	0	Mr. Edwards	0	2	0
Mr. C. B. Anderson	0	3	0	Mrs. Simpson	0	2	6
Mrs. Layman	0	2	6	Mr. T. Wright	0	1	0
Stamps, Fulbourne	0	1	0	Mrs. I. Lord	0	1	6
Miss A. Marshall	0	5	0	F. G.	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Franklin	0	2	6	A lover of children	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Corbyn	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Rich	0	2	6
Miss McEwing	1	0	0	Mr. A. Clyde	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Owen	1	0	0	Mr. R. Patterson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood	1	1	0	Mr. J. Tebby	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hillier	0	3	6	Mrs. Broom	0	5	0
Mr. R. Stewart	0	2	6	Mr. R. Nelson	0	10	0
Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	6	Mrs. A. J. Parker	0	5	0
Mr. R. H. Smart	0	10	0	Dr. J. Bell	0	5	0
Mr. J. Macbeth	1	0	0	Mrs. Knight	0	2	6
Mr. T. Crozier	0	2	0	Mr. T. H. Greenwood	0	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. Clow	0	5	0	Miss L. Ireland	0	4	6
Mr. and Mrs. R. Osborne	0	5	0	Mr. F. Whittle	0	2	0
Mr. T. James	0	5	0	Mrs. Mansfield	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. White and friend	0	3	0	Mrs. Bickford	0	2	6
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	10	6	Anon	0	2	6
Mr. W. Church, jun.	0	5	0	Messrs. J. Hooker and Sons	0	5	0
Mrs. Godfrey's Bible-class	0	10	0	Mr. F. Wellington Grose	1	1	0
Mrs. Bickle	0	5	0	Mr. L. Clayton	0	5	0
Mrs. Storm	0	2	6	For Jesus' sake	0	1	0
Mr. E. Frisby	2	2	0	Mr. T. Parker	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Stinson	0	5	0	Mr. F. J. Hurst	0	5	0
D. J. and Mrs. Gordon	0	1	0	Mr. E. W. Diver	0	5	0
Mr. B. M. Hainson	0	10	0	Mr. H. Hadden	0	2	6
Miss F. Edwards	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Scorer	0	10	6
Postal order, Uphall	0	5	0	Miss E. Swain	0	10	0
Postal order, Uddington	0	2	0	Friends, per Mrs. Reed	0	1	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	5	0	Mr. S. Cole	0	10	0
Mrs. James	0	2	6	An old boy, Hackney	0	2	6
Miss Cunningham	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Touch	0	2	6
Miss Limebeer	0	9	6	Mrs. C. Morris	0	2	6
Miss A. M. Cook	0	5	0	Mr. J. Pentelow, sen.	1	1	0
Miss Grant	1	0	0	Mr. T. Cook	0	5	0
Miss Proudfoot	0	2	0	Mrs. Creasey	1	0	0
Mr. W. Milne	0	2	0	Stamps, Cambridge	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Mason	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Essex	1	1	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	1	0	Mr. J. Camblin	0	3	0
Miss M. M. Hodges	0	3	0	Mr. T. Weir and friends	1	0	0
Miss D. C. McIlwaine	1	10	0	Mrs. Zuber	0	3	0
Miss A. L. McRuer	0	2	0	Mrs. Blake	0	1	0
Mr. J. C. Smith	1	10	0	Mr. Geo. Tingey	1	0	0
Mr. T. Jacobs	0	2	0	Miss M. Blyth	0	2	6
Mr. C. Hooper	0	2	6	Mr. J. Patterson	0	2	6
Mrs. Chandler	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Mackie	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Bunn ..	0	1	0	Baptist Church, Govilon, per Pastor			
Mr. A. Cave ..	0	10	6	T. H. Williams ..	2	15	0
Mr. E. Potter ..	0	3	0	Rickmansworth, per Miss Powell ..	1	15	6
Mrs. Barrow ..	0	2	6	Beulah Junior C.E.S. and friends,			
Mrs. Jeffreys ..	0	5	0	Per Miss Harrauld ..	1	13	8
Mr. W. Seton ..	0	2	0	Newbridge, per Miss R. Daniell ..	3	5	2
Mrs. S. Anthony ..	0	5	0	Highgate Road Chapel Men's Bible-			
Mrs. Ryott ..	0	5	0	class, per Mr. C. Weight ..	3	12	6
Mrs. Allen ..	0	1	0	Edmonton, per Pastor D. Russell ..	4	18	5
Mr. W. Tucker ..	0	5	0	George Street Chapel, Ryde, per			
Postal order, Manor, Hamilton	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Daish ..	3	3	0
Stamps ..	0	1	0	Codford Congregational Church, per			
Mrs. Mercer ..	0	2	6	Rev. E. A. Arthurs ..	0	7	0
Mr. W. Smith ..	0	3	0	Dartmouth, per Pastor W. T. Soper	0	8	1
Mr. J. Aldington ..	0	10	0	The Misses Cockshaw ..	0	6	0
A friend ..	0	0	6	Miss Alderton ..	0	4	0
Miss Anderson ..	0	2	6	Dudley, per Miss L. Kitchen ..	1	10	0
Mrs. Clarke ..	0	3	6	Pastor A. Macdougall and family..	0	10	0
A sympathiser, Cleland ..	0	2	6	Brentford, per Pastor T. G. Pollard	1	8	9
Mr. G. Newbold ..	0	1	0	New Brighton Baptist Chapel, per			
Mr. J. Beaty ..	0	3	6	Miss F. L. Morley ..	2	6	0
Collected by Miss R. Patten ..	0	2	6	Longley Road Chapel, Tooting, per			
A widow's mite, Croft Town, Cam-				Pastor G. H. Rumsey ..	7	10	3
bridge ..	0	1	0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH			
Misses Hawkes and Bomford..	0	2	0	AND THE ORPHANAGE CHoir:—			
Mr. C. Willis ..	0	2	6	Church Lane Baptist Chapel, Hen-			
Miss J. Williams ..	0	2	6	don ..	12	9	3
Mrs. S. J. Smith ..	0	5	0	Andover ..	5	0	0
Mr. J. McIlroy ..	0	10	0	Brading ..	3	5	7
Mr. R. Charlton, per Pastor T. Spur-				Salisbury ..	5	7	6
geon ..	0	3	0	Ryde ..	9	7	6
Mrs. Lodge ..	0	2	6	Brixton Tabernacle ..	4	0	0
Miss E. Kewer ..	1	0	0	Southampton ..	9	0	0
Postal order, Perth ..	0	5	0	Newport, Isle of Wight ..	15	8	7
Neighbour, Birdsall ..	0	2	6	Elm Grove Chapel, Southsea ..	9	4	7
Mr. and Mrs. Fryer ..	0	1	0	SEA-SIDE HOME, MARGATE:—			
Mrs. H. Claridge ..	0	10	0	Mrs. E. W. Bell ..	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Gunter ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Howes ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Robertson ..	0	1	2	Miss J. Penman ..	0	2	0
Mrs. N. H. Saker ..	0	10	6	Miss M. Orr ..	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Dixon ..	0	8	0	Miss Harding ..	0	0	6
Mr. H. Bell ..	0	10	0	Mr. A. Hutton ..	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Munro ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Arnold ..	0	1	0
Orphan, Berkhamstead ..	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Bland ..	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. A. Carman ..	0	2	6	C. F. ...	0	2	0
Miss E. Weale ..	0	5	0	Mr. A. O. Nelson ..	3	3	0
Mr. A. Davis ..	0	5	0	Mr. T. W. Bearn ..	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. Wakeham ..	0	10	0	Mr. E. Turner ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. Phillips ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Hawkes ..	0	2	6
Laburnham Cottage ..	0	2	6	Mrs. M. Walker ..	0	10	0
Captain C. Trelease ..	1	0	0	Mr. J. Clark ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. Trelease ..	0	5	0	Mr. W. Mainland ..	0	1	0
Mr. J. Reid ..	0	6	0	Mrs. Page ..	2	0	0
Mrs. B. Fox ..	0	2	6	Mr. F. Kay ..	0	7	6
Postal order, Strathdon ..	0	4	0	Miss R. Wells ..	0	5	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster (a				Mr. J. Starr ..	0	5	0
new shilling for each boy) ..	11	8	0	Miss L. Wilson ..	0	1	0
The Trustees of the Orphanage (a				Miss Witt ..	0	1	0
new shilling for each girl) ..	10	11	0	Mrs. Wellstood ..	0	2	6
CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLEC-				Miss R. Smith ..	1	0	0
TIONS:—				Mrs. Marshall ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Wayland and family ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Whiting ..	0	2	6
Miss E. R. Simmons ..	0	5	0	A well-wisher, Ballachglish ..	0	5	3
Miss N. Kerridge ..	1	0	0	Miss Freeman ..	1	0	0
Miss H. Gray ..	0	5	0	Mr. L. Clayton ..	0	6	0
Pastor A. E. Johnson ..	1	15	0	Mrs. E. Mackie ..	0	10	0
Pastor H. A. Fletcher ..	0	7	0	Mrs. E. Green ..	5	0	0
Ceylon Place Baptist Church, East-				Mr. E. Potter ..	0	3	0
bourne, per Pastor H. E. Barrell..	1	0	0	Mrs. Barrow ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Powell ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Allen ..	0	2	0
Portslade Baptist Church, per Pastor				Mrs. Gardner ..	0	1	0
H. J. Dyer ..	2	7	0	Mrs. Scutt, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Gould ..	0	7	6	Mr. J. Mortimer... ..	0	5	0
Cheshunt and Waltham Cross, per				Mrs. Lodge ..	0	2	6
Pastor T. Douglas ..	9	15	8	Mr. G. Smith ..	0	5	0
Ramsden Road Baptist Chapel, Bal-				Mrs. H. Claridge ..	0	2	6
ham, per Pastor T. Greenwood ..	7	2	6	Homeward Bound ..	0	5	0
Mr. E. Jones ..	0	4	0	Miss Sargent ..	0	0	6
Miss B. Good ..	0	4	6	A friend, Sutton ..	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. A. Carman ...	0	0	6	Miss Brooks ...	0	10	0
Miss E. Tempest ...	0	5	0	Miss E. R. Gunter ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. W. B. Mumford ...	0	1	0	Postal order, Strathdon ...	0	2	0
Miss C. Thomson ...	1	2	6				
Mr. W. Howard ...	0	10	0				
					£2,3	12	0

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Aspden, G., £1 1s; Adams, R., 3s; Bond, W. J., £1 1s; Boulter, E., 2s; Baker, G. A. S., 10s; Boots, F. S. K., 5s 6d; Beckett, P., 3s 6d; Balderston, L., 7s 3d; Baggaley, J. H., 13s; Blakely, F., £1 13s; Bridgman, B., 5s 1d; Brand, A., £1 1s 9d; Brookman, R., £1; Burgess, J., 5s; Barnard, P. J., 9s 8d; Boddy, W., 8s 6d; Box, J., £1 1s; Cander, G., £1 14s 3d; Curry, C., 3s; Coombs, A., 7s; Cook, E. S., 2s 6d; Channer, F., £1 1s; Cooper, B., 7s; Durrant, H., 11s; Dunster, C., £1 1s 6d; Davies, W. F., 1s 6d; Darby, R., 4s 6d; Edwards, P., 4s; Edwards, C., 4s; Elkins, S., 3s; French, S., 1s; Friday, E. A., 12s 10d; Green, G. W., 5s; Golding, W., 8s; Goodyear, P., 4s; Griffin, W., £1 13s; Golds, W. H., 5s 6d; Geere, M., 7s 6d; Huggett, F., 3s; Horton, G., 9s 3d; Heritage, W., 5s; Hughes, S., 2s; Hards, P., 2s; Hunt, E., 6s 5d; Holland, A., 2s; Halsall, J., 5s 2d; Haddock, B., £1 1s; Jifkins, W., 5s 7d; Jeffreys, P., 2s 7d; Jago, J., 11s; Jones, T., 2s; Kimber, R., 5s; Kimber, T., £1 1s; Kirby, M., 5s 6d; Locke, S. A., 10s 6d; Lowe, H., £1 1s; Levi, V., 4s 6d; Lock, T., 5s 4d; Maisey, H. W., £1 1s; Maddar, F., 2s 8d; Maplestone, H., 11s; Musto, J., 2s 6d; Meredith, J., 3s; Noakes, G., 2s 7d; Neat, H., 15s; Newton, H. B., 9s 8d; North, W., £1 1s; Pritchard, D., 5s; Pratt, A., 10s 11d; Page, J., £1 1s; Preston, V., 12s 6d; Pateman, R. S., 6s 11d; Partridge, G., 4s; Pepler, L., 5s; Parrymore, W., £1 1s; Rooksby, F., 4s 1d; Slade, H., 2s 6d; Swan, B., 6s; Smith, J. W., 2s 6d; Stradwick, F., 10s 2d; Stannard, S. B., 5s 3d; Swain, F., 2s 6d; Strachan, B., 11s; Sharpe, L., 3s 6d; Smith, J., 3s; Smart, H., 10s; Smith, S., 1s 3d; Shearer, W., 1s 4d; Thomas, L., 4s; Tarrant, H., 8s 6d; Tansley, H., 12s; Temple, A., 1s 3d; Talbot, H., 4s 6d; Trim, A., £1 11s 6d; Tovey, W., £1 1s 6d; Thornton, A., 3s; Vercoe, H. G., 4s 9d; Watson, J., 10s; Wilmot, J., 1s 6d; Wyatt, A., 10s; Williams, E., 5s 2d; Weller, F., 10s; Witchlow, G. W., 5s; Watson, S., 4s 3d; White, F., 5s; Wakeling, H., 8s; Wells, F., 4s; Willmore, H., 5s; White, F., 14s; Whately, T. J., 6s; Woods, W., 2s 6d; Whybrew, H., 18s.—Total, £50 1s 5d.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Ablitt, M., 5s; Atkin, M., 10s; Ayling, A., 1s 6d; Bradford, E., 6s 6d; Bilson, E., £1; Belton, M., 5s; Brayley, M., 3s; Batchelor, B., 10s 6d; Bennett, N., 4s; Brooking, F. and N., 3s; Clark, W., 16s; Cole, M. A., £1 1s; Cobb, L., 2s 6d; Civil, J., 7s 2d; Cunningham, E., 10s; Cole, E., 4s; Coombs, I., 10s 6d; Campbell, A., 7s 6d; Choat, R., 8s; Cavalier, R., 6s 2d; Downing L., 5s; Dawson, E., £1 1s; Davis, A., 6s 2d; Dines, E., 2s; Ebdon, M., 14s 2d; Ensom, E., 4s 3d; Edwards, M., 2s; Finch, D., 7s 6d; Fielding, B., 2s 6d; Fernley, O., 2s 6d; Friday, C., 9s 2d; Figgins, E., 13s 6d; Friend, M., 15s; Gater, E., 4s; Gouyn, E., 5s 6d; Glover, V., 5s; Gearing, B., 2s; Halls, M., 10s; Hiscobbs, B., 5s; Hinksman, E., 5s; Holland, F., 15s; Heather, A., 2s 6d; Hearnden, G., £1 1s; Hutchinson, F., £1 2s 3d; Haylock, F., 15s 6d; Hull, D., £1 1s; Jackson, W., £1; Jervis, A., 3s 6d; Kendall, E., 10s; Kent, E., £1 10s; Leaver, E., 10s 6d; Low, A., 2s; Lockett, M., 11s 6d; Lacey, M., 2s; Martin, M., 4s; Mitchell, J., 2s 6d; Morgan, M. and I., 11s; Mounthfield, G., 6s 6d; Munday, J., 6d; Marshall, A., 14s; Mohan, M., 8s 6d; Mudge, F., 5s 6d; Nicholls, M., 5s; Oliver, B., 1s; Porter, I., 5s 6d; Platt, O., 5s 6d; Povey, M., 6s 2d; Page, M., 3s 8d; Peterson, L., 7s 2d; Pain, E., 3s 6d; Pfanz, F., 5s; Price, V., 4s; Peek, C., 2s 6d; Plowright, G., 2s 6d; Plumley, W., 16s; Roylance, M., 14s; Ruffell, A., 5s; Staples, M., 6s 9d; Spencer, G., £1 5s; Spurgin, G., 2s; Smith, L., 1s; Siggins, M., 8s; Senyard, M., 10s; Suffell, M., 5s; Smith, R., 2s 6d; Sadler, M., 1s; Smyth, L., 15s; Seaman, D., 5s; Smith, C., 13s 6d; Stokes, M., 6s 9d; Thomas, C., 3s; Throther, M., 11s 7d; Taylor, N., 2s 6d; Upton, S., 1s 3d; Vaughan, S., 2s 6d; Waldron, N., 4s; Wilson, W., 6s 3d; Westcott, L., 10s; Warner, S., 5s 3d; Whitaal, A., 1s; Warr, L., 5s; White, M., 3s; Wright, G., 10s; Winfield, L., 4s 3d; Walters, M., £1 1s; Weeks, M., 3s 6d; Wicks, R., 2s 3d; Worsley, F., 5s; Williams, M., 7s; Watler, H., 5s 2d; Wilkins, E., £1 1s; Witting, J., 4s.—Total, £43 8s 4d.

LIST OF PRESENTS FROM DECEMBER 12TH, 1900, TO JANUARY 14TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—1 box of "Eureka" Flour, Mr. Coombs; a Sack of Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; a small box of Currants, Mr. R. Maidment; 1 case of Oranges, 1 sack of Flour, Mrs. Gatward; a sack of Flour, 1 case of Oranges, Mr. W. Medcalf; 25 lbs. Tea, Butler's Wharf, Limited; 2 bags Flour, Mr. C. Wagstaff; 1 cwt. Mixed Sweets, Messrs. J. Pascall; 30 doz. Assorted Minerals, Messrs. Maughan and Co.; 3 boxes Cosaque's Master Teddy Phillips; 1 case of Oranges, Master Willie Phillips; 1 case of Oranges, Mr. W. Taylor; 3 cwt. Jam, Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons; 1 box of Biscuits, Mrs. S. Holder; 2 boxes of Currants, 2 boxes of Raisins, 14 lbs. Peel, 1 lb. Spice, Mr. J. Daintree; 30 Bullocks' Hearts and a quantity of Suet, Mr. S. West; box of Oranges, 2 Bottles Sweets, Mrs. Newman; 3 barrels broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; a sack of Flour, Mrs. Collins; 1 sack of Flour, Mrs. M. Goddard; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 2 bags of Vegetables, "A member of Swaffham Prior Chapel"; 2 bags of Vegetables, Mr. H. Steed; 30 lbs. Sausages, Messrs. W. F. Masters and Son; 2 barrels Apples, Mr. S. Perry; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 500 Bars of Toffee, Mrs. E. Pullum; 17 bags Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 62 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 4 barrels of Apples, Mr. J. Batts; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 45 Quarterns Bread, Mr. J. Law; 1 cwt. of Cake, Messrs. Peck, Frean and Co.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—25 Articles, Miss S. S. Dawson; 8 Articles (Boys' and Girls'), a few Friends, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, Mon., per Miss R. Daniell; 16 Articles, Miss Harris and Friends; 13 Articles, Mrs. Perrin; 18 Articles, Miss Morris; 3 Articles, Miss O. E. Slette; 2 Pinafores, Mrs. Moon; 3 Articles, Mrs. Bailey; 12 yards Flannel, Miss Hulbert; 13 Winter Skirts, Miss J. Cockshaw; 46 Articles (Boys' and Girls'), 23 Articles (for sale), 1 Remnant, 5

Worn Articles, Mrs. Blant; 51 Articles (Boys' and Girls'), Brighton Road Baptist Church, per Miss B. A. Pollard; 7 Articles, 19 pairs Woollen Cuffs, "Friends at West Croydon," per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 53 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 Article, Miss G. Gunner; 38 Articles, Miss M. Hunter; 5 Articles, 6 Bibs, Miss E. C. Bolton; 18 Articles, Mrs. Mellor; 12 yards Flannelette; 4 yards Cloth, 6 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. J. White; 5 pairs Gloves, 20 yards Fancy Muslin, 9 yards Material, 1 piece of Calico, 1 piece of Flannelette, 6 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. J. Dyer; 5 Articles, Mrs. C. F. Fitching; 7 Articles, 1 Tie, 2 pairs Gloves, 2 pairs Cuffs, The Christian In-so-much Society, per Miss Taylor; 5 Articles, the Upton Chapel Benevolent Society; 62 Articles, the Young Women's Bible-class, West Croydon Baptist Chapel, per Miss J. Chander; 7 Articles, Mrs. J. R. McLaren; 66 Woollen Shawls, Mrs. F. Upton; 26 Articles, Mrs. Gardiner; 1 Jacket, Miss S. Hughes; 1 Article (for sale), 7 pairs Cuffs, Miss M. B. Cowper; 6 Articles, Mrs. Casburn; 1 lb. Wool, 4 Scarves, 12 Handkerchiefs, 28 yards Print, 24 yards Calico, 2 Remnants, 4 pairs Gloves, Mrs. Corbyn; 1 pair Cuffs, 2 Hats, etc., Mrs. L. C. Proud; 1 pair Boots, 1 pair Slippers, 8 Worn Garments, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 21 Articles, etc., the Uckfield Baptist Y.P.S.C.E., per Miss L. M. Dumsday; 62 Articles, Baptist Chapel Working Society, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 6 Handkerchiefs, 9 Articles, 3 Worn Garments, the Milton Hall Sunday-school, Kidderminster, per Mr. J. Harvey; 45 Articles, the Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 24 Articles, "The In-as-much Society," Baptist Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, per Mrs. Usher; 8 Articles, 4 Articles (for sale), 1 Woollen Shawl, 4 oz. yarn, etc., the Sewing Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Buckland, per Miss T. S. Hedges.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—14 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Gregory; 12 pairs Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 7 Scarves, Junior Christian Endeavour Society, Baptist Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, per Miss E. Hunt; 16 Ties, "Friends at West Croydon," per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 1 pair Socks, Miss M. Hunter; 12 Flannelette Shirts, the Upton Church Benevolent Society; 3 Scarves, the Milton Hall Sunday-school, Kidderminster, per Mr. J. Harvey; 3 Shirts, "Anon."

GENERAL:—A few Toys, Miss Harris and Friends; a parcel of Books, the Religious Tract Society; a few Christmas Cards, Miss Morris; 12 Dolls, Miss S. S. Dawson; 5 Dolls, Mrs. Moon; a few Cards, 2 Trunks, Mrs. Blant; a quantity of Toys, Junior Christian Endeavour Society, Baptist Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, per Miss E. Hunt; 1 Scrap-book, Miss Ambrose; a Card for each Boy and Girl, Mr. H. E. Wood; a Motto for each Member of Staff, Mr. Humphreys, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 1 Scrap-book, Mrs. J. Dyer; 1 Scrap-book, the Christian In-so-much Society, per Miss Taylor; 8 Dolls, 1 Scrap-book, Miss E. Barrett; 24 Motto Cards, Young Women's Bible-class, West Croydon Baptist Chapel, per Miss J. Chander; 1 Coloured Quilt, Mrs. R. E. Overbury; 170 "Horner's Penny Stories," Mrs. A. Hirsch; 1 large box of Toys, the Albermarle Baptist Y.P.S.C.E., per Mr. R. Donaldson; 9 Dolls, Mrs. Wilmshurst; parcel of Oddments, Mrs. Day; 12 copies of "Our Heritage," Mrs. J. Chase; 1 Secretaire, 7 Chairs, 3 Mats, 2 Venetian Blinds, 1 Looking-glass, 1 Chandelier, Mrs. J. T. Van Rijn; 1 load Firewood, Messrs. Jonas Smith and Co; packet of Sweets for each Boy, Mrs. Mackay; Christmas gift for each Boy in No. 7 House, Mrs. Isles; 14 Books by Bunyan, D. L. Moody, Chapman, etc., Mr. J. H. Earnshaw; 4 Dolls, a few Friends, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Miss R. Daniell; 1 Football, Mr. Ingram (old boy).

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1900, to January 14th, 1901.

### DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—

	£	s.	d.
Crownhill, per Mr. J. B. James	4	16	0
Axbridge, per Mr. C. Masters	1	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Bourton-on-the-Water, per Mr. J. Reynolds, J.P.	10	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association Sellidge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—	30	0	0
Collected by Miss Southee	0	13	0
Mrs. J. Silbey	0	5	0
		0	18
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	10	0	0
Ilminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	11	5	0
Axbridge, per Mr. C. Burcham:—			
Mrs. Brooks	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilkins	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Lawrence	1	0	0
Mrs. Robert Clark	1	0	0
Mr. J. Storrs Fry	1	0	0
Mrs. Tanner	1	1	0
Mr. H. J. Bobbett	0	10	0
Mr. Sidney Hill, J.P.	0	10	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	12	6
Mr. S. B. Pumphrey	0	5	0
C. B.	0	1	6
		6	10
Repton and Swadlincote	20	0	0
Thornbury, per Rev. A. O. Moore	15	1	5
Sellidge (donation)	3	10	0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
East Dereham, per Pastor H. Freeman	11	5	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans and Sons	10	0	0
Cowling Hill, per Messrs. Wilson and Son	10	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	11	5	0
Eastchurch, per H.	45	0	0
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	11	5	0
	£31	15	5

### AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. C. Heard	1	1	0
M. G.	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Storr	0	5	0
Mr. F. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. G. Fisher, per Mr. G. Freeman	2	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
Pastor J. W. Harrauld	0	10	6
Miss Smallbridge	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer Smith	0	5	0
J. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Gregory	0	10	0
Mr. G. Freeman	0	5	0
Mr. J. P. C. Haddock	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. B. R. Slater	2	11	3
Collected by Mr. Charles Powell	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Allen	0	18	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. E. Paine	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. T. M. Mead	1	18	0
Collected by Mr. J. P. Allen	1	10	3
Collected by Mr. S. Hynard	0	11	0
Collected by Mr. C. Payne	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. R. Dodds	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. G. Botwright	1	6	6
Collected by Mr. R. Bellamy	3	0	0
Collected by Mr. T. R. Todd	0	11	0
Collected by Mr. C. Neale	0	12	6
Collected by Mr. A. Walker	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. S. Parkes	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. W. Hardiman	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. F. G. Rose	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. Robert Hall	1	8	3
Collected by Mr. H. Mears	0	11	0
Collected by Mr. J. Morey	0	18	6
Collected by Mr. A. R. Richards	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Leverton	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. T. Boulton	0	19	0
Collected by Mr. W. Lloyd	3	1	2
Collected by Mr. W. Hodge	2	10	0
Collected by Mr. R. Fifield	1	1	0
Proceeds of meeting at Hounslow, per Mr. H. Mears	1	3	1
Colportage Depot Collecting box	0	11	6
Mr. John Cory, J.P.	25	0	0
	<u>£68</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>6</u>

## GENERAL FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bowsher	0	3	6
Mr. F. Sexton	0	5	0
Dr. A. McCaig	0	10	6
Miss Edith Higgs	0	10	0
Mrs. J. B. Mead	3	3	0
Mr. Charles Phillips	1	1	0
Proceeds of lantern lectures at Wal- lingford, per Mr. W. Bird	1	12	6
Mrs. W. Donaldson	0	5	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	5	0
Mrs. J. R. Haywood	1	0	0
Mr. C. Goddard Clarke, J.P.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Gallienne	1	1	0
M. G.	0	10	0
Surrey Mission, Pirbright, per Pastor E. Roberts	7	10	0
Mr. John Lamont	1	0	0
Mrs. Browne	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Mott	0	5	0
Mr. Oliver Hockey	3	3	0
Mr. H. L. Bartlett	0	2	6
The Misses Passmore	2	0	0
Postal order, Camberwell	0	10	0
Mrs. John Walker	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cameron	5	0	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0
Alderman L. Barber, J.P.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Alderton	0	10	6
Mr. R. Bastable	0	2	0
Mr. F. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Miller Higgs	2	2	0
Mr. W. D. Hodges	0	10	6
Miss Swayne	0	3	0
Mr. E. J. Gorringe	1	1	0
Mr. George H. Dean, J.P.	5	0	0
Mrs. Fordham	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Farnham	0	5	0
Mr. H. G. Budden	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Rev. S. Atlee	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Church	0	5	0
Proceeds of lantern lectures at Monks Eleigh, etc., per Mr. E. Paine	1	11	0
Mr. G. B. Sowerby	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Snelling	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. F. Collier	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Warden Chapel, East- church, per Mr. T. M. Mead	0	4	0
Mr. R. Stocks	0	2	6
Mr. T. Fuller	0	2	0
Mr. A. J. Mabey	0	10	0
Mrs. Curtis	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Muir	0	12	0
Mr. H. W. Bristow	0	2	0
Mr. W. Beer	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer Smith	0	2	6
Miss Sadler	0	5	0
Mr. J. Gilpin	0	5	0
J. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	0	10	0
Mr. A. S. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. J. R. Thomas	1	1	0
Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. B.	2	0	0
Mr. W. Hill	0	5	0
Legacy of the late Mr. Walter Crichton	6	10	9
Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigay	1	1	0
Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0	3	0
Collection at New Town Mission Church, Upper Norwood, per Mr. G. Willoughby	1	10	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Passmore	5	0	0
Stockwell Orphanage Boys' Christian Band, per Mr. W. J. Evans	0	7	3
Mr. J. P. C. Haddock	1	1	0
Miss Butcher	0	2	0
M.	3	3	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	2	12	6
Mr. W. Beer	0	2	6
Mr. Josiah Spiers	0	10	0
Mrs. Hoskin	1	1	0
Miss Light	0	3	6
Mrs. C. Baldwin	0	10	0
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. Cochrane	0	4	0
Mr. Priestley	0	4	0
Rev. C. H. Annesley	0	9	6
COLLECTING BOXES:—			
Ladies Working Society	0	12	4
Mrs. Hockey's Mothers' Meeting, Bexhill	0	11	0
Mr. G. Chant	0	12	0
Mansfield Street Mothers' Meeting, per Miss C. Hooper	1	10	8
Miss C. Hooper	0	11	3
Mrs. S. Wigney	1	5	8
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wigney	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Wilmot	0	12	6
Mrs. Raffield	1	3	8
Mrs. Percy	0	2	4
Mrs. B. Wagstaff	0	1	6
Miss A. Birn	0	0	8
Miss Hilda Cox	0	2	0
Mr. J. P. Allen	0	7	3
Mrs. Bignell	0	2	2
Small Dole Chapel, per Mr. T. Big- nell	0	3	10
Mr. F. G. Rose	0	2	0
Miss Gracie Gould	0	4	0
Mr. H. Webb	0	4	0
Mrs. Portingall	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Andrew	0	5	0
Miss N. Cobbold	0	7	6
Mr. F. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. Nettle	0	2	8
Mr. G. Mead	0	1	8
Mr. T. M. Mead	0	2	0
Miss Brook	0	4	7
Mrs. F. Weekes	0	4	2
Miss Johnson	0	3	10
Master Stanley Watts	0	3	4
Miss Eunice Cooper	0	2	2

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mr. C. Payne	...	0 5 6	Miss Queenie Russell	...	0 2 0
Miss Mary Dodds	...	0 2 6	Miss Lizzie Johnston	...	0 10 0
Master David Dodds	...	0 2 0	Miss Emily Latimer	...	0 4 0
Mr. G. Botwright	...	0 5 10	Mr. A. R. Richards	...	0 5 1
Mr. R. Bellamy	...	0 15 0	Mr. H. E. Cole	...	1 4 0
Mrs. T. R. Todd	...	0 7 0	Miss Humphreys	...	1 11 9
Miss Matilda Ead	...	0 6 0	Miss Grace Wagstaff	...	0 4 6
Miss Ethel Goddard	...	0 11 6	Miss Bertha Harvey	...	0 2 9
The Misses Tatnell	...	7 6 8	Mr. Dean Chandler	...	0 5 0
Miss Pritchard	...	0 2 10	Miss Lottie Russell	...	0 5 0
Mr. C. Gibbs	...	0 2 0	Miss E. Carver	...	1 0 6
Miss Eva Dimmer	...	0 2 6	Mrs. E. Fifield	...	0 6 0
Miss Lizzie Keddie	...	0 7 0	Mr. R. Fifield	...	0 4 0
Master George Bird	...	0 2 6	Master Bertie Gough	...	1 8 0
Mr. J. Morey	...	0 2 0	Mrs. A. Burch	...	0 4 0
Master Horace Leverton	...	0 3 0	Mr. Vine	...	0 1 9
Mrs. Curtis	...	0 15 10	Mr. W. Lloyd	...	0 1 0
Mrs. Burton	...	0 5 9	Miss Norah Short	...	0 1 5
Miss Gladys Johnston	...	0 14 10	Miss Kate Lloyd	...	0 2 0
Mrs. Mears	...	0 3 0	Miss Weston	...	0 5 0
Colportage Depot	...	0 2 4	Mr. W. Downes	...	0 2 6
Miss Bessie Gilpin	...	0 2 6	Mrs. Bridger	...	0 4 3
Mr. and Mrs. Knights	...	0 2 11	Mr. C. P. Carpenter	...	0 2 6
Mr. Alavoine	...	0 5 1	Miss C. Boutell	...	0 4 0
Mr. J. Goring	...	0 10 0			
Miss Grace Pearce	...	0 10 0			
Miss Dorothy Ladds	...	0 10 0			£118 5 10

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

*Statement of Receipts from December 10th, 1900, to January 14th, 1901.*

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mrs. Nagle	...	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	...	0 10 6
Anonymous	...	12 0 0	A. E. Mitchell	...	0 2 6
Mr. J. Bickford	...	0 10 0	M. W.	...	0 5 0
H. O. N.	...	0 8 6	Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	...	2 10 0
Mrs. Perrin	...	1 1 0	Mr. A. H. West	...	0 5 0
Mrs. Gardner	...	0 5 0	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—		
Mrs. Gregory	...	2 0 0	Mary	...	0 5 0
Mrs. Downing	...	1 0 0	A dear friend in Kent (beside ten guineas left at Mrs. Spurgeon's disposal) ...		
Jessie Taylor	...	0 10 0			6 10 0
I. S. H., in loving memory	...	2 0 0			£37 10 6
Miss Susan Bevan	...	0 5 0			
Mr. Walter Hinson	...	2 2 0			
A friend	...	5 0 0			
Mrs. Hockley	...	1 1 0			

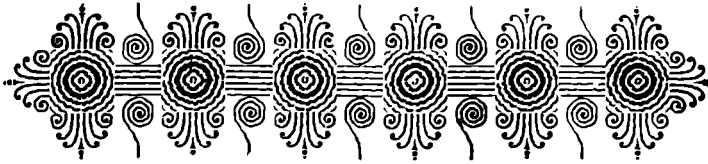
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Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle School Extension 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.


MARCH 1901.

Spiritual Samsons.

AN EARLY SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

*"Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth."*—Judges xvi. 6.

*(Concluded from page 53.)*

II. ECONDLY, THE SOURCE OF THE GREAT STRENGTH OF THE BELIEVER IS A SECRET, even as the source of Samson's strength was a secret from Delilah and the Philistines.

For, first, *it doth not lie where the strength of other men lies.* In some men, all the might they have to boast of lies in their body; yet a lion, or an elephant, or an ox, has more of that kind of strength than they have, so there is nothing for them to glory over in that respect. Let a man be as strong as he may be, you can make a steam-engine as powerful as a thousand men like him. Mere mortal strength is not a thing to boast of; the Lord "taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy."

Some reckon their wisdom to be their strength, and boast a great deal of it. They have had a wonderful education; and, besides, they have had the benefit of their observation and experience, so they are exceedingly wise men. But the Lord says, "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." The true Christian, in the matter of wisdom, is as a little child; it is his wisdom to learn of Christ; and what the men of the world count to be foolishness he reckons to be the highest form of wisdom. The

words of the Lord Jesus are quite enough for him ; and though these may not seem to be consistent with the current philosophy, he is quite content not to be known as a philosopher, and is even willing to be called a fool for Christ's sake that he may be accounted truly wise in the sight of God. The Christian Church, my brethren, was never really strong when she was puffed up with worldly wisdom. In Paul's day, when he preached, not according to the wisdom of words, but in the power of the Holy Spirit, the Church grew strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might ; but when the Gnostic heresy prevailed,—which I might, popularly speaking, call the heresy of knowing a great deal without really knowing the truth,—when texts of Scripture came to be spiritualized, and the doctrines of grace were refined almost to nothing, and education was cried up in the Church as the main thing,—from that hour, Christianity lost much of its real strength. I suppose that there never was a time, after the coming of Christ, when the whole world was in greater darkness than under the reign of the schoolmen. Yet those schoolmen were wondrously wise men, so far as earthly wisdom was concerned. In the days of those word-choppers and hair-splitters, the men who could argue at great length about nothing at all, and who could write elaborate treatises upon subjects that never ought or needed to have engaged anybody's attention, but which were only intended to show the extreme wisdom of the writers,—in those times, the force of the Church was gone. Aristotle was considered to be greater than the apostle Paul, and an attempt was made to show that the whole of the Aristotelian philosophy might be found reproduced in Paul's Epistles. In this kind of folly, away went the strength of the Church at once. The pity is, that this foolishness is still being repeated ; but, whenever you have seen a professedly Christian minister pretend to be wonderfully wise,—and, especially, to be wise above what is written,—when he has begun to explain away the Scripture, have you never noticed how he has also explained away his congregation at the same time? So it always must be. I speak not against education and learning ; when they are in their right place, at the feet of Christ, the more of them that we have, the better ; but when they become the pillars of our strength, and we lean upon them, they are simply like an arm of flesh or a broken reed, and God's curse has gone forth against all who rely upon such things instead of trusting alone in the Lord. Most manifestly was this the case in the early Church ; if there is anything that can be proved by positive facts, it is this, that the great strength of the Church does not lie in carnal wisdom.

Nor does the strength of any Christian, or of the Church of Christ as a whole, lie in eloquence. It is a good thing that a Christian minister should be able to speak well ; there have been men, endowed with matchless powers of speech, who could make an audience listen entranced as they delivered the Gospel message ; but, my brethren, I have yet to learn that brilliant orators have ever been any very great help to the Church of God. Those have done far more lasting good who, eschewing rhetoric, have preached simply, as their Master did, so that the common people heard them gladly. Where the mere orator has, perhaps, been used to the winning of one soul, the man

who laid eloquence aside for Christ's sake has won his hundreds, or even his thousands. True eloquence is not necessarily rhetorical ; the eloquence that speaks from the heart disdains the meretricious ornaments that are so highly recommended in certain quarters, and which are so eagerly sought after by many who would fain be accounted great preachers of the Gospel. But it is not the wisdom of words, it is not the charm of human language, it is not the attraction of glowing periods, it is not the fascination of beautiful metaphors, it is not the blaze of rhythmic poetry, that is the secret of the Church's strength ; but it is the preaching of the truth in love, it is the power of the Gospel itself as applied by the Holy Spirit, that is the true source of success. So, the Christian's great strength does not lie where others might think that it does, and it does not lie where other men's power lies. He may have similar strength to what they have ; but he also has another kind of force over and above theirs, whose sources are out of sight, whose deep springs are not open to the eye of every passer-by,—celestial springs, fountains from the deep that lieth under, vast wells supplied from the great deeps of God Himself, who keeps them always fed with fresh and powerful streams.

The Christian's great strength, then, is a secret. I will tell you the secret ; but when I have told it, it will still remain a secret to those who know it not. They will only know the words, as they might see certain Masonic signs without understanding the meaning of them. The strength of Christians lies in the fact that God, who first made us, has made us anew ; and after we are new-made, all the strength which we have, which is worth having, that is, our spiritual strength, comes alone from Him ; and it comes from Him, through the merits and death of the Redeemer, by the effectual working of the Holy Spirit. He is with us, and He is in us. "The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities." He gives us strength ; yet His modes of operation are like the wind, of which our Lord said to Nicodemus, "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." The Holy Spirit imparts to us a strength which is, like Himself, mysterious, and beyond the ken of ordinary eyes.

Still, *the way in which the Christian obtains this strength will be found to lie in certain things which can be traced.*

It lies, first of all, *in his faith.* In proportion as a man believes, he is strong. The very backbone of a Christian is confidence in God. Weak faith means weakness everywhere, but strong faith means spiritual strength in all the faculties of our being. Love is always fervent where faith is active and vigorous. Patience is perfect, hope is bright, and zeal is lambent, when faith is firm and strong. It is by believing God that we receive God. Faith's hand layeth hold on the eternal arm, and then strength is imparted to us by God, and so our hands, like Joseph's, are "made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."

Further, faith is greatly assisted by *prayer* ; and, therefore, the Christian's strength lies, secondarily, in prayer. Prayer made Jacob, externally, go halting upon his thigh ; but, internally, prayer made the feeble Jacob into a prince who could prevail even with God. You can gauge the measure of your strength by your prayers. If you have

importuned God, if you have waited upon Him in prayer, if you have wrestled with Him in prayer, if you know what "praying in the Holy Ghost" means, if you know what it is to come to close quarters with the Infinite, and by faith to enter into that which is within the veil, and to stand before the uncovered mercy-seat, all sprinkled with the Saviour's blood, and to lay your petition there between the wings of the cherubim where the blood of the accepted sacrifice falls upon it;—if you know all this, you will indeed be strong. He who can vanquish Heaven need never be afraid of anyone or anything on earth; he who has been wrestling with God, and has overcome the covenant angel in importunate intercession, when he comes down among the sons of men, shall be like a lion in the midst of sheep. Strong must he be who knows what it is to be in close contact with his God in prayer.

And next, faith and prayer are much assisted by *the Word of God*. Oh, how much of our strength lies here! Happy is he who knows how to lift the latch, and to enter into this great treasure-house of God. There are, in this Book, precious promises which can give such energy to a man that he can go forty days in the strength of this meat, as Elijah did when he went to Horeb; and not merely for forty days, but for many years. Yes; and if one promise can do this, what cannot all the promises do? He who lives upon this heavenly food by believing and receiving these words of God in his very soul, shall be fully qualified for any work to which his Master may call him. When God says, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" he answers, "Here am I; send me;" for he knows that, where God sends him, God will be with him; and though he may pass through the fire, he shall not be burned; and though he may go through the river, he shall not be drowned. Happy is the man who diligently studies the Word, for it is by the Word that his spiritual strength is increased; therefore, "let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." A Bible on the shelf is something, but the Bible in the heart is much more.

Besides this, the strength of our spiritual life is greatly assisted by *communion with God*. Sometimes, we get this in the hearing of the Word; and, frequently,—I may say, very commonly,—we enjoy communion with Christ at His table. But our Master is not confined, in this matter, to the use of any particular means. On a sick-bed, what blessed fellowship we have often had with our Lord! Some of you have rooms in your house where the old arm-chair, at which you have many times kneeled, could tell a wondrous tale of your communion with your God. Again and again have you said, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love." You have, sometimes, been very faint and weary, and have felt that you must fall; but you have fallen into the everlasting arms, and have become strong in a moment. Depend upon it, we shall never be mighty for God except we live near to God. If it is not worth your while to keep close to God, it will never be worth His while to keep close to you. If you do not think it a fit thing to walk with Christ, He will not think it a fit thing to walk with you. So you see that one secret of our strength lies in communion with God.

With all these things put together, I may add that the Christian's

strength may often be measured by *his enthusiasm*. That word, long neglected and forgotten until the days of Whitefield and Wesley, and generally held up to scorn by the clergy of their day,—that word “enthusiasm” is a grand word. It needs to be brought out again, and the thing that it represents to become much more common with us all;—that is, burning, passionate love for Christ, that will make us do and dare for Him,—a whole-hearted devotion to our Master which will enable each one of us to sing,—

“Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where He goes;  
'Hinder me not,' shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.”

We want the same kind of enthusiasm as inspired the apostles on the day of Pentecost, when some thought they were mad, and others said they were drunk,—a Divine *furor* which takes possession of the entire soul, and carries the man beyond himself. This enthusiasm is both a source and a development of the great strength of the Christian.

But the main source is *his God*. All these things that I have mentioned are only the streams; the great source of strength is God, the ever-blessed One, who makes His people “strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.”

III. Our third reflection will be, that IT IS THE GREAT AIM OF THE DEVIL TO DEPRIVE THE CHRISTIAN OF THAT WHEREIN HIS STRENGTH LIES.

You will generally find that the attacks made upon you by Satan are really *attacks upon your God*. Sometimes, it will be Satan's aim to make you doubt the existence of God; at other times, he will seek to make you doubt the revelation of God; while, at another time, he will try to make you doubt the truthfulness of God. Or if his temptation does not come in that form, it will be in this: “If thou be the son of God;”—just as you know that our Lord Himself was tempted. You will, perhaps, hear the enemy tauntingly say, “Where is now thy God?” If he could only cut you off from your God, it would be all over with you; so the main brunt of the battle is to separate the Christian from his Lord. What did the devil gain when he attacked Job? He was allowed to sweep away his family, and his property, and then he touched the patriarch's bones and flesh. Ah! but if God had said to Satan, “I will leave Job in your hands,” I do not believe the devil would have blown down the house, or taken away the children, or the cattle; he would have felt that he was all the more sure of him if his prosperity continued, and he would have said to himself, “I have got Job now that God has forsaken him.” But as God did not forsake His servant, the devil was worsted in that conflict; and I think he will wait a long while before he will attack another Job if he should ever meet with such a man; for, surely, he scarcely ever met with a greater and a grander man till he met the Christ of God Himself, and was trampled beneath His feet.

Satan will, often, make an attack upon your God *through your faith*. Hence the apostle says, “Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward.” Satan will tell you that you have no right to believe, and that you ought to doubt. He will

say to you, "Look at your many sins." Ah! that is an old trick of his. "You have no right to that great shield of faith," he says, because he hopes that you will drop it, and that then he will be able to hurl his fiery darts at you while you are unprotected. Be not ignorant of his devices; even though sins do prevail against you, still believe that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." If you feel that you are a great sinner, hold on to Christ all the more firmly, for you will defeat the enemy in that way if he cannot make you to be unbelieving. Even in the common trials of life, Satan will try to make you dishonour God by making you to be full of care, and wretchedness, and doubts concerning your God's love and faithfulness.

The devil will also be sure to attack you through *your prayers*. If he can get you to forget to pray, he will have attained his object; but if he cannot do that, he will hinder you all he can. I have known Satan, when I have been praying, suggest all sorts of thoughts to my mind,—vain thoughts, light thoughts, evil thoughts,—to try to stop me from pleading with God. I sometimes think that the devil gets people to call at our houses most of all just when we are praying. We have scarcely begun a season of special fellowship with God before there is a knock at the door, and we hear the message, "Please, sir, you are wanted." Of course that is just what Satan desired! The great thing is, if you can, to shut to the door, and get alone with God, and resolve that you will abide with Him till you have had true fellowship with Him. In some way or other, Satan will, if he can, prevent the prayers of believers from being presented at the throne of grace, for they are his terror. These are the great guns on the battlements of Zion that cause the hosts of hell to tremble. If he can spike these guns, or silence them, he thinks that he can capture the city. So another source of your strength lies in prayer.

I have already mentioned *the Word of God* as partly the source of the believer's strength, so Satan will try to get us to neglect that if he can. Or he will seek to make us merely read passages of Scripture without thinking of the meaning of them; or to look into the Bible to discover difficult points of doctrine, instead of finding the practical, every-day truths about which there can be no mistake. If he can, he will prevent us from getting any profit from reading the Word; and although we may, like Jonathan, walk through the wood, and see every word of Scripture, as it were, dripping with honey, Satan will try to prevent us from putting out our rod, so as to get a taste of it.

And as to *fellowship with Christ*, he cannot bear the thought of it; and when he knows that a believer is walking in the light, he will, if he can, bring him into darkness by leading him to leave the path of holiness, and to withdraw from God.

So is it with *our enthusiasm*; many assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil, are specially directed against our enthusiastic service for Christ. When a Christian is fully bent on serving God, Satan tries to cool him down by degrees. If he can get him to be like the church of Laodicea, "neither cold nor hot," he reckons that to be a great point gained; "for," says he, "if Christ will spue the lukewarm one out of His mouth, then he will be altogether my own."

So, brethren, rest assured that, wherever your strength lieth, Satan

will be certain to bring all his strength and cunning to bear against you. By the long observation which he has had of Christians, he knows well enough that their strength is in their God, so with all his might he will seek to snap the sacred bonds which bind the believer to his God; but blessed be the Name of the Most High, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." This is what Satan is always seeking to do; but, blessed be God, he shall not be able to do it.

IV. So, in the last place, IT BECOMES US, WHO HAVE THIS GREAT STRENGTH, VERY JEALOUSLY TO GUARD IT, LEST WE LOSE IT. We shall never lose our spiritual life, but we may lose spiritual strength, and be brought very low; and what will happen to us then?

First, *we shall be as weak as others are.* We used to endure suffering joyfully, we used to fight our foes bravely, we used to render great service to our Master; but if we lose our strength, we may go out as Samson did, and shake ourselves as at other times, not knowing, perhaps, that the Lord has departed from us; but, when the Philistines come upon us, we shall find out our weakness. We ought to be in such a state that, after having been once strong in the Lord, to come down to be weak as other men would be considered by us to be a great disgrace. In some respects, it would be good for such a man if he had never been born. O Christian, you ought always to be advancing; will you be willing to go back to the beggarly elements of the world? You ought to forget the things that are behind; are you returning to them? It may be pleasant, sometimes, to fall asleep in the arbour on the hill, as Bunyan's pilgrim did; but it is not pleasant afterwards; for, if you drop your roll under the settle, you will have to come back for it with sighs and groans all the way, and it is hard work to have to retrace your steps. A backslider is a most pitiable object. He is to be pitied with true Christian compassion. A Christian cannot look upon him with complacency, he can only look upon him with compassion.

In the case of Samson, after he became weak as other men, there happened to him this great calamity, *he lost his eyes*; and if the believer declines, and loses his strength, he will be likely enough to lose his eyes. His joy will go. David lost his eyes through his great sin, and sorrowfully he prayed, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation." That was all gone. He had his eyes left to weep with, and that was all the use they were to him; he could not see his God with comfort, and he had mournfully to cry, "Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me." It was a great mercy for him ever to have such weeping eyes as he had; but, Christian, you would not like to lose your joy, and your hope, to have to go groping in the darkness, as Samson did, and as some are now doing, who are alive unto God, but not enjoying fellowship with God, and perhaps for years will not do so, because of their sin.

The next thing that happened to Samson was, that *he was bound with fetters of brass or copper*, and led down to Gaza:—to the very place

where he had aforetime carried away the gates. But, now, the very children gathered around him, and mockingly cried, "Carry away the gates again if you can;" and they plucked at his robe as they scoffed at the giant, now chained like a lion that has lost his teeth, and is reduced to ignominious weakness. So, many a man, in departing from the living God, has got into the bondage of men, or bondage before God so that he hardly knew whether he was a child of God, or not, for he has spoken and acted like a slave rather than a child. My dear brethren and sisters, whom I love in Christ Jesus, may none of you ever know, by personal experience, what this terrible bondage is.

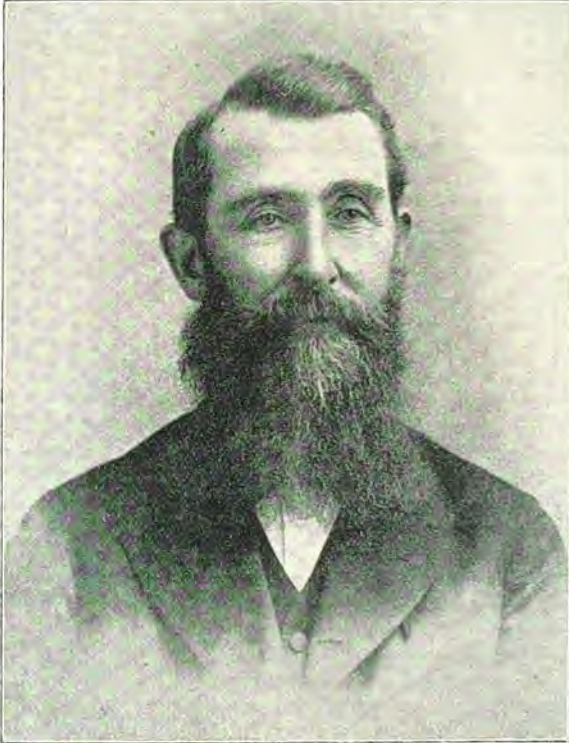
The next thing that happened to Samson was, that *he had to work for the Philistines*: "he did grind in the prison house." That is what the fallen child of God has to do. The enemies roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue, and say, "Ha! Ha! so would we have it! Here is another of your Christian men,—another of your ministers,—another of your sanctimonious hypocrites, turned out a scoundrel at the last!" Samson is grinding for the Philistines, while all through the streets of Askelon and Gaza you may hear the uncircumcised go forth, with dance and with song, shouting, "Jehovah's champion is overcome. Rejoice, ye daughters of Philistia, and bow before your god, for he hath led captive our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, who slew so many of us in the days of his strength." Oh, how they rejoiced! Philistia was never more jubilant over Israel, nor more blasphemous towards the great I AM than in that unhappy time when the hearts of God's people were filled with mourning and lamentation. There was not a watcher among the children of Israel, who looked toward Gaza from the hill before Hebron, and thought of the son of Manoaah, whose wonders had been so many, without feeling sad at heart that the wayward hero was now a slave. It must have struck terror to the hearts of all Israel in that sorrowful day. So is it still when the Christian loses his strength, and falls through sin. According to how much he was known, and his standing in the church, will be the proportionate mischief done by him. Any Christian—though he is the most obscure, and only living in a back street, and having but few relatives,—if he should fall into sin, his enemies are sure to exaggerate it, and make a mockery of it, and say, "This is your religion, is it?" and lay all the blame to his religion; and, alas! they blaspheme Thy Name, O Immanuel, which was, surely, blasphemed enough on the cross, and reviled enough when Thou wast making atonement for our sins, without Thine own children crucifying their Lord afresh, and putting Him to an open shame. The Master shows His hands, and when they ask Him what these wounds are, He does not point to those nails on the cross, and call those the wounds,—it is to His honour and glory to be wounded so; but "these are the wounds," saith He, "the wounds that, above all others, I received in the house of my friends." None can stab Christ as Christians do when they cut at the honour of their Lord. As Cæsar turned to Brutus, and exclaimed, "And thou, Brutus!" and then his false friend's ingratitude broke his great heart, so, O Christ, if Thou wert not what Thou art,—God as well as man,—it would be enough to break Thy heart to see the dishonour which Thine own people have brought upon Thee!



Watch, then, beloved brethren and sisters; "watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation;" beseech the Lord to guard you, for He alone can keep you from falling. Say not that you are able to stand. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LXXXVII.—PASTOR T. BREEWOOD, BRAYFORD GROUP OF CHURCHES,  
NORTH DEVON.



THE pastor of the group of churches in the Brayford district, North Devon, is a splendid example of contented patient service. The climate and the country life have been beneficial to him, giving him health and strength for his work; and his gratitude to the kind-hearted Devonians, among whom he labours, makes his ministry a very happy one to both pastor and people, who unitedly rejoice in the prosperity that attends their efforts to extend their Lord's cause and kingdom.

Mr. Breewood's earliest recollections are connected with the Sunday-school of old Charles Street Baptist Chapel, Camberwell New Road,

then under the pastoral care of Rev. T. Attwood, a minister of the "strict" order of Baptists, and closely associated with the then popular but eccentric James Wells.

Early in our brother's life, impressions were made which still abide, and which, when he was seventeen years of age, developed into a most emphatic and remarkable conversion at the Young Men's Bible-class, conducted by the late Mr. John Edward Tresidder. The young convert soon plunged into Christian work, and found his greatest joy in the Master's service. Ragged-school, tract-distribution, and open-air preaching, all had a share of his time and talents.

A visit to a spiritually dark village in Kent was a memorable incident in his life, for from that visit sprang the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission, of which our friend was the founder, and for a time Honorary Secretary. An account of that Mission appeared in the "Sword and Trowel" for July, 1879; and its influence will long remain. In the London district there are, to-day, several prosperous churches that, under God's blessing, can trace their existence to that trip into Kent. Boundary Road Church, Walthamstow, and the work at Higham Hill, are part of the result of that visit. Mr. Breewood's preaching on Carshalton Green led ultimately to Wallington Baptist Church being formed. Putney Church was started in a small hall in Coopers' Arms Lane. Services in a room over a shop resulted in the building of Tooting Baptist Chapel. There are other churches that, indirectly, owe their origin to the Country Mission.

In the midst of all this work, the young preacher naturally found his way into the Pastors' College. He was just the type of man that the beloved President always received with delight. Our brother's College course was both successful and happy; his genial manner won for him the esteem of all the brethren, while his studies and pastoral work at Walthamstow kept him fully occupied. Mr. Breewood looks with grateful pride upon the beautiful chapel opened there in 1881, and rejoices in the spiritual prosperity of the church now under the pastoral care of Brother W. Murray.

After some years of hard study and toil, Mr. Breewood, and his wife—a real and faithful helper in the Lord's work—decided to seek a warmer climate. In 1887, they sailed for Australia, where they remained for about six years. Whilst at the Antipodes, our brother laboured at Townsville, in North Queensland; there again he was a pioneer, and founded a church which is, under the blessing of God, still growing. It was a church of the old-fashioned order; baptisms in the sea and the public baths drew large crowds to hear the Gospel, and many were led to see the truth concerning believers' baptism.

Again our friend was hindered by failing health, and therefore removed to Sandgate, twelve miles from Brisbane. Another change to Ipswich, further inland, still failed to bring back health and strength; so, in 1893, a return was made to the old country. After a short rest, the spirit that moved Mr. Breewood to start the Country Mission took possession of him again; and, with the help of Mr. R. Hayward, work was commenced at Horsham, where there is now a growing church under the care of Pastor C. H. Clapp.

Still frail in health, the Lord set before our brother an open door

in North Devon; and, in August, 1895, he made his way to the delightful village of Brayford; and there, in the genial climate, renewed health has been found, and work has been done which, like the past years of service, will remain, and bear the test of time. The day may come when we shall be wise enough to send more of our best men to the villages to work upon the raw material. Mr. Breewood may not *see* them, but he *knows* that, in many cities and towns, there are young men and women who, in their native village, have been helped and trained for future service by a faithful and loving pastor. Our friend's educational qualifications and preaching power fit him for a larger sphere of labour; but he is satisfied that the Lord led him to Brayford; and, as an obedient servant, loyal to his Lord, there he will toil, and await his Master's commands concerning the future.

Devonport.

A. A. HARMER.

## “Semper Idem.”

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 66.)

(b) *The Historical Books.*

In the closing Historical Books, we find even less claim to Inspiration, and direct supernatural intervention, than in the Book of Chronicles.

True, it is as easy to trace God's sovereign grace in counteracting the plottings and letter-writings of Israel's antagonists (Ezra vi. 1—12; vii. 11—26; Nehemiah ii. 1—8); in Ezra's repeated recognitions of “the hand of the Lord his God upon him” (vii. 6, 9, 27, 28; viii. 22, 31; see also Nehemiah ii. 8, 18); in the depression of Sanballat, Tobiah, and company, when contempt, conflict, conspiracy, and compromise alike failed to overthrow Nehemiah in his noble purpose, and in the God-given exultation of Jehovah's people (Nehemiah iv. 1—4, 7, 9—15; vi. 2—4, 12—14, 18; Ezra vi. 21, 22; Nehemiah xii. 43); as it is in the instances of Rehoboam's humbling, Ahab's death, Sennacherib's overthrow, and Manasseh's conversion (2 Chronicles xii. 12; xviii. 22; xxxii. 21, 22; xxxiii. 10—13); but it would appear as if Jehovah's visible presence was getting farther and farther away from Judah and Jerusalem. Had not Ezekiel seen “the glory” departing slowly, sadly, and as though reluctantly, first from the temple, and finally from the city, never to return, at any rate in its first majesty, until the Incarnate Word appeared, and men “beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth”? (Ezekiel x. 18, 19; xi. 22, 23; Haggai ii. 7; Malachi iii. 1; Luke ii. 9, 46; John i. 14; ii. 13, 14, etc.) God had continually been withdrawing from His people; and even when revivals came, each such movement but proved less solid and more evanescent than its predecessors; and thus the revelations, interventions, and utterances of Jehovah demanded, every century, ears and vision more

spiritually acute to catch the Divine message and to recognize the Lord's presence. So it has ever been in the history of apostate nations and backsliding churches. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches;" but all men—religious, philanthropic, and may be orthodox men,—have not ears trained to the subtle whisperings of Heaven, and attuned to know the accents of the Holy Ghost.

We must also remember that all the great prophetic deliverances, from Isaiah to Zechariah, were so interwoven with the history of Judah from the days of King Uzziah until the captivity and restoration, that one could scarcely dissect prophecy from history without disintegrating the whole;—that Haggai and Zechariah (to whom "came the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, governor of Judah, and to Joshua the son of Josedech, the high priest, saying, Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, This people say, The time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built;" "The Lord hath been sore displeased with your fathers. Therefore say thou unto them, Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Turn ye unto Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will turn unto you, saith the Lord of hosts;" Haggai i. 1, 2; Zechariah i. 2, 3;) were both leading figures in the Ezra Reformation, and preached with such Heaven-given persuasiveness, in the name of the God of Israel, that "the Lord stirred up the spirit of Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, governor of Judah, and the spirit of Joshua the son of Josedech, the high priest, and the spirit of all the remnant of the people; and they came and did work in the house of the Lord of hosts their God" (Ezra v. 1, 2; Haggai i. 13, 14);—that Ezra, the priest, and Nehemiah, the Tirshatha, offered prayers of wonderful humility yet power, quite equal in dignity and pathos to those of Solomon and Daniel (Ezra ix., Nehemiah ix.), and evidently claimed to be as Divinely appointed leaders of the Jewish remnant as Zerubbabel or Joshua, and acted with the full authority of such assertions; and that the secret and source of both revivals originated with "those that trembled at the commandment of our God," and was associated with a confession of disobedience to that "which Thou hast commanded by Thy servants the prophets," and a glad and prompt obedience to that which was "found written in the law which the Lord had commanded by Moses" (Ezra ix. 7, 12; x. 1—4; Nehemiah viii. 1—3, 8, 14—18; ix. 3; xiii. 1—3). Then will the solemn words of Nehemiah, unconsciously placing himself alongside God's previous prophets and witnesses in their testimony for Jehovah, and against Israel, come home with special emphasis and power, "Thou earnest down also upon Mount Sinai, and spakest with them from Heaven, and gavest them right judgments, and true laws, good statutes and commandments: and madest known unto them Thy holy Sabbath, and commandedst them precepts, statutes, and laws, by the hand of Moses Thy servant. . . . Thou gavest also Thy good spirit to instruct them, and withheldest not Thy manna from their mouth, and gavest them water for their thirst. . . . Nevertheless they were disobedient, and rebelled against Thee, and cast Thy law behind their backs, and slew Thy prophets which testified against them to turn them to Thee, and they wrought great provocations. . . . Yet

many years didst Thou forbear them, and testifiedst against them by *Thy spirit in Thy prophets*: yet would they not give ear: therefore gavest Thou them into the hand of the people of the lands" (Nehemiah ix. 13, 14, 20, 26, 30).

This, as the deliberate utterance of *the last of the Old Testament historians* demands particular attention, as Nehemiah thereby fully endorsed the words and actions of all Jehovah's prophets and witnesses from Moses unto himself as being of God, a statement all the more remarkable and emphatic when placed alongside *the similar pronouncement of Zechariah, the last but one of the Old Testament prophets*;—(practically, we might say, the last, for Malachi occupied much the same position towards the New Testament writings as John the Baptist did towards the person of our blessed Lord;—) *for which he particularly asserts Divine authority*: "Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, . . . But they refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears, that they should not hear. Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts *hath sent in His spirit by the former prophets*: therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts" (Zechariah vii. 9, 11, 12).

It should never be forgotten, by the modern reader of the Bible, that the Old Testament Scriptures have almost exclusive reference to Jehovah's elect and chosen people Israel. While it is true that God's mercy reached Rahab the Canaanite, Ruth the Moabitess, Naaman the Syrian, Nebuchadnezzar the Babylonian, and the Ninevites, these were but exceptional instances when the river of grace, overflowing its natural boundaries, touched Gentiles with blessing.

The enquirer, who deliberately and doggedly persists in adopting a process of interpretation whereby the terms Jerusalem, Judæa, Israel, and Judah, apply to the Jews when maledictions are concerned, and to the Church when benedictions are in store, is audaciously taking a liberty with the Word of the Eternal God which he would not dare do with any other volume. Whether in Deuteronomy or Isaiah, Jeremiah or Ezekiel, an honest reception of the prophetic message demands that, as truly as the judgments, disasters, and dispersions were carried out to the very letter upon the Jewish nation, so shall the blessings, restorations, and ingatherings be literally fulfilled. God's full promises to Israel were never, even in Solomon's time, completely realized; but a day is coming when they shall be: "for if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" (Romans xi. 15.) Of course, we Gentiles are perfectly justified in gleaning comfort and instruction from God's amazing grace revealed to backsliding Israel, and from His many marvellous promises, studding the midnight sky with radiant hope ere "the Sun of righteousness" arose "with healing in His wings," for Jehovah's character and dealings with sinners are evermore the same, and Israel's wanderings and murmurings but typify too accurately, alas! the poor wayward lives of those who, being "of faith," "are the children of Abraham," and "heirs according to the promise," and of "the Israel of God" (Galatians iii. 7, 29; vi. 16); but the Bible-student must be hopelessly perplexed who will not or

cannot see that *Jew means Jew, and Jerusalem means Jerusalem\** except in such cases where it is distinctly specified otherwise (Romans ii. 28, 29; Hebrews xii. 22; Revelation xxi. 2); and that even prophetic mysteries and human history from the Divine standpoint revolve round God's ancient people, and the actual city where they dwelt. Thus Daniel is informed, "I am come to make thee understand what shall befall *thy* people in the latter days;" and Paul, in perfect harmony, exclaims, "For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits; that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob;" while our beloved Lord Himself declares that the Jews "shall be led away captive into all nations: and *Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled* (Daniel x. 14; Romans xi. 25, 26; Luke xxi. 24); and it is, we believe, largely because of this fact that such special emphasis is, in the Old Testament Scriptures, and among the Jews themselves at the present day, (some of whom can trace back their ancestry for unbroken periods of many centuries,) laid upon long dreary genealogical lists which contain what appear but unimportant and eccentric items to us; since, one day, they will fit in, as all-important factors, in the distribution of the promised land among those families to whom God pledged it in His covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. At any rate, whether such a conjecture be correct, or not, this much is certain; the taking of a Jewish census, involving as it did, not only the enrolment of the names of Israelites, but also the recognition and payment of the atonement money, was a most solemn event in national history (Exodus xxx. 11—16); and Nehemiah, in doing so, makes this claim, "my God put into mine heart to gather together the nobles, and the rulers, and the people, that they might be reckoned by genealogy" (Nehemiah vii. 5); and we find that, of the priests, some "sought their register among those that were reckoned by genealogy, but it was not found: therefore were they, as polluted, put from the priesthood" (verse 64). What an unfrocking there would be, in certain quarters to-day, if spiritual genealogy (John i. 12, 13,) were demanded as a pre-requisite to modern priestly pretensions!

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\* Do not let us be misunderstood. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Timothy iii. 16, 17): and we have preached joyous, comforting truths to Gentile believers from such passages as this: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength" (Isaiah xxvi. 3, 4), and felt quite justified in so doing, for Jehovah's promise broadens out the reference to the man that trusteth in Him; yet, in its primary application, the chapter manifestly refers to "that day" when "this song shall be sung in the land of Judah; We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks" (Isaiah xx vi. 1). Thus, likewise, one may sweetly preach the Gospel from such a passage as this: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation" (Isaiah xii. 2); and yet dare not do otherwise than recognize also its local significance: "Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee" (Isaiah xii. 6).

And here let us put in a plea for the careful reading of these very genealogies,—“dry, musty, old-world records,” as some would call them;—for even amid the wilderness of strange names there are oases, like the all-comprehensive holy prayer of Jabez, the duty-and-privilege touches concerning those that “dwelt with the king for his work,” the urgent cry and splendid deliverance of the Reubenites, and the pathetic sorrow of heart-broken Ephraim (1 Chronicles iv. 10, 23; v. 18—22; vii. 21, 22), which burst forth with blessing, like water out of the flinty rock, to the soul of him who reads and ponders. Then let the student project his thoughts forward, some centuries over a millennium, to that category in the last chapter of Paul’s Epistle to the Romans; and, may be, a little more glimmering of intelligent sympathy will cluster round the names of “Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen, and my fellow-prisoners,” “Urbane, our helper in Christ,” “them that be of the household of Narcissus, which are in the Lord,” “Tryphena and Tryphosa,” “Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine,” “Nereus, and his sister, and Olympas, and all the saints which are with them;” for one can almost, from these skeleton sketches, outline the home life, ministries, and characters of these diverse yet united brethren and sisters in Christ.

Next, substitute for Ezra’s list of those who came up from Babylon to Jerusalem, the nobles of our national Magna Charta, or “the men of the Mayflower,” and date the signatories to Nehemiah’s solemn league and covenant two thousand years nearer our own time, and imagine it to be subscribed in Scotland; and will not the interest deepen and gather more and more around the unknown worthies who thus witnessed for God and the Kirk in their day and generation? Above all, take a quiet stand, say in Greyfriars Cemetery, Edinburgh, and read the memorial words of gratitude and thanksgiving inscribed to the Marquis of Argyle, James Renwick, Guthrie and his noble band of fellow-martyrs, some 18,000 in all; and, gleaning some light from your guide-book, or “The Scots Worthies,” ask, “Who were they?” Few even know their names; but every Christian, with bared head and hushed soul, there veils his face as in the presence of the Eternal, and praises God that he shall have the privilege of meeting these heroes of grace, by-and-by, in Heaven; for, verily, their genealogy is of high origin, since their names have been written from all eternity “in the Lamb’s book of life.”

Ay, and this is the unique charm of Christianity. God’s Gospel reaches the unit, the individual. In His great programme, there is a special place, a particular niche of joy and service for one and all. From everlasting, God loved each one. Christ died for every individual believer as though he were the only one for whom the Saviour shed the price of precious blood upon the cross. In Heaven He intercedes for those whose names are graven on His hands, and written on His heart. Yea, even sparrows fall not save by the all-wise permission of our Father, and the very hairs of every head are all numbered in His sight (Luke xii. 6, 7), (therefore, how much more the heads!) and thus these old genealogies tell me that each man’s little world of sin and need, of struggling and sorrow, of ambition and joy, of hope and fear, is known to God, watched over by Him, scanned in

Heaven ; and even if all earth fails, and at its noblest, and best, and most successful climax, it *must* prove wanting, God has provided "a second innings", another sphere of ministry and gladness for His people, where every saint, however poor and unostentatious,—the seamstress with the princess, the labourer with the Lord Chancellor,—shall shine in his own peculiar and distinguishing radiancy and beauty, as "one star differeth from another star in glory" (1 Corinthians xv. 41); and if I received no other blessing from these long lists of names than this one marvellous, overwhelming, supernatural thought,—conflicting with and transcending all the very best theologies and philosophies of man,—that *God's religion recognizes and grasps the individual as such, and marks and stamps his personality for evermore*, it would seem to me one of the strongest and sweetest, most inspiring, and most stimulating truths of the revealed volume; for Christianity alone uplifts out of his native nothingness the lonely unit,—not into absorption, abstraction, annihilation, but into conscious, joyous, holy, useful, kingly fellowship with God; and herein lies the differentiating principle between it and all earthborn, man-manufactured religions and economics,—Confucianism, Buddhism, Utilitarianism, and even Altruism;—since all these, with despotism and democracy, would alike stifle and destroy the God-given, eternal personality of man. But the Bible reveals that God hath heart, and work, and universe large enough for each and all, where every isolated ransomed spirit shall still exist, *himself*, with his peculiar service, and special and unique ministry for God, for ever and for ever.

In a little rural town in England, which I sometimes visit, just at a spot where the grey houses melt into the soft country lanes, there lies, in "God's acre", one tomb which has a strange weird fascination, calling me back, again and again, to gaze upon its inscription,—*"John Harris died 1854. 'Redeemed.'*" I know nothing of this buried saint, nor would the name attract me; but the great wealth of meaning and glory in the one word "Redeemed" has often brought tears to the eyes, and flutterings to the heart, and I have felt as though I would almost like to stretch down under the very earth, and grasp the hand, though cold it be, of this unknown brother in our common Lord and Saviour; (pity, is it not, that the same sympathy is not sometimes practical and real enough to touch the living hands above the sod?) and thus, I am persuaded, would we feel towards men and women in God's genealogies if we had but His heart; for all believers are brethren, and we are members one of another, through grace into glory.

*(To be continued next month.)*

## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE SIMULTANEOUS MISSION.

THE Metropolitan Tabernacle Church combined with the two Free Church Councils, whose "spheres of influence" are on either hand of it, for a united mission, and it and they are now re-



joining together over the glad results. Of the organizing and advertizing which went before, there is no need to speak particularly. Suffice it to say that the work was most heartily espoused by all, and that everything gradually fell into shape under the wise counsels of the Chairman, Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., and the business-like efforts of two model Secretaries, Messrs. Everett and Ford.

On Saturday evening, January 26th, Gipsy Smith (I must not call



*Yours heartily*  
*Gipsy Smith*

him Mr., for did he not say that "anyone can be Mr. Smith"?) met the workers. It was at once evident that there would be no difficulty in being his yoke-fellows. Shrewdness and kindness were sweetly mingled in his manner. We felt that we had a leader we could trust and love. His holy confidence inspired us, and his common sense—as holy as his confidence,—prompted us to look well to our ways lest

we should do the Father's business in bungling fashion. We were made to long to be workmen needing not to be ashamed, and a sacred eagerness for the fray took possession of us. Nor had the workers long to wait.

The very first evening produced gladdening results, and on the second evening the evangelist laid the axe to the root of the tree by speaking of Repentance, and the Holy Spirit began at once to work that of which he spake in the people's hearts. There was joy in the presence of the angels of God both nights.

Thenceforward, daily, (Saturday excepted,) there were meetings at 1 o'clock, and at 3, and at 7.30. The mid-day gatherings, it must be admitted, scarcely served quite the purpose for which they were appointed. Notwithstanding the presence of John McNeill, Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., Henry Varley, and the Welsh Choir, the company was never great. Nevertheless, some work-people dropped in for a brief space, and who can tell where the seed has lodged?

The afternoon Bible-readings, conducted by Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., Rye Lane, Peckham, were a notable feature of the campaign. Day by day the gatherings grew in numbers and in interest. God's people were greatly stimulated and strengthened. It will, I think, be a sweet refreshment to the memories of those who were present, and an interesting item of information for those who could not be there, if I append Mr. Ewing's own syllabus of his series of discourses:—

#### BIBLE-READINGS ON "REVIVAL."

##### I. WHAT IS REVIVAL?

Analysis of Scripture teaching, showing that Revival implies the quickening of the dead, the restoration of backsliders, the renewal of the faint, the assuring of doubters, the delivering of the distressed.

##### II. AN OLD TESTAMENT REVIVAL.

A description of the revival connected with the restoration of the Passover under Hezekiah.

##### III. NEW TESTAMENT REVIVALS.

An account of John the Baptist's ministry: a discussion of the dearth of immediate spiritual results in the case of our Lord's work: a survey of the Pentecostal awakening.

##### IV. REVIVALS IN CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

The teaching of Scripture as illustrated by the revivals of later time, each movement reflecting some particular aspect of truth.

##### V. HOW MAY WE OBTAIN REVIVAL POWER?

A survey of the *conditions* of spiritual revival, as laid down in the Word of God.

A minister of the Gospel, who attended these meetings, writes to me thus concerning them:—"They were seasons of wonderful inspiration and illumination. The Bible-readings were precisely the kind of teaching most essential during such a movement as we were then witnessing. The one was the counterpart of the other. To Mr. Ewing is given, in an exceptional degree, the knowledge of the deeper and mysterious elements of the Word of God; for, while the Gospel may be simple, it has also its complex and educational side. I wish

Mr. Ewing could be induced to give these invaluable Bible-readings more frequently, so that the churches could participate in the special blessings which such gifts could so richly provide."

It was in a far from formal fashion that, at the last Reading, the audience responded as one man to the suggestion of the Rev. W. J. Mills, President of the Newington Free Church Council, that we assure Mr. Ewing of our gratitude for the blessing he had been the means of communicating to us.

Of the evening meetings it is not easy to write briefly. *My* pen, at least, is unable to describe them. Such mighty gatherings, such whole-hearted singing, such sweet "sermons in song" from Madame Annie Ryall and Mr. Chamberlain, such cheerful giving, (we sang "Count your blessings" during each collection, and Gipsy Smith said, "Now, give the steward something to count,") such earnest Gospel messages, such startling and soul-searching home-thrusts, such thrilling and pathetic incidents, such loving and tender appeals, refuse to be told of adequately with pen and paper.

Only once or twice did the evangelist himself sing the Gospel, for his throat was not in first-rate order; but we are not likely to forget the pathos of that singing.

Gipsy Smith is an adept at drawing the net. He believes in eliciting a bold confession, and very sweetly compels the people to respond to his call. The Father is "drawing", and the Spirit constraining, but the human instrumentality is honoured with its share of the attracting influence. How lovingly the hesitators were encouraged! How roundly cowardice was rated! How full of heart was the evangelist's "Thank God!" when another, and another, and yet another, stood up for prayer! And when the current began to set towards the enquiry-rooms, (we had eight of them fully occupied,) how persuasively that tender "Come along" rang out, as from a bell that was already ringing in the new order of things!

The names and addresses of no less than 1,200 were registered by the earnest band of workers. Many of these were very manifestly under deep conviction of sin. Old-fashioned conversions came into vogue once more. God grant that this fashion may never die down again!

Our good friend, Mr. Ewing, was able to be at some of the evangelistic services, and this is what he says of them:—"The evening meetings were, to me, practical and beautiful illustrations of our afternoon study. As I heard the evangelist's appeals to conscience and to heart, as I felt the power which pervaded the assembly, as I saw the flowing tear of penitence or the uplifted hand which asked for prayer, the whole scene appeared to me the nearest return to the wonders of Pentecost that I had ever witnessed. I felt that 'showers of blessing,' so long promised, and so often besought, were indeed falling."

This witness is true, as hundreds of others could gladly testify. "We never saw it after this fashion," might be confessed by some of us who have had no little experience of mission work and workers. All glory be to God! Gipsy Smith is inclined to give credit to the organizers and workers. That is like him, for he is truly humble;

the organizers and workers gladly own that, but for such a leader, there could not have been such ingathering: but leader and led combine to cry, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory."

The Rev. R. Browell, of the South-west London Mission, who had charge of one of the enquiry-rooms, has favoured me with his opinion of the work:—"Many years ago, I was born in a revival; and right onward to this day, have spent a great part of my time in direct evangelistic work; but I must say that, without doubt, the finest mission with which I have ever had to do was that conducted by Gipsy Smith at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. From the beginning to the end, it was pervaded, in a marked degree, with the gracious presence of the Holy Spirit, whose *imprimatur* was to be seen, night after night, in the hundreds of seekers after God.

"The preacher possesses very special qualifications. His sympathy, tact, and insight into human character place him in a high position as an evangelist. The work in the enquiry-room was carried out in a manner befitting such an enterprise. The way in which the Word of God was used to illustrate and prove the doctrines of redemption, and to remove doubts, was a significant sign of a return to the Word and to the Testimony. But, doubtless, the fact that produced greatest joy was the way in which those who sought the Saviour were thoroughly convicted of their sin. Evidently the Holy Spirit was at work, and people were brought face to face with their transgressions. They saw the sinfulness of sin. Moreover, they soon saw that, with the Lord, there is mercy that He should pardon sin."

It was a great joy to all of us to have Gipsy Smith's father with us. At more than one meeting, he spoke an effective word for the Master. I believe this is the first time the evangelist has had his father with him throughout a mission. What delight shone in the eyes of both father and son!

Of Gipsy Smith's life-story, I can only say that it was a fitting conclusion to the mission. I never saw an audience more stirred. I myself laughed and cried alternately, and enjoyed it all.

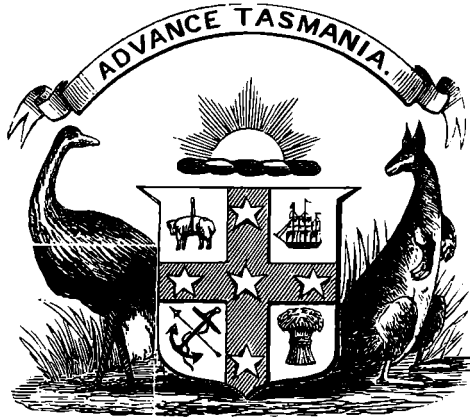
And *now* we are in the thick of continuing the work, and conserving the results. We have felt constrained to continue the mission services. Church-officers and students have had the joy of gathering up the fragments. The second mission has been a sweet (if somewhat faint) echo of the first.

The names of those who passed through the enquiry-rooms are being diligently and carefully sorted, and sent on to the churches they named. So the work is not over. We see also the necessity of caring for the converts. "Those who have been brought *in*," says Gipsy Smith, "must now be brought *up*."

With heartfelt gratitude I thus record God's goodness, and praise His gracious Name that every part of the new Tabernacle is now truly consecrated.

## Bush Life in Tasmania.

### III.—HOSPITALITY AND TEA-MEETINGS.



THE hospitality of the bush settler is proverbial. To make you feel "at home," is his joy and pride. For sweet humanity's sake, even the tracker—the Antipodean tramp—is sure to find food and shelter for the night, and on stormy days. There are many who make it their boast, that "no man ever went hungry from their door." The moral and physical failures in life's stern struggle are not unkindly treated by the victors; and this fact, along with the genial climate, accounts largely for the number of these "gentlemen of the road." And so these old men, with the heavy "swag" of bound bedding, and the grimy "billy",—the tin can which serves for both kettle and teapot,—get their meat in due season, like the rest of God's creatures. For the hardest month or two of winter, most of the trackers accept the humane provision of the Government in the Invalid Depôts, North and South. Others of them prefer the mingled pains and privileges of freedom.

"Why don't you go into the Depôt?" we enquired of an old, mild-mannered tracker. "Haven't you plenty of food there?" "Yes, sir." "Haven't you a clean bed?" "We have, sir." "Haven't you a good fire and 'bacca'?" "Yes, sir." "Then, why do you not go there?" "Ah, sir!" he replied, "if you only knowed what awful characters there is there, and how they swears, and jeers, and makes one another miserable, you wouldn't wonder at me keeping out, this cold weather."

We suspected as much. Alas! it is the old tale,—hell predated by the play of men's own base passions.

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If the trackers get hospitably treated, the generosity shown to friends is beyond all praise. Telegrams, or even letters, announcing your advent, are not usually expected. Likely as not, your messages would follow and not precede you. An observant man can soon tell if it is "washing-day." If so, he dawdles about the stables, and gives

the horse "a feed." The yard-dog has heralded your coming, and very soon the daughters—clean-bloused and tidy,—come "wondering where you are; and, of course, you'll stop for dinner and tea." At noon, the father and the brothers come from the paddocks; and then, what greetings! And to those who like the pleasures of the table, what a dinner! Beef, mutton, veal, or pork, there is sure to be; and usually a fowl. It is reported that there is mortal terror amongst the chickens whenever a minister drives into the yard. Their lives are always in danger, but specially so when "the pastor" comes along. When Abraham entertained the three angels, and "hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth. And ran unto the herd, and fetcht a calf tender and good, and gave it unto a young man; and he hasted to dress it. And he took butter, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them;"—his hospitality was not more hearty than what is often seen in "the bush." The quick manufacture of some special dainty is a great surprise to those who know little of the possibilities of the bush kitchen. You can rarely catch a bush housewife "on the hop," and unprepared to give you a frank and full welcome. Doubtless, she has a secret pride in being able to put on the table, at short notice, such "a spread" of pies and cakes, puddings and tarts, jams, jellies, and cream, and the rest of the things that are of the earth, earthy, which yet symbolize the feast of the Gospel which God provides,—rich in quality, abundant in quantity, in the enjoyment of which we have the purest fellowship,—and whose infinite hospitality makes the feast free to all. Reader, thou art invited to this banquet of love. "Come, for all things are now ready."

Of course, the hostess will make her apologies, and say, "You must take pot luck; but you are welcome to what we have, such as it is;" or, "We hope you will make yourself at home;" or, "We saw you go by, the other day, and *we were* disappointed that you didn't call; but we are very glad you've come to-day. Of course, if we had known you were coming, we should have got you a regular dinner." When Bishop Nixon, of Tasmania, was on a "visitation" tour in the North, he stayed for dinner at the house of a lady who had provided richly for "his lordship." But, notwithstanding all her care, she did not think it was good enough for a Bishop. Her grateful guest bowed his head to say grace, but his hostess exclaimed, "Oh, no, my lord, pray don't! *It isn't worth it.*"

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It is, however, "the bush" tea-meeting that most evokes the skill and ardour of the fair cooks. The Sunday-school anniversary is the event of the year. Sons and daughters, uncles and aunts, nephews, nieces, and cousins, from other parts, contrive to attend. It is their one opportunity in the year of seeing, with little trouble, both relatives and friends.

Most of the provision has been provided and prepared by "the bush" residents. It has been the topic of discussion for weeks past,—how many to expect, how much to provide;—and when the day comes, how dainty it all looks! But, surely, there will be loads too much; it will never all get eaten! Wait a while; these housewives and

maidens clearly understand their business, and they know the length of a bushman's appetite far better than the "new chum" from England does.

The tea-meeting begins about 2 p.m., and goes on till about 7 o'clock in constant relays. Many of the people have two teas. The interval is taken up with games,—“jolly miller,” rounders, cricket, football, etc. Kissing games are usually tabooed, the writer does not distinctly remember a single instance in which they were practised. Whilst the juniors play, the seniors chat in groups, or improvise a chopping-match, or test the jumping qualities of a favourite horse.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock, the tables are cleared, and the chapel prepared for the meeting. A bus load of friends, and others in private vehicles, have come to help;—their bones will ache for days, because of the jolting of the rough roads. They will not reach home again till one or two o'clock in the morning. It is difficult to persuade the young people to stop their amusements; but gradually they cease, and the chapel is filled. It is called a “tabernacle”,—very different indeed from the “Metropolitan.” The material of which it is built is wood, and the architecture is very simple. Perhaps the bush builder could boast, as the Sydney tailor did, that he was “his own artichoke.”

The first Baptist bush chapel that the writer saw was a stave above the ordinary; it was a twenty-five miles' drive to it, and for the last five miles the road was unmade. A cheery deacon, up to his eyes in fun, drove over every possible stump, and jolted into every convenient rut, anxious to give the “new chum” a right appreciation of a real bush road. Ultimately, the “new chum” divined the deacon's kind intention, and assured his friend that his appreciation was sufficiently keen. When we arrived at the meeting-place, not a house was to be seen. The Western Tiers, in their purple haze, almost shadowed the tabernacle; thousands of gaunt dead trees, all around, stood white in the glistening moonlight; and, near by, was the little grave-yard where the mother and the babe, the youth, and the maiden, and the veteran toiler lay in the silence of that sleep which yet “is the awakening from the dream of life.” God's acre in “the bush”—with its solemn stillness, and its simple memorials,—seems to possess a sacredness, and to inspire an awe, and quicken thought, and bring God near, and touch the heart, far more than the city cemetery with its crowded and sometimes pompous monumental masonry. As we strolled along the bush avenues, we sighted here and there among the thick foliage the little cleared spaces on which the bushmen's huts were built, and the less cleared cultivated land adjoining.

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The public meeting after tea in “the bush” is after much the same order as the English village meeting. Perhaps there is needed a little more of the free and easy element than in the home gatherings. It is a happy blending of song, prayer, music, recitations, and addresses. If a man thinks that anything will do for the bush folk, he is much mistaken. The meetings must go “with a swing.” If they are the least “dry”, or “drag”, the young fellows, who are not bound by conventionalisms, will walk out, and gather round the great log fire

which has boiled the water for the tea, and which still "keeps the pot a-boiling" for the coffee supper which will close the pleasures of the day. Standing in its glow, under the bright stars, in the sharp night air, they can enjoy their pipes, and hear as much of "the meetin'" as they wish to.

If the bush chairman knows his business, he will deprecate long speeches. He gives honour to whom honour is due. He knows the inspiring power of the honest appreciative word. He thanks everybody who, in any way, has helped to make the anniversary "such a success." He deftly acknowledges those who have done specially well, and neatly spurs them all on to do still better. With good humour combined with firmness, he holds the meeting just as he handles a high-spirited horse,—easing here, reining in there,—always with a high purpose, to guide the bushmen's feet into the way of peace, and to glorify God his Saviour in all things. Loud cheers follow the announcement that the anniversary receipts have totalled nearly £20.

The bushmen always give a right royal, whole-souled welcome to visitors, especially to such as can sing or speak well. One singer we knew, we styled "the Australian Singing Pilgrim." He had a sweet tenor voice, and knew how to use it. He had the rare power of interpreting a song, and a heart that vibrated to every sacred sentiment. He plays a short prelude on the little organ, and then, as he begins to sing, strange thrills rush through the whole meeting; and the fount of tears is set freely flowing as, amid intense silence, and with heart-felt expression, he gives his message in song,—

"Only a smile! Yes, only a smile  
That a woman, o'erburdened with grief,  
Expected from you, 'twould have given her relief,  
For her heart ached sore the while;  
But, weary and cheerless, she went away,  
Because, as it happened that very day,  
You were out of touch with your Lord."

The singer's distinct intonation gave the hearers every syllable, in notes clear as a clarion, as he sang of "the word, only a word," which might have stirred a weary worker to new courage, devotion, and love;—of "the note, only a note," which might have been written to a friend, and have saved a soul from sin and woe;—and nothing done, the golden opportunities lost, because—"you were out of touch with your Lord."

And as he finished, by singing, in impassioned tones,—

"The Master's command is, 'Abide in Me,'  
And fruitless and vain will your service be,  
If out of touch with your Lord;—"

we felt that the song had a message for everybody. How much we had lost through being "out of touch!" We were depressed by the consciousness of it. Loss, too, had come to others because of us; and—

"Of all the sad words of tongue or of pen,  
The saddest are these,—'It might have been.'"

But the song inspired us as well, for who can tell the glorious possibilities of the poorest life "in touch" with our Lord?



A visitor is next invited to speak. His life, for the most part, had been spent in the quiet places of the land. He disclaimed all idea of making a speech, but he felt that he would like to say a few words:—"Mr. Chairman and friends, I believe in the power o' prayer. Why, the other day, a local preacher called upon a godly woman at one o' our minin' townships, and—what do you think?—he found her weepin'; yes, he found her weepin'. And why wor she weepin'? Becos' they wor goin' to open a dancin' saloon in the place. Ah! she knowed the awful danger that would be to the young men and women around. 'Well, you know,' said the preacher, 'to whom we can speak o' this matter,' and together they prayed. My friends, God hears prayers as is baptized wi' tears. For, the following Sunday, this same man wor to preach, and,—what do you think?—praise the Lord, the very man, as wanted to open the dancin' saloon, got up at the close o' the preachin', and asked 'em to pray for 'im, and he got converted, and the saloon warn't open'd. Why? Becos' the taste o' sich things gets taken out o' a man when he drinks o' the river o' God's pleasures.

"My friends, there's nothin' like tellin' yer Father in 'eaven about it, when yer want anythin'. It's all very well to tell yer friends yer troubles; but most folk 'ave plenty o' their own, and don't care to be bothered wi' other folks'. It's best to go to headquarters. Yo' save time and disappointment; leastways, that's my experience. When my wife died,—poor dear!—and left me wi' six young childer', and I felt torn to pieces, and the best half o' me gone to 'eaven, I can tell yer, that's what tests a man, and his God, too. Well, I found God wor a prayer-hearin' God, and wor every bit as good as 'is Word. Bless 'im! Do yer think He's worse than we are to our childer'? Not He. Why! when I left 'ome to come to Tasmania, I shall niver forgit 'ow my poor old father took me in 'is arms, and said, 'O my boy, 'ow can I lit yer go?' And my mother sobbed and cried, as she fell upon my neck, 'O my boy, we've bin lookin' to you, and expectin' that you would comfort us in our old age!' I've helped 'em since, as well as I could; but I've often thort, if I'd know'd what a parent's feelin's wor afore I left, I should niver 'ave left my father and mother at all. And their love is only like the little that a child might take wi' its toy bucket from the ocean, in comparison wi' the love o' God.

"Take iverything to God in prayer, friends. God thinks as much o' you, i' the bush, as He does o' the folks i' the city. O my friends, life to me 'as been sweeten'd, and hallow'd, and gladden'd, and, in a sort o' way, exalted, when I've thort that the King o' glory wor my Father; for I felt I must be somethin' worth if Jesus died to save me, and if God loved me wi' an everlastin' love. I feel I love my Master; and, like the Hebrew slave, 'I will not go out free.' And I feel, too, in a spiritual sense, like Michael Howe, the bush-ranger, who had been i' the Royal Navy, when 'e said, 'I will be no man's slave, for I 'ave served the king.' Yes, dear friends,—

"I will not work my soul to save,  
For that's already done;  
But I will work like any slave  
For love o' God's dear Son!"

J. E. WALTON.

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

### III.—MY NEIGHBOURS.

(The period is the reign of Queen Anne and of George I. The scenes are laid near Chalfont and in London. The "Puritan gentleman" is the youth who listened to the old Ironside's talk.)

SOME friendships in their setting leave a long twilight behind them. When the sun does this, it is a proof that he is not so far away after all. The pearly midnight of midsummer is a prophecy of morning. If we are patient, the day will break, and the shadows flee away. Till then, we can stay in the warm twilight of loving remembrance stretching between sunset and sunrise.

Some of our loved ones, when they are called away, leave a pious influence as a legacy. Elijah's spirit was Elisha's fortune. The bequest of a high character may seem a poor gift, but it will enrich more than gold. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." When the holy ones depart, the odour of their godliness stirs at their going, and is as incense to those who would follow after. More subtle than the aroma of attar of roses in the wake of a lovely woman is the atmosphere of piety created by the walk of the sanctified. More satisfying, rather, because more safe, for the one may be a snare, but the other can only be a solace.

My musings on my friend hallow the present, as my musings with him helped the past. And yet, after all, the second crop of musings is only an aftermath, and can never come near the lavish blooms of companionship. Bygones revived create the same impression as late flowers, when, after rains, the calms come, and roses and antirrhinums unfold again as low on the distant woods and hills lies the blue September mist. There is a pathos about such flowers. They are but as memories of a more vigorous time, and spring as side-shoots from stems from whence was cut the summer's prune. Yet are they welcome as recalling June glories, and touching as they are tenderly tinted with the softer hues of a later time.

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I sit in the porch, these mornings, just where I used to listen to the Ironside's talks. The bees hum by in the open; the birds sing. It were idle to wonder what became of the bees and birds that lived their busy lives, and made May merry in those past days. But if idle and over-curious, 'tis worth a thought. Of this we may be sure,—they lived their little life well. That is much more than can be said of many of their human contemporaries. These humming and singing ones are the very great grandsons of my friend's birds and bees, so quickly do their generations come and go. A few years' lapse in their world is very ancient history. But we never think of it. We hear them hum and sing as in a dream, and imagine them to be always the same.

Verily, the outlook from this porch is a peaceful one. Events may come, and events may go, but Nature does not disturb herself. The sun may shine brilliantly, the heavens be without a cloud, the tall grasses nestle to the kisses of the wind, and your love lie dead. Mayhap 'twas as soothing here as this when, on that 23rd of May, we rushed upon the French at Ramillies, and pursued them to Louvain. The occupations and surroundings of your friends may, at a given time, afford strange contrasts. Probably Master Izaak Walton was quietly fishing when Colonel Pickering was marching and fighting. The one listened to the song of the nightingale, the other to the groans of wounded men. A mixed world, my Diary, a mixed world! This man gasps his dying breath; another, at the same instant, kisses his bride. One, with a knife, lets out the life-blood, and alters the course of nations, while his humbler and happier fellow peels an onion under a hedgerow, and eats his bread and cheese. It would be very disturbing to know what some of our fellow-men are doing at this moment. News and nerves go together. We are happily still ignorant of much that goes on, though Mr. Addison and his friends have started "The Tatler." It is well, for the concerns of most of us are extremely limited; and, in general, our capacity is as limited as our concerns. Our good thoughts usually want stretching to clothe the nakedness of our actions.

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These cogitations come as I sit in the portico trellised by the passion flower, or as I walk the garden ways once trod by the great Puritan. The old Ironside loved to entertain, nor was he particular as to shades of opinion. Men had to be gracious; then their church preferences were to him but secondary. He saw Puritanism as much in William Penn as in Richard Baxter; so, though they called one another hard names, the colonel had an open door for both of them.

Mr. Penn, by the way, still lives, and is at the present time residing in England, and in great trouble. The clouds have gathered thickly around the grand old patriot. I am told that his son William has taken to evil courses; and, perhaps, worst of all, those in whom Mr. Penn trusted in matters of money have cruelly deceived him. The quiet days which he spent over here with his lovely wife, who was wont to play the organ to the solace of the poet Milton, are now remembered with tenderness and regret. The "sweet Guliena" lies at rest in the Friends' burial-place at Jordans, whither also has been carried recently another who oft in the old days wandered down these flower-bordered ways,—Mistress Mary Ellwood, the wife of Colonel Pickering's dear friend, Thomas Ellwood, of Hunger Hill. I have met this worthy neighbour of ours, since his great loss, which he bears with that serenity which is born of deep peace of heart. He is one who has ceased to question the will of God, being freely given up in obedience to the Lord. He is a very humble man, but he is graciously wise. He is condescending to the weak, and in conversation acceptable and agreeable. He has suffered much illness and imprisonment, and shows the effects. He is quiet in deportment, wearing the Quaker garb, but not with ostentation. Uniformity in religious dress may set

off the dignity of some, but may only serve to punctuate the impudence of others.

Mr. Ellwood is held in high repute for his sober and godly life, both in the church and in the world. He has long been a tower of strength to his own people, and many meetings of the Friends are held at his residence. I hope, ere long, to have the privilege of attending one of these. When the good man was over, I led him on to talk of the past. He was very reserved until I told him how my mentor had fired my imagination with his memories, and that my honoured guest, with Milton, had figured in them. Then he spake of his early days, and of one whom he stiled "my master, Milton." He was introduced by Dr. Paget, and recommended by the Quaker, Isaac Penington, both of whom were friends of the poet. So Mr. Ellwood became Latin reader to the eminent scholar; and as the advantage was mutual, and gratuitous on both sides, a more friendly relation sprang up than might otherwise have been the case. I learned that, some time after this, Mr. Ellwood was asked by the Peningtons to become the tutor to their children. He consulted the poet as to his fitness "to enter these children in the rudiments of the Latin tongue." He questioned, he said, his ability to carry on the work to its due height and proportion, and consented to the proposal as "an initiation only, till a more qualified person should be found." Milton disarmed his reader's diffidence, and Ellwood stayed with the Peningtons seven years.

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There are so many, in these parts, who have suffered persecution for their faith that either to know them or name them all would be impossible. Most of the Commonwealth heroes have passed away; but among those who still linger, is Mr. John Garrett, of Udnall. He was highly esteemed by the late master of these grand gardens, and was one of those who walked along their glades. Mr. John Garrett's ancestors were owners and occupiers of the small estate of Udnall for hundreds of years. They were, no doubt, sympathizers with the Lollard movement, for they developed Puritan tendencies very early. The revival under Wycliffe was like a February Spring. Then came a terrible frost of persecution, which checked everything. But the Spring re-asserted itself at the Reformation; and, with intervals of April weather, blossomed at last into the May of the Early Puritans. I have heard of a praiseworthy act, done by those associated with Mr. John Garrett in church-fellowship. When oppressions came, in the time of Charles II., these members, to the number of nine, entered into an agreement to bear each an equal portion of the fines that might be levied on any of the society on account of religion;—a liberal undertaking that proved at once their zeal for God, and their love to the brethren.

As I pause in my garden walk, I lift my eyes to the hills where once were lighted the martyr fires. Those spurs of the Chilterns had a fascination for me long ago. In my boyhood, on a summer's day, I sought the dell at Chesham where Thomas Harding suffered. I had come over the hills, covered yet with the remains of what was once a great forest. I paused at the very stile where the spy found the old

man, at Eastertide, in 1532, worshipping God in his own simple fashion, with the help of a Wycliffe book of prayer. As I paused at this place, I thought of all the awful tragedy which followed. The discovery of the aged man, thus engaged at his devotions, was enough. The hue and cry of a heretic hunt was raised, and a rude rabble found beneath his cottage floor a number of English copies of the Gospels. Such a secret possession was sufficient to burn any man in those days. Harding had gone about for years with a badge of a faggot on his sleeve; he was now to know the terrible reality of the burning pile. He was taken to the Bishop of Lincoln's palace at Woburn, and put in the church prison, aptly called "Little Ease." His burning was entrusted to the Vicar of High Wycombe, who thought to improve the occasion by a sermon, with Harding standing by to point the moral that it was perilous to defy the authority of priests. Then came the ordeal by fire at the foot of the Chilterns.

The dell looked fresh and pure on that summer's day, with the larks soaring over it, and the breeze bending the wild flowers on the slope. Great Nature covers with her own mantle the sites of human crime. But the moral consequences cannot be hidden by the greensward. The power of the priest has been broken after a long struggle; and in the very town where the Bishop held his prey, one of the principal nobles in the land recently entertained a company of Nonconformist divines. Nor has the irony of history been exhausted; for, among my neighbours, are some of these very same Hardings, staunch, stern Puritans, while all around for many miles are such families as the Garretts, the Grovers, the Partridges, and the Dells, whose far-away ancestors suffered for the faith, and whose later sons have been patriots and Puritans.

It is true, as we read in the Book of Wisdom:—"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise, they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery; but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. For God proved them, and found them worthy for Himself. And in the time of their visitation they shall shine; they shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people; and their Lord shall reign for ever and ever."

## The Blessings of God's People.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED BY PASTOR THOMAS DOUGLAS,  
WALTHAM CROSS.

*"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."—Ephesians i. 3.*

**M**ANY persons are of opinion that the man of the world has more happiness in this life than the child of God has; that virtue exposes us to many evils; and that, if it were not for a future

state, Christians would be of all men the most miserable. It is, however, comforting to know that the voice of God is expressly on the other side: "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him. . . . Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him" (Isaiah iii. 10, 11). Moreover, God has promised to keep the righteous in perfect peace (Isaiah xxvi. 3); but "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Isaiah lvii. 21).

We thus see, from Scripture, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come" (1 Timothy iv. 8). In view of death and judgment, "what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.) Happy is the man whose trust is in "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Hebrews xiii. 8). He "shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon" (Psalm xcii. 12). The Lord is with His people in all the ways of life, making unpleasant things pleasant, and pleasant things more pleasant than they would otherwise be in human experience. Those thus blessed avoid the worst and secure the best of life. Peace comes to them as to none besides, and their joy is unknown in other hearts than those wherein the Holy Ghost doth dwell. Seek, then, "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it" (Proverbs x. 22). "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks" (Psalm xcvii. 12) unto "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." Let us briefly consider some of these inestimable spiritual blessings. Believers are—

#### (1) ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.

The Bible teaches that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," and that no one can enter Heaven by personal merit (Romans iii. 20, 23; Galatians iii. 11). All must be justified "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Romans iii. 24—26); for it is only through the Beloved that we find acceptance with the Father (Acts iv. 12). Christ's compassion inclines Him to save, His power enables Him to save, and His promise binds Him to save all who come unto Him. He is "the way, the truth, and the life." May we, who are Christ's, daily live by the power of the Holy Spirit "to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved" (Ephesians i. 6).

#### (2) BORN OF GOD.

We are "born of God" (1 John iv. 7), and should never lose sight of our Divine origin. It is not in accordance with our new nature to stoop to the meanness of vice, "because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1 Peter i. 16). We ought ever to feel, and to make others also feel, that we are walking in the path that leads to Heaven, and that we have help from our loving Heavenly Father in our struggles against the flesh, the world, and the devil. Conscious of our celestial descent, we should seek to grow in likeness to "the Author and Finisher of our faith" (Hebrews xiii. 2), who is "the image of the invisible God" (Colossians i. 15).

## (3) COMFORTED AND CONSOLED.

It is the glory of the Christian religion that it abounds with comfort and consolation under all the evils and trials of life. Nor is its benign influence confined to the course of life, but even extends to death itself. Wherever we go, God is there; around us is infinite love, and underneath are the everlasting arms of Jehovah. Trusting implicitly in God, who presides over the affairs of the whole universe, assured of that wisdom and goodness which direct all the Divine administrations, each believer may express his confidence and joy in the words of the psalmist: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance" (Psalm xvi. 6, 7).

## (4) DELIVERED.

Through faith in the crucified, risen, and exalted Redeemer, we are delivered from the power of spiritual darkness and death (2 Corinthians i. 10; Ephesians ii. 1; Colossians i. 13); "from the bondage of corruption" (Romans viii. 21); "from the law" (Romans vii. 6); from our sins (Matthew i. 21); "from this present evil world" (Galatians i. 4); "from unreasonable and wicked men" (2 Thessalonians iii. 2); "from the wrath to come" (1 Thessalonians i. 10); "out of the hand of the wicked" (Psalm xcvi. 10); "out of temptations" (2 Peter ii. 9); and out of all our troubles (Psalm xxxiv. 17). "Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God" (Psalm cxlvii. 1), "who delivered us . . . , and doth deliver . . . , and will yet deliver" (2 Corinthians i. 10).

## (5) ENLIGHTENED.

Darkness and light are the opposites of each other, and are terms which are used in Scripture to describe a state of nature and a state of grace (Acts xxvi. 18). "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Corinthians ii. 14); but we, "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter i. 23), are in a state of spiritual enlightenment, and it is our duty to obey the teachings of the Holy Spirit, who reveals to us the things of Christ, so that we "may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe" (Ephesians i. 18, 19).

## (6) FORGIVEN.

Nothing is more calculated to assure, establish, and strengthen our doubting, trembling hearts, than the knowledge that God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us all our sins, and that, "as far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us" (Psalm ciii. 12).

## (7) GIVEN GRACE AND GLORY.

Grace "bringeth salvation"; imparts inward strength to frail humanity; gives spiritual power to the weakest child of God, and

brings those who receive it into close personal relation with the Source of all grace and glory. Grace is glory in the bud, and those who receive grace have the pledge of future glory. Pascal says, "To make a man a saint, grace is absolutely necessary; and whoever doubts this does not know what a saint is, nor what a man is."

#### (8) HELPED BY GOD.

God is "a very present help in trouble" (Psalm xlvii. 1). He is not far off when grief is near, nor like an absent friend to the distressed (Psalm l. 15; xci. 15; Jeremiah xxix. 12, 13). For every task in life there is a sufficiency of help in God, and only as we receive it are we able faithfully and efficiently to discharge the duties which daily devolve upon us. How easy and delightful, then, ought the Christian life to be, when we have the assurance of Divine aid to strengthen and support us! God Himself is working with us; His wisdom is our guide; His arm is our support; His Spirit is our strength; and we lose our own insufficiency in the fulness of the infinite grace and perfection which is in our ever-present Lord.

#### (9) IMMORTAL.

"He that liveth, and was dead," who is "alive for evermore," and has "the keys of hell and of death" (Revelation i. 18), says, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John xi. 25). As the Prophet, Christ has given us the assurance of life and immortality; as the Priest, He purchased for us life and immortality; and as the King, He sets before us the path that leads to life and immortality. Our Redeemer lay in the grave, and hallowed it for the repose of the believer; and before He ascended up on high, He said to His disciples, "I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God" (John xx. 17). And when the time of our departure comes, we shall go to our Father in Heaven, and reign with the King of kings for ever and ever.

"With such a blessed hope in view,  
We would more holy be;  
More like our risen glorious Lord,  
Whose face we soon shall see."

#### (10) JUSTIFIED.

"Justification," as it is well defined in that excellent summary of theology, the Shorter Catechism, "is an act of God's free grace, wherein He pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in His sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and received by faith alone." "If it be asked, How it is an act of free grace by which we are justified, since it is through the redemption that is in Christ, the answer is this,—The redemption that is in Christ is the channel through which justifying grace freely flows to us. It was free grace that provided a Saviour, free grace that led the soul to, and gave it an interest in, the Saviour . . . To the Saviour Himself, it is indeed an act of strict justice, that His people shall be justified, since He has paid the full price of it. But to His people, who receive the benefit of redemption, it is grace from the



foundation to the copestone" (Green). If believers would always remember that "justification is the antithesis of condemnation," they would "never go wrong on this essential truth of the Gospel."

(11) KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

Believers are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation" (1 Peter i. 5), and are "sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ" (Jude 1), who says, "My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one" (John x. 29, 30). May our earnest prayer be—

"O Lamb of God, still keep me  
Near to Thy wounded side;  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace I can abide"!

Believers also have—

(12) LIFE EVERLASTING.

"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Romans v. 12). But the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Surety and Substitute for His people, fulfilled the law that we transgressed, endured the wrath which we deserved, made an atonement for our sins; and, by the righteousness of His life, the merit of His sufferings and death, He satisfied the claims of Divine justice, abolished death, purchased life everlasting, and opened the door of Heaven for the righteous to enter in.

(13) MERCY.

"God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ" (Ephesians ii. 4, 5). We have "obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful" (1 Corinthians vii. 25); and "as we have received mercy, we faint not" (2 Corinthians iv. 1), but are encouraged to "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Hebrews iv. 16).

(14) NEARNESS TO GOD.

Unbelievers are far off from God, but believers are a people near to God, for they "are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Ephesians ii. 13). We should live on earth with a daily, delicious sense of nearness to God and to the heavenly mansions, ever realizing that the thin veil, that hides from our view eternal blessedness and absolute holiness, is easily removed. One touch of the hand of our loving Father, and we are immediately "absent from the body, and . . . present with the Lord" (2 Corinthians v. 8).

(15) OBTAINED PRECIOUS FAITH.

This "precious faith" which we have obtained "through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter i. 1), is begotten in us by the Holy Spirit, and is the key to all the "spiritual blessings" provided for us in Christ Jesus our Lord. It saves, justifies, purifies, strengthens, qualifies, and incites us to serve, with all

our heart and soul, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is both the Author and the Finisher of our faith.

#### (16) PEACE.

One of the blessings which believers enjoy is "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans v. 1), who is "our Peace" (Ephesians ii. 14); the Giver of peace (John xiv. 27); the "Lord of peace" (2 Thessalonians iii. 16); and "the Prince of peace" (Isaiah ix. 6). This peace of the believer's is a "great peace" (Psalm cxix. 165), a "perfect peace" (Isaiah xxvi. 3), "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding" (Philippians iv. 7). In order to fully enjoy this peace, which the world can neither give nor take away, we must love God's law, keep a guard over our minds, and watch over our thoughts, for much of this sweet peace depends upon the state of the heart. "To be spiritually minded is life and peace" (Romans viii. 6), and our minds are made spiritual just in proportion as the Spirit of God dwells in us. In Jesus Christ there is "peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord" (Isaiah lvii. 19). There is no peace like that which comes through believing in Him.

#### (17) QUIETNESS FROM FEAR OF EVIL.

This is the portion of those "whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered" (Romans iv. 7). When pure religion forms the temper, and governs the life, all is peaceful and serene. Man is then in his proper element, the soul is in a state of spiritual health and vigour; there is a delightful correspondence between the heart and the life. Though evil may surround us, may threaten and assail us, it cannot harm him who is secure in God. "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever" (Isaiah xxxii. 17).

#### (18) REST.

One great excellence of the Scriptures is, that they never lose their power and sweetness. God's promises to believers are as firm and consolatory to-day as when they were first made; and Christ's invitations to sinners are as full and free to those who now hear the Gospel as when they were first uttered. In this world of incessant change, there is no foundation of solid rest. To be preserved from perpetual agitation, our anchor must be cast within the veil. Delightful indeed is that rest which the weary soul experiences when it takes refuge under the out-stretched wings of God's mercy. Then it rests from its unprofitable work of self-righteousness, and finds repose in the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ. In Heaven, there is rest from labour, rest from trouble, rest from persecution, rest from sickness, rest from conflict and temptation, rest from doubt and fear, rest from sin;—in short, rest from every evil, and the enjoyment of every good of which a pure, glorified, immortal soul is capable.

"This is the day of toil  
Beneath earth's sultry noon;  
This is the day of service true,  
But resting cometh soon."

## (19) SANCTIFICATION.

Calvin, writing on 1 Corinthians i. 2, says:—"Now the term Sanctification denotes separation. This takes place in us when we are regenerated by the Spirit to newness of life, that we may serve God and not the world." The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., says:—"From a multitude of Scriptures, and from the whole course of the life of sanctification in the Church, this sure deduction has been drawn,—the more sanctification, the more sense of sin. Before sanctification commences, there is little or no knowledge of sin; but as sanctification deepens and spreads through the whole man, so does the sense of sin spread and deepen with it till this strange and disheartening paradox is realized, the less actual sin, the more indwelling sinfulness; and the less outward transgression, the more inward corruption. . . . And thus it is that the great and vital and blessed doctrine of imputed righteousness has always had such blameless ornaments and determined defenders in the foremost ranks of Scripturally-taught and spiritually-sanctified men." "Woe to him," says Luther, "that is wholly renewed;—that is, that thinks himself to be so. That man, without doubt, has never so much as begun to be renewed, nor did he ever taste what it is to be a Christian." The testimony of Edwards is:—"After the greatest mortification, I always find the greatest comfort."

## (20) TEACHING FROM GOD.

(See Isaiah liv. 13; John vi. 45; 1 Thessalonians iv. 9.) We are by nature destitute of spiritual life and knowledge; and before we can understand "the things of the Spirit of God," we must be "taught of God" through His blessed Word, or by those who "have heard Him, and have been taught by Him, as the truth is in Jesus" (Ephesians iv. 21). Jesus Christ is "a Teacher come from God," and He says, "Learn of Me." This Divinely appointed Tutor teaches us (1) the way to God the Father; (2) to love one another; and (3) to let our light so shine that men shall see our good works, and glorify God (John xiv. 6; xv. 12; Matthew v. 16).

## (21) UNION WITH CHRIST.

In Christ, there is the most wonderful union of majesty and condescension, of heavenly glory and human sympathy. While He is "God over all," He is not ashamed to call us brethren. So intimate and endearing is the spiritual intercourse between Christ and believers, that there is a mutual indwelling; Christ in them the hope of glory, and they in Christ as members of His body, as branches engrafted into Him, the true Vine (John xv. 5). "We, being many, are one body in Christ" (Romans xii. 5); and "our life is hid with Christ in God" (Colossians iii. 3).

## (22) VICTORY.

By faith in Jesus Christ, we obtain the victory over "the law of sin and death" (Romans viii. 1, 2); the flesh (Galatians v. 24); the world (1 John v. 4; Galatians vi. 14); and the devil (Ephesians vi. 16). The late Dr. Cairns, the venerable Principal of the U. P. Theological Hall, at the close of a long life of exemplary piety, extra-

ordinary activity and usefulness in the work of propagating and defending the Christian faith, was able to say, "Only they who openly identify themselves with the cause of God will be victorious and triumphant." Such a noble testimony, falling from the lips of an honoured servant of the King of Heaven when on the threshold of eternity, is eminently calculated to strengthen the faith of believers, intensify their love for God, and fill them with a holy enthusiasm to fight the good fight of faith with a glad and confident anticipation of ultimate victory and glory.

(23) WISDOM FROM ABOVE.

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God" (1 Corinthians iii. 19), but "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Psalm cxi. 10). Men only begin to learn wisdom when they become followers of Jesus Christ, "who of God is made unto us wisdom" (1 Corinthians i. 30). "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy" (James iii. 17). We should strive to be "wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil" (Romans xvi. 19), so that we may "walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time" (Colossians iv. 5).

(24) EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES.

The Bible reveals to us God's purpose in Christ, our position and blessedness in Christ, and the "exceeding great and precious promises" which we enjoy through faith in Christ as our Redeemer and Surety with God (John iii. 16, 17; 1 Timothy i. 15; Romans v. 6; viii. 1; Isaiah xliii. 1, 2). Unswerving faith in the promises given us in the Word of God is the only sure foundation of permanent peace and rest in a world of incessant change and human imperfection.

Believers are also distinguished by—

(25) YIELDING FRUIT UNTO GOD.

Yielding "fruit unto holiness" is a blessing as well as a distinguishing characteristic of spiritual life. No true Christian can be altogether barren and unfruitful. If the Spirit of God dwells in a man, he must of necessity produce the fruit of the Spirit, which is "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Galatians v. 22, 23). By abiding in Christ, we shall yield "much fruit" (John xv. 5), glorify God the Father (verse 8), and prove that we are engrafted into Christ the true Vine, the unfailing Source of spiritual nourishment in producing the "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life" (Romans vi. 22).

Finally, believers are—

(26) ZEALOUSLY AFFECTED IN GOOD THINGS.

The spirit of Christianity dwelling in our hearts must, of necessity, inspire us with an ardent desire to perform whatever things are virtuous and praiseworthy; and the example of Jesus Christ, which we ought ever to keep before our eyes, should engage us, by all the laws of love, to walk as He walked. By throwing ourselves whole-heartedly, earnestly, and energetically into the beneficent work of ameliorating evil, seeking to destroy the kingdom of darkness and to extend the

kingdom of righteousness, we shall be "zealously affected always in a good thing" (Galatians iv. 18), our hearts will be continually open for the reception of God's sanctifying and qualifying grace, and we shall become daily more and more fitted to enjoy all these spiritual blessings which God our Father hath blessed us with in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus our Lord.

## A National Anthem.

BY V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

**G**OD save our gracious King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save our King!  
 May peace his power extend,  
 Foe be transformed to friend,  
 To Thee our prayers ascend,—  
 God save our King!

Strong in a nation's love,  
 May he Thy goodness prove,  
 God save our King!  
 Teach him to do Thy will,  
 Guard him from every ill,  
 His cup with blessings fill,  
 God save our King!

Our empire deign to bless,  
 With peace and righteousness;  
 God save our King!  
 And may the nations see,  
 By love and loyalty,  
 We seek to honour Thee;  
 God save our King!

## Stuck Fast;—A Lesson for the Lord's Own.

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you?"—Galatians v. 7.

**A**T four o'clock on a Friday morning in December, 1900, as we were *en route* for Ich'ang, Central China, we were suddenly startled by the cry, "Ship aground!" When I had dressed, and got out on deck to make enquiry, I found that we were stuck fast on a small sandbank. I need not go into details as to the fuss and rush on board whilst every effort was made to get our little steamer out of her unpleasant position. At one time, it looked as though we were destined to remain there; but, after some hard work, and with clever management on the part of the skipper, she quietly moved off into deeper water.

We were indeed grateful to get off so easily and cheaply; for, higher up in the Yang-tsi, we passed a new boat high and dry (since November last) on a large sandbank, with no hope of getting off until May next, when the river will be deep enough to float her. What a wretched sight to see a nice new steamer thus helpless and useless on her first voyage!

It is no wonder that I began thinking, for I had, in one day, these two examples before me, so I naturally asked myself what is there for me to learn from these vessels? The result of my soliloquizing I pass on for the benefit of any of the Lord's people who may need the message.

I. LOOK WELL TO YOUR BEARINGS AND YOUR SOUNDINGS.

The trouble on our steamer arose because the two men, who ought to have been on the look-out, were asleep. Had they been smart, and businesslike, as pilots generally are, we should never have got into that humiliating position, for there was a deep-water channel not fifty yards away. Yet, is not that exactly what happens in the Christian life? Young disciples (and older ones, too, for the matter of that,) go to sleep when they ought to be wide awake, as to their standing in Christ Jesus. Such people never imagine that they are floating into some wretched sandbank, yet they are fast drifting thitherward. Be sure, then, that you are not in the shallows. Use your measuring rod, or cast your lead. Let your eyes be on the Captain of your salvation. Keep a sharp look-out, and keep well out into deep water.

II. DO NOT BE OVER-CONFIDENT.

Both the captain and the engineer were sure that we should have no trouble at that spot; they never dreamed that we should get so far out of our right track; and we often make a similar mistake in the Divine life. How sure we are that we shall not fail just here or there where, perhaps, we have seen some fellow-worker trip up! Pride takes possession of us; and yet, possibly, at that very moment, we are on the verge of going aground ourselves. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

III. FOUR TO FIVE HOURS WERE WASTED, AND WE GOT FAR BEHIND.

Do we, who name the Name of Christ, sufficiently think what lost ground, lost time, and lost opportunity mean? It takes a lot of "making up" to get such errors rectified. So, then, let us beware of the shoals and sandbanks that are all around us in our spiritual life, for it will take a large piece out of our short lives to make up "our way" whenever we foolishly get aground. Christian lost his roll, you remember, and had a long way to go back to the harbour in order to find it; and he learnt a valuable lesson from that error of his, which became a good warning for the days that followed.

IV. THE DEEP WATER CHANNELS PROVE TO BE THE SAFEST.

There was plenty of water, deep enough, around that sandbank, and we need never have been stuck fast at all. Just so is it with the Divine supplies for our spiritual progress. We need never be high and dry when we have such a flood-tide of sufficiency in our Lord Jesus Christ. The apostle Paul puts it beautifully in his Ephesian letter (see Eph. iii. 17—19). These are the "deeps" to ride upon; there is no fear of grounding there. Peter also urges us into the deep channels (see 2 Peter i. 5—8). The only real strength for us is that which Paul mentions to the Philippians (see Phil. iv. 19). Here indeed is deep water, "that I may know Him," and His unlimited supply of grace! May the Lord guide us into these deeps!

JOHN A. STOOKE,  
of Chefoo, North China.

## 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.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster | admirable booklet by Pastor FRANK  
have published, price one penny, an | H. WHITE, entitled *Pastoral Counsels*

for *Perilous Times*. It would be a most appropriate gift to put into the hands of the converts and enquirers who have been, or will be, met with at the many evangelistic missions for which the new century has given such a golden opportunity. Where quantities of the booklet are needed, special terms can be obtained of the author, Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill, London, W.

Another booklet, which ought to be very useful to the new converts, is entitled *The Christian Ordinances*, by Rev. GEORGE MENZIES, published by Mr. A. H. Stockwell, price one penny, or 5s. per 100, post free.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have issued a sixpenny booklet,—*God Save the People*, by JESSE PAGE,—which is also intended to arouse sympathy for the simultaneous missions.

Mr. C. G. Chandler, 37, Winchcomb Street, Cheltenham, sends us specimens of his *Gospel Tracts*, in prose and poetry. We are specially struck with those entitled "One-eyed Servants" and "Praying for the Dead!" The latter is in the form of a poetical dialogue, and is peculiarly timely just now when, in the so-called Church of England, requiem masses are being sung, and prayers offered for the repose of the soul of Queen Victoria!

Mr. Ernest Marsom, 17, Cathedral Yard, Exeter, has issued a new and improved edition of the 48 page penny booklet, *How Can I Be Saved?* Personal Incidents illustrating the way of Salvation, by HEYMAN WREFORD. It has reached its 302nd thousand, and should go on to a million or more, for it has been greatly blessed, and is calculated to be still more widely useful.

From Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, we have received a penny booklet, entitled *War Paragraphs and their Lessons*, by H. E. GARRATT, who has spiritualized many of the

items with which we have become only too familiar during the last year or so. If any good can come out of the awful war, it will be a mercy.

We recently commended the popular edition of Messrs. ROWNTREE and SHERWELL's remarkable book, *The Temperance Problem and Social Reform*, so only need just to mention that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have now issued, at sixpence net, an abridged edition, containing 182 pages of statistics, photographs, maps, &c., which ought to be carefully studied by all well-wishers of their country.

Only last month we reviewed a volume of *The Biblical Illustrator* (Nisbet and Co.), yet we have received another containing *I. and II. Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther*, which are treated in the comprehensive and admirable manner which has characterized the whole series. We note that the extracts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons are as abundant as in the previous volumes.

*Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" Retold for the Young.* By Rev. DAVID DAVIES. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MR. DAVIES is a veritable prince of preachers to the young (as well as to people of riper years), and in this tasteful volume he has excelled himself. Highly privileged were the boys and girls at Holland Road, Hove, Brighton, to whom these "Talks" were delivered; but the happy possessors of the book are not a whit behind them, for they have the numerous life-like pictures to compensate for the loss of the living voice. Mr. Davies may well congratulate himself upon the success of his ten years' search "for an artist who could illustrate the immortal dreamer's allegory," for we know of no previous illustrations of "The Pilgrim's Progress" that are equal to those of D. R. Warry in the volume before us. We hope its circulation will be sufficient to induce both author and artist to

portray, in similar fashion, the experiences of Christiana and her companions; and if they can deal with "The Holy War" in the same manner, we and our children, and our children's children, will have good reason to be trebly thankful to them.

*The Message of the Flowers. The Message of the Birds.* By Mrs. W. G. MATHEWS. Charles H. Kelly.

AN excellent method of conveying to children useful lessons in Botany and Natural History. There is room for a little more accuracy and artistic taste in some of the illustrations, yet the books are well worth the sixpence and shilling charged for them.

*In Distant Lands: An Imaginary Journey.* By WILLIAM J. FORSTER. Charles H. Kelly.

ALL who remember the author's previous books, "There and Back," and "Some English Rivers," will welcome this "Imaginary Journey" to Palestine, Japan, China, the Arctic Regions, the United States, and Australia. With so many admirable illustrations, the volume is remarkably cheap at a shilling.

*Martyred Missionaries of the China Inland Mission, with a Record of the Perils and Sufferings of some who Escaped.* Edited by MARSHALL BROOMHALL, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

THIS memorial volume, in its double record of martyrdom and almost miraculous deliverances, is like an uninspired supplement to the Acts of the Apostles. It must have been a very painful task to compile these memoirs, but the work has been accomplished with the utmost taste and delicacy of feeling. We fear that the Christian Church has not yet realized the great loss, in missionaries and converts, that has been sustained in China; certainly, the nation has not done so. While the legations were in danger, the whole country appeared to be alarmed; but as soon as their safety was assured, the national conscience

was lulled to sleep again. The opium traffic was one of the great causes of the past year's outbreak, and England's association with the deadly drug seems to soothe into fatal slumber our own people as well as China's millions. The new number of *National Righteousness*, edited by Mr. B. Brooinhall, ought to stir up all Christians to work and pray for the removal of that which is so black a blot on the escutcheon of Britain.

*One of China's Scholars. The Culture and Conversion of a Confucianist.* By Mrs. HOWARD TAYLOR (née Geraldine Guinness). Morgan and Scott.

THERE is only one disappointing line in this book, and that is the last, which informs us that the rest of the story of Pastor Hsi is to be reserved for another volume. We are so interested in the first part that we urge the authoress to lose no time in giving us the sequel.

We have never read a book on China which gives so graphic a picture of its civilization as this, or so vivid a setting to the life of its higher citizens. Mrs. Howard Taylor writes in a charmingly translucent style, and has so evidently learnt to look at things from the Chinese standpoint, all the while aglow with ardour for her Christian faith and unwavering belief in Christian missions, that she carries us captive from the first page to the last. There is a great deal of solid information in the volume, which is also embellished with many admirable pictures. All who really want to understand this ancient nation, which is destined to engage much of the attention of the world during the twentieth century, should buy the book; they will thank us for the advice.

*From Suffolk Lad to London Merchant.* By Rev. ALFRED J. HARVEY, M.A. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.

THIS sketch of the life of Mr. James Harvey, though it appears so many years after his decease, will be



valued by all who knew that earnest Christian and princely giver. His son, the author, describes it as "a book for young men," and we advise them to read it, and model their lives on the robust pattern set before them. A very remarkable chapter is that in which Mr. Harvey's "dread of wealth" is discussed. His vow never to allow himself to be worth more than £20,000 had much to do with his large liberality; we wish other merchants would tear this leaf out of his book, and put it in their own. THE MERCHANT'S HOUSE, at the Stockwell Orphanage, bears an anonymous witness to the loving heart and Christly simplicity of this good man; and we join Dr. Richard Glover, who writes a sympathetic Preface, in saying that "if we can but bring into our lives the Faithfulness to conscience, the Love of Christ, the scrupulous Honour, the Carefulness to know the exact truth on all points of our Creed and Duty, which the subject of this memoir showed, none of our lives will go without high usefulness and joy attending them."

*The Life-story of William Quarrier.*

By Rev. JOHN URQUHART. Part-ridge and Co.

OUR friend, Mr. Urquhart, has written several books in defence of the faith, but none that will carry more conviction than this. The hieroglyphs on ancient monuments are not as potent to assure of the power of God as the rescued lives of the children in that modern monument at Bridge of Weir. The names of Müller, Barnardo, and Stephenson are better known in England than that of William Quarrier; but, North of the Tweed, his praise is in all the churches. It was time that such a record as this was given to the world, and the biographer has been no less happy in his subject than in his treatment of it. The early details are of thrilling interest; and the subsequent development of the work, especially in the simple and unwavering faith that has characterized it, commends it to our heart. We prize the book,

and pray for a long continuance of the valuable life and work it enshrines.

*The Poet of Home Life. Centenary Memories of William Cowper.* By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON and others. "Home Words" office.

A VERY charming souvenir of a most interesting occasion. In addition to the appreciation of Cowper by Mr. Symington, there are sermons by Dean Farrar, Canon Wilton, Rev. Charles Bullock, and others. Those who want to have more than a passing acquaintance with the author of the hymns, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and "God moves in a mysterious way,"—either of which is enough to make the name of Cowper immortal,—cannot do better than secure this interesting and *recherché* volume.

*Bersier's Pulpit.* An Analysis of all the published Sermons of Pastor Eugène Bersier, of Paris. By J. F. B. TINLING, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS strikes us as a very good idea. To busy men, a digest of sermon volumes will be a boon. Bersier is worth knowing; and while the magnificent roll of his sentences is missing in these jottings, there is enough here to make the eighteenth penny that the book costs, a good investment.

*An Outline of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.* By C. E. STUART. Second edition. Marlborough and Co.

A MODEST title to a very able and valuable little book. Mr. Stuart's theology is intensely Scriptural, and his expository notes are of great preciousness. For thoughtful readers of the Bible, and leaders of Bible-classes, no better handbook on this inimitable Epistle could be provided. Within its limits, for it is only small, it is one of the best we know; and, whilst scholarly,\* is specially adapted for the readers of only the English version of the New Testament.

*Bible Characters. Gideon to Absalom, Ahithophel to Nehemiah, and Joseph and Mary to James the Lord's brother.* By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WE heartily welcome these three volumes, as we did the first volume of this series of "Bible Characters" when it appeared. The whole work is a valuable contribution to Biblical literature, and will have a long life. It can hardly be expected that *all* these sketches should be of equal merit; occasionally, we feel that there is just a little hyperbole, and that the logic might be improved; but many of these sketches are masterpieces. Dr. Whyte is admirably qualified for such service as this. He knows his Bible; and what is almost as important, he knows himself, and understands the intricacies of the human mind. Again and again, as we read these books, we are made to feel as if we were in the presence of the prophet Nathan, and that we could hear him say, "Thou art the man." As an analytical psychologist, Dr. Whyte is unsurpassed; we might probably say, unequalled.

Readers of the "Sword and Trowel" will be delighted to know that the beloved C. H. S. receives appreciative notice in one of these volumes, where we are told that "from Isaiah to Spurgeon, the Evangelical Succession has run on through Paul, and Augustine, and Luther, and Calvin, and Knox, and Rutherford," etc. Verily, this is grand company in which to be found.

Most cordially do we commend

these volumes. No minister's library should be without them; they will do heart and brain far more good than cartloads of novels.

*Thy Will be Done.* The Blessedness of a Life in the Will of God. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

THIRTY-ONE chapters, intended to be the subject of daily meditations for a month, but dealing with a lofty theme that may well serve for devout and grateful contemplation throughout eternity. The will of God is here considered from almost every conceivable standpoint, with the object of proving the statement made by Mr. Murray in the Preface, that "in knowing and loving, in doing and bearing, in fulfilling all that will, the spiritual life finds its growth, its rest, its joy, its strength, its fruitfulness, its everlasting blessedness." Blessed indeed are they who live "to the will of God." This choice volume is eminently calculated to increase the number of such happy individuals.

*The Conditions of Effectual Prayer.* By Rev. D. MULLAN, B.A. Jarrold and Sons.

A REPRINT of a very stimulating address. Mr. Mullan, whom all the people of Christ in Dublin know and honour, points out twelve or thirteen constituents of the Divine art of prayer. In short, it may be said that it is the man who lives who prays, that our prayers have the same value as our life, that we must know God more if we would pray better. This pretty booklet deserves wide circulation.

## Notes.

We hoped to have been able to report that, during the past month, MRS. C. H. SPURGEON had maintained the improvement we were glad to record in the last number of the Magazine; but, at the time of writing, she is not so well, and therefore needs continued remembrance in prayer.

It may save some disappointment if

friends, who are arranging for Bazaars or Sales of Work in order to raise funds for the Lord's work, will refrain from applying to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for help, as she does not feel free to assist under such circumstances. Those who desire to know her reasons for so deciding, can ascertain what they are from her "Protest against Bazaars," published by Messrs. Passmore and

Alabaster at one penny each, or 7s. per 100, post free.

If any one of our readers has a spare copy of "Cook's Poultry Journal" for January, 1900, it will be very gratefully accepted if sent to the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel," "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, as it is needed to complete a set.

Another very dear friend of Mr. Spurgeon's—*Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd*, of Bromley, Kent,—was "called home" on February 7. He was the gentleman who sat by the side of the beloved President when he was delivering his last Conference Address, "The Greatest Fight in the World," and who, after Mr. Spurgeon's home-going, generously defrayed the greater part of the cost of sending to Church of England clergymen and Nonconformist ministers 34,500 copies of that Address as a loving memorial of the Pastor. Mr. Lloyd has also helped the various Institutions founded by Mr. Spurgeon, and has taken a special interest in the work carried on at the Surrey Gardens Memorial Hall. His bereavements and afflictions during the past few years give additional pathos to a remark he made when writing to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon some months ago:—"Have you read No. 203 lately? It ought to be translated into every language." He was alluding to Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon, "The Sympathy of the Two Worlds," a very striking discourse, delivered at the Surrey Gardens Music Hall in 1858.

We desire to express our hearty sympathy with all the members of the bereaved family; and pray that, as the Lord promotes one after another of His servants to higher service in the unseen world, He will raise up others to fill their places here below.

**YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION.**—Among the former Presidents of this useful and vigorous Society was Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor, who was called away after such a brief yet powerful ministry; so an effort is being made to raise a permanent memorial of his devoted labours by the establishment of a Missionary Library, for the purpose of circulating bright, popular, Missionary books among young people of all Denominations. The amount aimed at is £50, and contributions, either of money or of suitable volumes,

will be gratefully received by Mr. H. W. Harvey, Y.C.M.U., Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

**SOUSSA MEDICAL MISSION.**—Even before last month's "Note" under this heading reached the eyes of our readers, a generous donor had sent substantial assistance, so that the closing of the Mòknine station was only temporary, and the work there was speedily recommenced. There has been a break in the operations of the Medical Mission for quite a different reason. Dr. Churcher has been home to attend the funeral of his father, who passed away on the ever-memorable 31st of January. Being one of the executors, the doctor has had to stay longer in England than he would otherwise have done. This has enabled him to spend the more time with his little twin-girls, and also to speak to various audiences upon the work in North Africa; but he will be back at his post as quickly as possible, so will be glad that the service should not again be hindered through lack of funds.

**COLLEGE**—Two more students have completed their course, and settled in the following places:—Mr. H. G. Baker has taken charge of the churches at Thorverton and Bramford Speke, Devonshire; and Mr. E. J. Debnam has become assistant-pastor, for six months, to Brother Doubleday, at Sittingbourne, Kent.

Mr. F. J. Feltham, formerly of Stockton-on-Tees, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Werter Road, Putney, S.W.

**CONFERENCE.**—As we anticipated in our "Note" last month, the Conference is (D.V.) to commence on *Monday, April 15*; and our country brethren will be interested in learning that all the gatherings on the opening day are to be held at the College and the new Tabernacle, and that the sermon on the Friday morning is to be delivered by Pastor Archibald G. Brown, the first Vice-President elected under the new regulations. Programmes will be sent in due course to all members and associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association.

**ORPHANAGE.**—At the collectors' meeting, on *Tuesday evening, March 19*, Samuel Thompson, Esq., will (D.V.) preside, and addresses will be

delivered by the President, and by Revs. E. G. C. Parr, M.A., and E. Roberts. In addition to the usual programme, there will be an exhibition of moving photographs, including views of the funeral of Queen Victoria, and of the royal procession of King Edward VII. Non-collectors may like to know that they can be admitted for sixpence each, or to the reserved seats at one shilling each.

**COLPORTAGE.**—The month has been one of steady work, with no striking incidents to report. The severe weather has tested some of the brethren, and has laid one of them aside from work for a considerable period. Several have been directly assisting in the Simultaneous Missions in their respective Districts, and two colporteurs came up to take charge of the Bible carriage outside the Tabernacle during Gipsy Smith's services.

An inaugural meeting was arranged by R. Beck, Esq., on February 6, in the new Winsor District, and the most kindly welcome was given to the colporteur and his family by pastors

and friends from Southampton and the neighbourhood. The Secretary represented the Association upon the occasion, and afterwards visited the Denmead District. During the month, he also paid a visit to the Egham District.

It has been decided to start a colporteur at headquarters, with the Tabernacle as his centre, as soon as a really suitable worker can be found; and it is hoped that this agent will do good service in that crowded locality.

The lecture at the Tabernacle, by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., arranged for *Tuesday evening, March 26*, on "Romance and Reality at Sea," promises to be a great success. The Rt. Hon. Lord Brassey, K.C.B., will (D.V.) preside, and admission will be by tickets at 2/6, 1/0, and 6d. each. It is hoped that a full attendance will be secured, so that the funds of the Association may be substantially helped. Friends are asked to make the lecture as widely known as possible.

Subscriptions are much needed, and will be welcomed by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

## Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged ...	24,142	14	11	Deposit interest ...	3	4	0
A New Year's gift ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Schofield ...	0	5	0
Rev. J. Edwards ...	0	4	0				
Collected by Mr. Huitt ...	0	10	0		£24,287	8	5
Messrs. Searle and Hayes ...	140	0	0				

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Miss Hetherton ...	0	10	0	Mr. Thos. Clements ...	0	10	0	
Contribution from Baptist Church, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey ...	5	0	0	Collection at Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. James ...	3	9	0	
Pastor J. N. Rootham ...	0	10	6	Miss M. Tarrant ...	0	2	6	
Mr. W. Pitcher ...	1	0	0	Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington, per Pastor J. Smith ...	5	0	0	
Miss E. Redpath ...	0	10	0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff ...	0	2	6	
R. W. N. ...	2	2	0	Pastor S. W. Twiggs ...	1	0	0	
Pastor Isaac Near ...	1	10	0	Collection at Queen's Street Baptist Chapel, Peterborough ...	5	17	2	
Mr. S. Allington ...	5	0	0	Mr. George Seivwright ...	0	5	0	
Per Mr. Dobson ...	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:				
Mr. G. H. Atkinson ...	0	5	0	Jan. 20 ...	2	2	8	
Mr. Thos. S. Penny ...	2	2	0	" 27 ...	1	17	9	
Pastor H. Smith ...	0	10	0	Feb. 3 ...	1	11	6	
Pastor G. W. Linnecar ...	0	12	6	" 10 ...	6	15	0	
Mrs. E. Raybould ...	1	0	0					
Pastor W. Fitch ...	0	5	0					
Mr. W. R. Rickett ...	20	0	0					
Mrs. H. E. A. Jensen ...	4	0	0					
Mr. Wadland ...	1	0	0					
						12	6	11
						£75	10	1

# Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Sinclair ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. E. Wollacott ... ..	1	1	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Circles ...	40	0	0	Mr. J. Russell ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. E. Johnson ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. H. T. Sayer ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Percy ... ..	0	10	0	For Christ's sake ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. G. H. Atkinson ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. S. Church ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. F. E. Atkinson ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Gibbon ...	0	3	3
Mr. R. W. Harden ... ..	1	1	0				
					£46	12	3

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Coles ... ..	3	5	2	Collected by Mrs. R. Hawes ...	1	13	3
Belle Isle Young Men's Bible-class, per Mr. W. Colbert ... ..	2	0	0	1 Cor. vi. 20, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. R. T. Bull ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. Stratton ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. M. Steel ... ..	0	10	0	Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. W. Marchant ... ..	0	5	0	Belle Isle Young Women's Bible-class (toward the support of an orphan girl) ... ..	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Burnett ...	0	15	6	Mr. Probin ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Bagster ... ..	2	2	0	In memoriam, E. P. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. C. J. Woodrow ... ..	1	1	0	Miss Adrian ... ..	0	5	0
R. B. ... ..	0	6	0	Mrs. Dix ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Croome ... ..	0	10	6	F. R. T. ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Longhirst ... ..	0	5	0	In memory of J. R. T. ... ..	0	10	0
R. and A. S. ... ..	1	0	0	In memory of C. T. ... ..	0	10	0
Friends, per Miss E. Kirby ... ..	0	10	0	In memory of C. H. S. ... ..	0	10	0
Friends of C. Stark ... ..	2	2	0				
Mr. and Mrs. W. Baker ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. C. Ibberson ... ..	8	0	0
Mr. H. Hargreaves Bolton ... ..	5	0	0	Postal order, Stevenage ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. Jas. Owers ... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Staines ... ..	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Sear ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Barnes ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Cole ... ..	1	1	0	Miss E. Geddes ... ..	35	0	0
Collected by Miss G. E. Hamerton ...	0	7	0	Mr. C. Pinnell ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. T. Dakin ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. Thrower, per Mr. F. Thompson	0	10	0
Postal order, Clapham Road ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. Simpkins' Bible-class, Lansdowne Chapel, Boumemouth, per Mrs. M. A. Scott ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. H. H. Kingsnorth ... ..	0	5	0	Miss E. Tolley ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Wood ... ..	0	3	0	Mr. E. Brouard ... ..	0	8	0
Mrs. S. J. Rail ... ..	0	3	0	Miss E. Botsford and friend ...	0	7	6
Wellington P.S.A. Bible-class, per Mr. A. J. Arthur ... ..	1	1	0	Collected by Miss S. Hughes ...	0	4	6
Miss L. T. Harris ... ..	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. J. Beere ... ..	0	13	6
Collected by Mrs. T. Rossiter ... ..	7	17	0	Miss N. Kirkwood ... ..	0	8	0
Miss Dunnett ... ..	0	15	0	Mr. J. H. Mills ... ..	1	5	0
Mr. J. Wiles ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. H. Holt ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Damant ... ..	0	7	6	Mr. M. Merry ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. T. Pipe ... ..	0	1	6	Mrs. C. Stockdale ... ..	0	5	0
Per Widow Adlem :—				A Folkestone working-man ...	2	12	6
Church of England ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. J. Smith and family ... ..	0	6	6
Hunt and Son ... ..	0	2	0	Metherill Y.P.S.C.E., per Pastor A. Pidgeon ... ..	0	16	0
M. H. ... ..	0	1	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson ... ..	1	0	0
C. R. ... ..	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Barrett ... ..	6	0	0
C. H. S. ... ..	0	1	0	Mrs. A. L. Davies ... ..	0	2	6
Friends ... ..	0	4	0	Mr. J. Varley ... ..	2	2	0
Adlem family ... ..	0	6	0	Mr. E. Joscelyne ... ..	1	0	0
				Mr. H. Bell ... ..	1	0	0
				Collected by Master R. Adgie ...	0	6	0
				Mr. Jas. Ireland ... ..	0	2	0
Collected by Master R. T. Jackman	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Allen ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Thomson ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. H. Greening ... ..	0	1	6
Mr. D. T. Davies ... ..	0	10	6	Miss Key ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. D. T. Davies ... ..	0	10	6	Postal order, Longham ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Nona Davies ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Bolton ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mitchell ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. P. Geeson ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. W. Service ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. T. Montgomery ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Spencer ... ..	0	5	0	Master J. Wright ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. E. Rayner ... ..	20	0	0	Mr. F. F. Doggett ... ..	2	0	0
"An old friend, who is very fond of little children," per Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	9	10	0	Mrs. C. Laurie ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Graham ... ..	1	0	0				
Miss J. M. Hutton, a thankoffering ...	0	10	0				
Mrs. Southernwood ... ..	0	5	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
M. J. B., Newport, Mon.	1	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. Odd, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	0	2	0	“ My Countess ”	2	0	0
Mr. J. Crocker, M.D.	5	0	0	Mrs. Bonsema	1	0	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0	The Misses Heap	3	3	0
Old iron, Tatenhill	2	0	0				6 3 0
Miss G. Shaw	1	0	0	Mrs. A. C. Thomas			0 5 0
F. J. K.	0	15	0	Cymro			0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Mizen	0	5	0	Postal order, Hatton Garden			0 2 6
Mr. J. Jardine, jun.	0	5	0	Sandwich, per Bankers			2 2 0
C. S.	0	10	0	A cheerful giver			0 10 0
Mr. J. Cairns	1	1	0	Mrs. P. Stuckle			0 2 6
Mr. H. Kearns	1	0	0	Mr. J. F. Verry			0 5 0
Mrs. Newman Hall	5	0	0	Per Mr. T. J. Reid:—			
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0	Mr. Richard Clements	0	1	0
Mr. E. Perryman	0	2	6	Mr. Robert Clements	0	1	0
Mrs. J. Gregory	0	2	0	Mr. Jno. Orr	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Mills	0	5	0	Mr. Alex. Gordon	0	2	6
Miss E. Chadwick	0	10	0	Mr. Robert Green	0	2	6
Thankoffering, postal order, Clap-				Mr. Jno. Graham	0	2	0
ham Common	0	5	0	Mr. H. A. Matier	0	4	0
Mr. R. Howitt	0	5	0	Mr. James Annet	0	1	6
Rev. J. W. Cole	1	1	0	Mr. Jno. Russel	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Medwin, in memoriam	1	1	0				1 1 6
Mr. A. Harding	0	3	0	Mr. T. Lewis			1 1 0
Mr. S. Leath	0	6	0	Mrs. J. Crosby			0 3 0
Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0	5	0	Miss E. York			0 10 6
Miss M. Joscelyne	0	2	0	Miss Bovey			0 2 0
Mrs. W. R. Harris	1	0	0	Mr. J. Gaunt			1 0 0
Per Miss Tarrant:—				Pastor W. G. Hailstone			0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Tarrant	0	4	0	Mrs. L. Cox			0 3 6
Mr. J. T. Tarrant	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes			1 0 0
Miss E. Tarrant	0	2	0	Mrs. Hughes			0 10 0
Mrs. Langley	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Fairfield			0 5 0
Mrs. Rogers and sister	0	4	0	Mr. J. Haggas			20 0 0
Miss Rogers	0	1	0	Per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
	0	14	0	Mr. J. O. Cooper	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. P. P. Jackson	0	13	6	Mr. H. Cooper	0	10	0
S. M. P.	0	5	0				1 10 0
Mr. T. Dawes	1	0	0	Mr. D. H. Lloyd			3 3 0
S. C. — (name undecipherable)	0	10	0	Baptist friends at Ecton, per Pastor			
Collected by Miss F. E. Searle	4	15	6	J. Field			2 0 0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. W. French			0 16 0
Mr. C. A. Hammond	0	10	6	Mr. J. Mackenzie			0 10 0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Postal order, Tonbridge			0 5 0
Stamps, Berwick	0	3	0	Postal order, Northampton			0 10 0
A. W.	0	10	0	E. M.			0 2 6
Mr. A. Sargood	1	0	0	Miss Walls			1 0 0
Mr. I. Vinall	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. F. Brown			0 9 5
Postal order, Belle Vne, Bradford	0	10	0	Mr. J. White			1 0 0
Stamps, Towcester	0	0	6	Mrs. C. D., per Mr. Higbed			0 10 0
Miss Spurgeon	0	2	0	Mr. D. Smith			5 5 0
Postal order, Ruabon	0	5	0	Executor of the late Miss L. A. de			
Mr. J. Woodward	0	5	0	Grouchy			63 0 0
Baptist friends at Dolton, North				Orphan boys' collecting cards, as per			
Devon	0	2	0	2nd list			8 15 3
A few Christian friends, per Mr. T.				Orphan girls' collecting cards, as			
Hadfield	0	6	0	per 2nd list			9 2 4
Mr. A. Lawes	0	6	6	SUNDAY-SCHOOL COLLECTIONS:—			
Mr. W. H. Skinner	0	5	0	Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry,			
Mr. W. Hines	0	1	0	per Mr. W. Clark			1 4 0
Mr. G. R. Hall	0	10	0	Niton Baptist Sunday-school, per			
Mrs. W. Balls	0	5	0	Mr. S. Squibb			0 12 0
Mr. R. Morgan	0	10	6	Victoria Street Baptist Sunday-			
Mr. T. Clements	0	10	0	school, Galashiels, per Mr. G. B.			
Miss M. McIntyre	0	10	0	Johnston			0 8 0
T. W.	0	5	0	Long Preston Baptist Sunday-school,			
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	10	0	per Miss Brennand			0 10 0
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0	Lossiemouth Baptist Sunday-school,			
Mr. J. H. R.	0	5	0	per Mr. W. Smith			1 0 0
Miss Butterworth	5	0	0	Rosebery Park Sunday-school, Pokes-			
Mr. Jno. F. H.	3	0	0	down, per Mr. G. Toms			0 19 0
Miss Fuller	0	2	6	Lockerbie F. C. Sabbath-school, per			
Mr. J. Bucknell	0	2	6	Mr. E. Moffat			0 17 0
Mrs. L. Chapman	1	0	0	Faringdon Baptist Sunday-school,			
Messrs. J. Watson and Smith	1	0	6	per Pastor H. Smith			0 6 7
The Worshipful Company of Cord-				Ledburn Baptist Sunday-school, per			
wainers, per Mr. H. Garrard				Mr. H. Varney			1 1 6
Clarke	10	10	0	Newbery Baptist Sunday-school, per			
Mrs. M. J. Jordan	1	1	0	Mr. T. S. Waite			1 11 0

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Lynton Road Sunday-school, Bermondsey, per Mr. A. E. Crisp	0 10 6
Helensburgh Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Thompson	0 12 0
Camberwell Green Congregational Sunday-school, per Mr. H. S. Marsh	1 1 0
Woolwich Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Miss F. L. Smith	2 10 0
Surrey Square Baptist Mission and Sunday-school, per Mr. Pavey	4 0 0
Lordship Lane Sunday-school, Dulwich, per Mr. H. T. Sayers	2 2 0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. H. Barnden	3 3 0
Dugdale Street Sunday-school, per Mr. C. T. Butler	0 5 0
Halbeath Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Adamson	0 4 6
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FUND:—	
C. F. A.	1 0 0
Mr. T. Hunt	0 5 0
CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLECTIONS:—	
Pembury, per Pastor P. J. Walker	1 16 6
Dereham, per Mrs. H. Leech	3 14 0
Brabourne, per Pastor A. F. Cotton	1 0 0
Per Mr. E. Baden	0 3 6
Newport, per Miss R. Daniell (and amount)	0 2 6
Y.P.S.C.E., Wallington, per Miss E. C. Smith	6 15 0
Totteridge Baptist Chapel, Enfield, per Pastor A. W. Welch	11 7 6
Grove Road Chapel, New Southgate, per Mr. H. E. Johnson	5 0 0
Zion Jubilee Baptist Chapel, Bradford, per Mr. F. Laycock	1 12 0
Grantham, per Pastor G. B. Bowler	1 12 6
Baptist Chapel, Winchester, per Mr. A. Parfitt	2 10 0
Baptist Chapel, Hornchurch, per Mr. H. T. Major	1 11 1
East Street Baptist C.E.S., Southampton, per Miss M. M. Godden	1 5 0
Banbury, per Miss E. Cubitt	1 2 6
Brentford, per Pastor T. G. Pollard (2nd amount)	2 2 0
West Street Tabernacle, Crewe, per Mr. W. O. Salter	1 1 3
Sherborne Baptist Chapel, per Mr. B. Morris	2 14 6
Abbey Road Baptist Church, Belvedere, per Pastor A. Waugh	2 13 6
Spring Hill, Birmingham, per Pastor T. E. Titmuss	3 0
Peckham Park Road, per Mr. E. Pearce	2 10 0
Tunbridge Wells, per Dr. W. Usher	3 8 6
Waltham Abbey, per Pastor G. Kilby	20 18 6
Mr. Bessant, per Pastor G. Sparks	0 4 0
Chatham, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby	0 8 6
Dartmouth, per Pastor W. T. Soper (2nd amount)	2 1 6
Mr. Broad, per Mrs. J. Withers	3 2 0
Childs' Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. S. Poulton	5 0 0
MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Haling Road Hall, South Croydon:—	
Proceeds of meeting	4 19 8
Friends	6 0 0
	10 19 8
Lambeth Workhouse, per Miss Higgs	3 0 0
Ryde (2nd amount)	2 2 0
Great Central Hall, Bermondsey	7 0 0
Camberwell Green Congregational Sunday-school	1 16 3
U.F.C. Mission, Exeter Hall (collection, Feb. 4)	3 0 0
Christ Church, Westminster, P.S.A., a friend	1 0 0
Moffat Institute P.S.E. and Temperance Society	1 1 0
SEA-SIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Collected by the late Miss J. Good (matron)	3 2 9
	£496 4 5

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Addis, E., 1s; Atfield, F., 5s; Barter, A., 12s; Bradley, M., 5s; Birch, K., 1s 6d; Benthall, B., 1s 6d; Blundell, F., 2s; Boxall, S., 1s 8d; Bolton, A., 13s 6d; Clue, G., 5s; Dalton, F., 1s 1s; Field, M., 2s; Francis, K., 3s 7d; Goslin, E., 6d; Goddard, K., 11s 6d; Harper, A., 1s; Henton, A., 5s; Heagerty, K., 1s; Montford, G., 1s; Pike, L., 1s 1s; Patient, T., 2s; Palmer, E., 2s; Poppe, N., 11s; Rawlings, A., 5s; Stalker, A., 4s; Still, M., 1s 3d; Usherwood, A., 1s 1s; Woodward, M., 8s; Williamson, R., 2s 6d; Wiffen, R., 1s 6d; Williamson, M., 1s 8d; Wooley, A., 2s 2d; Wilks, D., 4s 6d.—Total, £9 2s 4d.

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Adams, W., 10s 6d; Angus, J., 3s 4d; Beazley, H., 13s 6d; Burleton, H., 1s 6d; Bingham, A., 2s 6d; Clayton, T., 3s; Cracknell, E. A., 2s 1d; Doel, E., 1s; Day, W. T., 7s; Daniells, M., 3s 6d; Fuller, W. J., 2s; Hart, C., 1s 6d; Hulbert, H., 2s; Hayes, H., 1s; James, P., 2s 6d; Knight, C., 15s; Macdonald, W., 10s 8d; Morgan, H., 14s 3d; Northcroft, F., 1s; Payne, L., 2s 6d; Royal, J., 7s 6d; Rooke, A., 6s; Robinson, H., 5s 3d; Spencer, J. F., 6s; Standen, E. F., 2s 6d; Upton, W., 8s; Williamson, A. E., 1s 8d.—Total, £8 15s 3d.

LIST OF PRESENTS FROM JANUARY 15TH TO FEBRUARY 14TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—3 Cakes, 2 Chickens, Mrs. E. Barrah; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 2 sacks Flour, Messrs. Owen Clover and Son; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—51 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 14 Articles, Mrs. M. Baker; 4 Articles, Miss A. McKenzie; 94 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), Reading Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers; 34 Articles, Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill, Working Meeting, per Mrs. H. A. Cunningham; 9 Hats, Mrs. Cohen.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—8 pairs Socks, Mrs. M. Baker; 3 dozen pairs Socks, Mr. D. Burgess; 127 yards Cloth, Messrs. H. Fisher and Co.; 2 Night-shirts, Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill, Working Meeting, per Mrs. H. A. Cunningham.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Books (for girls), Miss Pertis; a few Cards, Mrs. E. Barrah; 200 copies "The Memoirs of a Christian Endeavour Secretary," Anon.; a few Cards, Mrs. M. Fraser; box of Miscellaneous Articles, Mrs. A. M. Turner; a quantity of the "Sunday Companion," and "Homer's Stories," Mr. Hartley Aspden; parcel of Periodicals, Mr. W. Streeter; 2 Dolls, 1 Game, some Books and Toys (for Infirmary), Mrs. Pearce.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1901.*

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£	s.	d.
Sellindge, per Mrs. G. Todd	...	1	0	0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	...	5	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	...	1	5	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies	...	5	8	0
Eden Bridge, per Rev. R. Hill	...			
Powell	...	11	5	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	...	10	0	0
		£43	18	0
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. R. Pearce	...	0	10	6
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	...	20	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Mears	...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. T. Boulton	...	0	18	0
Collected by Mr. A. W. Gould	...	0	5	0
Miss Kate E. Bristow	...	0	2	6
Mr. Charles Neale	...	0	2	6
		£22	18	6

GENERAL FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Miss Florence Chapman	...	0	10	0
Mr. H. H. Seaton	...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Creasey	...	0	5	0
E. P.	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Bayley	...	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. S. Penny	...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Marshall, per Mr. H. Mears	...	1	0	0
Collection at Bethel Chapel, Minster,				
per Pastor W. Whitehead	...	1	4	6
Mr. R. Fifield	...	0	12	0
Miss Brayne	...	0	4	3
Mr. A. T. Reeve	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	...	1	0	0
R. W. N.	...	1	2	0
Miss E. York	...	0	10	6
J. R. S.	...	1	1	0
		£12	0	3

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

*Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1901.*

		£	s.	d.
Pastor A. C. Batts	...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Powell	...	0	13	0
Madame de Mirimonde (10 francs)	...	0	7	11
A Friend	...	0	2	6
"Rien sans Dieu"	...	0	2	0
Postal order, Northampton	...	0	10	0
W.	...	1	0	0
FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—		£	s.	d.
Miss Boreham	...	0	10	0
"Grateful"	...	1	0	0
Eliza and Mary	...	0	5	0
		£5	10	5

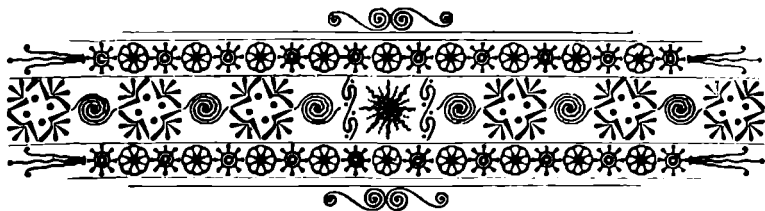
*Special Notice.*—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle School Extension 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.

APRIL, 1901.

Business Prayers.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

**D**EAR FRIENDS,—I think that many of these Monday evening meetings for prayer will never be forgotten by us who have been privileged to be present at them. Perhaps, even throughout eternity, we shall gratefully recall the hallowed hours that we have spent here around the throne of grace. I know that, very often, as I have gone home, I have felt that the spirit of prayer has been so manifestly poured out in our midst that we have been carried right up to the gates of Heaven on the wings of believing supplication, and the sacred anointing which we have received from the Holy Spirit's gracious influences has left a blessed perfume and holy savour upon us long after we have left the assembly. If we are to receive such a blessing to-night, and whenever we meet together in the Name of Jesus, for prayer and praise, we must sincerely desire it, confidently expect it, and go straight to God and ask for it. There is no need for us to go beating about the bush, and not telling the Lord distinctly what it is that we crave at His hands. Nor will it be seemly for us to make any attempts to use fine language; but let us ask God, in the simplest and most direct manner, for just the things that we want for ourselves, or for others, or for His cause and kingdom. Then let us remember our Lord's words, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them;" and, at the close of the meeting, let us go on our way rejoicing, and thankful for what we have received.

I believe in *business prayers*,—I mean, prayers in which you take to God one of the many precious promises which He has given us in His Word, and expect it to be fulfilled as certainly as we look for the money to be given to us when we go to the bank to cash a cheque or a note. We should not think of going there, lolling over the counter, chatting with the clerks upon every conceivable subject except the one thing

for which we had gone to the bank, and then coming away without the coin we needed ; but we should lay before the clerk the promise to pay the bearer a certain sum, tell him in what form we wished to take the amount, count the cash after him, and then go our way to attend to other business. That is just an illustration of the method in which we should draw supplies from the Bank of Heaven. We should seek out the promise which applies to that particular case, plead it before the Lord in faith, expect to have the blessing to which it relates ; and then, having received it, let us proceed to the next duty devolving upon us.

There are many requests, which have been sent to us for presentation this evening. Among them is one from a venerable clergyman, who has often entreated us to remember him in prayer, and who still suffers from such deep depression of spirit that he is unable satisfactorily to discharge the duties of his sacred office. Then there are letters from friends who are in various stages of spiritual sickness, and who desire us to bring their cases before the Lord in believing and sympathetic supplication.

We will pray that the mental affliction of this dear servant of Christ may be removed in God's own time, and that the soul maladies of these other tried ones may also be cured by the great Physician. Verily, there is a God that heareth prayer. Do any of you doubt it? If so, you will not receive answers to your petitions, "for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

I must, however, by way of warning, just mention that I have known some persons who, with altogether wrong motives, have tried to use for very improper purposes the fact that God hears prayer. They have set their hearts on something which they fancy that they want ; and although they cannot reasonably expect that God will do what they ask, because there is no real need that it should be done, they keep on praying, and are sorely disappointed because they are not heard. If you were to say to your child, "I will give you anything you like to ask for," you certainly would not be so unkind as to let him have a dose of prussic acid for breakfast, or a razor to cut his throat with, however earnestly he might plead for such things. In your promise, there is always implied the natural reservation that, if your boy asks foolishly, you will refuse to give him what he asks.

If God had ever given to me absolute power in prayer, He would practically have put the reins of the universe into my hands ; and I should very soon want to kneel down, and cry, "O Lord, wilt Thou not take away from me such a dangerous weapon? If it is left in my hands, I fear that I shall be very likely to use it for that which is directly opposed to my own best interests and to Thy glory." We are not to take the place of God, or to make a god of ourselves. God will attend to the cry of His children, but He will be their Father, and will only comply with their petitions if He sees that they are right and proper.

When you tell your child that you will give him anything he asks for, it is clearly understood that his requests must be reasonable if they are to be granted. You do not mean that your boy is to be master of

the family, and that his will is to rule the whole household ; but you mean that you will give him anything that a loving and obedient child ought to ask for, and that his prayer must be rational, and the right kind of petition to come from the mouth of your son.

God has never given an absolutely unconditional promise to hear every prayer that may be presented to Him ; but, side by side with the promise, He has put other things which qualify and explain it. For instance, in one of our Lord's last addresses to His disciples, He said, " If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." The apostle Paul wrote to the Romans, " Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities : for we know not what we should pray for as we ought : but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered ;" and he teaches us how to pray and what to pray for. David knew enough of the will of God to be able to say, " Trust in the Lord, and do good ; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord ; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Do not imagine that the Lord will give you the desires of your heart unless first you delight in Him. If a man really, in his inmost soul, does delight in the Lord, his mind and God's mind will be in harmony, and he will ask in prayer what God will be able and willing to grant. If his delight is in God Himself, and not merely in God's gifts, he will say, " Bless His dear Name, let Him do what He will with me, I will still be satisfied, and will praise Him both for what he bestows and what He withholds."

If you delight more in God's gifts than in God Himself, you are practically setting up another god above Him, and this you must never do. Even when a man truly loves the Lord Jesus Christ, there may be within him something which is very like idolatry. There is even a danger of loving some things which are associated with Christ as much as we love Christ Himself ; and we must be on the watch against such a feeling as that. Love Him, dear friends, even when you do not realize His presence ; love Him even when you do not feel His love ; if you cannot walk in the light of His countenance, hide beneath the shadow of His wings ; and, under all circumstances, let it be your joy still to say, " He is worthy to be praised, He is ever to be blessed, whatever He does with me." Ask your Lord so to teach you by His gracious Spirit that no prayer shall come from your lips, and that no desire shall be formed in your heart, except that which is in accordance with His holy will.

It would be wise for you to pray in this fashion, " Lord, do not take the least notice of any petition of mine if I ask for anything that is not for Thy glory and for my own and others' good!" The very best of us are often only like sick people, and you know how they get strange notions into their heads, and talk all manner of nonsense, and have a lot of curious and foolish whims and fancies. I would like to say to you now that, if I have you for my nurse in any illness that may come upon me, and I then make strange and unreasonable requests, " Be so good as to thwart me when I want that which would do me harm. Be so kind as to be cruel to me sometimes. Understand that this proviso of mine shall override all the petitions that I may put up

when I am suffering from fever. Do not mind what I say then ; do not give heed to me when I talk nonsense ; but let me have only what I ask for when I am in my right senses, when I am my inmost, truest, healthiest self. Ask my physician what you should do, and believe that my wish is for you to do with me and for me exactly as he directs."

It seems to me that such prayers as these which we are asked to present to-night may be offered. I cannot say as much as that for all the requests that I receive, for some of them are foolish, if not worse than that. When a person, who is in want of money, prays to God that I may give him a hundred pounds, I can assure him that I shall not do anything of the kind. If God tells me to give him a hundred pounds, that will be another matter. I should long ago have been in the bankruptcy court if I had granted half the demands of that sort which have been made upon me ; and some other requests which I have received have not been much more reasonable. A young man comes to me, and wants to preach in the Tabernacle, because he says that the Lord has told him that he is to take my place one Lord's-day morning. My reply is, "Yes, of course I will let you preach when the Lord tells me to do so ; but it is a lop-sided revelation as it now stands, for the Lord has not revealed to me my share in the transaction ;" and the young man goes his way disappointed because his prayer is not answered ! Do not any of you pray that which is manifestly nonsense ; pray for something reasonable and sensible, and then you may have your prayers answered if they are according to the will of God.

I feel all the more free to speak thus to you, dear friends, because you are about as sensible a lot of people as I can ever hope to find ; yet, every now and then, some poor crooked, cranky soul gets in amongst us, who sadly misreads or misapplies God's Word, and then begins to doubt God's faithfulness in fulfilling His promise. He makes the Lord seem to say what He never said, and never meant to say. Let no one of us act so foolishly, but let us exercise common sense concerning our prayers, and in all things submit our will to the wise will of our Heavenly Father.

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## A Day Out with "the Governor."

(WITH A REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL CRICKET MATCH.)

A REMINISCENCE OF C. H. SPURGEON.

BY LEO GRANGE.

"A DAY out with 'the Governor'! Glory!" That was how little Barnaby startled us, and set us cheering as we came sedately out of Professor Marchant's Greek class. We forgave him his irreverence for the sake of his news, also remembering that he had received a Methodist training, and so was accustomed to expletives. In fact, we were all sinners together if there be sin in saying "Glory!" for those who didn't say it wanted to.

It was news worth cheering. For a whole day, no Latin, no Greek ; and, best of all, no horrible Hebrew roots that seemed to sink, every one of them, to the bottom of the Lexicon ; and when you found one,

you had to hunt back to the beginning again for his gnarled old cousin, to find, to your dismay, that he had a large number of twenty-second cousins, to say nothing of his various moods and tenses. No wonder so many ministers are bald-headed. My hair came off in handfuls!

It was a blessed relief,—not the hair coming off,—but the Hebrew being off; though some fellows, who had uneasy consciences, professed that it was a pity we should have to miss that. But the hypocrites were just tingling all over, as the summer sun shone in through the windows, and they thought they would be basking in its beams on the morrow, where flowers bloomed, and birds sang more sweetly than the London sparrow,—though the poor benighted Londoner thinks there is no sweeter bird music than comes from this dirty little city-bred degenerate. I wish he could hear the whistle of the blackbird in a Somersetshire orchard, or the blithe note of the thrush at six o'clock in the morning; but, there! he would never get up in time. He thinks the world isn't aired so early, and I have a sneaking regard for his opinion; and as he will never hear the birds in the country sing half so sweetly as when they are sending up their anthem of praise to Him who made them, let him be content with his sparrow.

We were going down into the country,—into bonnie Kent, in fact;—so Barnaby said; and as he was our secretary, we accepted his statement. Mr. and Mrs. Allison had invited us, and "the Governor" was going to take us. We loved the country, and the birds, and the flowers;—all of us except a few poor Cockneys who had never seen or heard any worth speaking about. We respected and esteemed our worthy host and hostess; but the great thing was that we were going with our beloved President. We would have gone to Siberia with him, and enjoyed it. Heaven is dearer to many of us because he will meet us there; and we work on, year in and year out, with his memory helping us to be faithful, and his personality still inspiring and strengthening us. "A day out" was always acceptable to hard-worked students; but "a day out with 'the Governor'" was worth doing penance to gain; yet, like all God's gifts, this day out was "all of grace."

In due course, the day arrived. How we watched the sky to judge as to the weather! In our house, Chantling aped the cynic, and professed great disgust at our enthusiasm, said that he was as cool as a cucumber, and was sorry to leave his Hebrew;—a glaring departure from the truth, for which we pitched him head first out of the study window. (It was almost touching the ground; so, unfortunately, he was not hurt.) As a matter of fact, I know that he got out of bed five times during the night to see how the clouds were shaping!

The morning was dull and grey; but, later, broke into glorious sunlight. We went to the station arrayed in our best. What a miscellaneous collection of hats was there,—to say nothing of the heads they covered,—the tall chimney-pot of respectability, the Spurgeonic wide-awake, and here and there a solitary bowler, whilst I believe that Teasem wore a disreputable cap!

When "the Governor" came, however, hats and heads did him homage, and the passengers on the platform asked what it was all about when they heard us cheering a man in a light-coloured hat, and

wearing a loosely-fitting garden coat. He had come in holiday garb; we—most of us—in clerical attire. Greatness in mufti,—mediocrity in regimentals!

Said one porter, with a smile, "Oh! it's Spurgeon and his young 'uns, out for the day." At the Elephant and Castle station, the porters used to say, when we came back from preaching on Monday morning, that we were "Spurgeon's returned *empties*;" and, somehow, we regarded it as a compliment.

We arrived at Orpington station in due course, and had some distance to walk. There was a carriage waiting for the President; and as he drove through a lane of black figures, how we cheered him! I can hear those cheers now. Some of us were hoarse when we had done; and as he passed us, there was his rare smile for us all, that made our hearts beat more quickly as we saw it, for we knew there was a place in his big heart for every one of us.

On our arrival at their beautiful home, Mr. and Mrs. Allison gave us a most cordial English welcome. We were made to feel that the place belonged to us; at least, for the day. The President, with a few genial words, dismissed us to play, and we went at it as heartily as if we were doing Euclid! I hope the reader will believe the inference regarding the Euclid.

The President encouraged us in all manly recreations, and took a great interest in our cricket club. We were fresh from the glory of beating the deacons at Blackheath, and felt justly proud. This is a feat seldom accomplished, and we budding ministers felt that it augured well for the future. A feud, deeper than that between the College and the deacons of Blackheath (assisted by their pastors), was between the seniors and the juniors. The great match was arranged to be played that day at Orpington. Our host had made a pitch for us. It was a wonderful match, and I want to tell the readers of "The Sword and Trowel" about it.

The juniors had the best bats; but, in their opinion, this was more than counterbalanced by the seniors possessing a terror of a bowler. He was a little chap was Kendrew, but he could send a ball in like lightning, with a nasty break from the leg. All the hopes of the seniors rested in him, and the juniors feared him, and their fate;—but a providence was watching over them.

Professor Fergusson was there to cheer on the juniors to victory; "for," said he, "they are the very best batch of students I have ever taught." The jealous seniors reminded them that the genial Professor always thought that of his latest recruits; and when he had passed them on, he would say the same of the next lot. The proud juniors, of course, would have none of it; the Professor's statement was quite accurate. Then the scornful seniors said that they were a soft-baked batch, at which poor retort the juniors laughed right merrily.

Professor Marchant was there also, and he held a middle course, and endeavoured to be impartial, for both sets of students went through his hands.

We had a tremendous opening. The seniors won the toss, and went in first. Captain Court put in Penthouse and Kendrew, and the first ball the former received he hit straight for the boundary, and

smashed the back of a chair upon which one of the Professors *had* been sitting, but which he had thought it prudent to leave as the ball sped swiftly towards him. That counted three, and Kendrew scored one, and then both were bowled. They went off to play tennis, but had not completed a set when they were called back by a messenger who gave them the astonishing news that their side was "all out."

"All out, nonsense!" said Kendrew. "It's quite true; you never saw such a mess as the seniors made. It was a procession to the wickets and back again," cried the exultant junior.

"How many runs have we made?" asked Penthouse.

"Eight!"

"Eight!" exclaimed Penthouse.

"Eight!" echoed Kendrew; "only eight, and *we* made four of them!" (His share was one.)

When they came into the playing field, they had to share the chaff freely scattered upon the now humbled seniors; but as the juniors looked at Kendrew, they grew less exultant, for his face had that childlike smile which they had seen many a time before when his side was in a tight corner.

Bogey went first "to face the music," and was accompanied by Sellvedge,—both clever bats; but the very first ball sent Bogey's leg stump flying, and the next one disposed of Callender;—two for nothing! Then Boddy came in,—an Australian cousin. He carried his own bat, with a piece of shining silver on the back of it, which denoted that he had won it by good batting at the Antipodes. That day, he had said, was his lucky day. A score was certain. He knew every kind of ball Kendrew bowled, and would knock him all over the field as he had done at practice yesterday!

"Ah!" and loud applause. Boddy had played the first ball, and saved his wicket in great style.

"Ah!" and dead silence. The ball broke across the wicket, and almost hit it; a near shave.

"Hurrah!" and loud applause by the seniors, as the ball struck Boddy's middle stump; and as he walked to the tent, he murmured, "I didn't know that one"

Three for nothing, and their shining light out! Their prospect was getting gloomy, but they were heartened in the next over, for the batsmen scored two, and from Kendrew's first ball another.

"Only six to win!" cried Griffin enthusiastically; but they looked as if they would be hard to get, for Kendrew lowered the colours of two more batsmen that over, and the bowler at the other end got a wicket after losing a run. (Six for four.)

The first ball from Kendrew again was hit for one run, and then, with a terrific "shooter" he hit Spindle's off stump clean out of the ground. Seven for five, with Kendrew bowling his best, and three men to go in shaking in their shoes. It looked an easy win for the seniors.

Little Banks stood at the wickets to receive Kendrew's next ball. His legs were kept as far away from the bat as possible, for fear they should be hit, and his hands trembled. He gave a gasp as Kendrew started to run before delivering the ball, for he felt sure that his end had come; but, lo! Kendrew, instead of bowling, fell to the ground as

if he had been shot, uttering a most appalling yell. An excited group gathered around him, full of sympathy, until we heard that he had cramp in the leg, when we could not help laughing to see him writhing, and twisting, and kicking, and shouting, "Oh, my leg! my leg!" and rubbing it for all it was worth. Some unsympathetic juniors declared that it was only bluff to explain defeat. Others rubbed him until he shouted more at the rubbing than at the cramp; and even the grim tutors laughed when a facetious brother offered to pat his back with a huge wooden clod-beater.

Little Banks was saved, and the match too; for Kendrew couldn't bowl to any effect afterwards, and the last three men had the impudence to hit up over fifty runs, and declared that Kendrew was no terror to good cricketers,—an opinion which they retained until the next match!

We had a splendid time after this. The President gave us an address in his own happy vein. I cannot recall his words on that occasion, but I do remember watching him move about the grounds in gracious easy converse with all. It was always a joy to me to be near him,—to feel that I was breathing the same air; to look at him was a pleasure that never palled. Call it hero worship, if you will; I shall never be ashamed of it. Through all that sunny day, his presence made all things bright for his boys. The sense of his love made our "day out" full of happiness; and it was given to us all as freely as the light of the sun; we basked in it, and were glad.

Our host and hostess too were perfect. Their hearts were brimming over with kindness, and they were all the while ministering to our comfort. They made us feel that it was no burden, but a joy to them, to give us their splendid hospitality; and their smiles, as they saw how thoroughly we were enjoying ourselves, showed that they had the true delight which finds its greatest joy in ministering to others.

As the shades of evening gathered, we journeyed homeward, after giving hearty cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Allison. At the railway station, George Jennit, full of a bubbling mirth, and intoxicated with the humour of a new joke, went with amazing audacity to propound it to the Professors. We admired him with trembling as one admires the man who looks into the crater of a volcano.

Said he to Professor Fergusson, "Sir, we have been discussing the question all day,—Which is right, to say, 'seven and five *are* eleven,' or, 'seven and five *is* eleven'?"

"Seven and five *are* eleven is correct, of course; what have you decided?" said the Professor, unsuspectingly, despite George's demure face, which might have aroused his caution had he observed it more closely.

"We have decided," replied George, "that seven and five *are twelve!*"

I trembled for him, for our Professors were not to be trifled with; but they had a keen sense of humour, and laughed as heartily as the rest.

This merry scene is the last thing that I remember of that memorable day; and, now, our beloved President and all the tutors who loved us



as we loved them, are in the land where the shadows that divide never come : and those who took part in the day's proceedings are scattered all over the world, doing the Master's will. May we all meet again when the day dawns that never ends in " Good-nights " !

## " Our Own Men " and their Work.

LXXXVIII.—PASTOR R. A. GOOD, OF EXMOUTH.



**T**WICE has the writer been privileged to visit the Mecca of all aspiring Spurgeonites,—the Pastors' College. The first occasion was twelve years ago, when, after having, on the previous night, formed one of the huge crowd paying rapt attention to the unforgettable figure in the pulpit, I was piloted through the various rooms by an enthusiastic cicerone to whom the murky skies of Walworth were even as azure, and the drab tints of the College walls as gold ; for that man, an elder brother, Lawson, was afire with the desire of ministerial service.

But it pleased the Lord, soon afterwards, to call that brother hence.

within a few days of the time when his great leader, C. H. Spurgeon, was summoned to the upper sanctuary. This strange providence was indeed inscrutable to the sorrowing ones who were denied even the consolation of burying their precious dead, for his body sleeps in the far-away lonely Falklands, hard by the little cause placed under his charge by Mr. Spurgeon. The gloom lightened, however, when it was found that another member of the family, the unwilling subject of this present sketch, evinced an ardent longing to follow in his brother's steps. So it came to pass that, a few years later, I again explored the famous Evangelical College, and in its unlovely precincts had the pleasure of personally seeing the students' hero,—“Mr. Tom,”—on whom lieth the onerous task of living up to his father's reputation. So, even as the Spurgeonic mantle fell from father to son, did the sacred fire pass from the elder to a younger brother in our household.

Born in the sleepy old-world borough of Droitwich, which is almost within gunshot of the scene of Cromwell's “crowning mercy,” amidst the storm and stress of European politics caused by the Franco-German war, Reginald A. Good was upreared amongst the strictest sect of Plymouth Brethrenism. No doubt he recollects the pitying contempt with which we boys gazed, through surreptitiously scratched peep-holes, at the parish church just across the quaint street, and wondered why the attenders *would* persist in treading the Broad Way, when we, Brethren, so clearly pointed out the Narrow and Only Way!

But these bonds soon broke; for, when the Salvation Army successfully invaded Droitwich, and wrought tremendous lasting reform therein, the family quickly recognized the inherent power for good underlying the Army's eccentric methods, and gave it enthusiastic help. Pastor Good's father, who sat on the Droitwich Council for many years, vigorously opposed and ultimately secured the defeat of a special by-law designed to stop the Army's outdoor work. Although only a boy of twelve, Reginald obtained parental permission to enter the band, and speedily became the idol of the ex-Hooligans and drunkards. It is typical of the man that, on one occasion, when a kind of blizzard was in full blast, he induced two other bandsmen and the big drum to turn out, and, with a “sister” acting as “officer in command,” duly patrolled the usual round. It was his delight, at this period, to hold meetings in some quiet room, and there to sing, pray, and deliver earnest addresses all to himself; an exception being sometimes made in favour of a little sister, who considered him a happy combination of Spurgeon, Booth, and Gladstone.

Removing with his parents to Cardiff, in 1886, the young and lusty Metropolis of Wales, Mr. Good entered the service of an electrical company having offices in that busy hive of men—the Exchange, in which and its environs daily foregathers, perhaps, the most amazingly cosmopolitan assemblage to be met with anywhere, mainly speaking their own tongues, and many wearing distinctive styles of dress. Here, the earnest worker naturally acquired much experience of human nature which has been of great subsequent service to him.

Pastor Good was deeply interested in the Sunday Morning Workingmen's School, numbering one hundred, carried on for some considerable time by his father in Tredegarville Baptist School-room and else-

where,—a movement having the warm support and benignant smile of the Rev. Alfred Tilly, the Nestor of Cardiff Baptists. He firmly believes in Christian men occupying seats on governing bodies, and therefore actively identified himself in the lively municipal contests resulting in his father securing and retaining a seat on the Cardiff Council.

He well and bravely upheld the work connected with the local Evangelistic Society, an organization of which Mr. Good, senior, was appointed Honorary Secretary soon after his removal to Cardiff. Gradually overcoming his natural diffidence, Pastor Good found great pleasure and joy in the many meetings conducted by the Society in the common lodging-house kitchens, wherein a large proportion of the "Submerged Tenth" live and have their being. Each year witnessed a deepening and broadening in his spiritual life, and the death of his brother crystallized into definite and unchanging shape his desire for ministerial service.

Business called him to Weston-super-Mare in 1892. He lost no time in actively participating in Christian work, taking an eager interest in the Wadham Street Baptist cause, then under the pastorate of the Rev. John Urquhart, the esteemed Editor of *Word and Work*. Soon after his arrival, Mr. Good was baptized, and thenceforward frequently filled the pulpits of outlying village chapels. His spare time was wholly absorbed by preparatory studies for the Pastors' College, the call to which was anxiously awaited. The summons arrived fifteen months later; and, of a surety, no other student ever more joyfully entered upon his period of ministerial training. His conduct in College is faithfully mirrored in the words of an old but critical friend, the Rev. John Douglas, uttered at the young pastor's recognition, who said that "he was a diligent, apt, and clever student, who always stood high in his classes;" and of his beloved and revered Principal, Dr. McCaig, whose comment is that "Pastor Good is a fervent and faithful preacher of the old Gospel."

The Spring of 1895 brought with it an invitation to preach at Exmouth, which, although it has a population of 11,000, with a large number of visitors in search of health, had no Baptist cause until within the last decade. Many Baptist residents had, in default of a church of their own faith and order, joined other Nonconformist bodies; and naturally have been loth to sever the ties thus formed. At Mr. Good's advent, the church, from various causes, was in a despondent state. His ministry, however, proved so acceptable to the little flock that he was prevailed upon to stay, the earnest desire of the members inducing the College authorities to reluctantly waive their strong wish for him to have a longer training. The recognition services speedily followed, the charge to the church being given by the Rev. J. F. Toone, M.A., of Tiverton, whose memorable message is still remembered. He gave them the words Moses uttered when showing to the children of Israel his young successor, Joshua,—“Encourage him.” From that time onward, Pastor Good, together with a resolute and active diaconate, has led the cause in steady progress.

From its inception until the present day, the church has worshipped in the Temperance Hall; but this building, from its inconvenient locale

and use during the week for all kinds of public functions, has greatly militated against the success of the work. Long and wearisome search was made for a site, until, in 1898, an admirably placed block in Victoria Road was secured. Plans for a modest Tabernacle were drafted, and appeals were sent forth, backed by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Principal McCaig, Mr. W. W. Baynes, and other friends. But the £1,100 required has taken a long while to raise; and it was not until last Autumn that pastor and flock felt justified in commencing building operations. They are still £600 short of the amount named, and are naturally very anxious to considerably reduce this deficit before the opening day, May 1st next, when Pastor D. J. Hiley, of Bristol, and the Devon Baptist Association officials will inaugurate the great change in the life of the cause,—small in number, but great in faith.

The closing words shall be those of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon with reference to this particular church:—"He (or she) who would help a needy and deserving cause need not go further afield. Help this one by all means." May many readers of the *Sword and Trowel* do so!

Cardiff.

B. EUSTACE GOOD.

## The Cry of the Soul.

WHEN all the voices of the world are dumb,  
 Do Thou, Lord, speak to me.  
 When friends desert, and foes exult, then come,  
 And draw me close to Thee;  
 Turn Thou to me Thy face,  
 And be Thy warm embrace  
 My heart's abiding place,  
 O God, forbid me not!

Haste Thee to help me; when the foe is nigh,  
 Put Thou the foe to flight.  
 Haste Thee to help me; from Thy home on high,  
 Swifter than sound, or sight;  
 Stretch out Thy strong right arm,  
 Snatch Thou my soul from harm,  
 Shield me from all alarm,  
 O God, forsake me not!

Be not Thou far from me, O God, the Lord;  
 For Thou art all my trust.  
 Be not Thou far from me, oh, let Thy Word,  
 Upraise me from the dust!  
 Save me, for doubt assails,  
 Help me, for courage fails,  
 Cheer me, for fear prevails,  
 O God, forget me not!

East Dulwich.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

## “Semper Idem.”

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 124.)

(b) *The Historical Books.*

One cannot help being struck with the extraordinary contrast between the opening verses of Genesis, which literally blaze with the very Name of God, and the closing Book of Esther, wherein there is no mention of the Almighty whatsoever; and yet I venture to say that there is no record in the Inspired Volume where the Lord God, in His absolute sovereignty, is more strikingly and manifestly revealed; yea, he must be a very fool who cannot read GOD *written in largest capitals over the entire narrative.* An Eastern woman's obstinate refusal to obey her royal husband's mandate, and exhibit her magnificent beauty to his assembled guests; the whims of his pride in her, and her pride in herself, uniting to secure her deposal;—a simple Jewish maiden introduced to court, and winning the king's favour against all competitors;—her old cousin, sitting at the palace gate, and hearing of the projected attempt to murder Ahasuerus, and giving warning concerning the plot, his non-rewardal *then*, and the preservation of the record of the incident amid the musty archives of the Persian chronicles;—the sudden rise of Haman the Agagite to power;—Mordecai's refusal to bow the knee to an Amalekite;—Haman's fiendish resolve to crush the whole race of the Jews in order to destroy one man;—the casting of Pur, the lot, and its falling on the furthest off month in the whole year;—Esther's resolve, prayer, and fasting,—her perilous entry into the king's presence, presaging most likely death,—his gracious reception of her, and proffer of even half his kingdom,—her modest request for a dinner party of three;—the king's growing irritability at Haman's increasing pride and familiarity;—the sleepless night which followed, when the dry records of the court chronicles were read to amuse the king, or, more probably, to send him to sleep;—the book opening at the narration of Mordecai's vigilance and the attempted assassination, and the monarch's enquiry, “What honour and dignity hath been done to Mordecai for this?”—Haman's footfall in the early morning—so eager was he to slay Mordecai,—overheard by the wakeful king, the royal favourite brought in, and interrogated, “What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?”—his haughty suggestion, absolutely wresting the crown, for a day at least, from the hands of Ahasuerus, carried out with himself as lackey and his sworn enemy Mordecai as hero;—the fiery speech of Esther, at the second day's banquet, which would have been untimely and injudicious at the first;—the monarch's wrath,—Haman's craven fear, his very physical posture, in pleading with the queen, the chance upon which his ruin turned,—his removal from the palace, and his hanging upon the very gallows which he himself had prepared for Mordecai's speedy execution;—the second edict of the king, giving the Jews liberty to stand for their lives against their enemies, which edict, *since the lot had*

*fallen on the twelfth month*, had time to reach the farthest province ere the previously ordained slaughter of the Jews began;—their deliverance,—the spread of Jewish principles,—Mordecai's advancement, Esther's greatness, Ahasuerus's glory, and the blessing of the whole realm;—who but a purblind sceptic could regard these chances, occurrences, and circumstances all aggregated thus, and in such order, as other than the rulings and over-rulings of the great God who had destined to deliver and preserve His people Israel, to "blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under Heaven," and to hang all Hamans, be they human or Satanic, on the gallows which they themselves had reared? Every page, every incident of the Book radiates the presence of the Almighty. Ay, though the roar of God's artillery and the jagged levin bolt be absent, surely quiet, thoughtful men can hear Jehovah speak, and *recognize His interference in facts*.

Shake the kaleidoscope a little, for, while God never duplicates His creations in history, any more than in nature or in grace, yet is there, often, a kinship and sympathy in His programmes. Two thousand years roll by; and, lo! we find well-nigh a parallel when the grim struggle of the Reformation is taking place in England. Not Vashti now, but proud, self-contained Catherine of Aragon;—not Esther, but gentle Protestant Anne Boleyn, with the lovely face;—not Ahasuerus, but whimsical, irritable, imperious Henry the Eighth;—not Haman, but haughty, kingly Cardinal Wolsey,—"*ego et rex meus*;"—not Mordecai, but Tyndall leavening the country with English Bibles;—Cranmer, the diplomatic theologian, fighting for the Reformed Religion;—Thomas Cromwell battling for civil liberty;—the Pope, angry and fearful, vacillating, lying, uncertain, giving and withholding dispensations, and finally rousing royal Henry's wrath, until he makes Cranmer Archbishop, drives Wolsey to death, tears the papal supremacy to shreds, and frees England from the yoke of Rome. Can God not be seen in all these subtle, unexpected sequences, and in the swamping of Philip's Armada, and the flight of pale-faced James, without a blow, before Dutch William?

I am no connoisseur in art, yet could I easily tell the inimitable sheep of Sydney Cooper, and the marvellous mosaic work of Alma Tadema. Lady Butler's war pictures and Millais' portraits need not the inscription beneath them, "*This is a battle scene*," or "*This is a lady's likeness*." Nor need God's Name be added where His own unique handiwork is manifest upon the canvas, since every spiritual mind at least must utter forth the thought, "*This verily is none other than the finger of our God*." Thus say we of the *Book of Esther*, and wonder whether to marvel more at the magnificent power of that Jehovah who can, at every point in the narrative, reveal while concealing Himself, or at the stupid blindness of silly mortals who cannot see the hand of the Eternal without the lightning flash or thunder roll.

I have not calculated the exact number of pronouncements of "Thus saith the Lord," "The word of the Lord came," and similar assertions of supernatural authority in the Historical Books; but I know that they are somewhat nearer three hundred than two hundred, while the chapters total in all some two hundred and forty-nine, leaving thus at least an average of one such definite claim for every chapter.

(c) *Books of Philosophy and Song.*

Thus Esther, the last of the Historical Books, reveals to us, in a striking object-lesson, how “the Lord reigneth,” and, in the absolute sovereignty of His Divine purpose concerning His chosen people, “worketh all things after the counsel of His own will,” among the *nations* of the earth; and, with a peculiar appropriateness, Job follows, glinting the dark enigmas of permitted evil with some solution of the mysteries of sorrow and temptation in *individual* life;—for the patriarch’s experience is but an enlarged photograph of what takes place, in lesser measure, with every genuine believer, as God fights out and wins His great controversy with the sin and self-righteousness, the pride and “ego” in every one of us. How many new words in Heaven’s vocabulary are learned, and learned only in this school,—humility, sympathy, endurance, grace! How many lessons are taught to men and angels, for I believe that eternity alone will declare how every life, with its vicissitudes and conflicts, has been scanned with the closest and most curious scrutiny of higher intelligences (Job i. 8; Ephesians iii. 10; Hebrews xii. 1), for their own instruction and God’s eternal glory.

Here we have the almighty, holy Jehovah’s estimate concerning Job: “There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil” (Job i. 8; ii. 3); yet God would teach this most blameless of men how poor and broken, how corrupt and vile, he is naturally; and, by that revelation, so manifest the latent evil of self unto the patriarch as to lift him ultimately to a higher level of perfection and grace. Thus would He do with all of us; and in this great purpose, three factors are pre-eminently in the forefront,—sorrow, temptation, and the manifestation of God. So Paul, who, even in his unregenerate days, was “touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless” (Philippians iii. 4—9); and who, afterwards, by Inspiration could affirm, “Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ” (1 Corinthians xi. 1); had to be schooled of his great Master, through the “thorn in the flesh” which he describes as “the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure” (2 Corinthians xii. 7—9); while of trickster Jacob it is written, “there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day;” and even God Himself had to put “the hollow of Jacob’s thigh out of joint” ere He brought to an end that great wrestling match with His stout, self-willed opponent, which had been going on for twenty years, and which culminated at Jabbok’s ford in the confession. “Lord, I am but Jacob, a supplanter;” and the Divine response. “Nay, but thou art now Israel, a prince of God” (Genesis xxxii. 24—32); and be it carefully noted that, while the self and God revelation came as Heaven’s most gracious benediction to these men, yet the one carried “the thorn” and the other “the limp” to his dying day, for the very best of mortals need daily and oftentimes stinging reminders of both self and God,—of human impotency and almighty grace.

Now, in this great practical drama of Job’s sorrow, humbling, and uplifting, we find seven different combatants enter the arena against the patriarch. Satan himself twice essays to overthrow Job’s faith and

patience, but in vain, and retires from the encounter absolutely baffled. Then the temptation, "Curse God, and die," comes from the despairing wife of his bosom; but, with the exclamation, "What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" he repudiates her hellish suggestion, and the Divine verdict reads, "in all this did not Job sin with his lips" (ii. 10). Next, his three friends, Eliphaz the Temanite, with his observationalism ("I have seen," iv. 8; v. 3; xv. 17; xxii. 19); Bildad the Shuhite, with his traditionalism ("the fathers," viii. 8—10); Zophar the Naamathite, with his legalism (xi. 13—20); alternately wrestle in argument with Job, the last-named twice, the others thrice each; but, on all eight occasions, the patriarch remains victor, albeit the growing revelation of his dormant self-righteousness becomes more and more manifest until, in his last address, there are no less than *one hundred and ninety-seven references to the "ego" in ninety-six verses* (xxix., xxx., and xxxi.). Then Elihu, risen as Job wished "in God's stead" (xxxiii. 6), speaks with such wonderful dignity and power "words for God" in an address, which practically claims Inspiration (xxxii. 8, 18; xxxvi. 2—5), that the patriarch, abashed and humbled, merely listens, attempting no reply; and, finally, Almighty God Himself "answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou *Me*" (xxxviii. 1—3); and pressing still ever closer and closer in His argument at last forces the man to cry, "*Peccavi*," to fling down his arms, and unreservedly acknowledge, (*what none but God could discover in, and reveal to him,*) "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken; . . . but I will proceed no further" (xl. 4, 5). One more challenge, "Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto Me" (xl. 7), and the controversy is for ever ended, and God's victory of grace complete: "Then Job answered the Lord, and said, I know that Thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from Thee. Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. Hear, I beseech Thee, and I will speak: I will demand of Thee, and declare Thou unto me. 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" (xlii. 1—6). Job is utterly humbled, self-emptied, reduced to nothingness. God is almighty, all-sufficient, everything!

This is the drama enacted, albeit on a smaller scale, in each believer's earth-life until the "ego" is effectually subdued, and God alone, in grace or glory, becomes "all and in all."

Again note that, while in this remarkable Book we are confronted with the old, familiar, distinct assertions of definite Divine authority, "The Lord said unto Satan," "The Lord answered Job," "The Lord said to Eliphaz," (i. 7, 8, 12; ii. 2, 3, 6; xxxviii. 1; xl. 1, 6; xlii. 7;) we also learn that everything which the Holy Ghost here records is not necessarily God-inspired as regards its utterance. What we mean is, a shorthand report of Job's speeches, and those of his friends, is



preserved for our instruction by supernatural power; but what they said, in many instances, was not of God, but actually contrary to His supreme mind and will. This Elihu declares: "Job hath spoken without knowledge, and his words were without wisdom. . . . For he addeth rebellion unto his sin, he clappeth his hands among us, and multiplieth his words against God" (xxxiv. 35, 37); "Therefore doth Job open his mouth in vain: he multiplieth words without knowledge" (xxxv. 16); and the Lord answers Job, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" (xxxviii. 2; see also xl. 2; xlii. 3); while to Eliphaz He says, "My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right, as My servant Job hath" (xlii. 7\*).

There are certain sayings, recorded in the Bible, which those who hold the strictest, most conservative and Evangelical views of Inspiration, believe to be verbally accurate in their recital, but altogether of man or devil in their conception and utterance; since, as we have already emphasized, the Book is given to reveal humanity in its depravity as well as God in His grace. Thus, the serpent's subtlety and falsehood in the Garden of Eden, the speech of the men of Sodom, the haughty, defiant words of Pharaoh, the murmurings of the children of Israel, the unbelieving cry of David, ("I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul,") the blasphemies of Sennacherib, the impertinent answer of Jonah unto Jehovah, ("I do well to be angry, even unto death,") the prayer of the Gadarenes, the bigoted cry of John for "fire from Heaven," the boastful and cowardly utterances of Peter, the sceptical words of Thomas, the temporising policy of Gamaliel, and the legal oratory of Tertullus (Genesis iii. 1—5; xix. 5—9; Exodus v. 2; Numbers xix. 2—4; 1 Samuel xxvii. 1; 2 Kings xix. 10—13; Jonah iv. 9; Matthew viii. 31; Luke ix. 49, 54; Mark xiv. 29, 31, 66, 72; John xx. 25; Acts v. 34—40; xxiv. 1—8);—these and other similar speeches were not *God-spoken* words, but the blunt, honest report of them is Inspired, since the devil, who was a liar from the beginning, would never have advertised his own treachery, nor would relatives and historians have written the account of sin and failure in the memoirs of their departed friends; and thus, in marked contrast to the claims of Moses, Samuel, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel to supernatural Inspiration, we read here, "the *words of Job* are ended," the man alone being responsible for many of his utterances, while God Himself has given us a verbally-inspired record of the same.

Now, as this remark may occasion the difficulty to some readers,—  
"How, then, can we discern between the Inspired and the uninspired

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\* Here, probably, some "higher critic" may interpose with a great blast of words, and show of special erudition, "What! is not this a gross and palpable contradiction? Job's words are condemned by Elihu, and even by God Himself, as being "without knowledge," and yet, in the Divine censure of Eliphaz and his friends, we read, "ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right, as My servant Job hath." Ay, verily, it is a fair sample of "modern difficulties" irreconcilable, may-be, to professors, but simple to "little children" in the faith. Much of Job's *first* orations was condemned, and rightly so, but his *last* words (xlii. 1—6), indicating a total change of thought and feeling, were as strongly eulogized, for, in the interval, the man's heart and mouth had been converted to God's way of thinking!

speeches in the Scriptures?"—please let me again emphasize the fact that we believe most firmly that all portions of the Bible are fully Inspired, but every speech or action is not necessarily "God-given." Indeed, in many of the cases I have quoted, we can actually produce Divine authority in a "Thus saith the Lord," for censuring and condemning utterances which never, in any instance, claimed to be "God-breathed," as do the words of prophets and historians. Whereas if, on this line of argument, any doubt exists concerning the speeches and actions of godly men like the apostles and evangelists, as narrated in the New Testament HISTORICAL Books, it is manifestly our wisdom to give credit for Divine sanction to such words and deeds unless some Scriptural evidence be clearly deducible to the contrary. Thus, Peter's impulsive "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean," was evidently, according to the context, an Inspired record of an un-inspired utterance; while the apostolic affirmation, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us," is the Inspired record of an Inspired utterance (Acts x. 14; xv. 28). Let it always be remembered that the prophecies rather than the prophets were Inspired, the *writings* rather than the *writers*. "All Scripture is God-breathed," but some sayings and deeds, even of good men therein recorded, were of self, and sin, and earth; while even, on the other hand, occasionally, bad men like Balaam and Caiaphas were compelled, the one unwillingly and the other unwittingly, to voice sentences which were the very words of God put into their lips,—the impulse not being in the speakers, but in the external and overpowering will of the Holy Ghost behind them (Numbers xxii. 38; John xi. 49—52). To the last-named and reluctant prophecies of ungodly witnesses, which prove conclusively at least *their* Verbal Inspiration, and the true meaning of the term prophet as a revealer of God's will, and not only a foreteller of future events, we will again refer as God may grant us grace and opportunity.

The Inspiration of the royal psalmist, David, is even more clearly affirmed, if that were possible, than that of any Old Testament prophet, Moses himself included. His own farewell utterances—and dying men, with the breath of eternity upon them, are careful of their words,—are emphatic and distinct in the claim of supernatural authority: "Now these be the last words of David. David the son of Jesse said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet psalmist of Israel, said, *The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue*" (2 Samuel xxiii. 1, 2); while our Lord, reasoning with His opponents, argues, "*for David himself said by the Holy Ghost*" (Mark xii. 36); and Peter, speaking concerning the betrayal of the Saviour, exclaims, "Men and brethren, this Scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which *the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David spake* before concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus" (Acts i. 16); and the same apostle, on the sacred day of Pentecost, in the full power of the Holy Ghost, declares, "Therefore being a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, He would raise up Christ to sit on His throne; he seeing this before spake

of the resurrection of Christ, that His soul was not left in hell, neither His flesh did see corruption" (Acts ii. 30, 31). Also the great Inspired prayer of the persecuted early church was, "and when they heard that, they lifted up their voice to God with one accord, and said, Lord, Thou art God, which hast made Heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is: who by the mouth of Thy servant David hast said, Why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things?" (Acts iv. 24, 25.) And Paul, preaching at Antioch, asserts, "God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that He hath raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the second Psalm, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee . . . Wherefore He saith also in another Psalm, Thou shalt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (Acts xiii. 33, 35); and in the first short, wonderful chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, consisting only of fourteen verses, we read at least six quotations from the Psalms, where it is definitely stated, "He (God) saith," or "said" (Hebrews i. 5, 6, 7, 8, 13).

It should be always borne in mind that *most of the Davidic Psalms were Messianic and prophetic*, dealing often primarily with the ever-varying experiences of "the shepherd-king," but in their deepest, truest meaning and significance, with "the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." Thus, while even the Gospel narratives of the crucifixion give but the very faintest glimpses of our Lord's soul agonies, in such Psalms as the twenty-second, fortieth, sixty-ninth, eighty-ninth, etc., we see, as it were through windows, into the very heart of the Lord's sorrow, passing through the outer court of His physical anguish, into the inner "Holy of Holies" where He cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" since, as C. H. Spurgeon tersely and strikingly put it, "*The bodily sufferings of Christ were but the body of His sufferings;*" and none but God Himself can gauge the depths of the tremendous statement, "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Corinthians v. 21). Then the glories of Immanuel are predicted in Psalms like the second, twenty-fourth, forty-fifth, sixty-eighth, and seventy-second, where David winds up his most ambitious and unselfish desires—in marked contrast to the utterances of Job's pessimistic and egotistical philosophy, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley. The words of Job are ended" (Job xxxi. 40);—with the doxology, "and blessed be His glorious Name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen. The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended" (Psalm lxxii. 19, 20).

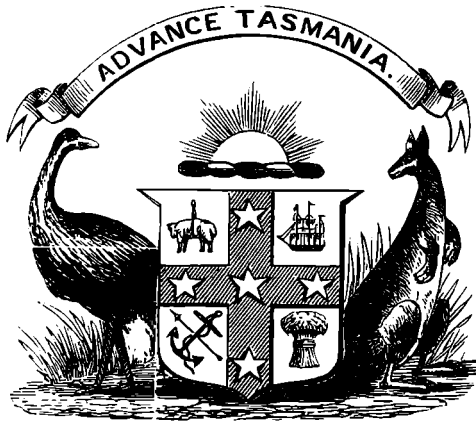
In the Psalms, therefore, pre-eminently, we have a revelation of the very heart of God the Father, "merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy," who "hath not dealt with us after our sins: nor rewarded us according to our iniquities;"—of the very heart of God the Son, who, in His substitutionary agonies for fallen man, as "the waters came in unto His soul," and He sank "in deep mire, where there was no standing," . . . "looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but found none;"—and of the very heart of God the Holy Ghost, who spake, through David, these Psalms

which form the very centre of the Divine Revelation, standing midway between Genesis and the Apocalypse; and, indeed, an approximate estimate might fairly lead to a computation that the very centre of the Bible lies between the seventieth Psalm and the ninetieth; and I like to cherish the sweet conceit that the very heart of the Book is somewhere near those much-loved words, which certainly are the core and essence of the Gospel, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from Heaven" (Psalm lxxxv. 10. 11\*).

*(To be continued next month.)*

## Bush Life in Tasmania.

### IV.—MARRIAGES AND BAPTISMS.



A VISITING Colonial finds some clear-cut differences between the Marriage Laws of England and those of the Colonies. There is no such thing as a "Dissenters' Marriage Law" on any Colonial Statute-book. In fact, is there any country under the sun, where the English tongue is spoken,—except England itself,—where any such law exists? Where "religious equality" has its home, a "Dissenters' Marriage Law" is an anomaly.

In Tasmania, the minister is registered instead of the church. There is no fee to pay for registration. All books and certificates needful for the ceremony are freely provided by the Government. No registrar is present during the service. The minister can solemnize marriages, provided the required declarations have been made and

\* The length of chapters and verses being so unequal, the middle ones cannot give us a clear clue as to the centre of the Bible; but a rough calculation, based upon the paging of Bagster's Edition, Old Testament, 585 pages, New Testament, 188 pages, produces the following interesting result,— $585 + 188 = 773 \div 2 = 386\frac{1}{2}$ , or, Psalms lxxxiv. and lxxxv.

signed, at any time and anywhere,—in the church or in the study, in the house or in the garden. The last marriage service, but one, that the writer conducted in Tasmania, was at a place which had just emerged from “the bush” state, about four hours’ drive from home. The farm belonged to a bushman of the finest type,—brave, strong, self-reliant, hardy, godly. Set him alongside a city *debauchée*,—ill-fed, ill-clad, emaciated, irresolute, with a body soaked with nicotine and alcohol,—and you would say, “The bushman is the *beau-ideal* of a man, something like God meant him to be; the other is a simulation, being taken in by the devil.”

The bushman’s wife was a “helpmeet” as fit as God could give him. “They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.” They had been blessed with many children; some of the sons had married; and now that a daughter was leaving the old roof-tree, so many relatives and friends had brought their presents and their good wishes that no room in the house could accommodate them all. The day was beautifully bright, so we filed into the garden; and under the fruit trees, and beneath the blue sky, and in the lovely sunshine, in the midst of a ring of affectionate friends, two hearts were made one with legal bond, as well as with love, and holy hymn, and prayer, and the Word of God, just as truly as if they had been married by a surpliced “priest” in the “dim religious light” of a chancelled church.

And let not the stern sex imagine—the gentle sex will know better,—that on such occasions, because there is not the pomp of the coupled “greys” and brougham, and the gaping of a promiscuous crowd about the church doors, that the bride is any the less careful concerning her appearance on this day of days. She takes her place by the bridegroom clad in gloves, and dress, and veil, and crown of orange blossoms, just the same as if an imposing company viewed the ceremony. Whether the rites be observed in the privacy of the home, or in the publicity of the church, the bride will very rarely forego the pleasures of full bridal attire; and, for the most part, the brides choose to be married at home with none but their own relatives and acquaintances about them. Thus, without the ceremonious formality that characterizes many wedding services, there is yet in the bush-marriages the same sacredness, and as deep and pure a joy.

As a rule, a friend of the bridegroom has vowed that he will have the first kiss; and there will be a good-tempered struggle to obtain it. Grown-up brothers are sad sinners in this respect. But the bridegroom usually wins—with the assistance of the bride. If the newly-made husband is nervous or absent-minded, he fails to enjoy his privilege in time. A ministerial friend of mine married such an one, and he and a brother-minister present both kissed the bride before the bridegroom did; he, looking on with amused surprise, said, “I think I’ll have one neow.”

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It has seemed to us that a baptismal service is like a wedding of the highest kind. There has been the previous wooing and winning, and the glad avowal of love, and of confidence in Jesus. And now, in public, the bride of Christ forgets her own people and her father’s

house, for the King greatly desires her beauty, and He is her Lord, and she worships Him. She is called by His Name, she enters His family, and she lives unto Him who loved her, and gave Himself for her.

At one of our Mission stations, forty miles away, we had arranged a baptismal service. Our party consisted of three pastors and a genial deacon,—himself a preacher much appreciated and blessed, especially amongst the bushmen, his happy *bonhomie* making him a prime favourite with all. We started in the early morning, in brilliant sunshine. The first part of the journey lay alongside lovely fields and half-cleared bushland, over roads like gravelled park ways; then, through peaceful village and quiet hamlet, by hedgerows of white hawthorn and golden gorse, on by the big-bouldered bed of the swift mountain stream.

Crash! an exclamation, "What's that?" and a jump; and we find that the axle has broken beneath the weight of so much theology! A spring cart is hired from a farmer near, and soon we are mounting the uplands; the air is keener, the bush denser, the scenery grander. Coming to the first height before a quick descent into a deep dale, "Ragged Jack" starts to view,—bold and jagged,—sentinel to Ben Lomond, which towers sublimely 5,010 feet high; and by its side the magnificent peak of Ben Nevis, like a huge volcanic cone, 3,910 feet in altitude; and there, on the left, Mount Barrow, nearly 5,000 feet in height, lying like some gigantic plesiosaurus with one side purpled in the shade, and the other glistening in the sun.

At last, we reach the settlement, which nestles near to these great mountains, on land which, when they were born, heaved into awful contortions, although now resting in wooded beauty, and musical with rippling rills. The settlers are on the look-out for us, and hail us with a hearty welcome. Their best provision is set before us for our refreshment, and afterwards we prepare for the holy service which has brought us together. Was there ever a more beautiful baptistry? A quiet bend in the pure mountain stream, the banks fringed with aromatic native shrubs; the precipitous sides of Ben Lomond near, with lower mounts all around; and gaunt trees, and sweet flowers, and the fresh green grass on the small cleared space. Seven settlers desired to confess Christ in His own appointed way; and there, in the presence of their neighbours, they were "baptized into the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." That bush baptism lingers in our memory to-day, as a sacred experience in Christ's blessed service. Nor were our prayers and praises less joyous and fervent at the meeting which followed in the evening for Christian fellowship, and the proclamation of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. If the richly-privileged Englishmen who turn with loathing from the Gospel Feast, could see the eager hungering for the Bread of Life which these settlers show, it might help them to realize the exceeding value of the blessings they despise.

The writer's admiration for many of these "men of the bush" is as sincere as the light. The Colonies will never fail whilst their stamp abides. Their struggle with nature has made them men. You should see the ground they clear; the awful fires they fight; the kindly help

they give to one another; the grim determination they show to retrieve disaster from fire, or flood, or failure of crops; the steady improvement they make from year to year. Surely, everyone must rejoice over such lives at last crowned with deserved success. To help these men "to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," is a joy and honour unspeakable.

And can you wonder that such men love their homes, when they have made them under such conditions; and love the fragrant bush, too, which daily encircles them? The bushman will say to you, half-seriously, half-jokingly, "I have never seen the clean pastures, and orderly fields, and meandering rivers of Old England; some day, when I am comfortable in pocket, and rotund in girth, I hope to take a trip 'home' to see them with my own eyes. But then, after all, what are her old memories to our virgin freshness? What are her bat-haunted castles and 'Keep-off-the-grass' preserves to our illimitable freedom of bush and river? *Preserves!* Can any Australian imagine that fun is to be got out of potting a lot of sleepy pheasants roused from cover to his waiting gun, after he has enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of riding in the saddle, during a bright Australian day, through the strong perfume of the swamp gums, trailing the strong leapers of the land—the kangaroo and wallaby—to their last homes? *Castles!* Give me a mixture of green timber and ghostly-white dead eucalypti, an Australian full moon, a gun, and a good 'possum dog, and mopokes for attendant spirits, and they can have the old ivy-covered, bat-ridden ruins that like them."

In spite of his genial banter, the Colonial is British at heart. Few would like to cut the ties that bind them to the dear old Motherland. "Home" is the significant word that expresses their affection, their veneration, and their devotion. They are proud of their partnership with "Britain's glorious past," and of their share in her God-ordered destiny. Still, the Australian believes in his sunny land, in its unbounded wealth, in its splendid possibilities, and in its magnificent future. And is it not a kind provision of our Divine Father that—

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,  
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,  
Deems his own land of every land the pride,  
Belov'd of Heaven, o'er all the world beside;  
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest"?

J. E. WALTON.

## C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XXXI.—By E. COMPTON, HASTINGS.

THE true preacher of the Gospel, like a real poet, is born, not made; or, in other words, he is a God-created man. Colleges may make scholars, and churches may appoint various orders of clergy, or priests, but no earthly power can make a minister of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. Every star, of whatever magnitude, that shines in the firmament, has been created and placed in its sphere by

almighty power and infinite wisdom. The ministers of Christ are His stars; they are in His hand, He makes them what they are, and appoints the bounds of their habitation. We can only think of our beloved friend and President, C. H. Spurgeon, as a star of the first magnitude, whose light cheered us in this dark world of sin, but who has passed away from our little sphere into the light of perfect day. Faith, with its eagle-eye, follows him into higher spheres of labour for the Lord he loved. We hope again to meet him in that temple where all Christ's servants shall serve Him day without night, for there is no night there.

It is of his Sermons I wish to speak. They were what living Gospel Sermons must always be,—*not made*, but born of God,—things of life that grow by Divine power out of the preacher's soul. His Sermons were the experience of God's grace made eloquent by the power of the Holy Spirit. As he stood before the great congregation, the feeling of wonder and awe would often fill his hearers' minds as he led the way into the Temple of Truth, as a spiritual worshipper. His enemies have had to confess that this power was not of man, but of God. So effectually did he hide himself behind his Master, that one seemed to see and hear "Jesus only." Those who heard C. H. Spurgeon preach but a few times may think that his friends exaggerate his pulpit power; but we believe that we are speaking within the limits of the truth concerning the things which we have seen and heard.

There is one peculiarity in the Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon that I do not think has ever been noticed, and it is worth being analyzed. If we examine the printed volumes, we shall find a revelation of the growth of his soul in God's wondrous love. The early discourses contain much deep, gracious experience, and also clear knowledge of the Word and grace of God. The later Sermons contain the same great doctrines, but there is a riper and richer fulness that strikes the careful reader. It is the same Gospel, and the same C. H. Spurgeon proclaiming it; but there is a classic beauty and grace of expression born only of mental and spiritual growth. As a preacher, he never seemed young, and he never became feeble by reason of the infirmities of age. In times of pain and weakness, he has often preached with the greatest power. Where other preachers had to labour *up* to the higher points of Divine Truth, he appeared to descend from Heaven with new light on every point in his theme. A few well-chosen words have frequently contained more condensed meaning than many pages of some writers. This was one of the impressions left upon my mind by the first Sermon I heard from his lips, No. 220, "God's Barriers against Man's Sin." The greatness and glory of God, the smallness of man, and the awful character of sin, were kept before the mind throughout the whole discourse. Even as this Sermon is read from the cold, printed page, every part is striking;—I will not say its originality, but its spiritual power must be acknowledged. But, as heard from his lips, with his great soul all ablaze with the fire that came to him from the golden altar as he prayed, the Sermon was something never to be forgotten. The introduction fixed the attention at once; it was both natural and simple, yet sublime. The first sentence sounded the key-note of the whole Sermon:—"The majesty



of God, as displayed in creation and providence, ought to stir up our hearts in adoring wonder, and melt them down in willing obedience to His commands." To quote all its beauties, would be to give the complete discourse, therefore I must refer the reader to the *New Park Street Pulpit*, Vol. IV., page 441.

The memory of that service in the year 1856, with its overpowering solemnity, so unlike anything to which I had been accustomed in church or chapel, and the Sermon, so different from all others that I had ever heard, filled my young heart with new thoughts and feelings that remain fresh and inspiring after so many years. I was just beginning to preach, and that Sermon made me long to preach with like power and freedom.

In student-days, it was my great joy to hear our beloved President at the Tabernacle. Many of these Sermons were great, in the very best sense of that term; and even from the lower platform of pulpit oratory, they have, in my humble opinion, never been equalled, much less surpassed, by any preacher of this, or perhaps of any age. I mean, as Gospel Sermons; there have been greater orations than these, and greater orators than C. H. S.; but the Gospel was never preached, with such fulness and clearness, in such eloquent yet simple language,—at least, not in our day. The secret of his power was that he dwelt in the secret of God's presence; this mysterious something, which cannot be described, was around him in the pulpit. His grandest Sermons sounded like the simple words of a little child telling others of the wonders of his father's riches, and love, and goodness, to poor needy ones who sought his aid. God's open heart of love, His open arms of power, and His open house for all comers through Christ Jesus formed the one burden of his message. The Sermon on "Joseph and his Brethren," No. 449, was just one of these discourses. The Saviour was so exalted that, in listening to the preacher, you saw Christ, who reveals Himself, to the poor self-condemned sinner, in the words of love, "I am Joseph, *your brother*." It was a sweet message of grace to sinners needing a Saviour. Many that day found Jesus their Brother.

One of the most powerful—I may say, one of the most awful—Sermons I ever heard, was the one entitled "Am I Clear of his Blood?" No. 461. The effect of that morning's discourse upon that great congregation baffles all my powers of description. The preacher was bowed down and crushed beneath the solemn weight of his message. He was long prostrate in his room before he came into the Tabernacle. The first part of the service led up to the text: "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground." (Genesis iv. 10.) The opening remarks were short and pointed. Then the divisions were announced as usual. I. We will enquire for the criminals whose brother's blood cries from the ground. II. We will show the execrable character of the crime. III. We will expect the judgment. IV. We will exhort the guilty ones to turn from their ways, and to hear the voice of mercy. Every one in the vast congregation on that July morning trembled as the preacher opened up the subject, and faithfully applied it to every soul present. Eyes unused

to weep were full of tears. Suppressed sobs burst forth from many parts of the assembly. At times, the preacher and hearers were alike overwhelmed with emotion. Whitefield may have excelled Mr. Spurgeon in pathos, but he could not have surpassed him in the grace of tenderness when pleading with souls, or for souls in prayer. The Sermon closed with a fine, telling description of the avenger of blood pursuing the sinner; but the effect of reading the printed page necessarily falls far short of that produced by hearing the discourse delivered. The voice of the preacher, that sounded like thunder from Heaven, was something to remember; but, by the lightning of God's power, the slain of the Lord were many.

There are many other Sermons of the same class, such as "Life in Earnest," No. 433, and "What Meanest thou, O Sleeper?" No. 469, preached when numbers were flying to Christ, and very many (at one time about 100) were waiting for baptism.

In many respects, one of the grandest Sermons I ever heard in the Tabernacle was from the Song of Songs iii. 6—11, "The Royal Pair in their Glorious Chariot," No. 482. As we listened, we *saw* the royal procession pass before our eyes. The descriptive power of the Sermon is its most remarkable character. It is a body of divinity,—unlike any Commentary on the Song of Songs,—yet true to the spirit of the Gospel, and in harmony with the soul's experience.

C. H. Spurgeon's views of Sacred Truth were not bound by any man-made creed, but were fashioned according to the faith once for all delivered to the saints, the form of doctrine Divinely revealed in Holy Scripture. Men may call his views "out-of-date Calvinism, high, or dry, or moderate;" perhaps they were all these, but his creed was much more, for it was intensely Christ-like. His views were so far out of date that the world, and the professing church of the first year of the twentieth century, have not yet caught up with the great preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The Bible, too, remains far ahead of the age.

Multitudes, in these days, may think very lightly of sermons. They look upon them as a kind of unpleasant necessity in the arrangements of the sanctuary service; and the shorter they are, the better are they pleased. Spiritual worship is but little understood. A sermon, that is worthy of the name, contains much more than the spoken or printed words. The sorrows, cares, trials, and temptations,—yea, the very life-blood of the man of God who preaches, flows through every word. Such a message has been bathed in prayers and tears at the throne of grace; and when baptized by the Holy Spirit, it becomes a sermon indeed, not the word of man, but of God. The power of the living God is in it. Preaching requires much more than human power, or earthly wisdom and learning. These things may be, and often are, sanctified and used by our Lord and Master in His service; but He can work without them. Often has He chosen the weak and foolish things to confound the great and mighty ones of this world. Well do we remember how some High Church organs, and Church dignitaries, were moved to indignation and wonder that C. H. Spurgeon, "a layman" without episcopal ordination, or apostolic succession, could

gather multitudes to hear the Word of God. They could not understand it. His Sermons form a mighty monument to his memory. The first in the *New Park Street Pulpit* is on "The Immutability of God." This is a solid foundation upon which all the others rest. It will bear thousands more. The five-hundredth Sermon printed weekly was considered a record in the history of the preacher, and was well celebrated by "Ebenezer." It was my privilege to hear that discourse. That year was full of Sermons that produced much fruit. "The Root of the Matter," "The Bridgeless Gulf," "The Saint's Horror at the Sinner's Hell," and many others, live in memory.

I must notice another remarkable Sermon,—"The Lord, the Liberator," No. 484,—for it is a type of many others, and is a kind of allegory. The text is, "The Lord looseth the prisoners" (Psalm cxlvi). The preacher describes "the common prison in which souls are shut up," and then the various cells, "the solitary cell," "the silent cell," "the cell of ignorance," "the hard-labour room," "the inner prison," "the devil's torture-chamber," and "the condemned cell." It is a beautiful and perfect picture, well worthy of careful study. A little circumstance connected with this discourse shows the tender heart of the preacher. Some short time after preaching it, he received a letter from a person, in great distress of mind, who told him that she was in "the devil's torture-chamber," and that his Sermon had exactly described her case. She feared to make herself known to him by name, as she was the wife of a preacher; but if he wished to seek her out, and thought her worthy of his notice, I, who was in the College at that time, could give him further information. I was preaching in the country, so Mr. Spurgeon sent me her letter, with one of his gracious notes, asking me to write to her, and to give him her name and address, which I did. The result of the interview, if it took place, I know not. Her husband shortly after removed to America, where she died happy in the Lord; her husband died some time ago. C. H. S. never lost sight of a case like this; his heart was always open to any poor soul in spiritual sorrow. Like his Master, he was touched with sympathy, and carried the sorrows of others.

I may say of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons what Macaulay remarked of Milton's poetry, "The effect of his poetry is produced not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them." Mr. Spurgeon's mind, or rather, his soul, was poetic, and many volumes might be filled with grand bursts of poetic fire from his Sermons and his prayers. We must praise God for the great gift of such a preacher, and also thank Him for the clear, fearless, and powerful preaching. But must we not also thank Him for keeping His dear servant so faithful to the truth as it is in Jesus? He never wavered or swerved, or gave any uncertain sound, or changeable creed, or doubtful speculations concerning religion or revelation. We must also rejoice that so many of his Sermons have been preserved, and that they are a living power to-day. "He being dead yet speaketh." We hear his voice in his printed words; and God's Truth can never die.

## The City of the Sun.

BY JAS. F. TAVINER, B.A., WITHINGTON, MANCHESTER.

I CALL Elgin "The City of the Sun" because it was there that I first became intimately acquainted with the luminary of the day. Those who have never watched the sun, in all its peculiar manifestations, from somewhere beyond the Grampians, cannot, strictly speaking, claim to know anything about it. The poor thing which goes by the name of the sun, in Southern Britain, is a mere travesty, a melancholy caricature. You can no more see the sun of the clear Northern sky through the turgid atmosphere of the lowlands than you can see all the glory of a tropical flower when transplanted to a Camberwell back-garden.

Now, it is a well-known ethnological fact that a Scotchman never exaggerates about the weather! You might as soon expect to hear him misquote the Catechism, or speak disparagingly of the Metrical Psalms. I have had a huge tile hurtle past my head, in a terrific gust of wind, and immediately after been greeted by a respected deacon with the remark, "A treefu' blawy the nicht." Amid all the uncertainties of this life, you may always be sure you are on firm ground when listening to a Scot commenting on the weather; and the Elgin people say, when the sky is dim, and the fierce white light no longer beats on the walls and woods and river, "This is not an Elgin day." It is even so, for Elgin lives in the sunshine, and we feel that something is amiss when the glory is not seen upon her. And I have learnt, from this saying, to apply a new test to my spiritual experience. When the light in my heart is dim, and all within me seems to dwell, as it were, beneath sullen skies, and in the midst of chilling damps and miasmatic fogs, then I remember the Elgin by-word, and I say to my heart, "This is not a Jesus day;" and the thought brings me back to lost communion.

All Elgin is built of stone, and the Elgin sun and the Elgin stone together make a very good sermon. I remember walking, one very bright day, with a friend who was by trade a builder. "Ah!" said he, as we passed the Town Hall, "this is a bad day for the masons." "How's that?" I asked, somewhat surprised. "I thought a sunny day was the best of days for your work." He shook his head, and then he said, "The sun is our worst enemy. Look at that building now. Do you see how roughly those stones appear to have been cut? Neither you, nor I, nor the keenest-eyed critic could detect that on a dull day. It is only when the sun shines on stone that you can see the flaws; at other times, it appears perfectly shaped and smoothed."

Another day, I passed the Town Hall when the sun was not shining full upon it; and, remembering his words, I looked up at it, and lo! even as he had said, it seemed absolutely faultless. Again I passed it when the sun was beating on its walls, and there again were the defects, glaringly obvious. Of a truth, there are "sermons in stones;" and here is one of them. In the ordinary, every-day light of the world, our work may seem perfect; to the strictest critic, it may appear

without a flaw ; but when the eye of Heaven beats thereon, behold ! we have imagined a vain thing.

There is a text of Scripture upon which the sun has thrown a good deal of light since I went North ; it is that which says, " at evening time it shall be light." For some astronomical reason, which I have forgotten, there is " no night there " during the summer months. At the midnight chime, it is as light as many a noon-day. If you ever found yourself in an Elgin street at one o'clock in the morning, (pardon the suggestion, gentle reader,) you would enjoy a perfectly unique experience. Nothing is so strange, so weird, and yet so free from any aspect of the fearful as an Elgin summer night. You walk through streets as deserted and as silent as an Indian town at noon ; and yet the streets are as light as when they hummed with wakeful life. The doors are all closed, the shutters all down, the people unseen ; yet you are strangely fearless and content, and you saunter home as though tea were at five, and it still wanted a quarter to the hour. Is it not thus that the night will come to those who love God ? No more the thousand footfalls of the street, no more the jostling of one another, no more the enticing shop-windows or the swinging doors of the bank ; but, still, it will be light, and we shall wend our way home, fearing no evil.

There are no sunsets like the sunsets of the Moray Firth. I am not going to attempt a description of these glories in blue and scarlet, orange and driven snow, which clothe the winter's sky in Apocalyptic splendour. There is an artist from Elgin, in London at present, who has startled all the critics by his daring attempts to snatch some of those sunset glories from the skies, and to preserve them upon the canvas. I do not hope to do the same in words ; but I wish to tell of one great sunset, the memory of which will abide with me till suns shall set no more. It was late in January ; and as I came across the Bow Brig, I gazed down upon the frozen water beneath, and the distant dribbling falls. Thence I looked to the West, and was amazed. There, above the wooded brae, rose a temple of glorious light. I cannot remember now how those wondrous hues were disposed so as to form the walls and pavements, the colonnades and turrets, but I remember a golden stair coming down through the midst, and, on the steps, with a great trumpet in his hand, and his head thrown back, as though about to blow a blast which should wake the world, I saw a mighty angel stand. I could almost have sworn that I heard the first faint breathings of the call, and then—angel, and trumpet, and golden stair faded into a turgid mass of colour. It was as though a voice had said, " Not yet," and an unseen hand had flung again the veil around the things which are eternal. Say it was a cloud, and a prismatic eccentricity. Still, there are parables in these things, and often have I found that memory a safeguard and an incentive. I want to live as though, at every turn, I might see again that angel on the stair, and hear, this time unchecked, the waking thunders of his trumpet blast. O Elgin, Lantern of the North, ere I forget thy sunny memories, may my right hand forget its cunning !

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

### IV.—CONTRASTS.

(The period is the reign of Queen Anne and of George I. The scenes are laid near Chalfont and in London. The "Puritan gentleman" is the youth who listened to the old Ironside's talk.)

THERE have been stirring times of late years both in Church and State. I have, however, for the most part remained by choice in this quiet spot, for it suited me better to see the Spring dawn upon the hills, and burst in budding gladness on the glade, than to be hustled by such a crowd as gathered round Dr. Sacheverell as he went to his trial at Westminster during the March days.

True, I have been to London twice; and on the first occasion, I did see something of the hubbub. But the second visit I look upon as the more memorable, inasmuch as I met Dr. Watts at Sir Thomas Abney's; and, furthermore, on one of the Lord's-days, I heard that amiable and altogether estimable man, Mr. Matthew Henry, who had recently come from Chester to London.

The Sacheverell uproar was as disgraceful as it was uncalled for. An old man of quaint notions, hard by here, asked me why there was such a commotion over "the squawk of a jay." This fire-brand Sacheverell came to the front about ten years ago, when, in a sermon preached before the University of Oxford, he styled Dissenters and their sympathizers as "apostates and renegadoes to their oaths and professions;" and when, later, this paragon of a peaceful creed preached before the judges of assize, he spoke of Nonconformist academies as "fountains of lewdness," from whence were "spawned all descriptions of heterodox, lewd, and atheistical books." In this scurrilous attack upon what, to-day, really represents, though dimly, the Puritanism of the Commonwealth, Sacheverell was joined by a clergyman named Samuel Wesley, who, I understand, lives at Epworth in Lincolnshire, and passes as a learned man. Whatever may be his learning, he has yet to learn common politeness and, certainly, common sense. This Mr. Wesley's forbears were staunch Puritans. It is said that this rector has a remarkable wife, whose own ancestors were noted patriots, and came out in 1662. Truly, in these latter days, it may be said of Puritanism that its foes are those of its own household.

To return to Sacheverell. His sermons were answered by Mr. Defoe in the famous satire to which I have already alluded in this Diary. I was out of the country during the most of this agitation. I understand that Dr. Swift remarked that feeling ran so high that the dogs in the streets were much more contumelious and quarrelsome than usual, and that Whig and Tory cats held loud debates on the roofs as to the merits of Church and Dissent! I look upon it all as unutterably sad. The sheep of the flock are left to wander while the shepherds fall out as to which is the authorized crook. Of late years,

the poor have been lapsing into heathenism, and the rich into atheism. When will all this controversy cease, and the blessed Evangel again be heard as frequently, as full, and as sweet, as the song of birds on a May morning?

I was, as I have said, in London on the second day of Dr. Sacheverell's trial. There could be no mistake on which side the common people were, though it is easy enough to cry "crucify" when the great lead the way. There is little doubt that the High Church clergy used the popular ferment for their own ends, for Sacheverell's vituperations only voiced their own virulence of heart against the Nonconformists. They hated toleration, and thirsted for persecution. Many conventicles were sacked, and holy men insulted.

I saw the subject of all this uproar enter Westminster Hall, attended by Dr. Atterbury and Dr. Smalridge, and puffed up with his own importance in no small degree. He had on a new pair of fine-fitting gloves, and with a most pious manner he waved a white handkerchief trimmed with lace. The air was rent with shouts of "High Church and Sacheverell!" I could not help muttering, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" A new man, who is rising much in the estimation of statesmen, Mr. Robert Walpole, distinguished himself in moving the impeachment. But the doctor defended himself ingeniously in a speech full of solemn appeals to God, and such applications of Scripture as would make any serious person tremble. Many noble ladies were in tears, overwrought by the crowd and occasion one would fain think, and not by such shallow and scurrilous arguments as Sacheverell's. On one of the days of the trial, the Queen went down to Westminster. The mob gathered round her chair, shouting "God bless your Majesty, and the Church! We hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell." So the Divine Institution was dragged in the train of a vile lampooner, and the acid old Duchess of Marlborough sneeringly said, "Oh, what dreadful things do we undergo for the sake of the Church!"

So light was the sentence passed on the doctor that his sympathizers looked upon it as virtually an acquittal, and forthwith illuminated the streets, and got drunk. Since the trial, Sacheverell has made a sort of progress through the country, and such fantastic tricks have been played before high heaven as might make the angels weep. Oxford—"that nursing place of slavery,"—as a patriot has recently called it, led off, and other towns followed, till this vulgar preacher walked beneath triumphal arches, had medals struck in his honour, and his health drunk in casks of wine.

Verily, the reign of the saints is not yet. Purity of life, simplicity of worship, and soberness of thought are hated by the loose-living multitude; and let them but get some prejudiced, jaundiced, violent leader, then they will show their dislike of the truly spiritual by an insane fury of mischief and destruction. It is still, with scribes, Pharisees, priests, and popular clamour, "Not this Man, but Barabbas." So pulpits and pews of Puritan conventicles have been burned in honour of the man who called his fellow-Christians, (save the mark,) "monsters and vipers," "sanctified hypocrites," "unhallowed, loathsome, and detestable." It is all very pitiable. O England, how soon

hast thou forgotten thy truly great men,—Milton, Bunyan, Owen, and Howe! Wilt thou ever do them the justice their memories deserve?

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It is soothing to the spirit to watch the Spring break over the countryside. How much better, when it can be done, to garden in the lifting mist than to grope one's way up Holborn Hill in a lowering London fog, and stand your chance of tilting against a Smithfield butcher or a sedan chair! It will be an ill day for morals and health if the people are forced to leave the fields for the towns. There is a wonderful picture of city life in the Book of the Revelation, but the description portrays a perfect city. The air is clear, the streets are clean, the citizens can dress in white, which remains unsoiled, living waters flow through the midst, and there are open spaces adorned with health-breathing trees, bearing a fruitage month by month. O happy Commonwealth, ideal of what city life should be! When shall we enjoy its pleasures? Nay, rather, may we not add,—When will our civic authorities, who go to church in state, and rightly call upon God to have mercy upon them as "miserable sinners," see in the Apocalypse a parable, and shape their corporation ways to give it meaning? This may come long hence, when the days of Newton and Locke are in the dim background. Methinks I see, instead of the foul London of the time of Queen Anne, with its open gutters, its greasy cobbles, its narrow ways full of death-traps, a city of wide thoroughfares, graced with fountains and lined with trees; while, above, there no longer hangs a murky pall, but the soft blue or gray of the Northern sky.

How quieting, after the gales of the Equinox, are the soft days when the sky is slowly clearing! The wind has dropped; the air has the touch of Winter, but the temper of Spring. Catkins hang open, birds sing, and anemones bloom. On such days, I love to walk down peaceful ways disturbed only by the distant caw of rooks and bleat of lambs; sweet English lanes, on which the eyes of Hampden gazed ere he went forth upon his great emprise. These paths suit my spirit. I pause before the bursting bine; I muse, as in a dream, and the damp earth's odours help me. Then I bethink me of the book I carry, one of the Ironside's own, an ancient volume, written in far-off times, but speaking yet; and this is what Master Tauler, of Strasburg, has to say:—"We should do, dear children, as the husbandman does in March. When he sees that the sun begins to shine forth, he clips and cuts his trees, and digs up his ground, and turns over the soil with toil and care. Thus should a man with earnest care turn over the soil of his heart, and clip and prune the trees of his outward senses, and root out from the soil all useless weeds that draw the nourishment from the ground. . . . Yet when he has done this, it is as the fields in March,—the sun is shining, but the great warmth of the sun is not gone forth as yet, and the ground is cold and hard. But the Summer follows soon, and the Sun of the Face of God shines down apace upon the bare and empty field. . . . Then cometh a glad some Summer, and the blossoms unfold that are to turn to fruit at last. And no tongue can tell, and no heart can conceive, how great the joy and bliss that make Summer in the soul where the Holy Ghost abides."



So, on soft afternoons, I muse and read, away from courts and quarrels; and, as Spring casts around her balm, my soul revives, and, forthwith, I turn her perfumes into parables.

## “Love your Bibles.”

I HAVE come to the end of my sixteenth year's distribution of “Extracts from the Sermons” of the late beloved Pastor C. H. Spurgeon in house letter-boxes; and the twelfth year of distributing Gospel Cards entitled “Jesus Saves Now,” and “Have you Christ?” to men on their way to work between 5 and 7 A.M.,—the class of the democracy which Mr. Herbert Vaughan, of Westminster, and his priests are endeavouring to inveigle into the Papal net.

While reading, with intense interest, *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, I observed these words:—“I often envy those of my brethren who can go up to individuals, and talk to them with freedom about their souls . . . . It is wonderful how God blesses very little efforts to serve Him.” In this sixteenth Annual Report, I purpose giving some particulars of my endeavours to act in the way he indicated; and by distributing the Extracts from his Sermons, “Love your Bibles,” and “There is Something in the Bible for you,” to waken up the people to a due regard and love for the Divine Oracles of Truth, and to lead them to prize the Sacred Scriptures more highly both in their understandings and in their feelings, both in their heads and in their hearts. As water cannot rise above its level, so our national reverence for the Bible cannot rise above the level of reverence accorded to it by the individuals and families who constitute the nation; and my object in distributing the Sermons from house to house is that the love of every family for the Word of God may become more decided, intelligent, earnest, and devout; and radiate outwards, and penetrate our national life. We, as a nation, recognize the Bible as God's Revelation to man, and a copy of it was solemnly presented to our late beloved Queen at her coronation in Westminster Abbey. On presenting it, the Archbishop of Canterbury said:—“Our gracious Queen;—we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the Royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this Book, and that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world,—nay, wise and happy unto salvation, and so, happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; to whom be glory for ever! Amen.”

How stands it with England at the commencement of this new century? Do not facts demonstrate the desirability of making every possible effort to kindle again the fire of a holy and fervent love for the Bible? The Ritualistic *Church Times* for 27th July last, in a leading article on “The English Religion,” said:—“Fifty or sixty years ago, the religion of England was a weakened Puritanism . . . . Englishmen believed intensely in the Providence of God, and His judgment of transgressors. Can we say anything of this kind now? . . . . If, sixty years ago, the religion of England was Puritanism, the present irreligion is due to the break-up of Puritanism. Nor is the reason for this hard to divine. That superstitious reverence for the Bible, on which Puritanism rested, has passed away from the multitude. So far as this was superstitious, it is well lost. But, unhappily, the superstition has involved in the same ruin the genuine belief in the Word of God.”

When Puritanism is in a down-grade condition spiritually, and the old Scriptural theology of the Westminster Confession of Faith is decried; when sermons are delivered, in which the preachers almost ridicule the idea that the Bible is infallible; when Broad Church clergymen and "the higher critics" join with infidels and atheists in discrediting its accuracy; when the Romish Archbishop Vaughan, with his bishops and priests, teaches that the Bible possesses no authority whatever in itself, but derives its authority entirely from the sanction of their sect; and when municipal bodies give encouragement to Sunday bands, Sunday concerts, the Sunday opening of museums, and many other devices for replacing the public worship of God by Sunday amusements, is it any wonder that multitudes of the people have lost whatever reverence they may have had for the Bible, and have ceased to attend public religious instruction in the house of God? Surely, in these days of doctrinal laxity, and the substitution of so many devices for the simple preaching of the Gospel, the value of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, which contain his clear and fearless testimony to the Divine authority and infallibility of the Bible, is inestimable; and all who exert themselves in distributing them from house to house are helping to keep the light of true religion burning brightly in the land, and so prove themselves to be among England's best benefactors.

One prominent evil which frequently confronts me while distributing the Sermons and Gospel Cards, is the materialistic idea which teaches that this present life and its comforts are the only things worth caring for, in direct opposition to the apostolic command, "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth" (Colossians iii. 2). This false conception of life is nothing but an artifice of "the god of this world" to blind men's minds, and lure them to eternal destruction; for it turns their attention away from true religion, it develops a state of mind in which the spiritual ideas of the Bible find no place, it tends to make the Word of God insipid and distasteful, and it leads on to scepticism, infidelity, and atheism hard to be overcome.

The following incidents illustrate the bold avowals of materialistic ideas of life with which I sometimes meet. In a bookseller's shop, I overheard a customer asking for a notoriously infamous book. The shopkeeper said he had not got it in stock, but he would get it for him. The customer left, and I said to the bookseller, "Surely you will not sell that book!" "Sell it," he exclaimed, "I would sell Jesus Christ and His twelve apostles for money!" A gentleman, to whom I handed one of the Sermons, looked it over, and said:—"It is impossible to live a Christian life in these days. Commercial life is so complex, and competition is so keen, that business men must satisfy their consciences with an inferior measure of rectitude, sanctioned by common custom and one's own interests, though inconsistent with Christian ethics. I am a rope manufacturer; and when I send in my tenders, I am obliged to bribe in certain quarters. I know it is wrong; but I also know that my competitors bribe, and that I must do as they do, or I should lose the contract."

Much of the Sabbath profanation that I witness while distributing the Sermons on Lord's-day mornings is the direct result of the materialistic ideas of life, which involve their victims in an environment where buying, selling, and getting gain becomes the sole business of life; leaving no time or inclination for spiritual things. Tradesmen, who keep their shops open on Sundays, say to me, "I have my rent and taxes to pay;" or, "My takings are larger on Sunday than on any other day of the week;" or, "My neighbours keep their shops open, and I must do as they do." Hence also the growing frequency and audacity of the attacks on the sanctity of the Lord's-day, in defiance of the

Divine Commandment; and many, from whom better things might have been expected, are quite willing to have the saturnalia of Romish countries imitated in our own land, and to convert the Lord's-day into that compound of idleness and frivolity which prevails on the Continent.

While writing this Report, I have beside me seven Roman Catholic Catechisms, which I personally purchased in Rome, Naples, and Florence. They all bear the *imprimatur* of the ecclesiastical authorities, and in every one of them the Ten Commandments are mutilated. No mention is made of the Second; and in place of the Fourth, the Pope and his hierarchy have had the Heaven-provoking wickedness to substitute a Papal ordinance,—“Remember to keep holy the Festivals;” and this tampering with the Fourth Commandment accounts for the fact that, throughout the Romish nationalities of the Continent, the Lord's-day is practically abolished. It would be a grand beginning to the reign of our gracious sovereign, King Edward VII., if he would boldly stand forth and set the noble example of Sabbath observance, and so promote the true welfare and highest interests of the whole British nation.

Coincident with the spread of the evils already mentioned runs shallow-minded frivolity. Only what gratifies the senses, something startling, something sensational, is what is sought for by many folk; and to such people, the Sermons I distribute are as the white of an egg, without taste or flavour, the reading of the Bible an irksome task, and the preaching of the Gospel is unpalatable. The craving for frivolity and sensationalism, which moved even Protestant Nonconformist ministers to go to witness such a sight as the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, will, I fear, soon destroy all remaining opposition to Ritualistic forms and observances in Divine worship; and godly jealousy for soundness of doctrine and purity of service will continue to decline. The following fact illustrates the tendency of carnal minds to degrade the public worship of God to the level of a mere concert-room entertainment. After much persuasion, I induced a gentleman, nominally a member of the Established Church, to accompany me, one Sabbath morning, to a Nonconformist place of worship, where the Gospel is fully and faithfully preached. At the close of the service, I asked him to accompany me again in the evening. “Yes,” he said sarcastically, “I will, if I may be allowed coffee and cigars.” Such are the innovations that are nowadays sighed for!

Assuredly, there is need to distribute Mr. Spurgeon's sermons from house to house, to recall professing Christians to that separation from the world, and that contemplation and delight in spiritual things which the Gospel requires. “We all feel that a hardening process is going on among the masses. In this vast city, we have street after street where the people are living utterly regardless of the worship of God. . . . Why is this? Whence this distaste for the ordinary services of the sanctuary? I believe that the answer, in some measure, lies in a direction little suspected. There has been a growing pandering to sensationalism; and, as this wretched appetite increases in fury the more it is gratified, it is at last found to be impossible to meet its demands. Those who have introduced all sorts of attractions into their services have themselves to blame if people forsake their more sober teachings, and demand more and more of the noisy and singular. Like dram-drinking, the thirst for excitement grows.” (C. H. Spurgeon, in *The Sword and the Trowel*, June, 1888.)

It is a pleasure to me to record, in this Sixteenth Annual Report, that during the last twelve months I have distributed from house to house 33,000 of the Sermon Extracts entitled “Love your Bibles” and “There is Something in the Bible for you;” and 11,500 of the Gospel

Cards, headed "Have you Christ?" every one of which, taken into the home, or given away in the street, is like a good seed cast into the ground. Among the mass of the people, they are well received; out of all that I have distributed, only a few, comparatively, have been rejected, or thrown away, or torn up because of an anti-religious feeling; and though this distribution bears few visible fruits, I believe that it is not in vain, and that God will bless it to the advancement of the Saviour's Kingdom, and to hasten the time when the masses of the people of this realm shall be brought under the power of the Gospel, and evangelized, and so become a God-fearing and Christ-honouring nation. Measured by the number of Sermon Extracts and Gospel Cards thus circulated, or by the tangible results of their distribution, this form of Christian endeavour must take a very humble place among the varied Christian agencies at work in our land; but, as dear C. H. S. observes, in the quotation I have already given from his *Autobiography*, "It is wonderful how God blesses very little efforts to serve Him."

March, 1901.

T. G. OWENS.

## Pastor Thomas Spurgeon at Devonport.

WE are obliged, this month, to omit "The Pastor's Page," as Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is too weary and too much pressed with work to write it. We are glad, therefore, that the following account of his mission at Devonport has come from Mr. Harmer, who was the local Secretary, and who conducted one of the two preliminary services on the preceding Sabbath:—

"On Monday evening, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon arrived, weary in body, but fresh and vigorous in heart and spirit. His opening note was, '*the old, old story.*' It was interesting thus to see a leading Baptist preacher amongst a crowd of Methodist hearers, who at first seemed to be a little impatient for results; but, as he went on with his message, it was evident that he was laying a good firm foundation of Gospel truth; so we waited, and watched, and prayed. On the Wednesday, we had a young people's day. By that time, the beloved Missioner had won the sympathies and prayers of the people. In the afternoon, the Rev. E. Bickley gave a short address to a crowded meeting of young people, and Mr. Spurgeon followed with a simple but powerful personal story. No enquiry meeting was held, yet many, moved to tears, made their way into the various rooms to seek prayerful spiritual guidance. In the evening, a very remarkable demonstration was witnessed in Devonport. Sunday-school teachers and scholars, Christian Endeavour workers, and members of Wesley Guilds, led by a band of music and a number of torch-bearers, went round the town, preaching, and singing, and inviting the people to the Public Hall, which was soon filled to overflowing, while a chapel, close by, was also utilized, and souls were led to Christ in both places.

"So the mission went on till the second Sabbath was reached, when mighty crowds told of the interest that had so wonderfully increased. In the afternoon, we felt the power of the Word, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' In the hush of that solemn hour, we knew that the Lord was with us, and we *were still*. Veteran Christians were melted to tears, and many said concerning the Missioner, 'How like his dear father he is!' In the evening, just before Mr. Spurgeon's address, the Secretary asked those who had decided for Christ, during the mission, to rise to their feet. Then our hearts were indeed made glad, for,

from all parts of the large hall, arose a crowd with tearful yet beaming faces to testify of the new joy they had found. And then again rang out the grand old Gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and again the power of the message was proved by the great number of seeking souls. After another rich harvest on the Monday, the mission closed on the Tuesday. The Missioner, with tired body but glad heart, spake his final word, and left, followed by the earnest prayers of hundreds who now see the light, and rejoice in it.

"From this mission, we learn that the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. We learn also that evangelistic work need not be confined to any stereotyped lines. 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' When HE is present, how quickly difficulties disappear! How to conduct the after-meeting, is no longer a problem when HE conducts it Himself. We see also that the evangelist still has an important place in church work and church life. 'Some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers,' are still found amongst Christ's gifts to His Church. The fields are white unto the harvest; oh, for the reapers!"

## 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 Baptist Pulpit.—Church and Home, and other Sermons.* By Rev. JAMES STUART. *Studies in the Lord's Prayer, and other Sermons.* By Rev. J. E. ROBERTS, M.A., B.D. *The First Sign, and other Sermons.* By Rev. C. E. STONE. *Appeals to the Soul.* By Rev. W. KIRK BRYCE. *Pure Religion, and other Sermons.* By Rev. W. LOMAX MACKENZIE. *The Mask Torn Off, and other Sermons.* By Rev. W. C. MINIFIE, B.D. *Christus Consolator, and other Sermons.* By Rev. Z. T. DOWEN, D.D. *The Seven Sayings from the Cross.* By Rev. JOSEPH GAY, A.T.S. *The Spiritual Observatory, and other Sermons.* By Rev. HARRI EDWARDS. Arthur H. Stockwell, 2, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.

Since our previous notice concerning *The Baptist Pulpit*, we have received the nine books above-mentioned, which complete the first twelve volumes in Mr. Arthur Stockwell's series issued under that title. We very cordially congratulate the publisher on the energetic and excellent manner in which he is carrying out an admirable idea, and we trust that both inside and outside the Baptist denomination his enterprise will meet

with the reward it richly merits. The books are clearly printed, uniformly bound, and published at half-a-crown net each; and with the sermons by a few well-known preachers, there are others by ministers with whom the general public are not so familiar, but who are fully entitled to a place in such a representative homiletic gallery as this promises to be. The volumes can be almost all commended without the least hesitation. We could not endorse all that Mr. Roberts says upon John vi. 37 and Mark ix. 43, 44; but, as a rule, the discourses in the whole series are on the old Evangelical lines, and therefore are worthy of wide circulation. The printers certainly deserve to be commended for the way in which they have performed their part of the work, though we have noted one very curious slip in Vol. X., page 40, where Dr. Dowen is made to speak of Paul's "maritime prison in Rome."

We note, with intense interest, that seven out of the twelve volumes contain sermons by "our own men," and they are not a whit behind the others in the series. Anyone who carefully examines them, and compares them with the discourses in *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*,

will see at once that, while the glorified President and his former students are fully agreed as to the fundamentals of the faith, each man gives fair play to his own individuality, and so fills his proper position far better than if he had slavishly imitated his beloved leader. No one would have been more gratified than Mr. Spurgeon himself to see how his men had profited by the training he helped to give them. It would be invidious, among so many valuable volumes, to select any one or more for special commendation; but, with the exceptions we have mentioned in this and our previous notice, we can heartily advise our readers to purchase, and read, and circulate the whole series.

*Alone in Africa; or, Seven Years on the Zambesi.* By Madame MATHILDE KECK GOY. Nisbet and Co.

A THRILLING story of the trying experiences of a missionary's wife (and afterwards widow), who had been trained in the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony, and who went with her husband to labour in the region beyond the great Zambesi river. Among the many trials she had to endure, one of the most pathetic was that of helping to make the coffin in which to bury her husband; and none but a true heroine would have started out on a journey of two hundred miles on foot, at the end of which she was rescued from starvation by messengers sent to meet her by the Christian chief Khama. One reason why this little shilling book ought to have a large sale is that the proceeds will help to defray the cost of the education of the missionaries' two children; and, ultimately, their mother may be able to return to live and labour among the people for whose sake she has already suffered so much.

Mr. John Bateman, 26, Paternoster Square, E.C., who was for many years manager of "Horner's Penny Stories," sends us some of *The "Grace Pettman" Stories*, which he is now publishing fortnightly, at a

penny each. We are very pleased with the general tone of the tales; and if our young people, or their seniors, must have fiction to read, we suppose that in this form it will do them the least harm. There are three stories of the war in South Africa, by Grace Pettman, which give some glimpses of the horrors of that terrible campaign, as well as of the good work which gracious men and women can do under such sad circumstances. The story entitled "The Shadow of the War" ought never to have been published; it contains shameful slanders on the brave people who have been so long able to resist the whole might of the British Empire, and who have proved their right to any measure of freedom that they may be able to secure from their cruel conquerors. If the writer of the tale referred to wants a theme worthy of her pen, let her tell the true story of the looting and burning of the Boer farms, and of the suffering needlessly inflicted upon the innocent women and children.

*Tales of a Colporteur.* By J. MACALISTER. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THE scene of the colporteur's work here described is actually (or supposed to be) in Ireland, for it is not quite clear whether it is a record of facts, or the product of the author's imagination. There is no particular literary ability in the narrative, but it contains many striking and startling incidents, and exposes the evils of Romanism, and of the two forms of Down-gradeism,—false doctrine and worldliness. The Salvation Army comes in for considerable commendation in the later chapters of the book, which is published at 2s. 6d.

*Another Pentecost.* By I. E. PAGE. Partridge and Co.

A SHILLING reprint of a series of papers which appeared in *The Methodist Times*, and which were supposed to record the consultations of a provincial Free Church Council in anticipation of the Simultaneous Mission. There are some good

things in the little book, but there is also an admixture of very doubtful doctrine,—doubtful, we mean, to those who do not take the Methodist standpoint.

*With Christ in Sailor Town.* By FRANK T. BULLEN. Hodder and Stoughton.

NOT long ago, we cordially commended Mr. Bullen's powerful plea on behalf of the furnishing fund for a "Palace for Poor Jack." Here is another eighteenpenny booklet, written by him, to tell us "what the Seamen's Mission is doing," and what we can do to help it. It is a luxury to read anything that Mr. Bullen writes; the purity of his style—so different from the jargon that passes for literature nowadays,—fascinates us, and fastens all our attention on the subject he brings before us. The sailor-men, as he calls them, are already deeply indebted to him for his help in many ways, and this new book is another token of his unabated interest in his sea-going brethren. Let all our readers get it at once, and then aid the Seamen's Mission as much as they can.

*"No Condemnation," and other Verses.* By Rev. E. DOVETON, M.A. Houlton and Sons.

A SHILLING volume of poems, of average merit, which have probably been appreciated by the congregation to which they are dedicated. We note that, in most instances, the verses are headed by a text of Scripture, but that the nine pieces written for the annual sale of work are without any Biblical reference; was that because the worthy clergyman could not find any passage to support such a method of raising funds for the Lord's work? It is rather remarkable that the word "Antinomian" is in every case printed "Antinonian."

J. C. Ryle's Tracts, like C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, will be worthy of circulation to the end of the age, so we welcome, from Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling, three six-

penny packets of Tracts,—*Helmingham Series*,—by the late Bishop Ryle. They are full of Gospel truth expressed in plain and simple language.

*The Early Home of Richard Cameron.* Containing an Account of a Scottish Village in Covenanters' Times. By JOHN DOWNIE, M.A. Alexander Gardner.

FEW who peruse these pages will think that the former times were better than these. It is very evident that human nature was then very frail and gross. We do not think this pamphlet will be of much interest to the Christian public, although it affords "realistic glimpses of the virtues and vices of the good people" of more than two centuries ago. Surely, the vices of these ancient folk and of "Cromwell's saints" might have been left to perish with their bones.

*First Steps in New Testament Greek.* By J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A. C. H. Kelly.

HIGHLY-FAVoured, indeed, are the students of modern days, to have such lucid helps to the study of the original Scriptures as this, and kindred volumes. Any ordinary reader of intelligence could soon command a respectable knowledge of the Greek New Testament, and be marvellously enriched in Divine truth, by the use of this splendid little Manual. Why does not some open-eyed Sunday-school superintendent start a class, one evening a week, for such of his teachers as are willing to give themselves to the serious mastering of this book? It would repay them a thousandfold. It is a veritable mine of transparent enriching.

*Palestine in Geography and History.* By A. W. COOKE, M.A. C. H. Kelly.

FOR Bible students, whether beginners or more advanced, this is in every respect an admirable Handbook. The facts are rendered luminous by a lucid and interesting style; the most recent discoveries are embodied; and the maps help

very effectively in the ready understanding of the contents of the volume.

Happy are the readers and students who have ready to their hands, and at such cheap prices, so excellent a series of helps to the study of the Book of books. Sometimes, we wonder whether the bewildering literature *about* the Bible has not covered up the Bible itself from modern readers. We trust not.

*Scottish Cathedrals and Abbeys.* By Rev. D. BUTLER, M.A. A. and C. Black.

ONE of the best volumes yet published in "The Guild Library." Full of reliable information about the cathedrals and abbeys of the land of Northern romance; and this imparted in no perfunctory fashion, but with evident enthusiasm. What the genius of Sir Walter Scott has made to be surrounded with romantic glamour, the present writer puts in photographic fidelity to fact; but the picture is none the less attractive. This little volume, sold at a shilling and sixpence, ought to run into many editions; and we doubt not that in every Scottish home a copy will soon be found.

*All Change.* By WILFRED WOOLLAM, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THIS little book is an extraordinary collection of literary scraps: some sly in humour and satire, others gleaming with keen insight into character and motive; all interesting, and yet strangely disconnected. They remind one of the sweepings of a literary man's desk, brought together and printed without any attempt to bind or even thread them together. If there be an order of mind that likes this sort of disorder, it has room to revel here.

*Ships and Havens.* By H. VAN DYKE. Nelson and Sons.

A REPRINT, in modern black-letter type, of a remarkable sermon on "Life as a Voyage." As a gift-book for a thoughtful youth or maiden, it could not be surpassed. Its literary

quality is of the finest; plentifully pointed with apt and beautiful quotations, and inspired with earnest and devotional feeling. It reminds one, in much of its thinking, of another Sermon of deathless Memory, on "There go the Ships;" only that the latter is distinctly more evangelistic in tone. Still, both are good, very good; and Van Dyke is a true artist if not so famous a fisher of men as the revered C. H. Spurgeon.

*Sermons on the Psalms.* Analysed by Rev. J. F. B. TINLING, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHAT used to be called "Skeletons" of sermons are here resolved into "analyses"—the grim and ghastly old metaphor being transformed into the more modern and delicate one. We suppose there is always a public that buys and retails this sort of stuff; and granted this, the specimen before us is an average of its kind. The author's "analysed" are of the most varied Schools; a veritable Noah's Ark in the theological sense. So, "you pays your money, and takes your choice, my pretty dears."

*Beautiful Characters; or, Types of Victory.* By JAMES PATON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE characters here portrayed are truly called beautiful, and right worthily are they depicted. Some of these chapters excel in pathos anything we remember in the whole Kailyard series, and there are many touching scenes there, so this is no slight praise.

Baptist readers will not agree with Dr. Paton when he mentions "the sacred rite" of infant sprinkling, which they regard as the root-error of Romanism, from which all the abominations of sacramentarianism and sacerdotalism have sprung. This is the one fly in a very fragrant pot of ointment, but honesty requires that it should be pointed out.

One of the quaint characters here described went twice to ask the minister about marrying him, but



he was so shy that he did not introduce the topic, but talked at great length about "auld Tam o' Ecclefechan." We wonder if it is Dr. Paton's own reverence for Carlyle which has prompted his extraordinary use of capital letters for the commonest of common nouns, such as Cat, Dog, Kitchen, and Pig!

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, 8, York Buildings, Adelphi, has published, at one shilling net, a most startling pamphlet entitled *The Children and the Drink*, which ought to move all Christian people, and all lovers of their country, to insist upon the passing by Parliament of the bill to prohibit the sale of drink to children. When drunken England—drunken in more senses than one,—becomes sobered, we may hope to have many more evils beside the liquor traffic abolished, or at least materially diminished.

*The Magic Mist, and other Dartmoor Legends.* By EVA C. ROGERS. Andrew Melrose.

THE superstitious and legend-loving folk of the West of England will revel in the contents of this handsome five-shilling volume; and some of them, we suppose, will believe every word of it! The authoress has made the most of very scanty materials, and she has produced a work which will be an indispensable companion to the Dartmoor tourist, who wishes to link the memories of Druids, Danes, Saxons, monks, Roundheads, and Cavaliers with the tors and tarns, and trees and cairns which still remain, though he will search in vain for "the pixies of Ockington Wood" or any of the other "little people" who are still supposed to get up to all manner of strange antics in connection with both friends and foes.

*Quiet Hours.* Second Series. By JOHN PULSFORD, D.D. Andrew Melrose.

Who that has read the first series, published over forty years ago, will not want to see the second? When

we have said that the second is like unto the first, what more need we say? All who will secure sufficient "quiet hours" to join this old Christian mystic in meditating upon some of the deep things of God, will here find much that is thought-breeding and soul-stirring.

*The Surrendered Life.* Quiet Hour Meditations. By REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D. Sunday School Union.

As the author of this little shilling book states, in his very modest Introduction, "I only long to exalt Christ," what can the reviewer do but commend a work which is admirably calculated to produce that result? Criticism is out of the question in such a case. Surrendered lives are all too few nowadays; if the number of them be increased by means of this little volume, Christ will indeed be exalted.

*The Way into the Kingdom; or, Thoughts on the Beatitudes.* By REV. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D. Religious Tract Society.

GRACIOUS and lofty thoughts, though not startlingly original. For personal and devotional purposes, rather than as suggestive to preachers and teachers. If originally preached as sermons, we should imagine that they have lost much from the absence of the personal element that so often makes the force of a discourse: the living man is needed to make these "thoughts" live.

*Knots. Quiet Chats with Boys and Girls.* By A. N. MACRAY, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A CAPITAL book of talks with boys and girls; but wrongly named as "quiet." So far from being that, they are all alive, and overflowing with noisy gladness. Just the talks in which exuberant boys and girls will revel. They manage, too, to introduce religious truth, and the central teaching of the Gospel, in a wondrously apt and natural way. We give them unstinted welcome; and when the next edition comes out, as it surely soon will, please

call it, not "quiet", but "lively" chats, for such they are.

*A Young Man's Religion.* By Rev. G. JACKSON, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

SELDOM have we read so altogether delightful a series of sermons or addresses to the young, as these.

Mr. Jackson was always clear, fresh, and forceful, but has now grown into grasping for himself, and expounding for others, the deeper truths of Bible teaching. The first paper on "The love we feel, and the love we trust," might have been preached by a thorough Calvinist, so emphatically does it glory in the Godward source of salvation, and the Divine Sovereignty of it. With fatalism, Mr. Jackson has no sympathy; but with the Bible truth of God's royal prerogative, he grows more and more in love. We shall rejoice if this volume, like its predecessors, sells by thousands: it can only do good wherever it goes.

*Goals and Nails.* By Rev. JOHN MITCHELL. Partridge and Co.

A SERIES of short papers which may have been or might be useful tracts, well printed, simple, illustrative, and clear in their Gospel teaching. There are good hints for Sunday-school or Evangelistic addresses.

Several *Story-books* have come to hand since we completed our long Christmas and New Year lists. From the Wesleyan Methodist Book-room (Charles H. Kelly), we have received three two-shilling volumes,—*Crosbie Urquhart's Sowing*, by KATE THOMPSON SIZER, a realistic tale of Methodism fifty years ago, and introducing the then rising young preacher, Morley Punshon;—*Bluebell of Swanpool*, by ANNIE E. COURTENAY, who relates an almost incredible narrative of a young Cornish-woman's crime, with its terrible sequel;—and *The North Sea Lassie, and other Stories*, by EMILY M. BRYANT, in which Methodists on the Lincolnshire wolds are

the heroines and heroes. There is also a shilling volume by the last-named authoress,—*The Nine, a Family History*, which amusingly records the experiences of a Methodist minister and his nine children in a new circuit.

*Caroline; or, the Days of her Youth;* by MARIE D. M. CAMPBELL (Arthur H. Stockwell), is a well-written story of a noble young woman who did all she could to rescue her prodigal brother, whose evil life dragged others down with him. Happily, he was "saved by grace;" and his sister was united in marriage to a brave and faithful minister of the Gospel who, as a boy, had saved her from drowning, and had afterwards passed through many trying circumstances before his earthly bliss could be realized.

*Rachel Penrose, Christian.* By A. GORDON MACLEOD. Alexander Gardner.

A STORY or novel concerning Highlanders, gipsies, Quakers, and other folk, written largely in a dialect only intelligible in the far North. Perhaps this is not altogether a matter of regret, for the record is a sad and sorrowful one, only relieved by the genuine piety and faithfulness unto death of the gentle Quakeress whose name gives the title to the volume.

*The Living Remnant, and other Quaker Tales.* By K. K. K. Headley Brothers.

QUITE a fresh view of fiction, and as healthy as it is fresh. "The Living Remnant" is a suggestive chapter, especially where the man Friend becomes "the voice of the silence," and cries, "Rules, and conformities, and ceremonies are not religion. That which is outward shall not stand, and there are those here which shall not be found." That was in the days of broad brims and drab coats. The chapters describing Reuben Silcox's wooing and wedding are charmingly written. Altogether, the volume contains an interesting account of an interesting, holy, but little known people.

## Notes.

The report concerning MRS. C. H. SPURGEON must be very similar to the "Note" in last month's Magazine, for she has again experienced the alternate advances and drawbacks which have been so painfully characteristic of her long and trying illness. It has been impossible for her to attempt to write any record of Book Fund work during the past twelve months; but an outline of the operations of the different departments of the service carried on throughout the year has been prepared, on her behalf, by one who is well acquainted with its varied forms of beneficence. The booklet is now in the hands of the printers, and will shortly be sent to the subscribers. It will not be published for general sale; but any friend, desiring a copy, can obtain it by sending seven penny stamps to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

In the January number of the Magazine, we asked our readers to unite with us in prayer that the Lord would incline the heart of the Russian censor to permit the publication of the Lettish and Esthonian translations of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons which were awaiting that official's authorization. A note, recently received by Mrs. Spurgeon from Mr. Frey, shows that one part of the petition has been granted, and should encourage us to continue pleading for a complete answer to our supplications. Writing from Riga, Mr. Frey says:—"I have the pleasure to send to you, by book post, copies of two new Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon translated into *Esthonian*. Only I am sorry that I cannot yet publish the *Lettish* Sermons, three of which have been for a long while in the censor's hands, but I cannot get them back for printing. There is to be an exhibition in Riga in June, July, and August, and there would then be a good opportunity for the distribution of the blessed seed. Oh, that the Lord would help us to get them very soon!" In the meantime, let earnest prayer be presented for a rich blessing to rest upon the 6,600 copies of the new Esthonian Sermons which are now in process of circulation.

One of "our own men" writes:—"You will be glad to know that a most successful mission has been conducted here. Out of about 200 who passed

through the enquiry-rooms, 90 signed themselves as Baptists, among them being our son, so that all our sons and daughters have declared themselves on the Lord's side. Three of them received letters from our beloved President, years ago; and now the prayer in those letters has been answered in every case. I wonder how many of the ministers' children, to whom Mr. Spurgeon then wrote, have decided for Christ?" It may not be possible to ascertain the number; but, doubtless, among those who will gather with him on the right hand of the King, will be many who were first seriously impressed by the letters which he wrote to them while they were quite boys and girls.

Among the latest visitors who came to see Mr. Spurgeon at Mentone, in January, 1892, was the Rev. William Arthur, the author of *The Tongue of Fire, The Successful Merchant*, and many other works which greatly influenced readers of the past generation. And now "the Methodist and Baptist" have met again in the presence of their Lord in glory. Mr. Grace, too, who often co-operated with Mr. Spurgeon in helping poor ministers, has rejoined him in the land where poverty can never enter. One by one, the faithful hear the Master's call, "Come up higher." May we who are left behind be ready for our summons whenever it shall come!

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—The Honorary Secretary asks us to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of a parcel of clothing from F. F.

COLLEGE.—Two more students have accepted pastorates,—Mr. T. Murray at East Greenwich, and Mr. W. H. Tomkins at Yalding, Kent.

Mr. J. Dickie, of Forfar, is removing to Leven, Fife, N.B.; and Mr. J. F. Taviner, B.A., formerly of Elgin, has taken charge of the church at Withington, near Manchester.

Mr. G. W. Ball, who formerly held a pastorate in the United States, leaves Brixham this month, as he is going again to take charge of the church at Wolcott, Wayne County, New York State, U.S.A.

While these "Notes" were passing through the press, we learned that

another of "our own men"—*Brother J. L. Roger*—had "gone home" from the Congo, on February 25, just three weeks after he had conducted the special service in memory of Queen Victoria. We must wait for further particulars by mail; but, in the meantime, we pray for the Lord's sustaining grace for the bereaved widow in Africa and the two fatherless children in England.

Still later, the news reached us—without any details,—of the home-going of *Brother W. T. Wotton*, of Mount Morris, New York State, U.S.A. The Lord comfort and bless all who are left to mourn their loss, yet to rejoice over his gain!

CONFERENCE.—We scarcely need to ask all believing friends to seek the Lord's blessing on the gatherings to be held during the week commencing April 15; but it may be well to remind our London readers that the meetings on the Monday and Thursday evenings are both to be held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Many of the brethren from the provinces or from more distant parts will then for the first time see the new sanctuary.

ORPHANAGE.—We usually give early notice of the Annual Festival in order that friends in the country may, if possible, arrange to be present. The date will (D.V.) be Thursday, June 20; and at the two great public meetings, the chairmen are to be William Chivers, Esq., and F. F. Belsey, Esq., while the list of speakers is expected to include the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon), the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), the Revs. John Bradford, E. Henderson, A. T. Kinnings, R. Cynon Lewis, George Martin, and H. Woffindin, M.A., and George E. Morgan, Esq., M.A.

The collectors' meeting was held at the Orphanage on *Tuesday, March 19*. After the tea, musical drill, and handbell ringing, Samuel Thompson, Esq., of Beckenham, took the chair, and spoke of his loving esteem for the Founder of the Institution, and for the present President, and urged the collectors to increased exertions for so good a cause. In addition to giving £10, the chairman announced his intention to send a further contribution to the funds. The children sang a new hymn, "Sing as you go," composed for the Festival by Mr. Charlesworth (with music by Mr. Partridge). Rev. E. G. C. Parr,

M.A., gave an address upon "A good name" (Proverbs xxiii. 1); Pastor E. Roberts spoke upon the Orphanage as a Home, a School, and an Evangelistic Agency; there was a large and very varied exhibition of moving photographs; and the total receipts amounted to about £120. The President heartily thanked the chairman, the collectors, and the speakers, and closed with prayer one of the most crowded and successful quarterly meetings that has ever been held at Stockwell.

COLPORTAGE.—Many of the brethren have been assisting in and following up the Simultaneous Missions in quite a number of Districts, while, in some cases, special evangelistic services have been held by the colporteurs. Most encouraging reports are the rule concerning the spiritual results. One brother writes:—"Our mission here has been a great success from the spiritual standpoint. I have succeeded in inducing many to attend the meetings, and believe that God has made me the instrument of leading at least one soul to Jesus." Another says:—"I have been helping in every way that I can,—visiting with invitations, organizing prayer-meetings, arranging and taking the oversight of enquiry-rooms; indeed, I seem to be working almost night and day." A third brother writes:—"In the Mothers' Meeting, yesterday afternoon, many were impressed; at the mission service in the evening, two dear lads decided for Christ; and for the next few days we look to see 'showers of blessing.'"

The date of this year's Conference is fixed, and the Annual Colportage Meetings will be held on Monday, May 6. Full details will be given next month; but will friends kindly note the date, so that they may be present, if possible?

The lantern lecture on "The House-to-house Brigade" has been given in quite a number of Districts in Dorset, Kent, and Middlesex; and during the month, the Secretary has visited the Sittingbourne District.

A strenuous effort is being made to complete, before the next Conference, the £500, started last May as the Aged Colporteurs' Fund. Many friends have generously responded to the appeal, and the amount has now just turned £400, so it is hoped that other donors will help towards the attainment of the object at once. It will be seen from the cash-list, that the General

Fund is sadly behind this month, so it is necessary to call the attention of the Lord's stewards to this matter also. Contributions for either Fund will be welcomed by the Secretary, Mr.

Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—February 28, ten.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1901.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Contribution from Shirley Baptist Church, Southampton, per Pastor E. R. Pullen	0 10 0	Pastor F. Durbin	0 10 6
Pastor E. R. Pullen	0 5 0	Pastor R. Scott	0 5 0
Mr. R. J. Baker	2 2 0	J. B. C.	1 0 0
Mr. E. M. Utting	0 3 7	Rev. G. A. Huntley, M.D.	1 0 0
Contribution from Rye Lane Baptist Church, Peckham, per Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.	8 0 0	Pastor C. L. Gordon	0 5 0
Mr. Easten	1 1 0	Mr. R. McCullough	0 2 0
Pastor Henry Clark	0 10 6	Pastor C. Padley	1 0 0
Mr. A. Watt	0 10 0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0 2 6
Contribution from Emmanuel Baptist Church, Harringay, per Pastor G. T. Edgley	2 0 0	Mr. J. MacCormack	0 2 6
Pastor W. Holyoak	0 5 0	Part collection at New Southgate Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Joynes	3 15 0
Pastor E. S. Hadler	0 2 6	Pastor A. Macdougall	1 0 0
Young Men, per Mr. R. McCullough	0 2 0	Residue of estate, late Mr. Buck, per J. T. D.	4 9 4
Collection at Immanuel Baptist Chapel, Southsea, per Pastor J. Kemp	1 15 9	Part collection at Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. J. Gibbon	5 0 8
Pastor P. A. Hudgell	0 5 0	Collection at Salem Baptist Chapel, Folkestone, per Pastor J. C. Carlile	10 10 0
Part collection at Zion Baptist Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor E. Milnes	2 2 0	Mr. R. Wilkinson	2 0 0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0	Mr. W. Higgs, towards renovation expenses	50 0 0
Pastor D. Taylor	0 10 0	Pastor T. Spurgeon, towards renovation expenses	12 10 0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Bideford, per Pastor F. Durbin	0 10 6	Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	38 14 11
Part collection at Upton Chapel, Lambeth, per Pastor W. Williams	3 5 6	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:	
Contribution from Hornsey Rise Baptist Church, per Pastor J. E. Joynes	2 2 0	Feb. 24	1 18 1
		Mar. 3	5 3 6
		.. 10	3 14 9
			10 16 4
			£170 6 1

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1901.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Ellwood, per Mrs. T. Spurgeon	4 0 0	Collected by Miss Hancock's	0 7 2
Mrs. E. Barnes	1 0 0	For Christ's sake	0 5 0
Contribution from Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Mr. E. C. Finn	2 16 11		
			£8 9 1

## Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Part proceeds of sale of motto cards, per Mr. E. Johnson	2 0 0	Miss Bullivant	0 8 0
"Thankoffering," per "Christian Herald"	0 10 0	Mrs. Bullivant	0 3 5
The late Mrs. Gilbert, per Mrs. Smith	1 0 0	Miss Gunner	0 11 1
Mrs. H. E. A. Jensen	1 0 0		£6 17 0
Collected by Mr. J. L. Whittaker	0 10 0		
Collecting boxes:—			
Mr. E. H. Bartlett	0 7 0		
Mrs. Cook	0 7 6		

Pastor T. Spurgeon desires to acknowledge receipt of £10 for the sick and needy, posted on board Norddeutscher Lloyd S.S. at Funchal, Madeira.

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton	1	1	0	Mrs. Rose	0	5	0
Mr. L. Haigh	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Morris	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Ford	1	0	0	J. B. C.	1	0	0
Miss C. Colman	1	0	0	Mr. T. Farrow	1	0	0
S. E., Treorchy	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Stockman	0	12	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwards	0	10	0	Mrs. Cockburn	1	10	0
Mr. R. Morgan	2	2	0	Collected by Mr. C. D. Judd	0	7	10
Mrs. I. Iremonger	1	0	0	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Mr. R. M. Boodle	1	0	0	The Guardians of Hemel Hempstead, per Mr. Lovel Smeathman	5	0	0
Rev. W. J. Guerrier, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0	Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Purvis	0	5	0	Mr. F. Fitch	5	0	0
Mrs. Ball	0	2	6	Mr. J. Varley	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. W. Flint	1	16	6	Miss B. Freegard	0	6	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	Drummer T. E. Walker	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Halstead	0	6	0	Mr. John Townsend, J.P.	5	0	0
Miss L. C. Fiddkin	0	5	0	Mr. T. D. Adams	3	0	0
S. H., In memoriam	0	2	6	A reader of the "Signal"	1	0	0
Sale of lace, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	2	0	Miss S. Muir	1	9	0
Master A. W. McConnell	1	0	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. S. K. Milligan	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. Hy. Willis	0	9	0
Mr. F. Arthur	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Ewins	0	5	0
The Leathersellers' Co., per Mr. W. Arnold Hepburn	10	10	0	Vernon Chapel Sunday-school, King's Cross, per Mr. E. F. Salmon	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Collins	5	5	0	Edith Road Baptist Sunday-school, Nunhead, per Mr. Hy. Clark	1	1	0
Mr. D. Rippet	0	1	6	Collected by Miss E. Foster	0	12	0
Mrs. E. Rees	0	10	0	Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
A. B. B.	0	10	0	Zeta	0	5	0
Miss A. M. Cooper	0	1	0	Mr. G. E. Byerley	0	10	6
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mrs. Jas. Withers	2	0	0	Market Harboro' Sunday-school, per Mr. H. Godfrey	0	13	0
Miss E. Auger	0	5	0	The orphans' share	4	2	0
Miss R. Daniell	0	5	0	Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	6	0
Mrs. G. Blake	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. E. Hill	0	16	6
Cowl Street Sunday-school, Evesham, per Mr. E. T. Field	1	0	0	Readers of the "Christian Herald," per the Editor:—			
Mrs. T. Brown, jun.	0	2	0	Thirsk	0	2	0
Miss M. E. Spence	0	1	0	A poor widow	0	2	0
T. C.	5	0	0	Anon., Paddington	0	2	6
Mrs. Everidge	2	0	0	My Lord's money	1	0	0
Messrs. Horn and Co. and employees	2	0	0	McFarlane	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	1	0	0	G. W.	0	2	6
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	1	0	D. Day	0	5	0
Miss Hetherton	0	5	0	Sympathy	0	5	0
R. W. N.	1	1	0				
Miss Mannington	0	10	0	A well-wisher	0	2	6
A. and M.	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0	3	6
Miss M. Tarrant	0	2	6	Collected by Master H. Ottaway	0	4	6
Mr. Geo. Seiwright	0	5	0	W. J., Whalsey	0	4	0
Mr. R. J. Baker	2	2	0	Mrs. Williams' Bible-class, Market Harboro'	0	10	0
Mr. W. Munro	0	5	0	Mrs. F. J. Davis, per Rev. Z. T. Downen, D.D.	0	5	0
Mr. A. C. Snell	0	7	0	Mr. T. Fordham	2	2	0
Cemetery Road Baptist Sunday-school, Sheffield, per Mr. W. Martin	1	17	0	Mrs. E. Williams	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Dobson	1	1	0	M. A.	0	10	0
R. B.	0	7	6	Mrs. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Collen	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Pointer	0	10	3
Mrs. E. Burton	0	1	0	Collected by Mr. T. E. Inwood	0	6	0
Mrs. Peel and family	0	11	6	Collected by S. E. A. L.	0	10	6
Mr. J. Parnell	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Wheeler	3	10	0
Miss E. Thompson	0	1	0	Duke Street Sunday-school, Richmond, per Mr. C. F. Dafforne	2	3	0
F. C. W.	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. R. Campbell	0	9	6
Collected by Master E. S. Jones	0	7	6	Well-wisher	0	3	0
Out of the Lord's increase, King's Lynn	5	0	0	Mr. W. Hiner	0	1	0
Mrs. Guthrie	1	0	0	Miss Sladen	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Woolland	0	10	0	Mr. T. Davis	0	4	0
Young men's and women's Bible-class, Victoria Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, per Mr. H. A. McLellan	1	1	9	Miss McDonald	1	0	0
				Three young well-wishers, per Miss Manuel	1	0	0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.	
Mr. W. H. Bailey	...	0	10	0	M. Widdeson	...	0	5	0	
A friend from Bedford, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	2	10	0	E. Gibson	...	0	3	6	
Briham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. P. Sparks	...	0	15	0	K. Cooper	...	0	2	0	
Sandwich, per Bankers	...	2	2	0	F. Atkins	...	0	2	0	
Miss M. Hall	...	3	3	0	Orphan Boys' collecting cards:—					
Mr. Geo. Tolley	...	0	10	0	L. Harris	...	2	15	1	
Mr. B. Whitworth	...	0	10	0	B. Wilby	...	1	1	0	
Roomfield Baptist Sunday-school, Todmorden, per Mr. J. S. Pilling	...	1	3	0	Executors of the late Miss Christiana Grellier					
Collected by Mrs. M. H. Beard	...	0	12	6	Collected by Mrs. Hawthorn	...	0	17	0	
Collected by Mrs. Noble	...	1	7	0	CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLECTIONS:—					
Collected by Mrs. Beazley	...	0	4	2	Waterlooville, per Mr. George S. Lancaster, J.P.	...	4	5	9	
Haddon Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. G. Cane	...	8	0	0	Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor D. H. Moore	...	5	10	0	
Collected by Mrs. Rhodes	...	0	16	6	Grove Road Chapel, New Southgate, per Mr. H. E. Johnson (second amount)	...	0	10	0	
Mr. F. A. Atkins	...	3	3	0	Dundee, per Pastor W. Richards	...	1	2	6	
W. H. W.	...	1	0	0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLES WORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHORIST:—					
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell	...	0	10	0	Devonshire Square Baptist Chapel, Stoke Newington	...	6	15	0	
Miss R. Mockridge	...	0	10	0	St. Albans	...	10	10	0	
Mrs. A. Madge	...	0	10	0	Luton:—					
Mr. E. Pocock	...	1	1	0	Proceeds of meetings	...	24	4	5	
Mr. Rackstraw	...	0	10	0	Mr. F. Beecroft	...	1	1	0	
L. Henderson	...	0	5	0	Christ Church, Westminster, P.S.A.					
F. M.	...	1	1	0	Merchants' Lecture, Dutch Church, Austin Friars, E.C.	...	0	10	8	
Mr. Woodley	...	2	0	0	SEASIDE HOME:—					
K. E. B.	...	0	3	0	Mrs. Winstone	...	0	5	0	
Collected by Miss E. S. Harrison					...	0	10	0	0	
Mr. Mann	...	0	3	6	Miss Mann	...	0	10	0	
Mrs. J. Workman	...	5	0	0	£488 18 5					
Mr. A. J. Burt	...	0	10	0						
Mrs. Matthews	...	0	5	0						
Two friends	...	0	4	0						
Mr. A. Clough	...	0	2	6						
Part collection Watch-night service, Combmartin Baptist Church, per Mr. G. H. Creek					...	0	6	2		
Orphan Girls' collecting cards:—										
C. Cole	...	0	1	0						

LIST OF PRESENTS FROM FEBRUARY 15TH TO MARCH 14TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—50 Rabbits, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 31 lbs. Pork, Mr. T. S. Price.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—6 Articles, Mrs. Spooner; 2 Scarves, 64 Handkerchiefs, 19 Comb Bags, Mrs. Runciman, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 6 Articles, Mr. W. H. Roberts; 49 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 18 Articles, The Newbury Baptist Working Party, per Mrs. A. K. Mias; 6 Articles, Mrs. Melhuish.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—5 Night Shirts, Mrs. M. O. Sellar; 6 Articles, The Newbury Baptist Working Party, per Mrs. A. K. Mias; 22 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), Mrs. Wilson; 21 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), The Young Women's Sewing Class, Carnforth, per Miss Cowherd.

GENERAL:—25 Blotters, 4 Mats, 27 Cases, Mrs. Runciman, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; Parcel of Worn Clothing, "Anon."; Box of Flowers, Girls of Fyves School; 25 copies "The Queen's Resolve," Rev. C. Bullock, B.D.; 1 3-Tier Mahogany Dinner Wagon (for Seaside Home), a Friend, per V. J. C.; 1 Bedspread, Mrs. R. E. Overbury.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1901.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Horsforth, per Miss C. E. Bilbrough	...	11	5	0	Monks Elleigh, per Rev. W. F. Durant	...	10	0	0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	...	10	0	0	Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	...	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	...	8	15	0	Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	...	7	10	0
Pearhwiceiver, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	...	11	5	0	Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny	...	11	5	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones	...	11	5	0	Taunton, per Mr. T. S. Penny	...	11	5	0
Cardiff, per Mr. John Cory, J.P.	...	11	5	0	Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	...	11	5	0
Home Counties' Association	...	30	0	0	Wallingford, per Mr. W. Davies	...	45	0	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	...	11	5	0					

	£	s.	d.
Eourton-on-the-Water, per Mr. Reynolds, J.P. ....	10	0	0
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. Moffat, F.S.S. ....	10	0	0
Minster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	11	5	0
	£242	10	0

AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. E. Garrett	0	10	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	0	10	0
Mr. Richard Cory, J.P.	5	5	0
Mrs. M. Tice	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.	10	0	0
Mr. W. C. Edwards	1	0	0
Miss Drummond	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	0	10	0
Mr. W. Matthews	1	0	0
Mr. H. F. Harwood	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. A.	5	5	0
Postal order, Bristol	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Morey	0	8	0
Mr. G. W. Macalpine, J.P.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain	0	10	0
The Mayor of Windsor	1	1	0
Mrs. F. Upton	3	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Boccock	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Lewis	0	10	0
Miss A. Buckland	1	0	0
Mrs. Hellier	5	0	0
Mr. J. Gazard	0	7	6
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Donkin	0	15	0
Mr. H. P. Grissell	1	0	0

£47 12 6

GENERAL FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. L. Rayner	2	2	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	0	10	0
Miss R. Daniell	0	10	0
Mr. E. Johnson (sale of mottoes)	2	0	0
F. C. W.	0	2	6
2 Cor. ix. 15	1	0	0
Mr. F. H. Ford	0	10	6
From a friend, to be used in the Lord's work	2	0	0
Miss Van Notten Pole	0	5	0
The late Mrs. Gilbert, per Mrs. J. Smith	0	5	0

£9 5 0

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

*Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1901.*

	£	s.	d.
F. C. W.	0	2	6
E. E. Cantley	0	2	0
Mrs. Cunningham	1	3	0
Miss Susan Bevan	0	10	0
Mr. Opie Rodway	1	0	0
Mrs. Goodwin	1	1	0
Mrs. A.	1	0	0

FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Medwin	2	0	0
A friend from Bedford	2	10	0
"Grateful"	0	7	6

£9 16 0

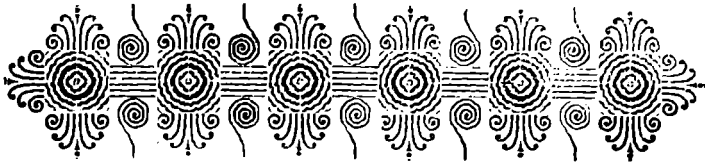
*Special Notice.*—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.

MAY, 1901.

“One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.”

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF  
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE  
PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

**B**RETHREN BELOVED,—Never have I had more misgivings with regard to the Presidential address. Eloquent and stirring deliverances are frequent nowadays, and expectation runs high at great assemblies. I could not if I would compete with the orators of these occasions. I am a plain blunt man, I only speak right on. I cannot hope to have my message spoken of as “a magnificent effort.” My ambition, fortunately for me, and perhaps for you also, does not run that way. Yet I am not without ambition in the matter. I want to help you, and through you, your people. If any are lonely or discouraged; if any are weary; if any are wavering as to the faith or doubtful as to practice; if any are fearful about the future or losing their grip of the things most worth holding, I fain would speak a strengthening word.

I like the sentence with which Gipsy Smith (for whom all the Churches may well praise God) began his recent mission at the Tabernacle. “I am not going to preach any great sermons,” said he. “for I have none; but if there is anyone here who is sick of sin, and wants pointing to the Saviour, then I'm your man.” So I say, “I am not about to give you a great address, for that is beyond my power, but if there is any brother here who feels weary, or solitary, or uncertain, or apprehensive, then, I'm your man.” Yet even for this I need—oh, *how* I need—the Spirit's mighty power, the more so as I may have to run counter to some prevailing and popular opinions. Our old friend Matthew Henry well says, “They who are continually surrounded by temptations to apostasy have need to be continually attended by exhortations to perseverance.” Suffer, therefore, a word of exhortation.

Federation is in the air—commercial, municipal, industrial, Colonial federation! (I hear that the cat's-meat men are federating now.) The old proverb, "Union is strength," is being tried and proved.

The Free Churches of our land have had delightful opportunity quite lately of manifesting their essential unity. They have made common cause against a common foe, and have shared a common joy in the good success that God has granted. We are to confer together presently on this matter. We shall find reason, I think, for unalloyed delight in God. We hail with gratitude and gladness every fresh token of the fact that true Christians of varying names are one in Christ Jesus. Nothing can change that certain fact. Organic union may or may not be attainable;—meanwhile, essential unity is necessarily and unalterably ours. In this we do rejoice; yea, and we will rejoice. As to the outward and visible sign that we are spiritually one, it is doubtless well that our differences should be sometimes sunk. So long as there is no betrayal of trust, no sacrifice of principle, no denying of the truth, by all means let us band ourselves together for special effort. We shall, however, greatly err if we conclude that the time is at hand for the disbanding of the separate regiments in the Lord's army. Says one, "If we work heartily and successfully together for ten days, why not always?" The answer is that we could not permanently merge without compromise, and organic union at the expense of truth and conscience would be no advantage. We can surely come closer together, apart from relinquishing what should be dearer to us than life itself. If organic union involves *that*, I, for one, must do without it. Like Rowland Hill, I say, "I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may the more easily shake hands over them." We can, of course, become all alike by ceasing to be all alive; but that is the symmetry of the cemetery, from which "Good Lord, deliver us." True union does not lie that way. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" It is to be found along the line of conviction rather than along the line of compromise. We mourn the many divisions that separate us, and long to heal them; but we desire the healing to be complete and permanent. Better let the wounds remain, than merely cicatrize them, and spread the poison further. Doubtless we shall know each other better when the mists (I had almost said *ists* for "mists") have rolled away; meanwhile it is evident that *they* must be most nearly one whose hearts have been disposed to the same faith and order. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the best way to foster reunion is to exhort, after the style of Paul to the Ephesians, "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love: endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." Here is no hint of setting aside any doctrine to satisfy him who holds the opposite view, nor of lopping off a truth to accommodate those who "cannot see it." Quoting the author of "When the Trees Bud," I declare my personal conviction

that "the disunion of Christendom was wrought by departure from the permanent type set forth in the New Testament, itself the expression of the will and truth of the Master. Reunion can therefore only come by retracing our steps, and returning to the New Testament type." And *that* is summed up in the motto of my address: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

#### I. "ONE LORD."

We are one in our common Christ. Just as there is "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all," so there is but one Lord and Master, who is head over all things to the Church. Our God is three in one, but He is also one in three; and Jesus, though He has many offices, is one. We call Him Master and Lord, and we do well. It is characteristic of heathendom that it delights in a multiplicity of deities. Their name is legion. Well may they have a profusion of divinities, for, on their own showing, each is able for only a little. They must have one for war and another for peace; one for the land and another for the sea; one for the hills and another for the valleys. One Lord suffices us, for He is Lord of all. We do not need hosts of gods who serve the God of hosts. "For though there be many that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many), but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him."

Christ is not divided. He therefore claims our undivided love. He will not brook a rival. True, He wants broken hearts, but all the fragments must be brought to Him with the earnest cry, "Unite my heart to fear Thy name." Now, if each heart has one Lord, and only one, it follows that we rejoice in the same one. "One Lord,"—*i. e.*, a common Christ. Yes, only one for all who trust His grace. "The same Lord is rich unto all that call upon Him." Yes, only *one*, for "all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours."

Should not this unite us? We serve the same Saviour. We have all beheld our King, and sworn allegiance to His holy cause. Beneath His spreading banner we have shouted with the children of Benjamin, "Thine we are, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." Each of us has come beneath His lordship in the selfsame way. Each heart was like a city that is straitly shut up. For a longer or shorter time, we defied the investing forces of Immanuel. But at last each waved the white flag, and cried, "I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more." We are all subdued by love. Should we not love each other who have all been loved of our one Lord? "We love because He first loved us." One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren. To Him we are all indebted for all we are and have. We are beggars—everyone of us—at His mercy-seat. As all peoples came to Joseph for corn, so wait we all on Jesus for our bread. We throng about Him like honey-bees round the same nectar-yielding flower. He is the gracious Teacher of us all, and sitting at His feet we cannot but be close to one another. As the two disciples journeying to Emmaus, being joined by Jesus, found their glowing hearts united, and exclaimed, "Did not our *heart*—(as though they had but one)—burn within us?" so, under the

influence of our common Lord, our hearts become as the heart of one man. We light our tapers at the selfsame altar fire—the shrine of His burning heart.

This "one Lord," though He has conquered us, has set each vanquished one most gloriously free. "England owes her liberties (says an historian) to having been conquered by the Normans." We are free, indeed, because the Son has subdued our rebellious hearts. This common joy is as a chain of flowers to bind us each to each and all to Him. As your own dear leader sang,—

"Victor alike in love and arms,  
Myriads around Him bend;  
Each captive owns His matchless charms,  
Each foe becomes His friend.

"They crown Him on the battlefield,  
They press to kiss His feet;  
Their hands, their hearts, their all they yield:  
His conquest is complete.

"None love Him more than those He slew,  
His love their hate has slain;  
Henceforth their souls are all on fire  
To spread His gentle reign."

Jesus is the supreme Lord of and over all our hearts and lives. To His over-lordship we gladly submit. To each of us He is the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. The spirit of loyalty lives in our breasts. His law is our delight. We give Him both sacrifice and obedience, unlike one who sent to Cæsar the present of a diadem while he was yet rebelling against his throne. "First yield obedience, and then make presents," replied the Emperor.

Are we not all engaged, too, in spreading the honours, and increasing the triumphs of our common Lord? We have all enlisted in "the ever-victorious army" of King Jesus. Accoutred from His armoury, commissioned by His authority, strengthened by His grace, inspired by His cross, crowned with His glory—are we not verily one? Jesus binds us all together. There is no question with us as to His authority and Divinity. We rejoice unanimously in a risen Lord. Because He lives, we live also. Because He loves, we love also. Our love is living because it all centres in a living Lord. We do not worship a dead Christ. Even those of us whose custom it is to read only the opening line of the hymns we announce are careful to make an exception in favour of the one commencing, "Jesus lives no longer now." We also look for His return. Oh, for a sight of our one Lord! We have ever cried, with Andrew Gray, the McCheyne of his time, who said at a communion service two centuries ago, "Oh, when shall these blue heavens be rent, and we be admitted to the marriage supper of the Lamb?" As John to Gaius, so do we venture to say to Jesus, "I shall shortly see Thee, and we shall speak face to face." They that have this hope in them unify themselves even as He is one.

Loved with the selfsame love, bound by a common vow, looking for the same dear Lord, can we be aught but gloriously one until the Lord shall be King over all the earth? In that day shall there be one Lord, and His name shall be one. Blessed Master, we pray Thee take

us as the prophet took the two sticks, and join us one to another into one stick, and we shall become one in Thine hand. And David shall be King over us, and we all shall have one Shepherd.

II. "ONE FAITH."

Here is another band by which our souls are bound in the bundle of life with the Lord. We have one faith. Writing to Titus, Paul speaks of him as "mine own son after the common faith." Addressing the Romans, he refers to "the mutual faith both of you and me." To the Corinthians he speaks of "the same spirit of faith"; and Peter dedicates his second letter "to them that have obtained like precious faith." Dr. Moule speaks thus of the term "mutual faith," "The pregnant phrase of the apostle," and adds, "faith residing in each of both parties, and owned by each to the other, is a mighty power for Christian encouragement still."

Now, faith is both objective and subjective. Objectively considered, "One Faith" means that we rejoice in the same truths, and hold the same creed. The doctrines of grace are dear to us all. We believe, *inter alia*, in man's fatal fall, in the election according to grace, in the effectual call of the blessed Spirit, in the sacrificial and substitutionary death of God's dear Son, in the necessity for the new birth, in the personality of the Holy Ghost, in the inspiration of the Book of books. in the final perseverance of the saints, in the eternal joy of those who believe, and in the everlasting woe of those who reject the great salvation. We believe also, let me assure our critics, in good works and holy living as evidences of saving faith. We do, indeed! We, then, who hold these and kindred truths firmly, and preach them fearlessly, know something of "the unity of the faith." Brethren, we are not of those who despise creeds and deride dogmas. Nor do we keep our beliefs to ourselves. "I believed, therefore have I spoken." Nor dare we fail, when occasion demands, to *contend* earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. We say, with McCheyne, "I bless God I live in witnessing times." We say, with C. H. Spurgeon, "I pray God evermore to preserve us from a unity in which truth shall be considered valueless, in which principle gives place to policy, in which the noble and masculine virtues which adorn the Christian hero are to be supplemented by an effeminate affectation of charity. May the Lord deliver us from indifference to His word and will, for this creates the cold unity of masses of ice frozen into an iceberg, chilling the air for miles around: the unity of the dead as they sleep in their graves, contending for nothing because they have neither part nor lot in all that belongs to living men."

All our faith centres in the Cross. Our ministry would indeed be incomplete did we not make much of the atonement, and harp constantly on redemption by the blood. We were born under the constellation of the Cross. As well-nigh every picture of Naples has Vesuvius smoking in the background, so all our sermons introduce Calvary—its summit bright with the fires of the great sacrifice. There is no bond like the Gospel. It was not unfitting that the first message flashed under the Atlantic consisted of the words, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Faith may also be spoken of subjectively, in which case we refer to

the faith itself rather than to that which is believed. As to actually believing, we are all one. We have not reached our standing in Christ, nor our hope of Heaven by various routes. We are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. The message to the early enquirers as to how they must be saved was ever, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ"; and we are persuaded that we shall be saved in like manner as they. It is not merely that we have trusted the same Saviour, but that there are striking points of resemblance in the faith of each. Human faces differ greatly, yet there is a similarity between them all. So in the faith of all true believers there is a family likeness. It has in every case been accompanied by repentance more or less plainly manifested. "Penitence," says one, "is the tear in the eye of faith," and our faith is not of the dry-eyed order. We have all wept our way to the Cross, and we have wept perhaps still more since we reached it. Thank God we did. Weeping endured for a night, but joy came in the morning. "Tears from Nature's eyelids," writes a weather prophet, "are always remedial, and prepare the way for brighter, purer skies." Weeping did not save us, but oh, what seasons of clear shining have been granted us "to cheer us after rain."

The faith of each agrees also in this respect, that it secured the precious prize of pardon without the slightest reference to merit. We have all come in at the door of free grace, and all on the same ticket. One cannot boast above another, for boasting is excluded. Poverty makes strange bed-fellows, and we have become one by reason of our common penury. So we might consider severally the characteristics of our faith only to find that the things which accompany salvation are with it in every case. Paul speaks of his conversion as a pattern to them which should hereafter believe, and still it stands as the most striking specimen of God's saving grace, "for all ages a permanent proof that sins of the deepest dye may be forgiven." And more than that,—it is a sample of how the Holy Spirit works upon the hearts of men. Allowing for differences of circumstances, our conversions resemble those of Saul of Tarsus. Our faith is preceded by conviction, and accompanied by conversion, and followed by consecration, even as his was, while each exclaims with him, "I obtained mercy, and the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus."

Beloved, if these things be so, are we not brethren indeed—one in Christ Jesus? Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Have we not all been begotten from the dead by the energy of the selfsame Spirit? Most blessed brotherhood! in which we are heirs together of the grace of God. Our arms intertwine as we embrace the Cross. Your Saviour is my Saviour too. We bathe in the same fountain. The Cross is our trusting and our trysting place, our refuge and our rendezvous. We are not getting to Heaven by different routes. "*Viá* the Cross" is on the baggage of each pilgrim; for "there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all." Rescued from a common curse by a common faith in a common Christ, we may well hold a common creed, and make common cause together as we press forward towards the common crown.

III. "ONE BAPTISM."

There is little doubt that the reference is primarily to the initial ordinance of our holy religion. Its very position suggests, if it does not prove this. Faith and baptism walk ever hand in hand through the New Testament pages. They are twin sisters. Truth to tell, there is something Siamese about these twins, for God has joined them together, and no man, in Apostolic times, dreamed of putting them asunder. To the old-time saints, baptism was the common method of professing their common faith in their common Lord. As of Israel, it was said, "They were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea," so of these it was true that they had been baptized, *every one of them*, in the name of the Lord Jesus. Think you that this did not link them together? It was no small factor in securing oneness. Was not this our Lord's intent in appointing the ordinance? He sealed all believers with the same seal. Baptism was the authorized uniform of the soldiers of the Cross. To us also it is no frail bond. It may not in itself be as strong as the others, but it is their supplement and complement. "A threefold cord is not quickly broken." We have all heard the same call, and have obeyed it. We have all *seen* this ordinance. We have all shouldered the cross that obedience to this command involves. All of us, thank God, have entered into the spirit of this new covenant command. Our one Lord's sacrifice, His entry into the chambers of the dead, and His glorious resurrection, we have thus commemorated. Moreover, there is not one of all of us who has not thus evidently set forth the glad experiences of death to sin and newness of life.

It were strange, indeed, if this sign did not help to unite us. "All societies," says Dr. Dwight, "need indispensably some mark of distinction; some mode in which the respective members shall be known to each other. This sign ought to be definite, unequivocal, solemn, significant; always the same; acknowledged by all the members of the body; and therefore established by authority which cannot be disputed. The power of such a sign to unite the members of such a body in affection to each other in a common interest, and in corresponding pursuits, is incalculably great. Here, the sign is the seal of God, set by His own authority upon those who in this world are visibly His children. It has all the properties mentioned above; and is possessed of more efficacy than can be easily comprehended, and incomparably more than is usually mistrusted, to keep Christians united, alive, and active in the great duties of religion, and in the great interest of the Church of God."

We are banded together also for the defence of this truth. We hold to it with the tenacity of obedient love, and we feel ourselves bound to declare it and enforce it. We think more of the Lord and of the faith than of the baptism, but just because we set such store by the first we dare not set aside the last. It is *His* baptism. It is part of *His* faith. The name Baptist we do not desire, but we are not ashamed of it. There will be no need for the distinguishing title when there is again "One Baptism." Till then we are bound to consider ourselves set for the defence of this doctrine and to urge obedience to this command. We have much in common with many who fail to obey; but we have

much more in common with all who consent. Nor do we imagine that the Lord would have us compromise in the matter. Five-eighth Baptists are not at all to our mind, whether they be churches or individuals. If there be much more of yielding, the real Baptists in our churches will soon be in a minority—a *sprinkling* of Baptists in a Baptist Church! Increase of numbers thus secured will ultimately prove a source of weakness rather than of strength.

But we are charged in some quarters with "making too much of Baptism." Let those who thus accuse us know assuredly that it stands with us where our Lord Himself placed it. We have not moved it from its pedestal so much as a hair's-breadth. We desire not to raise it, but we dare not lower it. This is indeed a serious charge, but we unhesitatingly plead "not guilty." I know a minister who hurried off post haste to the cot of a dying child at its broken-hearted mother's call, that it might be "baptized" ere it reached the arms of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." But he was not a Baptist minister. We do not make so much of baptism as that. We are all aware that there are certain who reckon as Christians all who have been "baptized," whatsoever their age. Is there not some fear that this may be making too much of baptism? But the Baptists do not so. We have not even excluded from the Lord's table those believers who remain unimmersed, thereby laying ourselves open to the charge of making too little of baptism.

It is commonly reported that burial has been refused to some who are stated to be unbaptized, but the scandal does not attach to a Baptist clergyman. Oh, dear, no, we do not make so much of it as that! Some there may be among those who practise adult baptism who attribute saving efficacy to the ordinance, but *we* have not so learned Christ. We utterly abhor all that savours of baptismal regeneration, all that detracts from the saving power of the Cross, and the cleansing efficacy of the precious blood; but we do hold that it is the believer's duty and privilege to do the Lord's command, and we can testify to the rich reward that the keeping of it brings.

See you not how this tends to make us one? Say you that baptism is but a shadow in comparison with the Lord and the faith—a mere symbol after all? Well, be it so; we rejoice in the shadow too. Shadows do at least prove the presence of the substance; ay, and of the light beyond. Alas! for him who has the shadow only. Thank God for all who possess both. To us, my brethren, this is a tie of no slight tension. A common seal—the King's own signet—has stamped our hearts when they were at their tenderest. One brand is on us all. "Know ye not that so many of us as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ?" Our regimentals are identical. We are as the pages of a volume, on each of which is the same watermark. In our death we were not divided, we have lain in the sepulchre together, we have been raised together, we stand together on resurrection ground.

Ere I pass to a point which should be included under this head, but which is so important that I reserve it for a separate and closing section, let me add that there is urgent need that we acknowledge afresh the uniting influences of which I have been speaking. I am as



desirous as any that all the evangelical forces of Christendom should gather together. I glory in the essential oneness of all who trust the Christ of God, and in such organic union as does not involve sacrifice of principle or suppression of truth, but I remember the words of the dear President, how he said, "Rash attempts to unite the various Churches by comprehending all their errors within the pale of supposed truth, will only increase the present lamentable divisions, and postpone real unity to a distant day."

My message is specially to you, my brethren, members of a unique brotherhood, round whom these blessed bonds already are. We sit not in judgment upon others, nor do we plume ourselves on our attainments. On the contrary, I am anxious to discover wherein we come short. These bonds are about us, but they need drawing closer. What if despite these unifying influences, *we* fail to be truly one? We must hold these truths firmly if they are to hold us tightly. Our solidarity depends not upon our charity towards others' views, but upon our fidelity to what the Spirit has revealed to us.

Let us edge in towards one another, then. Stand a little closer together, please. We link our hands ere we quit the Conference; let us link hearts as we begin it. Let us hold the shields of our faith—each of the same make and metal—above our heads, after the fashion of the Testudo of the brave days of o'd. Beneath such a canopy we may hope to undermine the ramparts of evil and of error. We have a common foe, united and determined. We must be of one heart and of one mind in facing it. Thos. Carlyle says that Danton, when the tumult in poor France was growing shrill, exclaimed, "Peace, O peace with one another! Are we not alone against the world; a little band of brothers?" We rejoice in our ever-increasing numbers; our line has gone out through all the earth; but what are these among so many? We are still a little band of brothers, but our hope lies in the fact that we are brothers indeed, and that not of one another merely, but of our "One Lord."

But to return to the "One Baptism." I have intimated my own conviction that the primary reference is to the ordinance, but I fail to see that the baptism of the Holy Spirit is therefore excluded. This is not altogether another baptism. The two are much more one than some suppose. One is a type of the other. If the observance of the type fosters unity, how much more shall the experience of the antitype promote oneness? "In one Spirit are we all baptized into one Body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free."

Let us not fail to note that baptism into water and the baptism of the Spirit are closely associated in the Word. We must, of course, distinguish between them, but it is not therefore necessary to extinguish either. It was as Jesus came up out of the water that the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God, descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him. Did not Peter at Pentecost reply to the heart-pricked multitudes, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost"? Saul of Tarsus was filled with the Holy Ghost when he believed and was baptized. Cornelius and his company indeed received the Holy Ghost

while Peter was yet speaking to them, but no man was found who could forbid water that they should not be baptized. Certain believers in Samaria, "both men and women," were baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, and it was not long ere the Holy Ghost fell upon them. Others in Corinth, who had not so much as heard whether there were any Holy Ghost, were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and when Paul had laid his hands on them, the Holy Ghost came on them.

I verily believe that this baptism should be part and parcel of the other. Sign and substance should go together. If we did not receive the Holy Spirit when we believed, if we were not conscious of His baptism at the time of our immersion in water, the blame lies at our own door. Some make distinction between being baptized and being filled with the Spirit, but it is noteworthy that whereas the promise ran, "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost," the record of the fulfilment of that promise runs, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." It may be that we are not strictly Scriptural in praying for "a fresh baptism of the Spirit," but what we do desire is to know the Spirit's overwhelming power in such degree that baptism (*i.e.*, immersion) alone can fitly image it. If rivers of living water are flowing from the midst of us, there can be no doubt that our inmost selves will be submerged. The thirsty heart has drunk of the life-giving stream, the water is in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life, and, best of all, "through the Eternal Spirit" deep tides of richest blessing course through him to all around.

Surely, we have all experienced this baptism. But are we all living in the power of it? Do any of us realize the possibilities of it? I fear not. But why not? Let us begin at home. Why is my branch so fruitless and my leaf so dry? Why is my ministry so barren and my example so impotent? Why is my own soul so parched and wilted?

I have tried to imagine the whole of this brotherhood rejoicing to the full in all that this most spiritual aspect of the "One Baptism" means. It was a brave and beautiful sight. We were all most truly one. By common consent we eschewed all modern artifices for attracting and influencing the people. We contented ourselves with simple services and simple heart-to-heart sermons. We expected conversions, and we had them. We spoke with boldness the whole counsel of God. We sought to woo and win, but we rebuked and reprovved as Jesus did. Our interest in the people's temporal welfare did not decrease, but we were more than ever impressed with their spiritual necessities. The burden of the Lord was upon us. We did not know anything among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. When the people saw that we believed in the Gospel, *they* began to believe in it. When we relied on the Holy Spirit, He began to give the hearing ear and the enquiring heart. We had some of the old time blessing so soon as we got back to the old time practices. Our people caught the blest infection. They no longer said among themselves (quoting, as they will, an influential paper), "Tradition is not to rule in deciding what is and what is not legitimate" in the matter of the conduct of worship. Like bees which forsake the brand-new patent hive for the hollow trunk of an old apple tree, they returned to the simple and spiritual order of

worship. The prayer-meeting was no longer "only a prayer-meeting." The devices which had been resorted to to win the crowd and to "raise the wind" were flung aside. Each member became a centre of blessing. The Spirit was no longer grieved, and He did wondrously in and by them. Then said they to one another, "Our minister was right after all when he said, 'It is not new means we want, but new power with the old means.'"

I am quite aware that I shall be told I am fifty years (or more) behind the times. A *good deal* more, some 1900 years or nearly, so I fancy, for I am proposing a return to Pentecost and the principles and practices of the early Church. Call it "tradition" if you will, I for one believe that it provides the rule for deciding what is or is not legitimate, and I hazard the prediction that never shall we have a repetition of the great and glad ingathering till we fall back on those old lines. Beware, my brethren, of the first inroads of modern methods. We must set our faces like flints against all encroachments on the domains of the simple Gospel and the Spirit of God. At all costs we stand for New Testament principles and Apostolic practice. It is said that, if we do, we shall be left behind. I am not so sure of that, for this race is not to the swift, nor this battle to the strong. An old Scripture rings in my ears: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." But if the worst come to the worst; should these predictions seem for a while to be fulfilled, some of us are prepared to face the consequences. I am for one, so help me God. We cannot trim our sails to suit the ever-shifting breeze of sensuous taste and popular desire. Like the ticket collector who insisted on the "seasons" being produced, we are more anxious to be popular with the inspector than with the people.

Besides, the tide may turn by and by. Pray God it may! I cannot but believe that there was ample opportunity ere the Book was fully written to give at least a hint that the methods so successful at first would presently become effete, and that each new century would find Paul more than ever out of date, and the primitive mode of winning men to God hopelessly old-fashioned. But I discover no such hint. Moreover, the successes of the plain preaching of the Word and the simple worship of God have not been confined to those far-off days. The great awakenings and glorious ingatherings ever since have sprung from the same doctrines and similar methods.

Do I seem to have wandered from my theme? Perchance I have. Yet it is not very far behind. A moment's pause, and I hear its foot-fall. "One Baptism!" Yes, an immersion for each of us into the mighty Spirit, a life of undiminishable confidence in Him and His ability to affect, through the Gospel, the hearts of men. What say you, sirs—shall we trust Him fully and alone? Shall we refuse to go down to Egypt for help? Shall we shoulder the cross of singularity and unpopularity that God may be glorified? Shall we purposely set aside enticing words of man's wisdom, and the attractions and embellishments of art and sense?

But does not so doing involve a stern struggle? Possibly. Does it not mean a dark outlook? Assuredly. But children of the light are not afraid of the dark! How well I remember when I first set sail

for the other side of the world. I was somewhat of a novice myself as to seafaring matters, but I discovered one more ignorant than myself. We were abreast of the Lizard, and I leaned over the taffrail while the sinking sun lighted up the coast line as if to give us a pleasing last view of dear old England. Looking up to the spread of canvas, my fellow-passenger said, "I suppose they will take the sails down presently." "Furl them, you mean, I suppose," was my retort. "Yes," said he; "I don't know what you call it, but they'll wrap them up soon, won't they?" "But why?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "it'll soon be dark." "My good fellow," I replied, "we shall take twelve weeks or so to reach Melbourne, sailing day and *night*, but what a voyage it would be if we sailed only when the sun shines!" He was so much of a landlubber that he did not dream that the vessel could be navigated in the dark.

We are not less unwise than he if we suppose that all is over because the dark is coming on. We think it will be difficult and dangerous sailing. *So it will!* But the stars will shine, and perchance the very seas which look so black and gloomy will, in God's providence, turn phosphorescent soon, and illuminate the night. Moreover, the light burns brightly in the binnacle. So long as we can read the compass, all is well. Here are some of its points:—"One Lord," "One Faith," "One Baptism." Wherefore, do not dream of casting anchor, nor of lying to, nor of turning back. On into the dark! Forward into the night!

"Through the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim-band,  
Singing songs of expectation  
Sailing towards the promised land.

"And before us, through the darkness,  
Gleameth clear the guiding light;  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Steering fearless through the night."

## The Dearth of Conversions.

FOR some time past, the Church of Christ everywhere has been mourning "*the dearth of conversions*," and a good deal of discussion has taken place as to the cause of it. The reason is not far to seek, we fear, and we may as well face the facts. While recently in company with an aged minister of the Gospel, who has been the means in God's hand of leading hundreds to Christ, the writer put the question to him, "How do you account for the dearth of conversions; and the fact that we do not see revivals of religion now as we used to do?" Said he, "*The reason is in the Church and its leaders. Worldliness has got in, and spiritual power has gone out. Conversions are not the one soul absorbing object of the Churches to-day; but the aim is to interest and please the people with fine sermons, nice services, and with as little as possible of what would be calculated to disturb the conscience.*" The answer was straight and plain, but it was felt to be all too true. And then, warming with the theme, he added, "*Brother, you and I exist to save souls; and if people are not converted under our preaching, our work is a lamentable failure.*"—F. T.

## One in Christ.

AN UNPUBLISHED HYMN, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

JESUS, our spirits meet in Thee,  
 One in Thy glorious self are we ;  
 One love inspires our grateful praise,  
 One joyful song to Thee we raise.

Chosen in Thee by sovereign grace,  
 Elect ere time began its race,  
 For ever we are one in Thee,  
 Yea, one through all eternity.

Thou hast prepared one fount of blood,  
 And cleansed us in its crimson flood ;  
 One robe of righteousness we wear,  
 And each with Thee is made an heir.

Around Thy cross we link our hands,  
 Thou Captain of all Israel's bands ;  
 And round Thy throne we hope to meet,  
 To cast our honours at Thy feet.

Our souls are nourished by one bread,  
 All at one sacred table fed ;  
 One testamental cup we take,  
 And of one common life partake.

One passion now our spirit fires,  
 One solemn thought our soul inspires ;  
 Here as one man our hearts we bow,  
 Recording all one sacred vow.

If Thou Thy gracious help afford,  
 We'll live and die to crown Thee Lord ;  
 One strife alone shall move our host,  
 Which of us all can praise Thee most.

### A Few Words from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have longed, oh ! so intensely, for the time to come when I might again speak in these pages of the Lord's loving dealings with me, and let you know how, throughout a long and trying time of suffering, His grace has been sufficient for me. My heart has sent you many sweet messages by "wireless telegraphy"; and I am sure some of them have reached you, because I have been answered and comforted by so many precious letters, responding to my inmost thoughts and desires.

Sometimes I have prayed, "Do, dear Lord, enable me to write, if only a brief paragraph, just to tell of all Thy mercy and lovingkindness to me; let me praise Thee from 'out of the depths' into which Thou

didst bring me!" But I found that His will for me was that I should be silent; He locked up thoughts and words, restrained all mental activity, and brought me so low that a sense of absolute powerlessness bound both body and spirit.

I am not intending to weary you with details of my varied pains and sorrows, but I do want you to help me to honour my Lord by praising Him for the "grace abounding" which kept my head above the waters, and made it possible to believe that the "uplifting" I so sorely needed would come at last.

Hart's quaint lines feelingly describe the soul's experience when mind and body are weakened by physical pain. He bemoans himself thus,—

"Zeal extinguished to a spark;  
Life is very, very low;  
All my evidences dark,  
And good works I've none to show;  
Prayer, too, seems a load;  
Ordinances tease or tire:  
I can feel no love to God;  
Hardly have a good desire."

But even from deeps such as these, the Lord *knoweth how* to deliver His children; and "the sweet uses of adversity" are well set forth in the comfort the next verse brings,—

"Though thy fainting spirits droop,  
Yet thy God is with thee still.  
To believe in hope 'gainst hope,  
And against thee all things feel;  
Only to believe,  
'Midst thy coldness, doubts, and death;  
Canst thou not, poor soul, perceive  
*This is now thy work of faith?"*

\* \* \* \*

I would fain comfort dear afflicted friends with the comfort where-  
with I myself am comforted of God. Perhaps He will permit this at no  
distant day; but, for the present, weakness still cripples my pen, and  
I can say no more.

*S. Spurgeon*

### "Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 176.)

(c) *Books of Philosophy and Song* (Continued).

But if, in the Psalms, we have revealed, in a peculiarly rich and ex-  
perimental way, the electing, changeless grace of the Father, the re-

deceptive and triumphant work of the Son, and the choice consolations of the Holy Ghost,—in short, *the secret throbbings of the great heart of the holy Triune God*, so full of love and righteousness to lost and rebel sinners, the Book also possesses another unique charm, in that it pre-eminently meets the needs, soothes the spirits, and exhibits in all their multiform variations of ecstasy and depression, sin and holiness, backsliding and communion, the inner workings of the hearts of men; touching sympathetically at some point, and often at every point, the experiences of all sorts and conditions of God's children. How instinctively almost, when pressed by the weariness of life, the burden of sorrow, the overwhelming consciousness of failure and sin, the temptations of the devil, the calumny of the world, the difficulties of the homeward, uphill way, one turns to David's Psalms, even more than to the Gospels, and finds rest, and hope, and victory coming into the soul! The reason is not far to seek;—they are as full of humanity as of Divinity; for David, if I may put it reverently, was not only, in certain aspects and experiences of his life, a type of our beloved, suffering Lord, but also of ourselves;—

" A man so varied that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Shepherd boy and mighty monarch, deserted yet beloved, a trembling fugitive and splendid victor, a gross backslider and a joyous saint, a man whose sorrows were only paralleled by his seasons of communion, who here touched God and there touched devil. We, little men and women, just as big Luther did, run to his Divinely-inspired songs for stimulus and comfort; and all the more, may be, that while "God-breathed," they yet retain the throb of David's humanity, as would a cornet, mute and helpless in itself, reveal its personality when moved and thrilled by that external and infilling force without which it must always remain powerless and dumb.

From some of the expressions used in what are generally known as the maledictory Psalms, there is undoubtedly a shrinking in certain sensitive minds; and I suppose, viewed from the ordinary standpoint of *untypical* interpretation, with a measure of Gospel truth. The Old Testament prophets and leaders still lived under the stern yet upright Mosaic "lex talionis" principles,—“an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,”—and their righteous anger against long-continued tyranny and wrong demanded prompt and effective reparation. With the same spirit in their hearts, Hollanders and Huguenots fought their more modern conflicts, Cromwellians won their victories, and Covenanters prayed God's blasting power upon their enemies.

We do not, in all such cases, necessarily defend their action, nor contend that it was in sympathy with the teachings of the meek and lowly Lord Jesus (Matthew v. 44; xxvi. 52); but, surely, even in God's economy, there is still a place for indignation as well as sentiment, for righteousness as well as grace. Ye gentle spirits, make the matter practical, touchable. When cable after cable flashed in the harrowing details of bloody, devilish massacres, and the story of how men had been brutally murdered, women hideously outraged, and little children literally dashed to pieces by that consistent and persistent enemy of

Christianity and civilization, Mohammedanism, did not all Christendom rise,—tender women, little children, robust men,—and cry as with one voice, "Away with the Turk!" Justice, nay, Philanthropy itself demanded an extirpation of the scourge and pestilence which, century after century, has blighted the East for over a millennium; and, in the light of present and future prospects, taking even into account the babes and unborn of both sides in this contention, was not the criticism right; and if so, what difference is there between Britain and Turkey up to date, and Jerusalem and Babylon in pre-Christian years? The truth is, righteousness must be extolled, as well as pity; and holiness hath partnership with grace. I know some men, loving and tender-hearted, so kind that they could not even hurt a fly, and yet so full of veneration and sympathy for God the Father's outraged feelings concerning the deliberate, contemptuous rejection of His Son, that they durst not do otherwise than cry "Hallelujah!" when the traducers of His cross, and the opponents of His grace, the blasphemers of His Gospel, and the seducers of mankind are baffled, overcome, destroyed (Psalm ii.; Isaiah xxviii. 16—21; John iii. 35, 36; Acts xvii. 31; Romans ii. 8, 9; 2 Corinthians ii. 15, 16; 2 Thessalonians i. 7—9; Hebrews x. 29—31; Revelation xviii., and xix.).

Besides, let it be always remembered that there is much of the figurative ("many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round:") blended with the literal ("they part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture;" Psalm xxii. 12, 18) in the Psalms, and the innumerable sins of God's ransomed people are unquestionably sometimes described as the sworn foes and persecutors of "great David's greater Son," and must, as such, be beaten, trodden out, annihilated; and while, though through God's wonderful covenant of grace, the believing sinner and his sins are separated by virtue of the latter being laid upon and judged in the suffering Substitute, the Christ-rejector and his sins remain for ever so interwoven as warp and woof that both must perish as did Hercules and his fatal garment in the day when he and it were both alike consumed.

Thus, in the Psalms, we find expressions and experiences adapted to the moods and temperaments of every phase of human being. The Puritan, riding on to victory, made this his war song, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him" (lxviii. 1); while the Quaker quietly whispered, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" (cxxxiii. 1.) In times of national distress, the old familiar strains are poured forth from the lips of hundreds of thousands,—

"God is our refuge and our strength,  
In straits a present aid."

(xlvi. 1); and when revival comes, the words are quoted, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream" (cxxvi. 1). In days of marriage, parting, funeral, and burial, Psalms cxxviii., cxxi., xc., and xvi., are aptly spoken, while pardoned penitents learn the secret of confession and absolution in li., and xxxii. Comfort to puzzled spirits, amid life's enigmas, in the assurance that "the Lord reigneth," is furnished in xxvii., lxxiii., and xcvi.; and those



seeking and finding through communion, obedience, and the covenant, the joy of “giving thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever,” are satisfied in the fellowship of sentiment expressed in xlii., lxxxiv., lxxxix., cxix., cxxxvi., and cxlv. The eighth Psalm describes the glory and destiny of man as ruler over God’s creation. The thirty-sixth (verses 5—10) is one of those which, when on holiday, we can deliciously enjoy in the old Scotch version,—

“Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heavens;  
Thy truth doth reach the clouds;”—

while the twenty-second shows us Adam’s ruin, sin, and utter failure, as Christ, “the second Man,” taking his place, and bearing his penalty, leads us through the awful agony of “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” into the “green pastures” and “beside the still waters” (xxiii.); and on resurrection ground, and in ascension splendour, emerges crowned Victor and Redeemer as “the King of glory” through the “everlasting doors” (xxiv.), into the completeness of his Jerusalem peace (cxxii.), and millennial triumph; “He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. . . . His Name shall endure for ever: His Name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious Name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen” (lxxii. 8, 17—19); while, for the expression of personal adoration or the collective utterance of our highest, noblest, most unselfish gratitude, what can surpass “Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy Name” (ciii.), and “All people that on earth do dwell” (c.)? Indeed, in God’s great recipes for spiritual diseases, I know none better than this, “Take a Psalm;” and soon, like David, gradually forgetting self, and remembering *Him*, you will sing yourself from the minor key of earth’s depression, “Out of the depths” (cxxx.), into the heights of covenant and redemption privileges, and worship and magnify “the God of Heaven: for His mercy endureth for ever” (cxxxvi. 26).

Passing on from the sobs and songs, the depressions and ecstasies of earth’s and Heaven’s sweetest Psalmist, we come to the Proverbs of his royal son Solomon, to whom God said, “Ask what I shall give thee;” and who made the touching response, “O Lord my God, . . . I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. . . . Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart;” which so “pleased the Lord” that He replied, “Behold, I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart: so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee” (1 Kings iii. 5—14\*: 2 Chronicles i. 7—12): “and God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore. . . .

\* It is instructive to note how God also gave Solomon “both riches and honour” *unconditionally*, and “length of days” *conditionally*: “If thou wilt walk in My ways,” etc., and that, while the covenant of grace secured him wisdom, wealth, and fame, the covenant of works ended in his comparatively early death.

For he was wiser than all men. . . . And all the kings of the earth sought the presence of Solomon, to hear his wisdom, that God had put in his heart" (1 Kings iv. 29—34; v. 12; 2 Chronicles ix. 22, 23). Thus Hiram, king of Tyre, alluding to the supernatural wisdom given to Solomon in building the temple, exclaimed, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that made Heaven and earth, who hath given to David the king a wise son, endued with prudence and understanding, that might build an house for the Lord, and an house for his kingdom" (1 Kings v. 7—12; 1 Chronicles xxviii. 6, 11, etc.; 2 Chronicles ii. 11, 12); while the queen of Sheba, who "came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon," and "to prove him with hard questions," testified, in the joy of her humbled spirit, as "she communed with him of all that was in her heart,"—"It was a true report which I heard in mine own land of thine acts, and of thy wisdom: howbeit I believed not their words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and, behold, the one half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not told me: for thou exceedest the fame that I heard" (Matthew xii. 42; 1 Kings x. 1—13; 2 Chronicles ix. 1—12).

These quotations, affirming as they unquestionably do, a direct supernatural revelation to Solomon in "*his wisdom that God had put in his heart.*" would be in themselves sufficient to establish the Inspiration of his Proverbs and Songs, even if we had not the more emphatic record, in immediate connection with the "wisdom and understanding exceeding much *which God gave Solomon,*"—"and he spake three thousand proverbs: and his songs were a thousand and five" (1 Kings iv. 32). And herein we find the explanation why his terse and pithy saying are more lasting, clear-cut, and up to date, than the lengthened out and somewhat laboured utterances of Æsop and Seneca, just because *God's wisdom is condensed in these short, practical sentences,* which Dr. Arnot (of Edinburgh) with great happiness of expression called, "Laws from Heaven for life on earth." Verily, if these Proverbs of Solomon were hung up and acted upon in the Senate House, the Chambers of Commerce, the Stock Exchange, the social clubs and homes of any nation, a millennial gladness would soon dawn upon this old sin-stained earth. If young men, for example, "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested" the first volume of Proverbs (chapters i.—ix.), and grasped how that "a man cannot take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned;" that "the harlot's house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death:" that "many strong men have been slain by her;" and that, while she saith to him, "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant; but he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell:" there would be no need for purity addresses initiating lads often into those very vices which they denounce, and stimulating, while forbidding, a feeding upon "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." Frankly, I have little or no faith in lectures "to men only," but I have absolute confidence in the moral safeguard provided by God in the reading of the Books of Genesis, Leviticus, Proverbs, and 1st Corinthians.

If the slothful man would but gaze over the broken-down wall of his own soul's vineyard, and see, as the lease of his life is fast running

out, amid the thorns and nettles there, "whose end is to be burned," God's great signboard, "so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man" (xxiv. 30—34); and if the drunkard and the glutton would read the wonderful description and warning in the twenty-third chapter of this Book of Proverbs, what an impetus would be given to diligence and sobriety! If the truths, "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people;" and "Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless" (xiv. 34; xxiii. 10); formed the principles of our national and international life, how speedily wars, "strikes," and class conflicts would cease, and a true brotherhood cause "the rich and poor (to) meet together, (since) the Lord is the Maker of them all" (xxiii. 2). But while "wisdom crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors; Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man" (viii. 3, 4); yet men *will* have their own way of folly and death, rather than God's sure path of holiness and life. True, they may let the words stand graven in stone on our great Royal Exchange Buildings: "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" but *the inscription must remain severely OUTSIDE*: and if some need not tremble at a practical application, in its present-day syndicate ramifications, of the pronouncement, "A false balance is abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is His delight" (xi. 1), yet how many, even of our godliest men, are suffering simply because they never heeded, as the command of God Himself, the warnings. "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labour shall increase;" "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent;" and "he that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it: and he that hateth suretyship is sure" (xiii. 11; xxviii. 20; xi. 15). Ay, men lose much by being total abstainers from the practice, or even from the study of those "laws from Heaven" which would make both our public and private life strong and pure, prosperous and happy.

Then look at the oft-repeated, almost pathetic warnings against *wordiness* (from whence nine-tenths of our social troubles come.) peculiarly applicable to this talking age: "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." The man who incessantly gambles with words *must* utter folly, and cause sorrow, however amiable his intentions, for "death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof;" and "a whisperer separateth chief friends;" but "where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth;" and "whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles;" while a cheap but unfashionable mode of winning fame is still open to all of us, since "even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding"! But, alas! few heed the warning: "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water;" or melt down their enemies with burning deeds of love (x. 19; xviii. 21; xvi. 28; xxvi. 20; xxi. 23; xvii. 28; xvii. 14; xxv. 21, 22).

I know two men, both believers; one "can scarcely ever find a Christian decently civil," while the other "never meets anything but kindness from everybody." Solomon explains the internal cause of

these different external effects: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly" (xviii. 24); and we perceive that the former man is not suffering "for conscience sake," but, rather, on account of his own vile temper. How inimitable, instructive, faithful, and practical, are such pithy Proverbs, culled well-nigh at random, as the following! "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones" (xvii. 22). "Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee" (ix. 8). "He that passeth by, and meddled with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears" (xxvi. 17). "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee" (xxv. 17). "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy" (xiv. 10). (Don't shovel in your tracts, and talk pious platitudes, but just give a hearty hand grip, a kindly smile, and pass on.) "The Lord will . . . establish the border of the widow" (xv. 25). (Was this contract ever yet broken?) "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men" (xviii. 16). "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful" (xxvii. 6). "Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed: but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded" (xiii. 13). "The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe" (xxix. 25). "If a wise man contendeth with a foolish man, whether he rage or laugh, there is no rest" (xxix. 9). "A fool uttereth all his mind: but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards" (xxix. 11). "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith" (xv. 17). "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again" (xix. 17). "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (xxviii. 13). "The Name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe" (xviii. 10). "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit" (xxvi. 4. 5). (A paradoxical faculty which has rendered some men famous!) "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety" (xi. 14). (A word for much-abused committees, since even the wisest man did not believe in a committee of one! But such should be counsellors, not critics; helpers, not hinderers.)

Then look at our home life; some men thank God that they are "on the road" or "evangelizing" because "the contentions of a wife are a continual dropping;" and "it is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and an angry woman" (xix. 13; xxi. 19; xxvii. 15); while others sweetly realize the best of earthly blessings in the endorsement of the truth that "a prudent wife is from the Lord" (xix. 14): and is it not increasingly true that, among the many signs of the last days, disobedience to parents (2 Timothy iii. 2) is pre-eminently characteristic of the twentieth century? For he is hopelessly fossilized who even dares to quote the proverb, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child;" and the great, wise, loving God, who scourges His own beloved children (Hebrews xii. 5—11), is practically voted in error for so doing by the deliberate inaction of an unkind sentimental-

ism, which would rather risk a boy's damnation than whip him! (Proverbs xiii. 24; xix. 18; xxii. 15; xxiii. 13, 14; xxix. 15, 17.)

Touching questions of personal experience and sanctification, the Book of Proverbs contains many passages that are always timely. "The thought of foolishness is sin:" "A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again: but the wicked shall fall into mischief" (xxiv. 9, 16). "Before honour is humility" (xviii. 12). "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways:" (ay, even though these ways be those of holiness, testimony, and Gospel services!) "and a good man shall be satisfied from himself" (xiv. 14) (*i.e.*—in God, in Christ, the Word, the covenant). "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool" (xxviii. 26); therefore "keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life" (iv. 23). (Another paradox! Did Harvey *first* discover the circulation of the blood?) And to conclude with, "get wisdom," for he exclaims, "I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me. Riches and honour are with Me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. . . . For whoso findeth Me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate Me love death" (viii. 17, 18, 35, 36\*).

Here, preacher, in this Volume, thou hast not only "feathers for arrows," but verily the shafts themselves. Hesitate not to draw, therefore, from this quiver full of practical, up-to-date, common yet Divine sense; for Christ, the Incarnate Wisdom Himself did so, with Paul the orthodox, and James the practical; and in the commerce of business, in lip and in heart, thou wilt find that "every word of God is pure: He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him;" but, above all, "add thou not unto His words, lest He reprove thee. and thou be found a liar" (xxx. 5, 6).

(To be continued next month.)

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

### V.—AMONG LITERATI.

HE gets the best from men who has their best ideas bound up in books. It may be far better for your peace of mind only to view a genius from the Olympus of his works. But if your stomach is

\* The arguments in favour of the theory that "Wisdom" in the Proverbs points towards a Divine Personality seem very strong in the light of a careful perusal of i. 20 33; iii 13—26; and especially vi i. 30, 31, which verses in the Revised Version read, "Then I was by Him, as a master workman, and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in His habitable earth; and My delight was with the sons of man;" but whether this be so or not, it is evident that Solomon speaks *with an authority more than merely paternal* in such multiplied injunctions as "my son keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart" (vii. 1—3);—"Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto my knowledge. For it is a pleasant thing if thou keep them within thee: they shall withal be fitted in thy lips. That thy trust may be in the Lord I have made known to thee this day, even to thee. Have not I written to thee excellent things in counsels and knowledge, that I might make thee know the *certainty* of the words of truth; that thou mightest answer the words of truth to them that send unto thee?" (xxii. 17—21.)

strong enough to digest foibles, and your heart is happy enough to take "pot luck" with brains, you shall chew the cud of wit and wisdom for many a day, as you lie in the green pastures of the country, after you have feasted on the conversation of men of talent in town.

I am not one of those latter-day Puritans who regard a joke as profane, who look upon Bacon as unfit food for the mind, or who would divorce pure religion from the pleasures of culture. To me, it is a sad sign to see the gradual encroachment of the spirit of exclusiveness which is growing among Nonconformists; and I make bold to say that, persevered in, it must cripple their moral influence, as it will certainly lessen their number. He who protests, for Truth's sake, may still manifest a genial recognition of what is good in the world. A Protestant and a Puritan is not necessarily a man who sees everything but his creed through the medium of a blue-cold charity. The Elizabethans, who were as good Puritans as we of the reign of Queen Anne, were a happy race; and when, later, the men who were to bear the weight of war came upon the scene, they were such as Milton, who owned to Dryden, long years after, that "Spenser was his original," and who dwelt lovingly, in some of his earliest lines, on "the sage and solemn tunes" of the "Faerie Queen".—

"Its forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear."

I hold with such Puritanism as good Colonel Hutchinson's, where deep piety and an appreciation of the arts went together. I look with longing on the career of Mr. Hampden, who was as much alive to the beautiful as he was alert in counsel. I revere such a patriot as Sir John Eliot, who had a mind exquisitely cultivated and familiar with the poetry and learning of his day. I like such a type as Mr. Drayton, of Netherby, who invited to his table men as diverse as Oliver Cromwell and Dr. Jeremy Taylor; or, say, dear Philip Henry, who equalled the tenderness of George Herbert, and displayed a wide and charitable hospitality. His life at Broad Oak has now become a classic through the pen of his famous son.

The Puritanism of these men, I admire and seek to emulate. I am, therefore, out of touch with those who, to-day, sever themselves from the common life of the nation, which they style "the outer world;" who know nothing of its current literature; who assume, until it has become almost a subject of street ridicule, a most depreciatory tone in their addresses to royalty,—as if the toleration they now enjoy was not their right, but rather a sop thrown to them as inferior members of the body politic. As a matter of fact, the toleration of to-day is only an instalment of justice to the long persecuted; but some of the latter-day leaders are so nauseously thankful for it that they only deserve the kicks they get for their obtrusive humility. There is a danger of an early forgetting that the nation was only saved from bone-rot by the grit, marrow, and flint of persecuted Puritanism.

Perhaps, after all, I am unjust to my contemporaries. Colossal causes are not always in the field. This is an epoch of small events. There is spread over us the lassitude which follows the close of a great struggle. On the part of Nonconformists, there exists a timidity which

sometimes comes after a hardly-won and ill-secured victory. There is also a proper disgust felt by many at the meanness of the age. This leads them to dwell apart. If the great are not so outwardly profligate, they are equally as avaricious and corrupt as their sires. The common people are debased and ignorant to a state beyond language. The country is prosperous, but paltry; and the prophets,—where are they? “Politics and party”—to quote Bishop Burnet,—“eat out among us not only study and learning, but that which is the only thing that is more valuable, a true sense of religion, with a sincere zeal for advancing that for which the Son of God both lived and died.”

And herein lies my complaint against those who hold Puritan principles, but who lack Puritan spirit, and display no leadership either in the State Church or outside of it. Such men as Drs. Atterbury and Sacheverell hold sway within; and without, there are petty disputes and controversies that might well be closed, a tendency to divide and subdivide, and for the atoms to get further off from each other; while it has become, with many, a pledge and a practice to read nothing which does not emanate from their own body, and to know only the divines of their own communion. Meanwhile, the great world goes on; men of talent speak and write; the coffee-houses are the centres of gossip and the starting circles in the spread of news; at such hostels as Pontack's, in Abchurch Lane, the members of the Royal Society eat and drink, while at the taverns in Fleet Street the humourists of the day speak words—

“So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came  
Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest.”

Now, God forbid that Puritanism should sink to such a level as that; but it is equally against the influence which our principles should wield to ignore the existence of such men as Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope, and Dr. Swift. They exercise great power over their age, but they should not be left to mould it. Diamonds are found in dust-heaps, and gold in the mud of rivers. It may be a tedious task, it may be unpleasant, to search for the one or wash for the other; but if we, who have a pure faith by which the tendencies of the age may be tested, do not analyze and assay, who will give the youth of our homes a just estimate of the currency of the street? Satirists are, in a sense, the scavengers of society. They are like the parish officers who marked doors where the black death lay hid. It is no use denying the plague by hiding your nose in a scented handkerchief. That is what some are doing. Preaching is getting pompous as well as ponderous. Our forefathers were ponderous, but they were like men in armour in full action, and woe came to those against whom they tilted. To-day, there are those who come near to imitating Shakespeare's Malvolio, and go cross-gartered with sentences.

Well, “I have had my fling,” as Colonel Pickering was wont to say. And the moral is this. If the wits of the day prod at the carrion that is lying about, it is the duty of the divines of the day to stir men's consciences to bury it, and point the way unceasingly to a healthier life.

There are, of course, remarkable exceptions to my criticism. I notice that Dr. Watts is writing for Mr. Addison's new paper, *The*

*Spectator*, and that Mr. Grove, the head-master of the Taunton Academy, is doing the same thing. Mr. Hughes has also joined the talented company that gathers around Addison and Pope; while Mr. Burgess at New Court attracts the players of Drury Lane. A little nearer the City, in Fetter Lane, a most vivacious preacher holds sway,—he whom the Queen is said to have called “bold Bradbury.” If many more were like him, there would be fewer sycophants. It is reported that Her Majesty, to silence him, sent Harley, the minister, to him, with the offer of a bishopric! But Bradbury, though often mobbed and threatened, holds on his way as a courageous defender of liberty, and his calm, brave, clear utterances have done not a little to keep virulent people at bay. During the Sacheverell ferment, both he and Mr. Burgess suffered. Their meeting-houses were attacked, and the pews and cushions burned. Both Dr. Williams and Mr. Joseph Stennett are men of mark in London just now. So also are Dr. Edmund Calamy, of Westminster, and Dr. Grosvenor, who preaches at Crosby Square, where Stephen Charnock was once pastor. These men are deservedly leaders, both for their learning, which may be likened to an Autumn glory of the cause they serve, and for their public spirit, which has unflinchingly withstood the proffers of court favour.

As I write these jottings of my own times, I cannot but be just to such Puritans as these; and if they do not compare with the men of the Commonwealth, neither do the times. But Dr. Williams and Dr. Calamy have already laid their generation under obligation by the works they have published. Dr. Watts has awakened Christian Psalmody from a long sleep; and, I hear, is likely to add to his fame by printing what he calls “Divine and Moral Songs” for children. There are those who frown on singing in the house of God, and are too sour-visaged to relax at the trill of a thrush. These are the plague of the Puritanism of our times. They are out of harmony with human instincts. For my part, I say, let Dr. Watts sing on. Such a hymn as that which he gave us in 1709 is enough to make the heart leap, and will live and bless when all his prim critics moulder beneath lichen-covered gravestones, and their prejudices are buried as effectually as themselves. In 1709 was enacted the bloody tragedy of Malplaquet, when the French alone left upon the field of battle thirty thousand dead. Oh, the shrill cries and groans of that day! I was at Blenheim, so I know. I hear them even now; and in the dark night, when the wind moans, and the trees creak, I seem to have borne in upon me on the storm the death-groans of battle. It was in that very year that Dr. Watts gave to the world the noble strain,—

“Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;”—

and pointed the Church away from the gore-stained tracks of war to—

“ . . . a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign.”

Sing on, thou poet of a not yet altogether irresponsive Puritanism, and take thy place with the author of—

“Let us, with a gladsome mind,—  
in the estimation of the people of God!



I have had the honour of meeting the men whom I have named in this Diary; and my children after me, if they care to preserve these memories, may learn the occasions. My love of horticulture has brought me the society of the learned, and more than once I have sat at table with that honoured man and humble Christian, Sir Isaac Newton. At Pontack's, where my friend Defoe says you can bespeak a dinner "to a guinea, or what sum you please," and where Swift reports the wine at "seven shillings a flask," there, at the Royal Society dinners, I met Sir Thomas Abney and Sir John Hartopp, and was introduced by these gentlemen, later, to the leading Puritan divines.

But I love the country better than the town. I do not care for "a *ragout* of fatted snails," and "chickens not two hours out of the shell." Give me country fare, and country air to get it down with, and Tom Pierce of Covent Garden, or the great Pontack himself, may make *ragouts* for others. I am like the rural rector in his love of plain food,—

"No cook with art increased physician's fees,  
Nor served up death in soups and fricassees."

However, the wit and wisdom I heard somewhat compensated for a disordered liver. Now I am at home, and in the Ironside's study, I find myself laughing as I recall this quip and that which graced the feasts.

Yet, with it all, there is an abiding sadness. The piety of the land is at a low ebb; caste is becoming an iron band in religious circles; the upper classes are falling away from Puritanism; atheism abounds; Bolingbroke, and other brilliant men, are professed infidels; Howe, Bates, Hanserd Knollys, and a host of others are gone; the multitude hate to be stirred, and the preacher who will wink at their sins, and give them "absolution" in a dying hour, is the preacher for them.

There still lives a deep yearning for revival; yet, alas! it is confined to a few. But God always appears for His Church, and in every age sends new heralds forth. Perhaps these may come from a quarter least expected.

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

LXXXIX.—PASTOR EDMUND MORLEY, OF NEW BRIGHTON.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Greenwich, on January 21st, 1840. He is a brother greatly beloved for the gentleness of his disposition and his whole-hearted consecration to Christ. In his early years, he was a member of the Church of England, and his father and several of his uncles were, in succession, churchwardens of Greenwich Parish Church; but although he was most strict in the observance of outward forms, and regular in his attendance upon religious services, he was not converted to God. This great change in his life occurred in the year 1856, and was wrought by the Spirit of God applying to his heart the truths taught in Romans ix., and also by the reading of Dr. Newman Hall's little book, "Come to Jesus."

About the time that our brother came of age, he was asked to become sponsor to the child of a friend, and was led to search the Scriptures concerning this matter, with the result that he became convinced that the baptism of believers only was taught in the Word of God, and he was forthwith immersed by Pastor Benjamin Davies, of Greenwich. The young convert had the privilege of hearing dear Mr. Spurgeon preach in the Surrey Gardens Music Hall in 1857 and 1858, and was greatly influenced by the wonderful services there. He was himself soon engaged in preaching the Gospel, for the pastor and several of the elders of the Baptist Church at Greenwich, feeling that he was called to the ministry, encouraged him to speak in the Name of Jesus, and this he did with much acceptance at Greenwich, Deptford, New Cross, Woolwich, and Sheerness.

In January, 1865, Mr. Morley had the joy of being accepted as a student in the Pastors' College, and was therefore present at the formation and first Conference of the original Pastors' College Association. In August, 1867, our brother was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church worshipping at Payton Street, Stratford-on-Avon, where he speedily won the respect as well as the affection of his people, and where for seven years he laboured faithfully and successfully in the Master's service. Very soon after his settlement at Stratford-on-Avon, he married. The lady of his choice was so very small in stature, that his friends wondered whether she could indeed rise to the dignity and responsibility of being a help-meet to their beloved pastor; but it was very soon evident that Mrs. Morley had great gifts as a teacher. She started a Women's Bible-class with only three members; but, before long, the membership rose to a hundred, and it continues to this day with a happy record of success and usefulness. A lady, writing from Stratford-on-Avon, and from whose letter much of this history is gleaned, says of Mrs. Morley:—"She had a heart so large that she understood the needs of people of all ranks and ages, and had the gift of helping and raising all who came under her influence." Husband and wife are so entirely one in heart and aim, that no record of the one would be complete without notice of the other. Long may they be spared to labour together for Jesus!

Mr. Morley, like his Master, is an open-air preacher. It was his custom at Stratford, on Sunday afternoon, or after the evening service, to take his stand near an old pump, and there to warn his hearers to flee from the wrath to come, and to seek refuge in Jesus Christ, the sinners' Friend. Large crowds assembled to listen, and many of the hearers were deeply affected. After one such gathering, a respectable labouring man remarked, "That man is a jewel to prache." This friend afterwards became a regular attendant in the house of God, and in time a consistent member of the church. He was only one of many such seals to Mr. Morley's ministry.

At one preaching station, on a village green near Stratford, he and his helpers met with much opposition, and were insulted in various ways; but near this very spot, a mission chapel has now been built by a lady of that village whom our brother at that time baptized. Mr. Morley is a lover of the old-fashioned Gospel, and preaches it with

simplicity and earnestness. He always appears before his people as a man who has been sent with a message from God, and who has a burning desire for the salvation of souls; and this, at Stratford, as in his other pastorates, attracted the people, and the congregation grew so much that it was found necessary twice to increase the sitting accommodation in the chapel; and, best of all, more than a hundred members were added to the church. The present staff of workers at Payton Street Chapel includes many who were led to Christ during our brother's ministry, several of whom now hold office as deacons. Mr. Morley entered into close fellowship with his people in their daily life, and this connection was not only kept up during his ministry at Stratford, but after his removal as well; so that, in his occasional visits, he always receives a warm welcome from many attached friends.



At the request of the Worcestershire Association, our brother went to Redditch, where he had a useful and happy pastorate, but it was of short duration, as an unexpected but unanimous invitation came from the Baptist Church at Halstead, Essex. Feeling the call to be from God, Mr. Morley accepted it. A present deacon and secretary of the church, who was then a youth, and whom our brother afterwards baptized, writes:—"Mr. Morley came in the summer of 1876.

A year or two before, a new schoolroom and classrooms had been built at the back of the chapel, and a balance of the money was still owing, but it was soon cleared off. The chapel at that time contained old-fashioned square pews, and uncomfortable straight-backed seats, and was generally of a rather dingy appearance. It was decided, in 1878, to renovate the building; the inside fittings were entirely removed, new floor, benches, baptistery, and heating apparatus were put in at a cost of £800, which was raised in two or three years. The renewed building was opened by Pastor Charles Spurgeon. Later on, the sum of £150, which had been advanced by a friend in the neighbourhood, free of interest, on part of the minister's house, was repaid. Mr. Morley successfully carried on a Men's Bible-class and a Fathers' Meeting, besides fulfilling the ordinary duties of pastor, preaching often in cottages, and in the open air. He was held in much esteem by his brethren in the county, and was elected by them to be President of the Essex Baptist Union during 1885—6. He was ably assisted by his devoted wife, who started, and carried on, with much blessing, a Mothers' Meeting and a Young Women's Class. In December, 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Morley left the town with the best wishes of the congregation and many friends, and they still have a warm place in many hearts."

After a few months' work in Manchester, Mr. Morley, in connection with Pastor E. A. Carter's Pioneer Mission, with some financial help from the ever-beloved C. H. S., undertook the task, in 1890, of trying to raise a Baptist cause at New Brighton, a pleasure resort of Liverpool. A congregation was gathered by him in a hall, then freehold land was purchased, and a schoolroom erected. Three years later, a good chapel was built in front of the schoolroom, and a church was formed. Since then, a classroom, seating some fifty or sixty persons, has been added. The church, which has gradually increased in numbers, has been self-supporting for the last nine years. To our brother has been given the great joy of seeing his children walking in the fear of the Lord, and one of his sons is pastor of the Baptist Church worshipping at Wellington Road, Eccles.

C. D. GOODING.

Burnham-on-Crouch.

## Bush Life in Tasmania.

### V.—FLOOD AND FIRE.

"**W**HEN thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Doubtless the prophet had seen the watercourses in raging flood, and gazed on the fierce fire of the forest; yet, while looking upon their uncontrollable might, he felt confident that "the Lord sitteth upon the flood," and speaketh "out of the midst of the fire;" that there is no force, no matter how masterful, which is beyond His power, and that in the most direful experiences He will be with His people, and will preserve them from all real harm.

The electric current can run more quickly than the floods, and this utilized fact has robbed those in Tasmania of many of their terrors. The news is flashed along their course that the rain has fallen in torrents, and the winter's snows have melted on the mountain-tops. Down the ravines and gullies the swollen streams pour their tribute into the rivers at their base; but, in the meantime, sheep and cattle are driven to safe places; property, likely to be affected, is carefully watched; the reports of the flood's progress are eagerly read. Heralded by electricity, beaten in the race, its height, strength, and duration are pretty accurately known beforehand. Those who are prepared watch with interest for its coming, see it have its mad fling, and are glad and grateful when its rush is past.

It is like some magnificent pageant. It draws near with a roar like distant thunder, or as the rumbling tremor of an earthquake. Soon you see a rolling wall of water, carrying with it trees, pieces of fences, parts of outhouses, and all manner of wreckage which it has gathered on its way, and seems, in conscious strength, to be easily bearing on its back in its triumphal procession to the sea.

“The roused-up river pours along,  
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes  
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,  
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far!

• • • • •  
“It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through!  
Nature! Great Parent! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!”

Notwithstanding the care that is taken to minimize the damage caused by the floods, by telegraphic messages to all post offices *en route*, they sometimes come with such startling suddenness that hundreds of sheep and cattle are carried away and lost before they can be driven to higher ground. The rude waters, within the flood area, enter the houses without knocking, and play all sorts of tricks with the papered walls and furniture; and if Mrs. Partington resents this liberty, she is quite unable to eject them with her mop. The bridges, that usually stand well above the water, are covered out of sight; and the floating *débris* often gathers such strength as to sweep them right away.

The writer, and another Baptist minister, on holiday bent, had resolved to visit the East Coast, to see how their brethren fared who were without any privileges of worship in their own denomination. We stayed for a week at the house of a beloved brother, who had been a successful London pastor, but in Tasmania was engaged in scholastic work. We visited the spot where he sought “to teach the young idea how to shoot.” We addressed his Sunday-school; preached and lectured. We saw how restive he was under the prohibition of the educational authorities that no State school teacher should preach within five miles of his home, lest some meddling sectarian should raise a hubbub about the matter, and destroy the harmonious relationships with all classes which a schoolmaster is supposed to cultivate. We went to a camp of two hundred Chinese near by, entered their

houses, and their stores; drank "How tcha"—"good tea"—with them in their kitchens; visited their bank; spoke to their native doctor; watched their lotteries, and heard the loud crackle of fireworks that told of the joy of the winners; were permitted to inspect their "Joss-house"; saw the valuable offerings which had been made by those who sought guidance and help; we looked upon the grovelling opium smoker, and listened to his peculiar suckle.

Among this mass of heathenism, and in the whole township, our dear friend and his good wife were the salt and light,—the very centre of all sweet and holy influences; although looked askance upon by some "rude fellows of the baser sort," who said "the place was never so prosperous as when there was no religion in it." Alas, gold is usually more prized than grace!

The week spent in this romantic plain, fringed with the dark-green forest, amid its alluvial mining heaps, soon passed; it was a happy time, and to our mutual profit in the faith. Our forward journey lay through miles of myrtle, sassafras, eucalypti, and tree fern forest, by a winding pass which crosses the Blue Tier range. Upward the horses toiled on the road cut from the precipitous mountain sides; the densely-wooded valleys and ravines lay below, with the soft, velvety green of the tree-tops flecked now in shadow, now in sunshine. On over the breezy heights: down to the plains below; a rest for the night at St. Helens; then across the lovely crescent bridge at St. George's Bay; and, at last, we come to the Scamander river, and find that a great flood, a short time before, has cut the long bridge in two, making an impassable gulf. A punt has been made, so large that the coachman can drive his four horses on to it from the box; but the man in charge has neglected to lower it with the tide! There it is, high and dry, far up on the bank's side.

How the driver swore when he saw it! He stamped, and raged; he flung his arms about; his English, such as it was, was quite insufficient to express his feelings. "I shall lose the mails," he wailed: "these many years on the road, I've never lost the mails." Another outburst of swearing, and another set of enraged antics on the pebbly bank; and then we said to him, "Come, this kind of thing will not get the punt off." "Punt off!" he cried savagely, "the man who made it said it would take twelve men to shift it if it got high and dry." Another storm of passion, and a volley of oaths followed. "Look here," we exclaimed, "if you don't stop swearing, we won't help you. What good does your swearing do?" "It would make a saint swear," he hissed, "what good can we do? Here there are only four of us, and no help near; we shall have to wait till two o'clock in the morning, for the tide to rise. Oh, I shall lose the mails!"

Whilst he relieved himself with another outburst, the two parsons searched for long planks: and, by directing their two companions in distress, and studying the laws of leverage with Archimedean assiduity, by long and hard labour they eased the punt nearer and nearer to the water's edge. Now and again the driver stopped to vent his rage, and cry, "It's no good; I shall lose the mails!"

At last he exclaimed, "If we can get it off in twenty minutes, I shall save the mails!" How he smiled when the massive punt slid into the

water ; he was on the box in a crack, the coach and horses were driven on to the unsteady thing, then we all pulled with might and main at the cable, almost before the punt touched the further side, he drove away ; on we went at a rate which swayed the vehicle to and fro ; then through swollen creeks, the water surging up to the bellies of the horses, up St. Mary's Pass, over St. Patrick's Head, 2,227 feet above the sea, and only a short distance from it ; down the other side, the driver tearing away as for dear life ; and, rolling into the station yard in time to catch the outgoing train, *we saved the mails !*

What reward did the pastors get ? A promise from the driver that, on their next visit to the district, he would come and hear them preach, when they hoped he would hear and receive something to his advantage.

\*             \*             \*             \*

The bush fire equals, if it does not surpass, the fearful power and terror of the floods. It comes with startling suddenness, terrible sublimity, and irresistible might. The roar of it is awful ; to fight it, and mitigate its dread devastations, needs almost superhuman skill and courage. We have seen it leap forward, like a frightful dragon, eating up, with an insatiable appetite, everything before it. Its crackle and roar sound as if it defiantly laughed at the efforts of puny men to keep it under control. Yet it is marvellous how the St. Georges of "the bush" manœuvre it, and wrest from its devouring maw their most treasured things.

The principal man at one of our Baptist bush-stations was one who had, by dint of pluck and energy, carved from the primeval forest a fertile farm of four hundred acres. Wonderful crops rewarded his toils ; and he and his wife and family were *beau-idéal* bush folk, who, by patient, persistent, skilful, brave labour, had accomplished that to which they had set their hands, and were ready to help, in neighbourly ways, for the general and spiritual good of the district. But trouble came upon them, one hot autumn day, "like a bolt from the blue," as suddenly as upon Job in the older time.

A horseman dashed up to the house to warn our friend of the fire that was hurrying in his direction, and then rode in hot haste away. He could scarcely believe it, as he scanned "the bush", and saw no sign of fire. Another came with warning, but still he could see neither smoke nor fire. He strolled to one of the paddocks where the wheat stood in shocks ready for carrying to the barn. With a suddenness, as if it had been lying in wait, the fire burst upon him. The flames came rolling on like immense waves of the sea,—a moving, curling wall of fire. It caught the sheaves, and hurled them high in the air, whirling them about as if in some aerial maelstrom. With the exclamation, "I'm ruined!" he dropped to the ground overpowered by the shock of the disaster and the heat. Fortunately, at that moment, other members of the family came on the scene, and rescued him ; having heard the roar of the fire, they had come to look for him. All at once set to work to try to save the house. The outbuildings must take their chance. Men were on the roof continually to quench the sparks that flew from the great trees near. It was a long and awful fight ; but, in the end, brain and muscle and determination won the victory. The

crops, and fences, and barn, and some of the sheep and cattle and other domestic animals were destroyed; but the home was saved, along with a few of the stock, and just enough of the crops to keep the ruin from being complete.

A stream near by was made quite warm with the intense heat, and the cattle which had rushed to it for safety were burned to death as they stood in the flowing water. The fences of our beautiful mission church were eaten up by the flames; but, though blistered and blackened by its fiery trial, the "House of God" was spared, to our great gratitude and delight. Though twenty miles away on these eventful days, we noticed in the streets white ash, lying like snow-flakes, the silent witness of the magnitude of the distant conflagration, and the agitation it had caused in the air.

When we visited our friend, a little later, we walked together over the farm, and saw the black, scorched grains of wheat lying in the fields, and the charred remains of the terrible fire. He soon set manfully to work to repair the ruin, his stalwart sons quickly had the fences up, and a new barn built; kind nature came to their aid, and covered the blackness with a green mantle, and earlier than expectation, the place appeared more spick and span than ever.

To many of the farmers in "the bush", the fire, though involving temporary loss, came as a blessing in disguise. Old log-fences that harboured vermin, and dilapidated buildings were destroyed; more land was cleared in a few days, by this flaming giant, than the bushmen's axes could clear in years; the ground was finely cleansed by this purifying element; the farmers, after the first shock, were aroused to new energy, and there were many noble examples of men who, with "never despair" as their motto, wrung from the hard grip of disaster the blessings of a victorious life.

"Which things are an allegory." "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." The produce of the farm was burned, but not the farm itself. In other years, it would bring forth more abundantly because of its baptism of fire.

In the fires of affliction, much that we value may be burned, but what is of real worth abides. Our sharp trials bring rich treasures of enduring good. The rubbish is burnt up, the enriched farm remains,—

"I looked, aside the dust-cloud rolled;  
The waster seemed the builder too,  
Upspringing from the ruined old,  
I saw the new.

"'Twas but the ruin of the bad,  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still."

Courage, brother, "all things work together for good to them that love God." "Faint not when thou art rebuked of Him." "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The spring will clothe the blackened farm with green. "We are saved by hope." "Never despair." While a man has his God, his wife and children, and his health, he



cannot be said to be ruined, even though his farm has been charred with fire. And—

“ I like the man who faces what he must  
 With step triumphant, and a heart of cheer ;  
 Who fights the daily battle without fear ;  
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
 That God is God ; that, somehow, true and just  
 His plans work out for mortals ; not a tear  
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
 Falls from his grasp : better, with love, a crust  
 Than living in dishonour ; envies not,  
 Nor loses faith in man ; but does his best,  
 Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot ;  
 But with a smile, and words of hope, gives zest,  
 To every toiler. He alone is great  
 Who by a life heroic conquers fate.”

J. E. WALTON.

## The Thirty-seventh College Conference.

WRITING immediately (and necessarily, somewhat hurriedly,) after the close of the fourteenth annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, (the thirty-seventh Conference in connection with the College,) one retains a very vivid impression of a season of Christian communion, and testimony to the truth, which compares most favourably even with the wonderful gatherings in past years. The Conference commenced on *Monday afternoon, April 15*, with a prayer-meeting at the College, at which the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) presided, and brethren from London, and the provinces, and from distant lands, were present. In the course of the afternoon, the President called attention to “the texts for the day,” from *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*, which had been printed on the programme for the first time, and pointed out their remarkable appropriateness, although his dear mother, in selecting them, had not chosen them with a view to the Conference. The spirit that was manifest in this first gathering was a good augury for all that were to follow.

After tea, the brethren adjourned to the Tabernacle, the area of which was well filled for the evening meeting. The President was again in the chair, several prayers were presented, and addresses were given by the Deputy-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), and Pastors H. O. Mackey (Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool,) and T. Philpot (Ilfracombe). Each speaker emphasized the need for the work of the College being continued and even increased.

On *Tuesday morning, April 16*, the first hour was devoted to prayer and praise, at the close of which the President delivered the address which is printed in full in the present number of the Magazine; our readers will, we think, agree with us in regarding it as a most powerful and timely utterance to which the whole Baptist denomination would do well to give heed. After a brief recess, the first part of the Conference business was transacted. This included reports of the home-going of Professor Fergusson and seven of the brethren, to all of whom touching and appropriate references were made;—the re-election of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon as President, and Pastor Charles Spurgeon as

Deputy-President, both of whom were proposed by Pastor Archibald G. Brown, and immediately chosen by the uprising of the whole assembly;—and the announcement that Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Conference Present was to be her dear husband's volume entitled *An All-round Ministry*, a selection which gave great delight to all the recipients of the gift.

The afternoon and evening were spent, as usual, at the Orphanage. The wet weather drove most of the company indoors, where they were first interested in listening to Pastor Charles Spurgeon's phonograph, and afterwards in witnessing the orphans' musical drill, etc. The Deputy-President presided at the meeting in the Memorial Hall, and reproduced, as far as possible, the special features of similar gatherings in his dear father's time. The other speakers were from foreign lands,—Mr. Papengouth (from Milan), Mr. Jefferd (from Madeira), and Mr. Potter (from India), his speech being very happily introduced by his dear wife's singing of a hymn in Hindustani.

On *Wednesday morning, April 17*, in the course of the devotional part of the proceedings, the Deputy-President read a number of interesting letters from brethren abroad or absent through illness, and special prayer for them was presented by Pastor Frank H. White. It was the turn of Professor Hackney to represent the tutorial staff; and he chose, as the theme of his address, "The New Testament conception of Christ and the Church." For fully an hour, he held the attention of the crowded assembly with his weighty, wise, and witty words, closing with a searching examination of the claims of the Church of Rome to be called *the* church, or even *a* church in the New Testament sense of the term. This naturally prepared the way for the paper by Pasteur R. Saillens (of Paris) on "Roman Catholicism in modern France," which displayed a masterly acquaintance with the whole Romish controversy. We hope to publish the paper in full next month, and we shall be glad if friends will help to give it a wide circulation.

In the afternoon, a large contingent of the brethren, "personally conducted" by the Vice-President, Pastor Archibald G. Brown, went to Norwood cemetery, to pay a visit to the grave of the ever-beloved President, C. H. Spurgeon. An informal but impressive service was held, Pastors F. H. White, R. Saillens, W. Williams, James Douglas, M.A., and T. Greenwood, taking part. The hymn commencing "There is a fountain filled with blood," was sung with much pathos, the company being reminded that Mr. Spurgeon, in response to requests all over the land, had inscribed in numerous albums the verse beginning "E'er since by faith," etc. Many touching personal reminiscences were related, and deep solemnity characterized the assembly as Mr. Brown urged all to renewed zeal and consecration to the grand work of seeking the salvation of men by the faithful proclamation of those vital truths to which the glorified President had been faithful unto death. A short visit was also made to the grave of the late beloved Principal of the College, David Gracey. Then, at Mr. Brown's invitation, the brethren adjourned to the beautiful new schoolroom and lecture-hall at Chatsworth Road, where a bountiful repast was provided. In the evening, there was a unique service in the chapel. Pastor J. Rankine (of Guildford) offered prayer, and Pastors J. C. Carlile (Folkestone), W. E. Rice (Gloucester), and G. Turner (Sutton), told how the Lord had graciously led them to Himself. The orphan choir from Stockwell sang several new pieces during the meeting, and it was universally acknowledged that the presence of the Lord had been experienced in a very special manner.

The subscribers met for tea at the College in the evening. Mr. T. A.

Denny was unable to remain for the meeting, so spoke a few sentences expressing his hearty love for the President, and he subsequently telegraphed a promise of £50 towards the funds. The chairman was W. W. Thompson, Esq., who not only told of his sympathy with the work, but practically proved it by his donation of a hundred guineas. Pastor J. E. Walton gave an interesting account of the work of "our own men" in Australia, specially mentioning Tasmania; and three student-pastors (Messrs. Skinner, Potter, and Tinsley,) described their spheres of service, and related remarkable instances of blessing upon the general work of the year, and also during the recent Simultaneous Mission. At the supper table, contributions amounting to £1,285 3s. were announced; additional amounts since have brought the total to about £1,350,—a very large sum for such trying times as these.

On *Thursday morning, April 18*, after the devotional service, more business was transacted, including the re-election of Pastor Thomas Greenwood as Manager of the Assurance Community, Dr. McCaig and Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., LL.B., as Secretaries of the Association, and the reception into membership of 13 students who had been for six months in the College. Then followed a helpful conference upon the Simultaneous Mission, opened by Pastors W. Y. Fullerton (Leicester), C. Joseph (Cambridge), and W. Williams (Upton Chapel, Lambeth), and continued by several other brethren. The rest of the morning was devoted to an address from Dr. John G. Paton, from the New Hebrides, which will never be forgotten by any who heard it. As an evidence of the effect it produced, it may be noted that, although no collection had been announced, the audience spontaneously contributed over £26 towards the work in which "the apostle of the Southern seas" is engaged. After the dinner, Dr. Paton touchingly spoke to the orphan girls who were helping at the tables, and lovingly commended them to God.

At the public meeting in the Tabernacle, the area and first gallery were crowded, and many were the expressions of joy that the building had been so beautifully restored, and reopened free of debt. The President presided, and gave an outline of the Report which will appear in next month's Magazine; addresses were delivered by Mr. A. H. Brown (the students' secretary), and by Pastors R. Saillens, T. J. Longhurst (Weston-super-Mare), and A. G. Brown, who gave a number of choice reminiscences of Pastors' College life forty years ago. Pastor Charles Spurgeon, who had been to Manchester on special Orphanage business, returned in time to close the meeting with prayer.

On *Friday morning, April 19*, after prayer and praise, the rest of the business was transacted. Monday, June 17, was fixed as the Conference Day of Prayer; Professor Hackney was re-elected Remembrancer, and Pastor Frank H. White was chosen by ballot as Vice-President; the membership of the Association was reported as 790; hearty thanks were accorded to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for her welcome Conference Present; and as a most joyous surprise, just after the vote had been passed, the following telegram from her to the President was read:—"Kindest remembrances and adieux from 'the prisoner of the Lord' at 'Westwood' to the Presidents, tutors, and pastors now assembled at the Conference of 1901,—MOTHER." The kindness of the friends who had entertained the country brethren was gratefully acknowledged; and then, upon the proposition of Pastor J. C. Carlile, seconded by Pastor T. L. Edwards, who gave an exquisite little parable about the two lighthouse-keepers,—C. H. S. and T. S.,—the following resolution was

enthusiastically carried:—"That this meeting of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, assembled in Conference, takes this opportunity of congratulating its President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and the officers and members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, upon the successful completion of the rebuilding of the Tabernacle, and prays that the future history of the Church, to which this Conference is so largely indebted, may be bright with the presence of God the Holy Spirit." The President having heartily responded, the closing service was conducted by Pastor A. G. Brown, whose text was Deuteronomy xi. 29, and who from it drew a striking contrast between our past position on the mount of cursing and our present position on the mount of blessing. Coming to the communion table, an impressive address was delivered by Pastor G. Turner, and after the sacred feast all linked hands, and sang the Scotch version of Psalm cxxii., and the President closed the service with prayer.

At the farewell dinner, those who had catered for the brethren during the week were cordially thanked for their efficient services; the Remembrancer reported that 226 brethren had contributed or collected £455 15s. 2d. to the College funds during the year; the usual but by no means formal cheering of Presidents and tutors took place; and then, with the Doxology and the Benediction, another hallowed Conference was happily and appropriately concluded.

## Itinerating in Tunisia.

IT was a long-planned trip; so, after treating some twenty patients here, we sped away to Mahdea, where rich gardens and a sleepy little Arab town mark the site of what was once the capital of all Northern Africa.

After supper, we walked round the town, and finally entered an Arab *café*, where, while sipping the muddy liquid, we answered enquiring looks with a talk on sacrifice. Starting from the lamb which each hearer would offer on the morrow, passing on to the lamb God gave to Abraham, and resting on the Lamb of God which He has given as the one sacrifice for sin, a quiet, holy interest seemed to fill the place, and overspread all the hearers, and we expect to see, maybe not however till eternity, the fruits following the seed sown. Next morning, as we went our way, our surroundings all had messages for us. The young corn, only just saved from death by yesterday's rain, seemed to say, "Have faith in God." The fishermen busy drawing in their net, though having caught next to nothing, recalled our Lord's command, "Cast the net," and His gracious promise, "I will make *you* fishers of men;" while a fine ship, stranded by some late storm upon the shore, pictured poor souls around, stranded on the barren shore of Islam.

An hour's ride brought us to the market of "Ksour Saf." A street, here wide, there narrow, wound through a native village, and was rapidly becoming full of traffickers. Here, unknown to anyone, and looking up to God for help, we sat down at the village *café*, and, Bible in hand, began to read aloud in Arabic. Customers turned to listen, passers-by stopped to see, and soon we had hearers enough as we read and talked of God's sacrifice for sin. Then, hiring for the day a little room, dark and windowless, into which twelve people could hardly squeeze, we preached, doctored, and sold Gospels to the crowd, till time compelled us to leave, when, amid hearty invitations to return, and calls for more medicine, we pushed on for El-Djem, our next resting-place.

El-Djem is famous for its ruined amphitheatre, reckoned the third in the world, and said to have held 20,000 people; now, with its base sunken in rubbish heaps, and joined by the miserable dwellings of an Arab village, it towers a mighty yet tottering landmark, a fit sign alike of human strength and weakness.

That evening, we spoke for Jesus in the village *café*, amid a good deal of opposition and gainsaying, and had to finish with a practical lesson in honesty, for we quite forgot to pay our halfpenny each for the coffee, and returned at some inconvenience lest our good should be evil spoken of.

Next morning, we went off, over a bad road, to visit a market twelve miles away. We passed a "saint's" tomb, the dome of which had lately fallen in. Our Arab friends assured us that this was due to a miracle. "Sidi Nasser"—another "saint"—buried close by—had arisen one night, and thrown a cannon ball at it, and the cannon ball itself is on view to remove all doubts! But if Sidi Nasser can destroy, he cannot heal; for, as we passed the tombs on returning, a sad procession of sixteen sick people came out to meet us, and to ask for medicines, the last of the party even carrying upon her back her fever-stricken husband.

This market being held on Sunday, we did not see it full, but treated fourteen cases, and brought a word of cheer to those in the prison. I spoke to them, through the high-barred opening, of Jesus the Lamb of God; and as I gave them some medicines they needed, I felt the hot foul air against my hand. Poor fellows, theirs was a sad case indeed, prisoners alike in body and soul! The only Europeans in this place were a Maltese and his wife; they showed us no little kindness. Their tiny room contained a picture of the Virgin Mary, with a golden crown upon her head, nursing the infant Jesus. The woman spoke of what Mary had done, but *we* preached Christ and Him crucified; not, I trust, without lasting effect.

Sunday we spent quietly at El-Djem, holding two magic-lantern meetings in the room we had hired. We had good attendances and attention, though the evening meeting was somewhat disturbed by a man who said he had dropped some money, and who was not content with searching the floor, but insisted upon searching the congregation also.

Monday was devoted to medical mission work at El-Djem. Early in the day, people were filling the court-yard; but the owner of the room begged that just a few of his friends might be seen first; so, the door being shut, lest others should see them, these ladies came crawling in, on their hands and knees, through a hole broken in the wall. When *sixteen* had been treated, and still there were more, the people outside would wait no longer, so we stopped up the hole with a big flat stone; but that method was not a great success, as, not long afterwards, another lady's arrival was announced by the stone coming tumbling over on to the doctor's leg.

The room being small, we saw the people in batches of ten. When dinner-time arrived, we counted a congregation of 108 persons sitting and standing around. This was too good an opportunity to be lost, so we had a special service on the spot, Mr. Webb playing his cornet, and both of us singing and speaking for a good while. When darkness came, we had treated 93 sick folk; and, better still, had sold 33 Gospels.

Will you, dear reader, join us in praying that the Word of God, which is the sword of the Spirit, may yet win many victories for Jesus even among these poor Moslems?

Soussa, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## Notices of Books.

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

*The Gospel in North Africa.* By J. RUTHERFURD, M.A., B.D., and EDWARD H. GLENNY. Office of North Africa Mission, 21, Linton Road, Barking, London.

Now that this handsome volume has been published, in various styles of binding, at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. each, there will be no excuse for ignorance concerning the great mission-field on the north of the Dark Continent of Africa, within less than a week's steaming from England. Part of that land was early visited by the heralds of the cross, so that history is but repeating itself as every new missionary sails for some portion of that vast region, which extends from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea, and from the Mediterranean to the Sahara and the Soudan.

The book before us is divided into two parts;—the first, describing the history and condition of North Africa, is written by Mr. Rutherford, the Presbyterian minister at Lewes, whose residence in Algiers, and in the East, has specially qualified him to write sympathetically on such a theme; the second, on Mission work in North Africa, is by Mr. Glenny, the esteemed honorary secretary of the N.A.M., who has had nearly twenty years' intimate association with the Mission and the missionaries, in the course of which he has journeyed through North Africa eighteen times. The statistics of the service are not quite brought down to date; but up to January 1st, 1900, there were 18 stations and out-stations, occupied by 117 missionaries and their helpers; yet what are they amongst the almost innumerable hosts of people whom they have gone forth to serve? This volume ought to find a place in every Christian home, and every church, Sunday-school, missionary, or C.E. library; and, prayerfully studied, it should be the means of sending out to

North Africa an ever-increasing band of men and women whose hearts the Lord has touched, and of moving those who must remain at home to support them by their prayers and their purses. Page 127 gives some interesting information upon this point. The eight maps and over 120 excellent illustrations greatly add to the charm of this most welcome addition to our modern missionary literature.

*"In Deaths Oft."* By C. H. S. GREEN. Morgan and Scott.

THE sub-title of this sixpenny booklet rightly calls it "a thrilling account of a sevenfold deliverance out of the hands of 'the Boxers' in North China." Mr. and Mrs. Green and their two little children, with Miss Gregg, passed through a series of painful experiences, which Mr. Hudson Taylor truly says, "cost them more than it would have done to lay down their lives after a sharp but short trial." The story is simply but graphically told, and gives the reader a vivid idea of what it was first to fall into the hands of the Boxers, and then on seven different occasions to be mercifully delivered from them.

*Joseph Parker, D.D. His Life and Ministry.* By ALBERT DAWSON. *General Booth. The Man and his Work.* By JESSE PAGE. Partridge and Co.

THESE two volumes are issued simultaneously in the "New Century Leaders Series," and probably no one will question the right of the minister of the City Temple, or of the commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, to be reckoned among present-day leaders.

Mr. Albert Dawson, during the six years and a half that he was "Literary Assistant and Private Secretary" to Dr. Parker, and in various capacities since that time, has had many opportunities of be-

coming intimately acquainted with the popular preacher, and he has now given to the world at large a remarkably interesting account of the chief incidents in a very notable career. The volume does not profess to be exhaustive; and while we have been reading it, we have hardly decided whether Mr. Dawson is to be the more commended for the discretion which prompted him to omit certain well-known items, or for the journalistic instinct which led him to include others. Certainly, he has written a book which deserves to live, and which, we expect, will have a wide circulation.

The author of the other volume has written many admirable biographies of eminent Christian men, but no one of them has been penned more *con amore* than his sketch of the General of the Salvation Army, although Mr. Page is not a member of that organization. Indeed, in his Preface, he says, "While honestly endeavouring to give a discriminating estimate of his character, I have not had the insincerity to conceal the deep love and reverence I have for him in my heart." This admiration sometimes leads him astray, as on page 23, where he not only identifies himself with Mr. Booth's Arminianism, but goes beyond him in caricaturing Calvinism. On the whole, however, there is, in this outline history of a wonderfully commanding and useful life, far more to commend than to condemn, just as there is in the Salvation Army itself. Yet even Mr. Page's special pleading fails to convince us of the Scripturalness of the quasi-militarism which is its distinguishing characteristic, or to justify the Sunday sale of *The War Cry*, and the non-observance of the ordinances—here mis-called "sacraments"—appointed by our Lord Jesus Christ.

A shilling booklet, just published by The Archer Printing Company, 57, Shoe Lane, E.C.,—*The History of Maze Pond Sunday-school*, 1801-1901, by B. REEVE,—is specially interesting to South London Bap-

tists, and to all who desire to watch the progress of the great movement started by good Robert Raikes. The establishment of the Maze Pond School led Dr. Rippon's church, in Carter Lane, to follow that good example; and, in later days, Mr. Spurgeon's first speech in London was delivered in connection with the same School. The compiler of this record is to be heartily congratulated upon having produced a worthy literary souvenir of the centenary just completed. It can be obtained at the Maze Pond Chapel, Old Kent Road, London.

*Is Christ Infallible and the Bible True?* By Rev. H. McINTOSH, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A PATIENT and scholarly attempt to weigh the results of modern Biblical criticism upon the truth of the Bible, and the credibility of the Saviour's teaching. Relentless in its logic, it is none the less studiously courteous even to the most destructive of the Scripture critics. It is quite refreshing to have so trenchant a defence of the true inspiration of the Sacred Oracles from the Presbyterian Church, which of late has hatched us quite a brood of rationalistic expositors. McIntosh upon "Ian Maclaren" is an instructive and suggestive piece of polemics. Says our daring author, concerning that intensely sophistical book, *The Mind of the Master*, "It has some good, some fresh, and not a few striking things. It is, however, often incorrect, generally one-sided, and pervasively exaggerated, lacking balance; fragmentary, too, and superficial, inconsistent, and often contradictory, escaping grave error only by glaring self-contradiction; a tendency to smartness rather than truthness; straining at effect more than reality; given to clever yet feeble caricature rather than solid argument; and vitiated throughout with false, because overstrained antithesis,—the style for fiction rather than theology, science, or other serious literature." And yet "Ian Maclaren" is the idol to which we are all expected to

bow to-day, or be hopelessly out of the theologic fashion!

Later on, we are told, "When we pass from Dr. Watson to Principal Fairbairn, we pass from a theological free lance to a religious philosophy. We leave the light but clever, audacious but *unveracious religious fiction of The Mind of the Master*, for the weighty and well-weighed *magnum opus* of the Oxford Professor; we enter on serious thinking, and are face to face with a religious philosophy."

It is a genuine and valuable service that Mr. McIntosh has done to all religious students and teachers in pointing out the lamentable consequences of recent Bible criticism, and proving how it, at last, steals from the Sacred Volume all that makes it worthy the name of a Divine Revelation. Perhaps one of the most valuable sections is that in which we are shown how sceptics have used the latest criticism to justify their objections to the Word of God, and how futile it is to try to refute them if we once admit the presence of error in the Inspired Scriptures.

But we can only refer our readers to the volume itself, and advise a careful study of this masterly and serious attempt to restore to us once again an Infallible Christ and a true Bible. We give the book the heartiest of welcomes, and wish for it a very wide circulation, that it may antidote much of the popular sophistry and the fleshy wisdom that, under various guises,—religious, sentimental, and theological,—assails the true faith of the Church of Christ.

*The Century Bible. St. Matthew.*

By Professor W. F. SLATER, M.A.  
Edinburgh: T. C. and E. Jack.

THIS is the first of the series of which Professor W. F. Adeney is the general Editor, and we heartily welcome it. The volume is a pleasure to the eye and to the hand. The Introduction gives sufficient data for the general reader to form his own opinion as to the place of Matthew in the Synoptic Gospels, and as to the probability of an

earlier Aramaic version, to which Professor Slater evidently inclines, and we agree with him. The grand old authorized text is then given in clear type, without comment, and this is followed by the revised version, with comment. This is the completest handbook on Matthew (why *Saint* Matthew in this twentieth century?) we possess, and it embodies, in a conservative spirit, the results of recent scholarship.

We must not be understood as endorsing all the doctrine of the book;—the wise student will take it *cum grano salis*;—but there is very little we have to disagree with, and there is many a luminous passage. If, on the one hand, we meet with this comment on Matt. xii. 40,—“We are not to conclude that the literal validity of the history of Jonah is established by this reference, any more than the popular conception of Hades is,—Jesus could only speak to His own generation in terms they would understand;”—we find, on the other hand, a comment like this on Matt. xxv. 46,—“According to the New Testament and the primitive Christian teachers (before Origen), the persuasion was universal that the adjudication would be final.” If, from our point of view, the latter might be better, the former might be worse. We have nothing but praise for the spirit of the author's work, and for its suggestive and careful treatment of this, the official Gospel. (But why does he say, on page 22, that chapters viii. and ix. contain ten miracles, and on page 27, only nine?) If the other volumes equal this, the success of *The Century Bible* is assured.

*Hessle Hymns.* By GEORGE T. COSTER. A. Brown and Sons.  
*Gloria Christi.* By the same author. H. R. Allenson.

MR. COSTER, the esteemed Congregational minister of Hessle, formerly of Stroud, has the true poetic gift. His hymns have already found their way into several Hymnals, and there is something in both these little volumes that deserves the attention of lovers of sacred lyrics.



*Hansina Hinz.* From the German of H. G. SCHNEIDER, translated freely by E. F. K. Religious Tract Society.

THE story of a Danish-German peasant, who was sent by the Moravian Church to Greenland to be the wife of one of their missionaries. She was wrecked on the coast, and her outfit lost. The second outfit sank with another ship in a Greenland harbour. When the third arrived, she was dead! A simple narrative, so simple that we almost wonder why it was written; but it gives a glimpse into the real hardships of Greenland mission life. We should like to have been told something more of Herr Hinz.

A book that has reached its 280th

thousand needs no commendation; that is the case with *The Queen's Resolve, and her Doubly Royal Reign, with England's Welcome to our King*, by CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. ("Home Words" Office.) Important and interesting additions have been made to the work, bringing it down to date; but it is still issued at the same price as before,—1s. 6d.,—while it can be obtained in quantities for distribution, direct from the publisher, at greatly-reduced rates. Containing 278 pages, and over 50 portraits and other illustrations, it is very cheap; and the whole tone of the work is calculated to intensify the loyal sentiments which have been so generally evoked by the death of Queen Victoria and the accession of King Edward VII.

## Notes.

Last month, we gave Mr. Harmer's report of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's mission at Devonport; and we are glad now to be able to record the fact that the Pastor has received, from the President and Secretaries of the local Free Church Council, very grateful and appreciatory acknowledgments of his services. The letters are too long to be printed in full in the Magazine at this busy Conference time, but the following extracts from one of them will tell the tenor of both communications:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I am desired, by the Devonport section of the F.C.C., to write you, on their behalf, thanking you for the splendid services you rendered here during our united mission. You will never know, upon earth, the amount of good that was then done, nor will you be able to measure or weigh the blessing that came upon us. All along the line, the good work continues; at many of the churches, souls are still being led to Christ. The cards used did not really give the number of those who decided for Christ. Some of the best results have come to light since the mission.

"We do not know how to thank you for the kind brotherly way in which you worked amongst us; but, as a mark of our love and esteem for you, we are asking you to accept the book we are sending (Henry Whitefield's

'History of the Three Towns'). Having so many spiritual children in the Three Towns, the history may now be of interest to you. Will you also accept the enclosed cheque, and do with it just what you please?"

The amount enclosed was five guineas, which the Pastor has had much pleasure in passing on to the funds of the Pastors' College, with grateful thanks to the kind donors.

On March 22, there passed away, at Stambourne, *Miss Ann Spurgeon*, the "Aunt Ann" to whom Mr. Spurgeon so affectionately referred in the early part of his *Autobiography*. She, with her father and mother, had much to do with the training of the bright boy committed to their charge; and even after he returned to Colchester to live, Stambourne retained the first place in his affections, and he was always glad when it was possible for him to visit the much-loved place and people. Miss Spurgeon, who was in her eighty-third year, had been quite laid aside for a long time. She was lovingly cared for by her niece, Miss Metson, and never wearied of relating the incidents in which her illustrious nephew had figured when he was a child. It was to her that he was indebted for the true story of his "killing old Roads," which is narrated in full in the *Standard Life* as she told

it to him when he paid a visit to her at Stambourne in the summer of 1887.

On March 31, another of Mr. Spurgeon's old and faithful friends—*Mr. Thomas Blake, J.P.*, of Ross, Herefordshire, was "called home." The last volume of the *Autobiography* contains an interesting letter from him, in which he mentioned his love for the printed Sermons, and also said how he valued still more every opportunity of hearing the beloved preacher at the Tabernacle. Whenever he could, he would take with him some other Members of Parliament, in the hope that they also might be blessed under the ministry which he so highly prized. At the College Conference meetings and the Orphanage Festivals, he was always a welcome speaker; and he has left small amounts to the two institutions, though his principal bequest is for the benefit of the town of Ross, for which, during his lifetime, he did so much. It will not be easy to fill the place of such a godly citizen, magistrate, and politician.

On *Wednesday, March 27*, another anniversary of the work at HADDON HALL was celebrated. The friends were compelled to meet for tea in a neighbouring school-room, kindly lent, as their own premises are being rebuilt. Over 200 were present at the tea, and afterwards went to the new school-room, in the back portion of the Haddon Hall premises already finished. *Mr. William Olney* writes:—"Our visitors expressed the same admiration for this part of our new building as we feel ourselves, and we trust the front portion, when complete, will be as suitable for the work. At the public meeting, *Samuel Barrow, Esq., J.P.*, presided; and addresses were delivered by *Pastors B. J. Gibbon, D. Walker, and E. H. Hobday*. The Report stated that there are 324 communicants at present,—an increase of nine in the year, which is the more gratifying as we have not been able to baptize at the Hall during the twelve months, the water supply being cut off through the rebuilding. The total income during the year has been £863 7s. 6d., of which over £180 has been raised for Home and Foreign Missionary work. During the evening, £78 was brought in or promised towards the income of the coming year. Will readers pray that, during the next six months, while the adult congregation is temporarily ac-

commodated in the school-room, the difficulties of access to it may not hinder the work, but that God's Spirit may over-rule all for His glory?"

COLLEGE.—During this month, *Pastor J. E. Walton* expects to return to Tasmania, where his services are greatly needed. Our readers will be more than ever interested in that far-away island, because of the bright articles from his pen which appear in our pages, and which, we are happy to say, will be continued for a good while yet.

Another of "our own men" writes.—"I am so glad to see, in S. & T. to hand this morning, that mention is made, on page 199, of the letters sent to ministers' children by our dear C. H. S. Four of mine had the privilege of receiving them. ——— came out on the Lord's side on March 22, making three out of the four decided Christians, and the other is near the Kingdom. The children value the letters beyond description; they are worth more than gold and silver."

Another of "our own men"—*Pastor A. Mills*, of Derby, and formerly of Dereham and Chester,—has been "called home." Nearly a year ago, he had to resign his pastorate through ill-health; and a subscription list had been opened on his behalf. This will now be needed for his widow and three children, with whom we deeply sympathize. If any friends can help the fund, their contributions will be heartily welcomed by *Mr. L. W. Wilshire*, Derby.

At the Conference meeting, at which reports were given concerning the brethren who had been "called home," *Mr. Fullerton* touchingly referred to our Brother *J. L. Roger*, of the Congo, whose pastor he had been for the last six years. He mentioned that *Mrs. Roger* had arrived in this country, in a very weak condition; she and her husband were both ill together, and he passed away after an illness of only nine days. His last words, spoken to the missionary who was entertaining him at Leopoldville, were, "Well, Morgan, all our names are written in the Lamb's book." We are sure that our readers will join us in special prayer for the bereaved widow and fatherless children.

ORPHANAGE.—We need not repeat, this month, the names of the chairmen and speakers at the Annual Festival; but we remind our readers that the

date of it is *Thursday, June 20*, so that all who can may arrange to be present, to celebrate another anniversary of the beloved Founder's birth by helping the cause of the widow and fatherless, in whom he was so deeply interested.

**COLPORTAGE.**—The lecture by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., on behalf of the funds, proved a very interesting occasion, and realized a nice amount to help the work. The noble chairman was supported by the President of the Association, one of the Vice-Presidents, George H. Dean, Esq., J.P., the Rev. E. W. Matthews, of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and several members of the Committee. The famous lantern belonging to Dr. Harry Guinness was in use, and the views of ships and sea scenes were much enjoyed. The Rt. Hon. Lord Brassey, K.C.B., proved a most acceptable chairman, and his genial speech evoked much enthusiasm. It was most interesting to listen to his reminiscences of the visits which he had paid to the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, to hear our revered Founder more than forty years ago, and to his statement that,

many and many a time, when at home at Government House, Victoria, he had found pleasure and profit in reading the Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon. His welcome address was closed with the intimation that he would become a subscriber to the funds of the Colportage Association.

The colporteurs come up for Conference on Saturday, May 4, and a reception will be given in the Pastors' College. Sunday will be spent, as usual, at the Tabernacle; and Monday will be a full and busy day, the morning being devoted to conferences of a practical character; the afternoon to the Annual Members' Meeting, when the President's Address is eagerly anticipated; and the evening to the Annual Public Meeting. Among the speakers, we are expecting John Marnham, Esq., J.P., George H. Dean, Esq., J.P., Rev. H. J. Harvey, and others. The colporteurs will be giving their testimony both at the afternoon and evening meetings, and it is hoped that there will be a large gathering upon each occasion.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—April 1, eight; April 4, nine.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1901.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor C. Hewitt ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. J. Hughes ... ..	2	2	0
Collection at Bracknell Baptist Chapel, per Student-Pastor H. W. Seaman ... ..	3	6	6	Mrs. Mason ... ..	10	10	0
Mr. W. Pitcher ... ..	1	0	0	Part collection at Camberley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. Burnett ...	1	7	0
Pastor W. Adams ... ..	0	5	0	Pastor F. Burnett ... ..	0	3	0
Collection at Dorman's Land Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Noah Heath ...	1	3	0	Contribution from West Silvertown Baptist Church, per Student-Pastor J. Reid ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor J. Gibson ... ..	1	0	0	Contribution from West Silvertown Baptist Chapel C.E. ... ..	0	5	0
F. C. W. ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. Bell ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor W. H. Knight ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. and Miss Petters ... ..	3	3	0
Pastor W. B. Nichols ... ..	0	15	0	Mr. P. W. Murray ... ..	0	10	0
Pastor H. Bailey ... ..	0	5	0	Pastor T. J. Cole ... ..	2	2	0
Collection at Lower Edmonton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Russell ...	4	6	6	Collection at Abingdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Doggett ...	1	11	0
Pastor W. J. Styles ... ..	0	10	6	Executors of estate of the late Miss Swain ... ..	5	0	0
Pastor A. K. Davidson ... ..	1	1	0	Miss Fletcher ... ..	0	5	6
Miss Higgs ... ..	1	16	0	Mr. J. Hughes ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. Robert Gunston ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. F. Leete ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. W. Park ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. J. A. Tawell ... ..	5	0	0
Pastor J. E. Perrin ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. J. Cory ... ..	10	0	0
Pastor E. L. Hamilton ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. E. Brayne ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. F. Fitch ... ..	2	2	0	Mr. C. B. Vaughan ... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. A. Shearman ... ..	3	0	0	Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A. ... ..	1	1	0
Pastor W. L. Mayo ... ..	0	4	0	Collection at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor W. Minife ...	3	7	9
Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	1	10	0	Mr. J. Woodgate ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Gunner ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Mott ... ..	1	10	0
Sir Fredk. Howard ... ..	2	2	0	Collection at Child's Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. S. Poulton ...	1	10	0
Mrs. J. Haywood ... ..	1	0	0				
Messrs. P. and J. Sutherland ...	5	0	0				
Mr. W. H. Tyndall ... ..	10	10	0				
Mrs. H. Keevil ... ..	10	0	0				

	£	s.	d.
Miss E. E. Jones	0	5	0
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Proctor	1	0	0
Contribution from Ashdon Baptist Church, per Pastor T. H. Smith	0	10	0
Miss Durrant	1	0	0
Mrs. Snelling	5	0	0
Thankoffering from Devonport Free Church Council, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	5	5	0
Mr. Everett	1	1	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Collection at Lymington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Collins	1	0	6
Mrs. Donaldson	1	0	0
Mr. C. Phillips	5	5	0
Rev. H. Rylands Brown	1	0	0
Pastor E. J. Burrows	0	10	0
Mr. A. Christie	2	2	0
Communion collection at East Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Bristow	5	5	0
Communion collection at Walkley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. G. Haste	1	0	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett	1	0	0
Pastor A. Phillips	0	5	0
S. B. S.	1	1	0
Contribution from Chiswick Baptist Church, per Pastor A. G. Edgerton	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Contribution from St. Leonard's Baptist Church, per Pastor Hugh Rodger	2	2	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Miss Smith	1	0	0
Mr. S. D. Coykendall, per Rev. W. D. McKinney	10	0	0
Mr. E. Rawlings	5	5	0
Communion collection at Grovelands Baptist Chapel, Reading, per Pastor R. M. Hunter	0	8	6
Collection at Boundary Road Baptist Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor W. Murray	2	0	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain	1	0	0
"Hymen"	1	1	0
Rev. Simmonds Atlee	0	10	0
Mr. E. Turner	0	1	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	3	3	0
Mrs. Miller	10	0	0
Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle, March 17	40	14	3
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:-			
Mar. 24	1	8	1
" 31	0	19	8
April 7	5	17	10
" 14	1	13	6
	9	19	1
	£287	9	1

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
F. C. W.	0	2	6
For Christ's sake	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Fergusson	0	5	0
Collecting Boxes:-			
Miss Wollacott	1	0	0
Mrs. Howard	0	10	0
Miss R. Perkins	0	6	0
Mrs. Harvie	0	6	6
Lansdowne Chapel, Stroud, per Mr. Hobbs	0	5	3
Miss Higgs	3	6	4
Mrs. T. Spurgeon	0	5	10

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Knowlden	0	7	1
Miss Scudder	0	5	10
Mrs. Butler	0	3	10
Miss Elliott	0	5	4
Mrs. Watts	0	16	0
Miss L. Blackman	0	5	10
Miss A. Blackman	0	4	5
Late Miss Swain	0	2	11
Miss Gunner	0	4	1
Miss N. L. Bryan	0	2	0
	£9	9	9

## The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 15th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
Box at Orphanage gates and office box	0	6	5
Collected by Master Beck	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. R. Vinson	2	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Humphrey	1	7	0
Mrs. Vergette	1	1	0
Mrs. Simpson	0	5	0
Collected by Miss N. Burcher	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Hogg	1	1	0
Highbury Hill Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. E. P. Dark	1	11	3
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	1	13	4
Orphan girl's collecting card, M. Thrower	0	4	0
Mrs. M. Blake	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Long	2	4	0
Mrs. C. Schultz	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Allan	0	2	6
Mr. F. J. Collier	3	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss J. Bell	0	5	0
Mr. F. Holden	1	0	0
Mrs. J. L. Bradley	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Lock	0	6	0
Collected by Miss M. Hills	0	5	6
Collected by Miss C. Gates	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Phillips	2	6	0
Collected by Miss L. Harrison	0	9	0
Y.P.S.C.E., Victoria Baptist Church, Deal, per Miss F. Pledge	1	4	5
Collected by Mrs. S. Zuber	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Mapleston	0	4	6
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. S. A. Ward	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. T. Powell	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. F. D. Scott	0	3	6
Collected by Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, Hounslow, per Mr. W. Smith	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Butler	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Saunders	0	14	6
Collected by Mr. C. V. Eveleigh	0	11	0
Miss Buckingham	0	5	0
Mrs. Jarman	0	5	0
Mr. E. P. Morris	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Stevenson	0	10	6
Mr. W. E. Coysh	0	10	6
Mr. A. A. Tyson	2	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Collingwood	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Benson	0	8	0
Orphan boy's collecting card, H. B. Newton	1	2	11
Collected by Mrs. Pankhurst	0	5	0
Warwick Street Baptist Sunday-school, Leamington, per Mr. T. Pratt, jun.	3	10	3
Kidderminster Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. S. Church	0	15	8
Splott Road Sunday-school, Cardiff, per Mr. C. T. Darch	1	0	0
Collected by Miss C. Iles	0	3	6
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	5	0
Collected by Miss J. Potter	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Hazelton	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. T. F. Bromham	0	4	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	11	0
Mr. F. Baldwin	0	10	6
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Pegg	1	8	0
Mrs. M. L. Brown	2	2	0
Mrs. Harvey	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Walton	0	5	0
Miss M. Parsons	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Ham	0	1	6
Miss Jones' Bible-class, Chatsworth Road Baptist Chapel, West Norwood	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. Tuckey	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. W. Vincent	0	7	0
Mrs. J. Davis, per Mrs. J. Withers	0	2	6
Impromptu collection after sermon by Pastor T. Spurgeon at Trinity Road Baptist Chapel, Tooting, per Mr. W. S. Latham	4	4	0
Mrs. E. Howard	0	5	0
Collected by Miss N. Sortwell	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Lee	0	14	6
Collected by Miss K. A. Legg	0	3	8
West Croydon Working Society, per Miss Barrow	5	5	0
Trustees of the Barking Calamity Fund, per Rev. H. Trueman (re boy A. Thornton)	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Millman	1	0	0
Norman Road Baptist Sunday-school, Wimbledon, per Mr. T. B. Holman	0	8	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Bubb	0	5	0
No. 90546	25	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Kenyon Baptist Sunday-school, per Miss E. Keevil	4	15	2
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. C. Early	5	5	0
Postal order, St. Issey	0	5	0
Young friends at Tony-Pandy	1	10	0
Mr. Geo. Wood	0	3	6
Mr. R. Shaw	1	0	0
Mr. T. L. Hankin	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Manlove	0	10	6
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Mr. T. Fish	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Allmev	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Freestone	0	5	0
Rev. T. J. Cole	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0	14	2
Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0
Mrs. C. E. Adcock	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Rees	1	0	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0
A friend	0	1	0
Mr. H. J. Mansell	2	2	0
Mrs. Ritter	0	7	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	10	0
Mrs. Fletcher	0	10	0
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	9	7	9
Mrs. Davies	0	1	6
S. M. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. H. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. D. Cule	1	1	0
Mr. J. Norkett	2	2	0
Miss H. E. Sampson	0	5	0
J. Hamilton	0	5	0
Mrs. Conway	1	0	0
Miss White's Bible-class, Stockwell Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Collier	1	5	0
Postal order, Hatton Garden	0	2	6
Mr. G. Foster	0	5	0
Mr. H. A. Gribbon	1	0	0
Mrs. N. L. Webb, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Corby	0	5	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	6	0
Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0	2	6
Orphan girl's collecting card, B. Hopson	0	5	6
Mr. C. L. Kaufmann	5	5	0
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	5	5	0
Mrs. J. M. Knight	10	0	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0
Mrs. Mumby	4	0	0
Mrs. Gibson	1	0	0
Mrs. Dobson	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Bishop	0	2	6
Miss J. Kemp	0	1	0
Mr. C. Walter	10	0	0
Mr. W. McLaren	5	0	0
Drummer T. E. Walker	0	13	6
Baptist Church, Lymington, per Mr. J. R. Butt	1	0	6
Mr. J. M. Coutts	0	10	0
Miss Gregg	0	1	6
Mr. C. MacNicoll	0	1	6
Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0
Miss Harding	0	1	0
Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Morgan	0	5	0
Collected by Miss G. Harvie	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Beaver	1	1	6
Mr. A. Rogers	2	0	0
A well-wisher, per Mr. A. Rogers	0	1	0
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis	1	1	0
Miss E. Waterhouse	1	0	0
Mrs. Morris	0	1	0
Mrs. Robinet	0	2	0
M. Harper	0	2	6
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0
Miss M. M. Thomas	0	0	3
Mr. R. Johnston	0	5	0
Collected by Master Haynes	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. Billington	1	1	0
Mr. J. L. Evans	0	10	0
Mr. W. Alexander	0	10	0
R. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Dowson	1	0	0
Misses Porter	0	5	0
"Rien sans Dieu"	0	2	6
A country minister	0	5	0
T. R.; Redruth	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Brooks	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Derrick	0	3	3
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6	Brook, Miss	0	2	2
Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class, Plymouth	2	8	0	Belben, Miss	0	2	9
Mr. J. Wickham	0	5	0	Buhicrosan, Miss S.	0	7	4
Mr. Geeson's Bible-class, Melton				Brett, Miss E.	0	3	1
Mowbray	0	11	6	Bellini, Miss C.	0	3	1
Mrs. Harrison	0	4	3	Bridle, Miss	0	1	5
Mrs. Page	2	10	0	Bishop, Mrs.	0	2	0
Mrs. Blundell	1	0	0	Blake, Master E.	0	2	4
Mrs. M. A. Macleay	1	0	0	Brewer, Mrs.	0	7	6
Miss E. L. Fisher	0	5	0	Bevan, Mrs.	0	12	1
Mr. D. Davies	0	10	0	Bradbury, Miss	0	2	7
Miss Adcock	0	10	6	Bullen, Master	0	10	7
Mr. S. H. Wiles	0	5	0	Boswell, Mrs.	0	11	6
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0	Bingham, Mrs.	0	5	4
Mr. J. Gay	0	2	6	Butler, Mrs.	0	14	10
Mr. G. Webb	1	0	0	Brooking, Mrs.	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Perraton	1	10	0	Bolton, Mrs.	0	8	3
Mr. W. Smith	0	3	0	Bennett, Mrs.	0	15	1
Collected by Miss Stevenson	0	3	6	Boyce, Miss G. M.	0	17	0
Attercliffe Baptist Chapel, Sheffield,				Colley, Mr. A.	0	15	0
per Rev. J. G. Williams	9	8	2	Cornish, Miss	0	8	2
Miss Field	0	5	0	Call, Mrs.	0	4	3
Collected by Mrs. Boggis	0	10	6	Chandler, Miss	0	4	5
Mr. W. Johnson	0	4	0	Clark, Miss	0	1	1
Miss E. Mallett	0	5	0	Culley, Miss F.	0	8	8
Mr. J. Rowlands	0	2	0	Carter, Master L.	0	7	5
Readers of "The Christian Herald," per the Editor:—				Carter, Miss	0	11	11
Hamilton	0	5	0	Coysh, Mr.	1	5	6
Egnil	0	2	6	Cornish, Mr.	0	2	6
				Davies, Mrs.	0	7	0
				Devenport, Mrs.	0	13	6
Miss C. Thomson	0	7	6	Davis, Mr. W.	0	17	5
Lothian Road U.F.C. Juvenile Missionary Society, Edinburgh, per Mr. W. Mitchell	1	0	0	Dobson, Mr.	0	19	7
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins	2	14	10	Dennish, Mr. A.	0	10	9
Mr. W. H. Webb	1	1	0	Eyles, Miss	0	1	7
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	2	6	Field, Mrs.	0	2	10
Mr. G. Sargent	0	2	0	Fairbairn, Mrs.	0	2	5
Executor of the late Miss C. Swain	5	0	0	Fitch, Mrs.	0	4	7
MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLES WORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHORIST:—				French, Mrs.	0	4	9
Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth	13	10	0	Field, Miss	0	3	7
Zion Baptist Band of Hope, New Cross	9	9	6	Fisher, Mr. H. F.	1	7	0
East London Tabernacle:—				Gerdeen, Miss	0	5	2
Half proceeds meeting	6	14	4	Grant, Miss	1	1	0
Sale of programmes	1	4	2	Glendenning, Mrs.	0	8	5
				Goddard, Miss	0	2	7
				Garland, Mrs.	0	4	3
				Goodwin, Miss	0	1	7
				Grimes, Mr.	0	6	1
				Hart, Mrs.	0	1	4
Harley Street, Bow	1	5	0	Howard, Miss	0	4	4
Christ Church P.S.A., Westminster	2	8	3	Holloboone, Mrs.	0	4	4
CHRISTMAS FUND:—				Harmer, Miss	0	2	7
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	5	0	Hillier, Mrs.	0	11	7
SEASIDE HOME:—				Haddock, Mrs.	0	5	9
Mrs. R. Shaw	0	10	0	Hornal, Miss M.	0	1	1
Mrs. E. Allmey	0	5	0	Hobbs, Miss E.	0	8	4
A lover of children, Norwich	0	10	0	Horton, Mrs.	0	6	5
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	Herd, Mrs.	0	5	9
Mr. H. B. Billington	0	10	0	Harmer, Master	0	3	2
Mrs. Sturdy	0	5	0	Hillier, Mr.	0	6	4
Mr. W. Nichol	0	2	0	Hermann, Mrs.	0	7	0
Miss M. R. Prior	0	2	0	James, Miss	0	4	10
Miss M. Fraser	0	1	6	Johnston, Miss	2	0	10
Mrs. Page	2	10	0	Jenkins, Miss	0	5	0
Miss E. L. Fisher	0	5	0	Johnson, Master T.	0	1	5
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	2	6	Jifkins, Mrs.	0	3	6
RECEIVED AT COLLECTORS' MEETING, MARCH 19th, 1901:—				Johnston, Miss E.	1	4	0
Allen, Miss	0	13	6	Jones, Mrs.	0	2	1
Adey, Miss	0	3	7	Jennings, Mrs.	0	16	8
Askunas, Master	0	1	11	Jeal, Mrs.	0	1	8
Austen, Miss	0	2	9	King, Miss	0	3	11
Andrews, Mrs.	0	8	2	Larkman, Miss	0	9	1
Angus, Mrs.	0	4	10	Lucas, Mrs.	0	3	1
Armstrong, Mr.	0	5	7	Lowe, Master D.	0	1	0
Brice, Master	0	4	10	Lindars, Master	0	1	1
Bellini, Miss	0	2	3	Lee, Mrs.	0	1	4
Brown, Miss	0	2	8	Lamb, Mr.	0	4	3
				Morgan, Miss	0	6	1
				Moore, Miss E.	0	3	4
				Morgan, Master	0	2	10

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Madder, Mrs. ....	0	2	6	Vivian, Miss E. ....	0	2	2				
Montague, Miss ....	0	1	2	Weeks, Miss ....	0	3	6				
Mackay, Mrs. ....	1	1	6	Wellington, Miss ....	0	2	4				
Myland, Mr. ....	0	3	1	Webster, Mr. ....	0	9	3				
May, Miss A. ....	0	5	3	Wiffen, Mrs. ....	0	2	2				
Montague, Mrs. ....	0	15	9	Whiting, Mrs. ....	0	12	6				
Messent, Master ....	0	2	4	Whittington, Miss ....	0	10	5				
Manning, Misses ....	1	0	1	Willmott, Mrs. ....	0	16	3				
Nkanu, Mr. H. Ross ....	0	4	2	Wood, Miss ....	0	9	8				
Newton, Mrs. ....	0	2	0	Wren, Mrs. ....	0	4	4				
Parker, Master H. ....	0	5	5	Young, Miss ....	0	1	10				
Pearson, Miss F. ....	0	2	6	Young, Master W. ....	0	2	6				
Parker, Mrs. ....	0	2	10	Boxes containing amounts							
Pepler, Miss ....	0	2	0	under a shilling ....	0	5	6				
Perren, Master A. ....	0	1	6	Odd farthings and half-							
Perrin, Mr. ....	0	6	6	pence ....	0	8	6				
Peck, Miss ....	0	5	6						49	16	9
Richardson, Mrs. ....	0	5	1	Collecting Books:—							
Russell, Mrs. ....	0	3	9	Barrett, Mr. H. ....	3	0	0				
Richardson, Miss ....	0	2	8	Brown, Miss J. H. ....	1	8	0				
Roper, Mrs. ....	0	8	1	Broughton, Mrs. ....	0	8	0				
Roberts, Master W. ....	0	1	11	Coleman, Mrs. ....	0	7	6				
Robert Street Sunday-				Everett, Miss ....	2	5	6				
school ....	0	14	3	Howes, Mr. C. ....	0	12	6				
Richardson, Miss ....	1	16	8	Holdstock, Miss E. ....	0	5	0				
Reading, Mr. ....	0	13	3	Saunders, Mr. E. W. ....	4	2	6				
Smith, Mrs. E. ....	0	6	8						12	9	0
Stewart, Master A. ....	0	3	9	Donations:—							
Stevens, Mrs. ....	0	10	8	Thompson, Mr. Samuel	10	0	0				
Shears, Mrs. ....	0	6	11	Anon. ....	0	2	6				
Swain, Miss ....	0	0	8	Aukland, Miss, per V. J. C.	2	0	0				
Streeter, Miss ....	0	2	5	Carpenter, Miss ....	0	3	6				
Smith, Mrs. ....	0	5	3	Dykes, Mrs. W. ....	1	0	0				
Sargeant, Mrs. ....	0	2	5	Fryer, Mr. H. ....	0	7	4				
Swain and Co. ....	0	7	7	Stock, Miss F., per Miss							
Surry, Mr. C. S. ....	0	6	11	Fryer ....	0	5	0				
Soulsby, Miss ....	0	3	9	Collection at meeting ...	4	0	7				
Townrow, Mrs. ....	0	4	2						17	18	11
Thorn, Master ....	0	2	0								
Taffs, Miss L. ....	0	3	7								
Turner, Miss L. ....	0	3	4						£387	0	7

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM MARCH 15TH TO APRIL 14TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 10 bags Parsnips, Mr. John Norkett; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 240 Buns, Messrs. S. Smith and Son.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—15 pairs Cuffs, 4 Scarves, West Croydon Working Party, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 41 Articles, The Cheam Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 9 Articles, The Junior Dorcas Meeting, Gosport Tabernacle, per Miss H. Hoare; 45 Articles, Mrs. E. Rees; 40 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; 6 Articles, Mrs. M. O. Sellar; 73 Articles, Chatsworth Road Bible-class, per Miss Jones.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 pairs Socks, Miss Jennie Bell; 3 Shirts, West Croydon Working Party, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 3 Shirts, "Anon."

GENERAL:—2 sets Mats, West Croydon Working Party, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; quantity of old Christmas Cards, Miss Swain; a present for each girl in No. 4 House, Chatsworth Road Bible-class, per Miss Jones; quantity of "The Sphere," "Black and White," etc., Mr. F. O. Wayre; Cardboard Model of the Jewish Temple, Miss S. Hughes; a few Booklets, Junior Dorcas Meeting, Gosport Tabernacle, per Miss H. Hoare; 1 Scrap Album, Mr. M. A. Garrett; parcel of Cuttings, "Waltham Cross"; a Patent Fanlight Openers, Mr. Robert Adams.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 15th, 1901.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3	15	0	Repton and Swadlincote	...	...	20 0 0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	30	0	0	Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	...	...	11 5 0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0	Cowling Hill, per Mr. F. J. Wilson	...	...	10 0 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans and Sons	10	0	0	East Dereham, per Rev. H. Freeman	...	...	11 5 0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	10	0	0	Sellindge, per Mrs. Walter	...	...	3 3 0
Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James	3	0	6				£122 8 6

AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Marnham, J.P. ... ..	2	2	0
Miss Brown ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Emery ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. G. Williams ... ..	0	5	0
Proceeds of lecture by secretary at Ealing Dean, per Mr. H. Mears	6	6	6
Mr. Carrington, and friend, per Mr. H. Meas ... ..	0	3	6
Mr. James Clark ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Fletcher ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Everett ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. Garrett ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. S. Parkes ... ..	0	18	6
Collected by Mr. Robert Hall ... ..	0	4	9
Collected by Mr. A. Frost ... ..	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. E. Paine ... ..	1	3	0
Mrs. A. Mott ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. G. Biggs ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Shearman ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. L. Morgan ... ..	0	10	0
Proceeds of lantern lectures at Poole, etc., per Mr. W. Lloyd ... ..	3	17	1
Mr. E. A. Sinclair ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall ... ..	3	3	0
Mr. John Walker ... ..	0	7	6
Mr. F. Sexton ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Rainbow ... ..	0	5	0
	£50	8	4

GENERAL FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. R. Wilkinson ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. P. Campbell ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. W. Macalpine, J.P. ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. W. Oldershaw ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Bacon ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. Frank Gough ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. George Cadbury ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. P. S. Wigney ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Fletcher ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Gunner (Collecting box) ... ..	0	6	2
Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E. ... ..	5	5	0
Mr. Charles Wagstaff ... ..	1	1	0
Proceeds of Mr. F. T. Bullen's lecture at Metropolitan Tabernacle ... ..	35	5	10
Proceeds of lantern lectures at Orpington, etc., per Mr. A. R. Richards ... ..	2	10	0
Miss G. Newland ... ..	0	10	0
Miss A. Newland ... ..	0	5	0
Miss M. Newland ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Barrett ... ..	0	10	0
Collection at North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs ... ..	0	13	0
Mr. R. Fifield ... ..	0	9	0
Mr. A. H. Bullman ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hughes ... ..	0	10	6
Miss Durrant ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Smith ... ..	1	0	0
	£60	0	0

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

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 13th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
A. P. B. ... ..	0	10	6
J. C. ... ..	0	10	0
A country minister ... ..	0	10	0
	£1	10	6

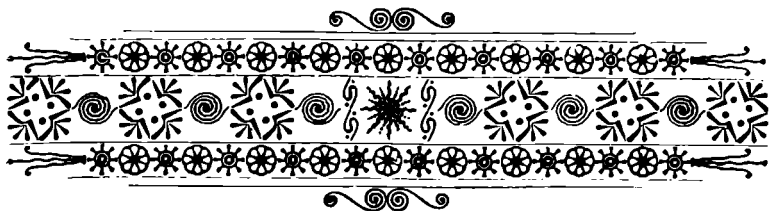
*Special Notice.*—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.

JUNE, 1901.

## The Preparation of Sermons.

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

**D**EAR BRETHREN,—I thought I would talk to you a little while, this afternoon, about the preparation of sermons. It is a good practice, sometimes, when you have listened to a discourse, to try to analyze it; to see what are the materials of which it is composed, and to seek to find out how they were put together. It may be a useful exercise to find your own sermons in a similar fashion after you have delivered them. Your best messages to men will be the outcome of the grace of God working in your own heart; for, to a large extent, as the preacher is, so will his preaching be. Some ministers, as soon as they get into the pulpit, become mere machines, grinding out chaff on which their hearers will never be able to feed. Many men, the moment they close the pulpit doors behind them, seem to shut out all their humanity, whatever becomes of their divinity. Perhaps that is one of the reasons in favour of the abolition of the preaching-boxes of which our forefathers were so fond. Yet it is possible to be quite as stilted and unnatural when speaking from a platform as wide as the one on which I am at this moment standing.

In the preparation of a sermon, there are several steps or stages. There are various modes of making sermons just as there are different ways of preaching them. Probably, each one of you differs from all your fellow-students in your methods of sermon-building, so far as certain details of your work are concerned; yet there are some general principles to which we must all conform if we would be workmen needing not to be ashamed, "rightly dividing the word of truth."

The choice of the subject and text of your discourse is a very important matter. You may not have the difficulty which often perplexes me; for, frequently, when I have fixed upon what I hope will be a suitable subject, I find that I have already several printed discourses upon the same text. No doubt, my new sermon would be quite distinct from the previous ones; but I have to think of my readers as well as my hearers, so I start out again in search of an appropriate theme. In choosing a text, I always like to have one that lays hold of my own heart and soul, and will not let me go. Then I make terms of peace with it, and promise to give it a good character, on the following Sunday, if it will only let me do so. We can never preach with power from any passage of Scripture against which we have the slightest antagonism; we must be reconciled to it before we can go and commend it to our people. The Bible is, to me, like a long row of iron safes full of precious treasures; I try my key in a great many of them, and presently one opens at my touch, and there is my sermon. At another time, I am like a gold miner who finds the quartz in which the precious metal is imbedded, and my great concern is to get out all the gold, that it may be minted and used for my Master's service.

Many preachers lose a great deal of time in searching for subjects. I have found it very helpful to have a pocket-book handy, so that I might jot down texts, and thoughts upon them, in the course of my reading or conversation with others; and I would advise you, brethren, to do the same. Our old proverb says, "Make hay while the sun shines;" and it is wise to do so. The day will come when you will gratefully see, in such a book of reference as I have suggested, the very topic for some emergency that has arisen. I should not care to imitate those ministers who announce the titles of their discourses for weeks or even months ahead. I should indeed feel fettered if I were tied down in such a fashion as that. I always like to be free to follow the leadings of the Spirit both in the preparation and in the delivery of my message. More than once, as some of you know, I have been led to change, even in the pulpit, the theme upon which I was about to speak; and I believe it was God who guided in making the alteration, and who gave me, in that selfsame hour, the words that He would have me speak in His Name. When the truth comes to us with power, it will also go from us with power.

It is a good thing to keep a record of our ministry, so as to notice that all truth is presented to our hearers in due proportion. Some ministers always remind me of barrel-organs, from which the one set of tunes is ground out over and over again *ad nauseam*. It must not be so with us, brethren; we must be like the "householder" of whom our Lord speaks, "who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." There are certain doctrines that must have great prominence in the whole of our preaching; the atonement, the office and work of the Holy Spirit, the three R's,—Ruin, Redemption, Regeneration,—are not set before all congregations as frequently as they should be. But while we make them prominent, we must not neglect any revealed truth, for "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profit-

able for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

We need more expository preaching; and for that, we need more diligent and intelligent study of the Scriptures. I hope you will all endeavour to read the Word of God in the original languages in which it was written, and to ascertain its meaning from the Holy Spirit who inspired it. When you do take a text, do not say "Good-bye" to it as soon as you have announced it; but make it the real theme of your discourse, and seek to bring out of it the special teaching which it is intended to convey. Let your aim and object be, to bring God's mind *out of the text* rather than to put your own mind *into it*. You must have a clear idea of the truth yourself if you are to set it plainly before your hearers. A preacher in a fog will produce a sermon of a similar character. So mind that you get the true teaching of your text, and then expound it to your congregation. The true art of preaching consists in the easy and natural development of the main and central thought of the passage under consideration, and that one idea so persistently impressed upon the minds of the listeners that they carry away with them a distinct perception of the truth that the preacher wished them to receive.

In preparing for the pulpit, I sometimes make many outlines before finally settling upon the one that I follow in preaching.\* I note the various lines of thought as they occur to me, not at first trying to reduce them to exact order and symmetry. If the mind will not freely work, I find it helpful to take a walk in the garden, or even to go round my study table a few times if the weather is not favourable for outdoor exercise. Then it helps me, sometimes, if I turn to what others have said upon my subject; although, often, I have to wade through a mass of verbiage with very little result. Of course, I am taking it for granted that much prayer has preceded, accompanied, and followed all the processes of preparation of which I have been speaking. Without that, all would be useless; for we are absolutely dependent upon the Holy Spirit both in the study and in the pulpit.

If you write out your sermon in full,—a very useful practice, for many reasons,—I would earnestly urge you not to commit it to memory, or to read it to your people. I might almost repeat the advice that is given concerning cucumber;—Peel it, cut it into thin slices, put salt, and pepper, and vinegar to it, let it lie awhile, and then fling it on the dunghill! So, rather than read or recite your written discourse, burn it, or cast it to the four winds of heaven. Reading from manuscript, or repeating what you have learned, can never take the place of that glorious gift of speaking straight to your hearers out of the fulness of your heart.

When your material is all ready for arrangement, you must take care

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\* A full-page *facsimile* of the rough notes made by Mr. Spurgeon, on one of these occasions, is given in Vol. IV. of his *Autobiography* (Passmore and Alabaster), which also contains other interesting information concerning his preparation for the pulpit.

that it follows the natural or logical order. Some young beginners, when trying to put their "skeletons" together, make strange blunders with regard to the anatomy of their discourses; they place the backbone in the foot, the fingers where the eyes ought to be, and so produce an utter monstrosity. They might learn a lesson from an architect who is drawing the plan of a house. He knows what the dimensions are to be, and what style of architecture he is to follow; but he is careful to see that the doors and windows are in their proper places, and in proportion to the rest of the building. Sermons, too, must have windows in them; that is, openings to let in the light. Illustrations are useful for this purpose.

It greatly helps the hearers, as well as the preacher, if the divisions of the discourse are plainly indicated. All great political orations, and leading articles in the newspapers, must be divided and sub-divided if people are to understand and remember what is spoken or written; and it must be the same with our sermons. We need not imitate the Puritans, with their main divisions, and sub-divisions, and sub-sub-divisions almost *ad infinitum*; but what grand teaching they gave to their congregations! I should have liked to have heard some of those two or three hours' discourses. Sometimes, when I have been preaching in the North of Scotland, I have had pointed out to me a sturdy old Highlander who has walked twenty or thirty miles in order to be present at the service. When a man has done that, he expects to get some good substantial spiritual food before he starts back on his long tramp home. But, nowadays, the minister often has nothing to say that is worth hearing, or the sermon comes in at the tag-end of a musical entertainment which disgusts the most godly people in the congregation, and very likely drives them off to the Plymouth Brethren. This should not be; and I hope it will not be the case with any of us, brethren. We shall never grow men unless we give them men's meat. Big, brawny fellows, six feet high, need plenty to eat; and they must have something better than lollipops. Mind that you always give it to them; yet take care also to have a good supply of milk for the babes amongst your hearers.

After all, the proof of the preparation is seen in the results that the sermon produces. If it is such a discourse as God can bless, it will be owned in the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. Perhaps I need not warn you against putting too much into any one sermon, though there have been preachers who have done that. It is to be a loaf of bread rather than a field of wheat. Your hearers' heads are not large enough to take in all the world of thought at one time. Many of them have to work hard all the week, so they ought to be allowed to rest on the Sabbath day; mind that you do not give them undue labour in trying to understand your message. Whatever material you have gathered, make sure that it is all aflame with love to God and love to the people, for fire is certain to spread. The Lord make each one of you to be "a flaming fire" in His service, for Christ's sake! Amen.

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## Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

*"He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them."*—Mark i. 31.

**B**LESSED Lord Jesus, very many of Thy poor despondent and downcast children are at this moment holding out their fevered hands to Thee, that Thy Divine and gracious act, here recorded, may be repeated in their experience! Thy compassions were not exhausted on this case. Thy sympathy did not expend itself in this one effort of love. Thou art able and willing now, as then, to work Thy miracles of grace and healing on mind as well as body. Oh, that we could bless Thee as we ought for Thine unfailing mercy!

The depths of despondency and darkness, to which a soul may descend even while Thine everlasting arms are underneath it, are known only to Thee. It may be forced to cry out, with Jonah, "The depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head." A sense of desertion may even be permitted to oppress the spirit, and Satan will not miss this opportunity to vex and harass the tried believer. But Thou, O compassionate Redeemer, wilt never forsake a trembling one whose only hope is in Thee! Blessed be Thy Name, there are no depths deep enough to "separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How often has it been with me as it was with the poor woman of whom it was written, "She could by no means lift up herself;" and is not this true of you also, dear reader? The struggle has been long and wearisome,—the result unsuccessful and disappointing. No human power, from without or from within, can raise a prostrate soul out of the "miry clay" into which unbelief has dragged it. Our own exertions are of no avail; nay, they do but sink us more deeply than before, and weaken us to no purpose.

But Thine hand, precious Saviour, can work prompt deliverance; it takes Thee but an instant to accomplish that which has baffled all our best efforts. It needs a mighty leverage to raise so dead a weight as a heavy heart, but in Thy wounded hand there lies hidden the power (Habak. iii. 4,) which created all things, and which the love of Thine heart places freely at the service of a helpless sinner. Touched by the strength of its sweet uplifting, what a gracious change comes over my heart and life! No longer bowed down by a sense of guilt and helplessness,—no longer the miserable target for Satan's innuendoes and accusations,—no longer weak, and doubting, and downcast,—that touch has wrought a miracle of grace in me. Not only am I restored, but I can rise and "minister unto them."

Ah! thank God that the joy of uplifting compensates so richly for the sorrow of a season of discouragement. The Valley of Humiliation is not always a barren place; God's "forget-me-nots" are growing there, and are always to be found by those who know how to search for them; and the purple tassels of the *Amarantus* ("love-lies-bleeding") flourish

abundantly in its shady groves. Do not let us dread any sorrow which *the Lord* may bring upon us; it is only when, by our own sin or wilfulness, we fall into grief, that we need fear the consequences; for when our Lord casts us down, or lifts us up, both experiences are blessings,—the one in grim disguise, the other in all the brightness of revealed love and pity.

What a distrustful heart must mine be, dear Lord, when, “after so much mercy past,” I dare for a moment to doubt the loving purpose of Thy present dispensations! As I think of the unequalled union of love and power which meet in the person of my Divine Redeemer, I am indeed ashamed of the unbelief which so often steals away my joys.

It is the beginning of a glad uplifting when we realize that there is nothing impossible to our God, and that, however low we may be brought, His saving love is more than equal to the task of reaching and restoring us.

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“*He took her by the hand.*” Do but imagine the thrill of returning health and joy which swept through that poor woman’s frame when the cool, calm hand of the Saviour was laid on her fevered and trembling fingers. “*She arose, and ministered unto them.*” What a glad alacrity do these simple words express! Her heart would at once show its gratitude by service; and we can well believe that the hands, so recently touched by the Lord Jesus, would have acquired a skill and tenderness hitherto unknown or undeveloped.

There was a healed and happy woman in Capernaum that day; and the same Lord still waits to be gracious to you, dear reader, and to me. O downcast soul, be no longer faithless and distressed! One stands beside thee, who knows all thy faintness and feebleness; and presently He will “make all His goodness pass before thee,” will lift thee up, put strength into thee, and so graciously deliver thee, that thou shalt praise and glorify His dear Name “while life and breath remain.”

“The Lord bringeth low, and lifteth up.”

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF “IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE,” ETC., ETC.

VI.—MATTHEW HENRY.

I AM writing in the upper room of a little house of mine perched on the heights of Hampstead. When I lift mine eyes, a lovely prospect is spread out before me. The land falls all the way, from the heights around, to the peopled flats of the great City. In the foreground are pleasant villages, leading down to merry Islington, and away to the woods around Primrose Hill. There are many fair walks in the direction of St. Pancras, and through the lanes by the estate of Lord Somers. On summer evenings, and Sunday afternoons, all

these ways swarm with people. There are many orchards hereabout ; and as to taverns and tea gardens, their name is legion. These lovely fields, which now lie so peaceful in the haze of the July sun, are often the scenes of low dissipation, for the scum of London pours forth upon them on Sundays and Mondays, when duck-hunting, cock-fighting, and faction fights are the order of the day. It is not safe to go along the lanes late, unless you are well armed and have company, for foot-pads abound from here to the Rookery of St. Giles. On Sunday nights, link-boys, who have been begging all day, come out to Mary-le-bone, to light tipplers homewards, and rob them into the bargain. There are several famous mineral springs in the marshy valley, and these are much sought after.

Upon these heights, we are quiet enough. The crowd does not reach us. Only those who can afford both time and money climb the steep, and arrive at such a *rendezvous* as "Jack Straw's Castle" or "The Spaniards" once or twice in the fine summer weather. The major part content themselves with watching the Finsbury archers, or what remains of them, in Shepherdess Fields, or eating "White Conduit Loaves" at the famous tea garden.

But from my window all these distinctive features are merged in the hot haze. I can see hordes of cows studding the wide expanse. Somewhere away to the left, down in the sultry mist, lies an old inn, "The Sir Hugh Middleton." I have drawn rein before it, more than once of late, to admire the luxuriant vine trained over its wooden front. Near by this one, is another and noisier public resort, Sadler's Well, where rope-dancing and such like amusements are practised. No charge is made ; the place flourishes on the drink consumed. The well was a medicinal spring, and reputed for its cures under the monks. When Clerkenwell Priory was dissolved, the well was filled up. It was re-discovered by Mr. Sadler in 1683. He published its virtues forth ; then built a music-house to attract more custom, till five or six hundred people came every morning to drink the water and talk scandal to fashionable tunes. So, over all these fields, and right down into the City itself, the many medicinal springs have been appropriated, and the public gardens that have gathered round them have given the wells a worse repute than when, with the monks, they were abolished as relics of superstition.

But as I let my eyes dreamily rest on the July haze, there rises out of it, far away, the dome of the new cathedral of St. Paul's. Other spires come and go in the strong sunlight, disappearing and re-appearing in the golden mist ; and as I lazily seek to identify them, then let them go again and dream, my mind wanders to comparisons, and I seem to weave a parable, the point of which is this. Long ago, the banks of the Fleet gave forth their many rills, charged with healing powers. Quacks came along, and turned the living wells to selfish ends. At last, they were found out, and abolished with scorn, but many a water shrine shared their fate. Yet natural springs are hard to quench ; and when, at a touch, the superincumbent heap was pierced, the waters flowed again with all their ancient power. Then other mountebanks arose, and over the living wells built devil temples, and, with but money-getting ends in view,

turned the good gift of God to bane. So has it often been with the Word of Truth, the rock-split fissure, fountain of grace and balm. How selfishly have its trusts been appropriated; how niggardly have its virtues been dispensed! The very fanes that rise toward Heaven, and point with tapering architecture to the skies, have been made the spoil of party, and the counters of the Court.

Ah! but living water will get through somewhere; and, if stifled where it first arose, will find a fresh outlet, and rise to a higher level. So, in these time-serving days, has the fountain of redeeming mercy to man in Jesus Christ been refreshingly manifest in such strains as those of Isaac Watts; in such supplications as have softened the worshippers who have bent under the pathos of Shower, and the devotion of Benjamin Grosvenor; in sermons that have flowed from the lips of such preachers as Daniel Williams, William Tong, and Matthew Henry.

As I look from my high window across the valley of the Thames, just as I can locate the medicinal springs, at least with some degree of accuracy, so I can think that, over there, in the shimmering sunlight, lies the shrine of Calamy's ministry at Westminster, of Tong's at Salters' Hall, of Williams' at New Broad Street, of Samuel Wright's in old Blackfriars. Then my eye comes back to the closer fields, where the cows lie peacefully in the marshy grass; and my mind, by meadow paths steals away Eastward, past the Roman Camp at Barnsbury, and on through grassy ways and over watercourses to Hackney, where, till just recently, in St. Thomas' Square of that prosperous village, on the confines of the very city, there ministered that grand expositor of the Word of God, the ever-to-be-remembered Matthew Henry. Happy the church which has had the singular felicity to rank among its first pastors, with only a brief interval between them, two such distinguished men as Dr. William Bates, and Matthew Henry. The former might have been preferred to any bishopric in the kingdom upon the condition of deserting his principles; the latter, by his early death, has left a place, as an interpreter of Scripture, which no living man can fill.

Oh, that I could rouse me from my dreaming! Perhaps the green of the nearer fields, and the more sharply defined objects standing out in the North and East against the sky and land, may help to shape my thoughts. I will look me towards this latter-day Zion; and, though it be impossible to ken so far, the effort shall assist. I would fain have "the pen of a ready writer;" I would be fired by the memory of an illustrious life; and now, as I shift my position, and take my eyes off the sleepy sunshine, and fix them on the cooler East, I would see, by the subtle affinity of eye with mind, a ministry as green as the glorious fields, as rich as the lush grass in which the cattle lie, as fragrant as the flowers by the watercourses, as lofty and as shapely as the hills to the North, and as perennial as the springs to the South,—the ministry of Matthew Henry!

It was only at rare intervals that I either heard or saw this estimable man. On one occasion, I met him and Dr. Watts at Sir Thomas Abney's. What sentences, pregnant with wisdom, fell from the lips of those Christian philosophers that night! Mr. Henry had been into the City to preach on the previous Lord's-day evening. Going home, he had been robbed. "What reason," said he, "have I to be thankful



to God, who have travelled so much, and yet was never robbed before!" I remember another reflection on this incident; it was this,—“What a deal of evil the love of money is the root of, that four men would venture their lives and souls for about half-a-crown apiece!” The conversation then turned on the unthrifty way in which some godly men manage their temporal affairs. In the course of the talk upon this topic, Mr. Henry said that, from his start in life, he had been governed by the maxim that “the *prudent* Christian will be the *prosperous* Christian.”

Once, while I have had this box, I had the privilege to be present at dinner at Sir William Ashurst's at Highgate, and there, also as a guest, was Mr. Henry. Some jealous spirits severely censured him for associating with men of name and place. He, however, used his qualities of birth and position for the glory of God; and when a man does that, he may even stand before kings. There were those who made it a reproach that as many as thirty gentlemen's carriages drew up before the Hackney meeting-house on Lord's-day mornings; but these detractors took care to be silent as to the annual collection for the Fund for Poor Ministers, which reached the sum of three hundred pounds. Mr. Henry was too holy to be anything but humble. “I hope I can truly say,” were his words, “I am not proud of an acquaintance with great people, but would rather condescend to men of low estate. The Lord clothe me with humility!”

As some of us were talking together at Sir William's, one mentioned a great loss sustained by a mutual friend, who was suffering deeply from melancholy as a consequence. Mr. Henry made rejoinder with the remark, “He must not let one affliction drown the memory of a thousand mercies.” He gave us also, on that occasion, an account of his ministerial friend, Samuel Angier, of Duckenfield. Mr. Henry had recently preached for this worthy man, who is now blind and solitary. He gloried in tribulation, for, though he could not read, he could repeat whole chapters of the Bible to himself. When Mr. Henry was with him, he was learning the 119th Psalm.

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Now, as I pause, to look across the sun-filled valley, these social seasons come back with a sigh, for rapidly are the actors in them disappearing. It seems strange to whisper to the burning, ripening July day,—“Matthew Henry is dead!” But is he? Is there not an immortality of influence for such as he? Will not preachers, till the end of the age, be ready to adorn their sermons with his gems of speech? The shining of a life after its setting, depends upon the elevation that the soul reached. With Mr. Henry, the loftiest of convictions moved his conduct; the pendulum, which timed his actions, was governed ever by a Divine mainspring.

And he is gone! Gone in the centre of the summer! Gone while the long grasses remained uncut! Gone ere the music of the mower's scythe had begun! Cut down by the reaper that gathers his harvest all the year round! Disease, like the green woodpecker's bill, had given this sturdy tree many a shrewd blow. Externally, it would have been hard to say that much was wrong, but the assailant struck on;

and, suddenly, lo! the core was pierced, and behold 'twas dust! Mr. Henry had been dying a long time, though he collapsed all at once. The great purposes of a determined spirit use up the energies of the body to the last drop. The will to keep on is often taken for ability to continue; and we are painfully surprised when we cannot goad the weary steed another step.

On the 30th of May, in this year of great events, 1714, Mr. Henry preached for the last time at Hackney, taking for his text Rev. v. 9: "For Thou wast slain." Later in the day, he visited a sick person, and then partook of the communion of the Lord's supper. This combination of the activities of a complete ministry was thought nothing of at the time; but, since his departure, that he preached on Christ crucified, that he prayed with the afflicted, that he communed as a believer on the last Lord's-day of his pastorate, has been specially remembered.

Someone called to see him, late that evening, but was told that Mr. Henry was preparing for a journey. He was indeed preparing, all that day, for a greater journey than he was aware of. On the Monday, he set out for Chester. While away, he preached at many places, testifying with tireless enthusiasm, to "the gospel of the grace of God." But those who had known him aforesaid saw how sapped were his vital powers. One of them, a Mr. Sudlow, an apothecary, told Mr. Henry's Chester friends that they would never see him again. On the two Lord's-days preceding his return to the South, Mr. Henry preached on the great rest which awaits the people of God; taking first Heb. iv. 9, and then, on the second occasion, Heb. iv. 1. He started to go home on June 21st; he was indeed "going home." On the road, his horse stumbled, and threw him. He denied that he was hurt, and would go forward to Nantwich, where he was engaged to preach. He did preach, but it was evident that he was very ill. The spirit held out against the flesh; but the end was near. Though invited to stay at Sir Thomas Delves', he could get no further than a fellow-minister's house, where he went to bed. Few words passed his lips, but he was able to remind his friend, Mr. Illidge, of a testimony which he had given the previous month, to the effect that "a life spent in the service of God, and in communion with Him, is the most comfortable life anyone can live in this world." The next morning, at five o'clock, he was seized with apoplexy, and, after lying three hours speechless, he passed away. He was buried in Trinity Church, Chester, on June 25th. On June 27th, and July 11th, Dr. Williams and Mr. Tong preached to the congregation at Hackney sermons appropriate to the event.

Now July is passing; the hot haze hangs as a veil, hiding the sweltering distracted City. Faction rules in high places. The Queen is ill through the continual friction of quarrels. Bolingbroke, the atheist, and Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop and High Churchman, rule England. No one knows what will happen next. If intrigue can compass it, the Pretender will succeed the Queen; then farewell to what little religious liberty we possess. Two days before Mr. Tong's sermon on the passing away of the incomparable expositor, Queen Anne closed the Parliament which had passed the hated Schism Act.

Now, Dissenters will only be able to teach their children to read at dame schools; all other education is placed in the hands of men who have received "the sacrament" according to the rites of the Church of England. It will be the ruin of the Nonconformist Academies. We live in vindictive times. It is small wonder that many communities are retiring within their own little circle, leaving wicked men, and their ally, a worldly Church, to their own devices. But the battle will not be won by seclusion.

And the heroes are passing away. The Queen signed the Schism Act on the 25th of June, the day of the burial of Matthew Henry. He had said, "No fire of contention hath burned so hot as the *ignis sacer*." Who will speak for God, and Christ crucified, when the few faithful ones that are left are gathered to their fathers? It is, after all, a presumptuous question. He who could, of the stones, raise up children unto Abraham, has His future prophets in the quiet homes that bask this day in the July sun.

## Selected Sayings of Matthew Henry.\*

**W**HEN passion is upon the throne, reason is out of doors.  
Drunkenness, which makes men forgetful, makes them forgotten.

Modesty is a great ornament to dignity.

We are not born for ourselves, but for God and our country.

Death wrenches from the hand the sceptre as well as the spade.

Perseverance wears the crown, though it wins it not.

Absalom's fine hair proved his halter.

Sin is a brat that nobody is willing to own.

Some men's constant walk is a constant cheat.

When vice is daring, it is no time for virtue to be sneaking.

Dissembled piety is double iniquity.

Where sin sits heavy, affliction sits light.

Grace is better than gold, for it will outlast it.

The sins of sinners are the sorrows of saints.

What is asked in passion is often given in wrath.

Those who meet in a third meet in each other.

Consideration is the first step to conversion.

Omissions make way for commissions.

To those to whom home is a prison, virtue is a penance.

When the world is bitter, the Word is sweet.

One may easier deal with ten men's reasons than with one man's will.

First or last, sinners must be weepers.

Custom in sin is a very great hindrance to conversion from sin.

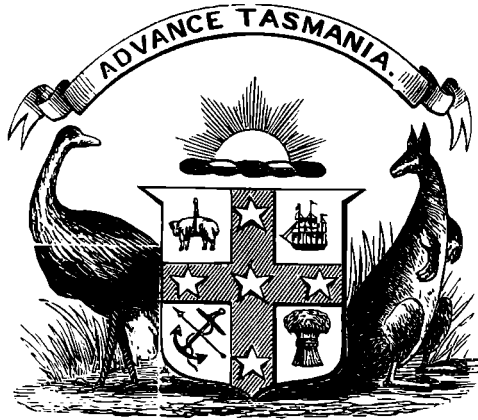
A lion in God's cause must be a lamb in his own.

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\* It is rather remarkable that, simultaneously with H. T. S.'s article on Matthew Henry, another of "our own men,"—T. H. S.,—should have sent us these extracts from his commentary. Perhaps the coincidence will induce other friends to read his writings for themselves.—ED.

## Bush Life in Tasmania.

### VI.—BUSH ODDITIES.



IT will, perhaps, interest the young people with intelligent heads, and the old people with young hearts, to read something concerning the curiosities of "the bush" in plant and insect life. We will omit any description of the native cherry, the stone of which grows outside; and of the duck-billed Platypus,—half bird, and half animal, and amphibious;—because these bush oddities are more commonly known. We have beguiled many a bush stroll by the careful noting of the handiworks of God, resulting in many an hour's intense interest and delight.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches." There is nothing like the personal study of nature to make us feel that—

"Each crawling insect holds a rank  
Important in the plan of Him who framed  
This scale of beings."

In the early part of our Tasmanian experience, we had gone to a bush mission-station to preach the anniversary sermons. Rising early on the Sunday morning, we rambled into the bush. In the bright sunshine, the trees cast long shadows across the closely-cropped greensward. The rabbits were hopping about, and nibbling the dew-laden grass, now and again lifting their heads enquiringly, in a timid way, as if they lived in the consciousness of constant danger. Our slightest movement sent them scurrying to their holes. The birds seemed to whistle their favourite calls, from "mere delight of heart, and spirits buoyant with excess of glee." Every spire of grass and pendant leaf was decked with pearls of dew, each one a dainty prism, glistening with the mingled colours of the light, red and yellow, blue and orange, green, indigo, and violet. It was a glade fit for the court of fairies.

Sitting down on the bole of a fallen tree, this lovely spot, with the purple mountains near, was turned into a sanctum for morning meditation. During our almost involuntary musing, our attention was attracted to a number of little erect plants, crowned with beautiful light pinkish-blue flowers, like small bells: below, down to the roots, at alternate intervals on the stem, were small star-like forms, tipped with a number of ray-like *spicula*, upon each of which shone apparently a tiny drop of dew, like liquid diamonds. Curiosity led us to pluck one of these lovely flowerets, and examine it more closely; and touching one of its starry ornaments, we found that it stuck like gum. We further discovered that some of the hairy spikelets had bent to the centre, and there, held as in a trap, were insects which had ventured to explore these stellated forms, and found, instead of honey, a mouth to eat them all up, except the indigestible scales and wings. The viscid substance had caught them on the wing, and then the hairy tentacles had embraced the fated fly, drawn it to the place of suction, and held it fast till all the nourishment was exhausted.

Who would have thought that so fair a flower had so carnal a nature? Plainly this vegetable was no vegetarian. This little, innocent-looking flower, that bloomed at the top, seemed to invite confidence and affection; it appeared to have a faint modest blush as it looked into the face of day, and yet beneath were ranged these geometrical traps that wrought such havoc amongst the frisky flies out for their morning exercise and pleasure.

There is many a tragedy in human life, as well as in the realm of flies; but there is none so sad and tragic as when unsuspecting innocence is lured and entrapped by one who has the face of an angel with the heart of a devil.

The worldling's pleasures have, undoubtedly, a present attractiveness, but an ultimate ghastliness, awful to contemplate. Perhaps those globules of glutinous matter, set so prettily, and shining so enticingly in the sunlight, were sweet to the fly's taste, but the end thereof was death.

Sin's hospitality, like that of Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, seems both lavish and kind to our wearied and needy nature; but life, precious life, is the price we unwittingly pay for it. "He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

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Another odd creature is sometimes called a fairy. Its dress is a light bright green; only close observers will detect it among the flowers, or on the bushes. Many a native of Tasmania has never seen one, yet they are almost as common as some of the gorgeous moths.

Its proper name is "The Green Mantis." It is "a delicate, ethereal creature, with exquisite green gauze wings, and long slender legs, on which it poises itself airily;" it has a "wonderfully queer and intelligent

head, that deliberately turns round to look at you, with a quaint, inquisitive expression that no other insect seems capable of." Touch it, as we have often done, and it will make you laugh to see the haughty way in which it rears its sabre-like front legs (in the bend of the second joint of which is a vivid spot of blue,) in a position of defence, as though it said, "*Touch me, if you dare!*" Until familiarity bred contempt of its powers, we were often taken aback by its courageous postures. Mrs. Meredith, who has painted several from life, natural size, with careful accuracy, says, "To exaggerate the quaint, grotesque oddity of the attitudes the insect assumes, is impossible; it is difficult to do tolerable justice to them."

When watching for its prey, it will stand poised on the four hinder legs with the two front ones closely folded together in an apparently devotional manner, on which account it is sometimes called "The Praying Mantis." "Preying" would be a better name, for this gauzy elf requires more substantial diet than dew and honey; it lives on flies. It will not accept maimed or dead ones; it likes them, as we do our oysters, fresh and alive.

As we never tried the following experiment, we will let the lady we have just quoted speak. She had put a mantis under a glass on paper, and provided it with flies. "Fixing its eyes on the nearest fly, the mantis watched eagerly, turning its head this way and that, following the movements of the fly with an eager intelligent expression of face, as a man or sagacious animal might do, but not otherwise changing its position. The fly, after creeping and flying round and round, lit on the paper just in front of the mantis, which, with one rapid dart of an arm, like a clever conjuror's legerdemain, almost too quick for detection, snatched it up, and holding it firmly impaled between the double row of sharp spines with which the points of the arm are provided, lifted it up to its mouth, and began quietly to eat it alive, first biting off and rejecting the head. Ere it had taken more than one or two bites, a second fly walked across within range, and was seized by the disengaged arm of the mantis, which then, like a greedy child with a cake in each hand, bit sometimes a morsel out of one, and sometimes out of the other, until the bodies of both flies were devoured, and the heads, legs, and wings lay discarded on the paper."

This experiment was conducted in the presence of the lady's daughter; and whilst they were chatting about it, she laughingly cried, "Oh, mamma! how funny, do look!" "The mantis, with two other flies under discussion, one in either claw, was intently following, with its weird, eager gaze, the movements of a third,—for the capture of which it had no unoccupied hand left,—and its droll expression of helpless greed was unmistakable;" but it soon dropped the little bit of the one almost finished, and caught the new one.

Again it is a case of "things are not what they seem;" for this pious-looking insect, with its airy beauty, and whimsical ways, and scarcely more than two inches in length, will devour a dozen big flies without showing any sign that its greedy appetite has been satisfied. With their sabre-like forelegs, they can as dexterously cleave their insect "antagonist in two, or cut off his head at a stroke, as the most expert hussar."

Very closely allied to the family of the mantis is the Tasmanian spectre. Mr. Morton Allport, of Hobart, says it belongs to the genus *Phasma*. It is very different in form from the delicate little beauty we have just described. It is a strict vegetarian. But it will rear itself up in fighting position if you attempt to touch it, and it has certain characteristics which make you instinctively feel that it is allied to the mantis. Its habitat is on the North coast of the Colony, and it is comparatively rare.

We have fortunately seen several of the largest and most curious; one being seven inches long, or more. "Oh, father!" called the children, one day, "come and see what a queer thing is here." There, close beside the kitchen door, near to some geraniums, was a "spectre." At first, I could not see it; but, after a few pointings at a respectful distance on the children's part, with "See, it's there; see, it's there;" I espied his spectreship, and a queer-looking fellow he was. He looked exactly like the dried twigs near;—the same colour; the same wizened appearance, like a dead stick; the same bifurcations; the same markings as on the twigs which show different stages of growth; and what seemed most strange, the same sort of nodule exactly where a leg seemed to have been lost, as is left when a branchlet is broken off at the place of junction. Placing a stick beneath the spectre, we carried him into the front room, and laid him on a bunch of roses, where we had opportunity to observe him more closely. He accepted our hospitality for three or four days, and then departed without letting us know where he was going.

It was the strangest and most perfect mimicker we had seen. Its jointed legs; its queer round eyes; its *antenna*, "like little strings of tiniest beads;" the way its body terminated, all showed the perfection of its Creator's kind wisdom in providing so carefully for its protection in an unfriendly world.

Shall we regard, then, "The Walking-stick Mantis," as some call it, as an instance of God's loving guardianship of even the least of His creatures; and rest in the sweet satisfaction of His "how much more" in relation to ourselves; or shall we say, as a writer in *The Spectator* does:—"There are insects which live, as it were, by hypocrisy, by getting themselves mistaken—so perfect is their costume and acting,—for the withered leaves and dried-up twigs amongst which they habitually feed"? We prefer to look upon them as subjects of our Father's infinite care, and fulfilling their part, without masquerading, in the economy of His great household; teaching us to do our little work, and to live our life, as best we can, in the way our Lord the King appoints;—to fight our battles; to achieve the mastery; to glorify our God and Saviour in all things.

"We cannot all be heroes,  
And thrill a hemisphere  
With some great, daring venture,  
Some deed that mocks at fear;  
But we can fill a lifetime  
With kindly acts and true;  
There's always noble service  
For noble souls to do."

J. E. WALTON.

## Roman Catholicism and Modern France.

A PAPER READ AT THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE  
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,  
BY PASTEUR R. SAILLENS, OF PARIS.

CATHOLICISM is not merely a system of religion; it is mainly a system of political government; her aim, everywhere, is to enthrone herself in the very soul of the nations, to frame their ideals, their institutions, and their laws, so that the religious and civil organisms should be practically one. In one word, it is a *theocracy*. To speak, therefore, of a modern nation,—and of France especially,—without speaking of Catholicism, would be almost as impossible as to speak of the Jewish people without mentioning the Jewish religion. Hence you may see how wide is our subject, and how impossible to treat it thoroughly in a few pages.

This political character of Roman Catholicism must ever be presented to the Protestant public, in order that it may be aware of the perils which threaten the free institutions of modern States. Catholic proselytism does not limit itself to the conversion of souls. Its ultimate aim is the possession of every country under the sun; the establishment of a universal kingdom of which the Pope, as God's infallible representative, will be the supreme ruler, both temporal and spiritual. Once grant that Rome is *the* true Church, or even a legitimate branch of it, and her claims are logical enough; but the outcome of her rule in those countries—like Spain, Portugal, and some South American Republics,—where she has succeeded in establishing it, shows the utter blasphemy of her pretensions.

France occupies a peculiar and unique position with regard to Roman Catholicism. Unlike England, Holland, the larger part of Germany, and the Scandinavian States, she failed, in the sixteenth century, in her struggle against Popery. The bloody policy of Catherine de Médicis and her sons, the treacherous compromise of Henri IV., and, finally, the iron hand of Louis XIV., made France a Catholic nation; but Protestantism struck deeper roots in France than in any of her Southern neighbours. At one time, fully one-tenth of the population was Protestant; and notwithstanding the great exodus which followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, which sent half a million of the best French people to all parts of the earth, a large number remained. Before the Franco-German war, in 1870, about one million and a half of our people were Protestants. The loss of Alsace-Lorraine was a great blow to French Protestantism; yet, even now, it is estimated that 600,000 French people belong by birth to the Protestant communions;—500,000 to the Reformed, or Calvinistic type, 70,000 to the Lutheran Church, and the remainder to various Dissenting denominations.

That strong minority has never been able to reconquer the ground which was lost on Saint Bartholomew's day, and at the Revocation; but it has maintained, in this country (my paper was written in France,) a spirit of resistance to Rome such as has not been found elsewhere. To the influence of French Protestantism may be traced, more or less



directly, the movement of the Jansenists, in the seventeenth century. The Revolution of 1789—the first period of which was so magnificent in spirit, and so fruitful in permanent results, giving us religious liberty, civil equality, and a code of equitable laws,—could never have broken out in a country wholly Catholic. It is universally admitted that, among the writers and philosophers who prepared the way for the Revolution, the first place must be given to a man who, though far from being a Christian, had been born a Protestant, and proudly wore the title of “citizen of Geneva,”—Jean Jacques Rousseau. During the century just closed, the spirit of Gallicanism has constantly been at work through such men as Lamennais, Gratry, and “Father” Hyacinthe. Indeed, since the sixteenth century, Rome has never been allowed to enjoy peacefully that richest of all her possessions, “the fairest kingdom out of Heaven.” France is “the eldest daughter of the Church,” but that daughter of hers has been more wilful, more difficult to manage, than all the rest of the family put together. And it is not unfair to say, that much of that opposition to Rome is due to the influence of French Protestantism.

A comparison of Roman Catholicism in France with the same system in other countries would give further proof of this. For instance, “The Holy Inquisition” has never been able to settle in France; the Roman Catholic authorities themselves have always opposed it. Jesuitism is illegal in this country, and its very name is odious to the people. Some of the grossest superstitions, which flourish in Spain and Italy, are not popular here. There are no *Corpus Christi* processions in France, like those of Seville. The religious buildings do not exhibit as much of the cheap gaudiness as is so remarkable *tras los montes*. The Gothic style of architecture, which is considered unorthodox by the Popish authorities, (there is not a single Gothic church in the city of Rome,) had its origin in France, and still prevails there. The morals of the clergy are superior to those of the Spanish and Italian priesthood, and more so wherever the Protestant community is large.

Thus, I have tried to show that France stands in a middle position religiously, as she stands geographically in the centre of Europe. Too Popish to be steady in her liberal course; too anti-Popish to sit down quietly in medieval darkness, she is, and has been for nearly four centuries, the battlefield of two worlds, the old and the new. It is a colossal struggle, the issue of which will be either the downfall of Rome, or the revival of its baneful power throughout the world. Would to God that this might be well understood by all Evangelical Christendom,—that all Christians should see that the great conflict of our day is with *Rome*, and that the strategical focus of that conflict is *France!* For, mark you, this is a matter of great moment for the whole world. Rome—with her coffers replenished with French money, and her army augmented by thousands of young French priests who will serve her with all the qualities of our race,—enthusiasm, courage, abstemiousness, endurance,—Rome will proclaim a “holy” war on all the mission-fields now occupied by Protestant missionaries; yea, on all the countries whence those missionaries have gone forth. Do you smile, and think that there is not much fear of such an attempt?

But remember that Rome has everywhere a powerful ally,—the corrupt, unregenerate heart of man; that the higher classes, so-called, are leaning towards her; that she already has her emissaries and a powerful organization in all countries; that, on the other hand, Protestantism is no more the staunch Puritanism of early days; that it has grown fond of ritual, of sensuous worship;—remember that, after all, there are only two religions in this world; the religion of individual and spiritual regeneration, which we Baptists eminently represent, and the religion of sacramental regeneration, which finds its only logical expression under its Romish form; then, perhaps, you will admit that the peril exists, and that it is high time to fight Rome with all our might on her own soil, with our own spiritual weapons, ere she goes further in her attempts to conquer us.

Forgive this long introduction. I now come to the heart of my subject, which naturally divides itself into three sections; first, the Catholicism of to-day; secondly, the France of to-day; and, thirdly, the struggle between the two, and its probable issue.

#### I. THE CATHOLICISM OF TO-DAY.

“Rome never changes.” These oft-repeated words are true enough, if they mean that *the spirit* of the Papacy ever remains the same. But her wonderful steadfastness of purpose, and the unchangeableness of her policy throughout the ages, are served by a plasticity, a gift of adaptation, for which she is matchless. She has prudence and subtlety, patience and mobility; all the characteristics of the serpent, unaccompanied by the harmlessness of the dove.

A full description of Roman Catholicism would be out of place now. It is sufficient for our purpose to emphasize the points which are specially salient in the Catholicism of to-day.

##### 1. *The mixture of truth and error in its teaching, and the growing predominance of the latter.*

Rome is orthodox on the main truths of Christianity. She holds the Divine Inspiration of Scripture, the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Incarnation and Divinity of Christ, of the Atonement, etc. She has produced a large number of genuine saints, (few of whom, however, have been canonized!) whose writings, deficient as they are on many points, have the true ring of faith, and have been the spiritual food of thousands of Christians outside the Romish fold: Thomas à Kempis, Gerson, Saint Bernard, Fénelon, Madame Guyon, Lacordaire, and a host of others might be named. It is remarkable, however, that this type of literature is becoming scarce. Rome does not produce many such writers to-day.

On the other hand, she teaches a number of errors, which counteract to such an extent the beneficial effects of truth that, practically, the religion of the Catholic masses has become a mere fetichism. Here and there, may be found rare souls who have been able to see the beauty of Christ through the growing mists which have gathered around His cross: there are true Christians even in the pale of Rome; much fewer, however, than some of us believe, and getting less and less every day. Creature-worship supersedes Divine worship. Mary is the great “Diana of the Ephesians.” Her “immaculate conception” has a greater hold on the Catholic mind than Christ’s Incarnation; her

"assumption", than His Ascension; "the sacrifice of the mass", than the true Sacrifice on Calvary; the "inspired" words of the Pope, than the inspired Bible. "Sacraments, festivals, relics, pilgrimages, beads, rosaries, scapularies, vestments,"—these are far more important, to the average devotary, than the contrite heart, repentance, faith in Christ; and this, more and more so. Take the writings of a Bossuet, and you are surprised to see how small a place Mary and the saints have in them. Rome has gone downwards, and is still going that way, becoming more and more materialistic to suit the natural taste. Romanism is the old heathenism decorated with a varnish of Christianity.

Never did I realize this fact with a more painful intensity than when, a few years ago, I visited the celebrated shrine of the Virgin, at Lourdes, in the Pyrenees. There, in a most beautiful valley, by the side of a mountain torrent, the Virgin is said to have appeared, some thirty or forty years ago, to a young shepherdess, Bernadette Soubiroux, and to have given her the following injunctions: "Drink the water of the spring near by, eat the grass that grows around it, and build me a chapel." Year by year, in accordance with this wonderful revelation, thousands of pilgrims (sometimes as many as sixty trains in a day) flock from all parts of France and of the world. I was there on a certain day in August, which was the day of "the great pilgrimage." Fifteen thousand pilgrims, men, women, and children, headed by bishops and their own parish priests, had gathered in front of the grotto in which the apparition is supposed to have been seen, and which is full of *ex-votos*, crutches of invalids and other tokens of deliverance, all black with the smoke produced by the hundreds of candles which burn day and night at the feet of the statue of "Mary Immaculate." From morning till night, crowd after crowd came forward, raising their voices in *Ave Marias* and plaintive hymns, or impassioned cries, "*Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu, ayez pitié de nous!*" A priest occupied the pulpit by the side of the grotto,—not to preach to the people, but to lead their endless repetitions of the *Pater noster*, and to give the "apostolic benediction", whatever that may mean, to the beads which the faithful had purchased at the shop which occupied the other side of the grotto.\* That shop, where bottles are also sold in which to carry the miraculous water, is under the control of the "fathers" who monopolize the devotions of Lourdes. Near it, are the springs of ordinary water where the pilgrims drink, bathe their eyes, and fill their bottles. Behind a screen, some more believing patients go the length of being totally *immersed* for a few seconds in a pool of the same water, springing icy from the earth. I did not, however, see anyone eating the grass; but the intensity of faith in those crowds was amazing. And yet, none of those people seemed to have gone thither in search of spiritual life. A large number of them were invalids accompanied by their friends, and their sole object was the relief of their physical sufferings. The sermon of the Bishop of

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\* A most typical incident happened under my eyes. A poor woman had bought a small set of beads, worth a few pence;—I suppose she could not afford to buy a more expensive one. When she came under the pulpit, and held it up to be "blessed" by the officiating priest, the man leaned forward, and seeing the size of the article, said, contemptuously, "Go away, and buy a larger one; this is too small!"

Poitiers (the only sermon preached during the whole day) did not so much as allude to spiritual needs; it was a pressing invitation to trust Mary for all ailments, business difficulties, and so on; and it ended with an appeal to her on behalf of France,—poor, noble, deluded France, now bent upon a course of politics that estranged her from the Church, her ever loving Mother! The name of Jesus did not once sound in my ears during that extraordinary day. There was not a single feature in which a true Christian could rejoice; it might have been a Hindoo festival.

2. Another prominent trait of modern Romanism is *the prevalence of Jesuit casuistry over Christian ethics.*

I shall do no more, on this point, than briefly allude to a memorable debate which has just taken place in our Chamber of Deputies. A Bill has been passed by that legislative body, after three months' discussion, which is destined to put a stop to the enormous increase of the non-authorized Religious Orders, and to their encroachments on public property. In the course of the debate, extracts were read from a Manual, called "the Catechism of Clermont," which is the standard work on morals used in the seventy Seminaries, or priests' Colleges, in France. The most startling admissions on "mental reservation" are to be found in this book. The questions put to the young aspirants to the priesthood are such, some of them, as to bring a blush of shame on the faces of the most worldly men. Shall I venture to quote one? I do so with reluctance, but because it is essential that we should know the true character of the monstrous system we have to encounter. The Manual asks: "If a wife has been unfaithful to her husband, and if he asks her the truth about it, has she a right to answer negatively?" And the answer is "Yes." The quotation brought an explosion of indignation from the Chamber; but this indignation grew much stronger when, a few days afterwards, a member of the House, a priest, the Abbé Gayraud, a Doctor of Divinity, and a man of great reputation among Romanists, undertook to justify the Jesuits' casuistry, in a speech that lasted two or three hours. Coming to the question which had been selected by the *Rapporteur* of the Bill as a sample of Catholic morality, the Abbé admitted that the example had been unfortunately chosen by the writer of the book; but he boldly affirmed that its morality was perfectly right. The wife had a right to deny her fault, as the consequences of an avowal would be far worse than her denial. "And, after all, the husband is served right; for a fool's question only requires a fool's answer." As to the necessity of uncompromising veracity, the Abbé Gayraud waved it away with a smile. "Every day," said he, "you and I, gentlemen, when unwilling to be disturbed by callers, order our servants to say, 'Monsieur is not at home.' Is there any lie in that? Is it not one of those social conventions which are universally admitted?"

The saddest part of this discussion was, that no protest against these Jesuitical declarations came from the Roman Catholic party. There is another priest who is a member of the House, a nobler type of man than the Abbé Gayraud, and not a Jesuit; I refer to the Abbé Lemire, who stands as a representative of the Catholic-Socialist party. Neither he, nor any lay member of the Right, (though many must have

been shocked inwardly,) said a word against these strange theories. The only voices which were raised against them were those of the Radicals, who are mostly Atheists. What an object-lesson, this! A *priest* defending the legitimacy of lying, and the true ethics of Christianity defended by *Atheists!* It shows that Atheism, in Roman Catholic countries, is to a great extent the protest of the natural conscience, which is better than the sophisticated one. Irreligion is better than hypocrisy.

I might add a great deal on this subject. I refer you, simply, to the *Monita Secreta*, and to the exposure of the Jesuits' casuistry so masterly done by Pascal in his "Provincial Letters." I must now pass on to the next characteristic of modern Romanism in France.

### 3. *The dying out of the Gallicanic spirit, and the triumph of Ultramontanism.*

"Gallicanism" designates the independent tendencies of what used to be called the Church of France. There was a Church of France, as there is a Church of England; a Church, the bishops of which had a duty of allegiance to the King, who appointed them. Though acknowledging the primacy of the Pope, these bishops often resisted his encroachments, maintained the privileges of their dioceses, which had their own liturgies, somewhat different, in details, from the Romish ritual. The Kings were often supported by the French clergy in their quarrels with the Popes.\* Gallicanism had its expression in the Assemblies of the clergy, as Anglicanism has in its Convocations. During the last century, a noble struggle was sustained against *Ultramontanism*—that system which centres in the Pope all doctrinal and disciplinary authority,—by such men as Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Gratry. But the Council of the Vatican, in 1870, which, at the instigation of the Jesuits, formulated and decreed the blasphemous dogma of the Pope's infallibility, has for ever destroyed Gallicanism. The last vestige of a local, or a national Church, which might retain a semblance of individuality within the pale of Rome, has disappeared. Henceforth, true conformity knows no limits. The *Syllabus* is the law of all true Catholics. The Pope is God on earth.

Is it not evident that here we have the masterpiece of counterfeit in religious matters? The Bible speaks of a Divine Man, who has a perfect and absolute command over all our being, who controls our life in all its aspects, political, social, individual. The Bible teaches that this Divine Man is, one day, to rule the whole earth, and to bring all things under the same perfect submission which His true disciples now profess towards Him. But it teaches also that, at present, the world lieth in the wicked one, and that, therefore, the Master, whom we expect, does not yet rule the world. Here, however, is a man, calling himself the vicar of Christ, who claims for himself that obedience which the disciples owe to the Master alone;—claiming it, not only from the disciples, but from all men; enthroning himself before the

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\* "I cannot deny that I am a Frenchman, brought up in the University of Paris, which holds the authority of the Councils above that of the Pope. Therefore you shall kill the French rather than get from them the contrary, and to think that any French prelate will agree to anything else, is folly." (*The Cardinal de Lorraine, in the 16th century.*)

Divine Man, whom he pretends to represent, has been enthroned; making himself, in Christ's name, the king of *an unregenerate world*, and using all the powers of evil,—deceit, extortion, bloodshed,—to bring about his universal dominion. Thus Christ is robbed of His royal prerogative by Satan disguised as an angel of light.

4. I now come to the last trait which marks the Catholicism of to-day: *its effort to lay hold of the democracy*.

Twenty-five years ago, the notion of a Pope who would be friendly with the French Republic would have seemed inadmissible. "The throne and the altar" appeared to be inseparable, as the two manifestations of Divine authority over men. But, of late, a complete change has occurred. Rome, seeing the impossibility of overthrowing the Republican government, has sought to conquer it, and has enjoined on the bishops the duty of respecting the institutions which the country has chosen for herself. The monarchist members of the Chamber of Deputies are a small remnant; the vast majority of the Conservative, or Roman Catholic party, call themselves "the Rallied", and have made a Republican profession of faith.

A step further has been taken. Pope Leo XIII. has issued those celebrated Encyclical letters which acknowledge the rights of Labour, and under a mild form assume a Socialistic tendency. The clergy have followed his impulse: in England, Cardinal Manning; in America, Archbishop Ireland; in France, the Abbés Garnier and Lemire; in Belgium, the Abbé Daens, have boldly taken the part of the working classes, have stood on Socialistic platforms, have headed Labour demonstrations, and denounced the abuses of Capital. Catholic Clubs and Guilds of working-men have sprung up everywhere. I do not question the genuineness of those newly-found advocates of the common people; they are sincere, no doubt, and love the working-man. But, as true sons of the Church, they are only allowed to go as far as the Church wants them to go, and she will not allow them to go farther than will serve her purposes of domination. It is part of the Jesuit policy to use good men, and their good deeds, for its evil ends.

After all, Rome has been Socialist long before the name was invented. Her ideal of social life is *the monastery*, where the individual loses his free will, his possessions, even his very name, in the community. Her clergy is recruited from all ranks, and mainly from the lowest ones. Some of her proudest Popes were the sons of artisans. She has often called to her help the power of the mob against the legitimate authorities. The atrocities of "the Holy League," in the sixteenth century, which armed the fanatical populace of Paris against the kings who were guilty of lukewarmness in the interests of the Church, can hardly be matched by those of the Reign of Terror. Long before the Anarchists appeared on the scene, Jesuits had taught and practised the duty of assassinating "unrighteous" kings. Henri III., and Henri IV., were murdered by Jacques Clément, a monk, and Ravailiac, a Jesuit.

There is one thing, in this world, of which Rome is afraid, and that is, *the individual conscience*. Any system, therefore, which tends to annihilate the individual, to absorb him in the mass, to make him a mere cipher incapable of independent action, is a sure ally of Rome.

Provided that the people obey her, they will receive from her what Imperial Rome already provided, *Panem et circenses*.

It will be well for Evangelical Christians, who are fascinated by what is called the Social Gospel, to think a little before they go much further in a direction where they are sure, at some point, to meet Rome, not as an enemy, but as an associate. To try and win the masses to Christ by temporal advantages, to give them *first*, not the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, but the other things, of which Christ says that, "they shall be added unto you," this is not Protestant evangelization; it has not apostolic precedent; it is, in its essence, Romish. It springs from our impatience at the apparent slowness of the spiritual process, by which alone cometh the Kingdom of God. The Gospel is essentially individualistic. It has nothing to do with meat and drink. *Individual* self-denial, making ourselves poor for the sake of the poor, is the teaching of Christ, not the raising up of political agitation. Let us preach Christ and Him crucified; let us deny ourselves for the world, in a spirit of love; but let us not identify the Church of Christ with a system of government, or of political economics, as Rome has ever done.

II. I now come to the second part of my subject: THE FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

1. In the first place, *France is growing tired of Secularism*.

It is the misery of a nation afflicted with a State Church, especially when that Church is not kept in check by a strong Dissenting element, that she must ever oscillate between downright Clericalism and avowed Infidelity. Disgusted with priestly rule, modern France has tried, for many years, a system of public education based on Agnosticism. The founders of the third Republic hoped that compulsory instruction, with a higher grade of teachers than the friars, who were, previously, the sole schoolmasters of the country, would not only free the people from superstition, but also give them a superior morality. Their hopes have not been realized. Everyone in France, to-day, can read and write, but this has not made the people happier or better to any appreciable extent. Personally, I still believe that secular instruction is better than clerical teaching, and that the present evil comes from the fact that the work of secularization has not been thorough enough. These measures, in the domain of public instruction, in order to have their full beneficial effect, should have been accompanied by the disestablishment of the Church, which would have opened the field to Protestant evangelization in a marvellous way. However, the case stands thus: notwithstanding the Liberal institutions which we enjoy, the social troubles and evils are as great as they were before, if not even greater. The marriage bond has not become more sacred. Crime has not diminished. A new demon, unknown in our country fifty years ago, Alcoholism, has made its appearance, and is causing greater havoc among us than in most European countries. Gambling has increased. The relations of Capital and Labour are becoming more and more strained. The lawless tendencies of the extreme parties, the Revolutionaries and the Anarchists, have affirmed themselves sometimes in a terrifying manner. And the great mass of the citizens—good peasant landowners, who by nature are Conservative.—

have been disappointed in their expectations from the new order of things.

People do not stop to reflect that the same symptoms—the increase of lawlessness and unrest—are in our days common to all countries ; that they are the fruits of the seed sown for ages by the Church of Rome,—seed which cannot be eradicated in a day ; that Spain, Italy, Russia, Austria, though priest-ridden, *and because they are priest-ridden*, are worse than we are in this respect ; indeed, that similar symptoms appear also in England and America. A further reason—a deeper one—leads them back to the Romish Church.

There is, in the heart of every man, a religious craving, a want of some moral ideal, of a future hope, of a spiritual food, for man does not live by bread alone. The cold light of science can no more warm the soul, than the light of electricity can replace the sun. Our Secularists have not, indeed, officially denied God ; they have simply ignored Him. In their well-grounded dislike of the Romish superstitions, they have condemned all revealed religions, and the Gospel has been put by them on the same level as the Popish Catechism. Hence, the present re-action. Amidst the ruins of the past, and the crumbled-down hopes of a happy future that has not been realized, THE CHURCH stands as the only visible moral force which nothing, as yet, has been able to destroy. By the weakness of the Republic, that Church enjoys the free use of the grandest, noblest buildings in the land ; she is a recognized institution, her priests are paid by the same exchequer which supports the secular schoolmasters. How can you wonder that the poor people, famishing for higher things than money and pleasure,—disappointed in their children, who, though more clever than their fathers, are no better than they,—should reluctantly turn round to the priest, the Republican priest of to-day, who was never so winning, so inviting, so paternal, so careful to keep in the background the most objectionable parts of his creed ?

This campaign of "Back to Rome" is headed by men whose conversion from infidelity has had an enormous influence, on account of their popularity and their talents. I can only name M. Brunetière, the gifted Editor of *La Revue des Deux-Mondes* ; M. François Coppée, a poet and a dramatist ; M. Jules Lemaitre, a literary critic ; all members of the *Académie Française*, all known previously as freethinkers. I do not doubt their sincerity ; I can understand, to some extent, the process of reasoning which has led them to the feet of the Pope : France is in peril, her moral fibre is diseased, a religion only can save her ; what religion, if not the one which is most ingrained in her very soul, which made her, in times past, the first nation of the world ? (Read M. Brunetière's pamphlet on *L'Âme Française*.)

This movement has been fortified by another, which is far from being peculiar to France,—a revival of the *nationalist* spirit. Here we touch on one of the most extraordinary and mysterious features of our time. How is it that, at the beginning of this twentieth century, after so many years of Liberalism, when the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man seemed to have gained the day, we are witnessing, in all parts of the world,—England and America not excepted,—a recrudescence of the devilish spirit of national bigotry, as different



from true patriotism as fetichism is from true religion? I cannot stop to enquire into the causes of this; but I would only say that, wherever it appears, the "Jingo" spirit is deadly to the cause of pure Christianity. Roman Catholicism, and, I verily believe, every National Church, fosters that spirit.

2. And, yet, *the France of to-day is not Popish at heart*, and it seems impossible that she ever could be. Her natural quality is—her very name implies it,—*frankness*; if there is anything that is abhorred in France, it is hypocrisy, cant, dissimulation. Through this abhorrence, we make ourselves appear, in the sight of other nations, worse than we really are. The majority of the Jesuits do not come from France, though most of the other Orders do; very few, if any, of the Generals of that celebrated company, (which, remember, is the soul of Catholicism,) and very few of its eminent casuists, have been Frenchmen. The names of Loyola, Escobar, Lainez, Suarez, are not French. When France clearly sees that Catholicism means Jesuitism, she will again recoil from it.

It seems, therefore, that the revival of the religious spirit in France, which we are now witnessing, should lead to a new *Reformation*. This is our ardent hope,—a hope that is not as forlorn as it might appear on the surface. But there are great obstacles to the *Protestantization* of France. Let me briefly point out two or three of them.

(a) *The love of the French for unity*. Protestants in France, as in other countries, are divided into many Denominations. There is a good deal of brotherly love among us, and of real unity; yet it does not appear sufficiently to overcome the prejudice which the ideal of *concentration*, so strong in all the nations derived from the old Roman Empire, has created against us. Bossuet, as you know, made capital out of the *variations* of Protestantism.

(b) *The love of the French for logical authority*. Protestant doctrine is too often undefined. The people could understand a dilemma such as this: *The Bible or the Pope*. But when it is neither the one nor the other, when all religious authority is to be derived, according to the New Theology, from our inward consciousness, then the people do not understand. It seems to them a new kind of free-thought, with a religious name; and this, I apprehend, is not merely the case in France. Men need a shepherd; and rather than be left to themselves, they will follow wolves in sheep's clothing.

(c) *The love of the French either for elaborate art or for extreme simplicity in religion*. We are fond, as a people, of display, of music, of beauty; and Protestantism has often been reproached—unjustly, I believe,—for its non-æsthetic character. But the French are also fond of unconventionality. I have seen many a man of the world moved by the beautiful simplicity of our "upper-room" services, with the warmth of true devotion and fraternity pervading them. And Rome knows this double side of human nature; for, while she dresses her cardinals and bishops gorgeously, she has her barefooted friars and nuns, who draw to her, by the attraction of voluntary poverty, the better minds that are not moved by her pomps. But Protestantism—especially the established portion of it—cannot rival Rome in her display, and too often deprives itself of the beauty of simplicity. Its services are

solemn and cold; it appears more as a religion of listeners than of worshippers, more as a religious club than a living brotherhood. In order to reform France, our Protestantism needs a Reformation; it needs a return to Primitive Christianity, which conquered the old Roman world by the sword of the Spirit and the fires of love.

Such, then, is the France of to-day; deceived by free-thought, prejudiced against Protestantism, yet still more abhorrent of the Jesuits' rule. She is waiting for something; for what Emile Zola, at the close of one of his books, loudly calls *a New Religion!*—a religion of good sense, of liberty and of morality,—where will it come from? Brethren, it *must* come from us, or it will come from nowhere.

III. A few words, now, as to THE PRESENT CONFLICT, AND ITS PROBABLE ISSUE.

That the Gospel will achieve a great victory in France, is my firm belief,—a belief which, if I may be permitted to say it, has governed my life during the last thirty years, and which is shared by many of my brethren. But it would be foolish to expect that the victory will be easily won. The conflict will be fierce,—fiercer, perhaps, than in the sixteenth century; and martyrs' blood may yet have to flow again ere the true Church of Christ flourishes in my beloved country.\*

Rome has immense advantages:

She has a *plan*, carefully framed, known to a few leaders, patiently pursued. Her iron-framed hierarchy, her external unity, make her an army moving strategically and never at random.

Rome has *money*. The fortune of the Religious Orders in France is estimated at twelve thousand millions of francs, or £400,000,000. No one can really make a true estimate of the wealth of the Jesuits. Hidden in many hands, in various forms, it escapes the investigations of the tax-collector. It is lavishly used when needed. Newspapers are supported and scattered far and wide; lectures are given in all parts of the country; secret movements are encouraged; bribery is practised on a large scale. A sum of £40,000, in twenty francs gold pieces, was discovered by the police in a convent which had become a centre of political agitation in the very heart of Paris; there is little doubt that the money was intended to pay the rioters on a certain day when the present Government was to be overthrown, apparently by a popular, spontaneous demonstration in the streets.

Where does all this money come from? Enter one of the churches, either in Paris or in the remotest village; amidst the old statues of saints, you will notice one which is brand-new; it is the statue of Saint Anthony of Padua. That saint, of late years, has come into great predominance; he has the reputation of being unique in restoring lost objects to their owners. Have you lost a letter, a treasure, a key, or a child, a friend, a lover? Write your request on a slip of paper, and carry it to the feet of St. Anthony. There you will find two boxes; one for the requests, and another for the offerings. Put the paper into the one, and your offering into the other: if the offering

\* A few weeks ago, at a meeting of 600 people, held in Paris, a General being in the chair, the cry was raised, *Vive la Saint Barthélemy!* and the assembly dispersed yelling that cry in the street. Those, however, who composed that meeting were not men of the people; they were, for the most part, snobs of the "higher" class.

be liberal, and your faith great, you will have many chances of finding your lost treasures. Every morning, a monk or priest empties the two boxes; the papers are destroyed, but the money is reserved for the "holy" purposes of Mother Church! Thus, a single church in Paris boasts of receiving every week £200 for Saint Anthony alone! And this is only one of the many paying "devotions" which bring gold to the coffers of the Black Army.

Rome has on her side *the natural heart of man*. It is not difficult for her to adapt herself to the world; *she is the world*. Her apparent austerities flatter the carnal sense, but do not destroy it. Her "Lent" is preceded by her carnivals. Mass in the morning, bull-fights in the afternoon, the theatre in the evening;—this is the orthodox way of spending Sunday in Spain. Her theory of "holiness by proxy"—monks and nuns wearing their knees to the bone on the pavement of the churches, to atone for the sins of their worldly contemporaries,—is most pleasing to the flesh. This, indeed,—the compromise with sin by means of penances and outward mortification,—the possibility of being a Christian and a man of the world at the same time, is the great advantage of Rome.

But there are odds against her.

In the first place, *Rome always goes too far*. Carried onward by her own weight, she runs faster than she intended, and misses her aim by her very eagerness to reach it. Incomparably clever in the preparation of her schemes, she often fails miserably in their accomplishment. Whatever good sense remains in men, whatever conscience—shadow of the true God,—is left in them, revolts sooner or later against a system which crucifies Christ afresh every day. Her rule becomes so baneful and obnoxious that she has no worse enemies than those who were her most dutiful sons: see what is happening in Cuba, in the Philippines, even in Spain and Portugal, at the present time. Cleverness is not greatness, and the multiple threads of error can only hold the giant while he sleeps. When the people wake up, and see the monstrous demands which are made on them,—their anger will become terrible.

Another cause of hope is, that *Rome carries within herself the causes of her own ruin*.

There is, as I said, a minimum of truth in the Romish Church. Her priests, for the most part, are allowed to read the Bible, a right which is denied to the people. The marvellous beauty of our Saviour, the simplicity of His teaching, the power of His death and resurrection, the absence from the Gospels of Sacramentalism,—all these cannot fail to strike many of these readers, however deformed their understanding may have become through early training. Rome is like a ship of war, carrying within herself enough powder to explode her, while she is pouring her fire on the enemy. In proof of this, let me remind you of the movement which has lately broken out in Austria at the cry of *Los von Rom*, and by which about 20,000 people have already left the Church to join Protestant communities.

In France, such a movement is on foot, wider and deeper than anything we have seen since the Reformation. I do not wish to unduly magnify it, so as to give the impression that France is rapidly becoming

a Protestant country ; but I soberly state the facts : during the last two or three years, over 200 priests have left the Church, and it is affirmed that thousands would follow their example if the bread-and-butter question was not in the way. The Evangelical part of the Reformed Church has been able to establish new parishes in various parts of France, especially in the South-West. In one case, the parish priest, followed by a majority of the population, became Protestant, and the priest is now the pastor of the same flock. Several thousands of people have thus been added lately to the Protestant communion, if not all to the living Church of Christ. We, Baptists, unsupported by the State, and with a more rigorous method of admission than our Reformed brethren,—we aim at personal conversion more than at external adhesion,—cannot boast of such apparent success. Yet, we have in Paris three churches with a total membership of 700, three-fourths of whom, probably, were Roman Catholics before their conversion. This is a sevenfold increase in the space of twelve years. Altogether, in France, Switzerland, and Belgium, our numbers have increased from 1,000 in 1888, to 2,500. Many, who have been converted among us, have gone to other Protestant communities.

"The best of all is, *God is with us.*" Rome has no power except as it is mysteriously allowed her from above ; and as soon as the purpose of God in allowing her to live, and to persecute the saints, has been fulfilled, *Rome will fall.* That France will not die under her clutches, is my firm hope. But I hold a higher hope than this, and a firmer one ; it is that "the wicked, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders, the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." Lord Jesus, come quickly!

### "Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 225.)

(c) *Books of Philosophy and Song (Concluded).*

Passing from the Chamber of Commerce and God's "Laws from Heaven for life on earth," we not unnaturally find ourselves in the Sinner's Court of Bankruptcy (Ecclesiastes), and listen to the solemn, thoughtful judgment of the wisest of men concerning all earthly delights and studies : "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher ; all is vanity" (i. 2 ; xii. 8) ; for Solomon, with a practically unlimited power to gratify his every phase of appetite,—physical, mental, social, botanical, musical, philosophical, and royal,—remained, by virtue of the very reason that his God-given wisdom would not allow him to settle down to merely material or intellectual contentment, a dissatisfied man.

This God-breathed Book, denounced by many as the morbid, sour utterances of an irreconcilable pessimist, voices in reality the feelings of a soul of wonderful capacity, who, having backslidden from grace, discovers the great world of natural and social life to be too small to meet the hungry cravings of an immortality, which cannot be filled

except by GOD; and those who have ever had dealings with the Eternal must always find it so. Nothing "*under the sun*" can satisfy; and these three words crystallize and explain the trend and argument of Ecclesiastes, being used some twenty-eight times in the brief space of two hundred and twenty-two verses. If the smile of God be lost, then all else indeed, however beautiful and winning, is (as reiterated thirty times,) "vanity and vexation of spirit;" but with Him, all is golden and joyous. We must grasp the position and experiences of Solomon, when he wrote this Book, in order to thoroughly appreciate its inspired revelation of how everything "UNDER the sun" fails to please a heart which has lost the radiancy of THE SUN HIMSELF ("The Lord God" —Psalm lxxxiv. 11), just as God's love-letter to backsliders, through the prophet Hosea, can only be properly understood by those who have, alas! themselves been wanderers. Yet is there also much rare charm of philosophic thought in Ecclesiastes. Again and again, the epigrammatic sentences ring truly upon the experience of the heart and life; avenues of deep thought, metaphysical and practical, are opened up; and even a sanctified sarcasm is harnessed for the glory of eternity compared with time. Stern facts and powerful pathos are strangely blended, while Shakespeare's much-vaunted summary of the "seven stages of man" reads coarse, unsympathetic, and commonplace, beside the most poetic and inimitable description of decay and death ever given, as portrayed in the closing chapter.

Nor is it accident\* which causes "the song of songs, which is Solomon's" (i. 1), to immediately succeed the great, wise, rich king's confession of heart-bankruptcy and earth-failure, since therein is splendidly and tenderly set forth the full and overflowing joy of a soul ravished with the love of God, and yearning ever more and more for His companionship. Yet here again, by their captious, flippant criticism, "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Even though it be granted that the Song is a highly-dramatic poem, does English, American, and German egotism demand that all the Bible should be cast in the mould of cold, prosaic, Western, Anglo-Saxon, and Teutonic thought, and none of it appeal to the rich imagery of the Eastern and Asiatic mind?

That the Lord has taken the most secret and sacred of all human relationships, surpassing even those of father, mother, brother, friend, as a type of the love and union existing between Christ and His Church (Ephesians v. 22—33), cannot surely be questioned by those who believe the record of the opening scene of earth's great drama and the crowning prediction of its joyous close (Genesis ii. 18, 21—25; Revelation xix. 7—9; xxi. 2). After all, modern condemnation of the Canticles is largely the outcome of a mere veneering of sanctity, which scarcely conceals the sensual feelings of the critics who *read out of the Book what they themselves have first read into it*: the evil being, not on

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\* We fully accept the theory, so ably expounded and maintained by the late Doctor Bernard (in his Bampton Lectures), that the Lord God, in His infinite wisdom, so overruled the present order of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, that His revelation of grace and truth should, in its progressive teaching, appeal by their very arrangement, in the most fitting and powerful way, to our sympathies and faculties alike.

the page, but in the eye, since the coloured spectacles of our diseased and fallen vision make vicious what God made holy, and men, alas! carry their own atmosphere of sin into experiences which were otherwise honourable and undefiled (Hebrews xiii. 4).

I boldly test the matter by this simple challenge,—Is there a single sentence in the Song which a true husband and faithful wife might not read together under the very scrutiny of the all-pure God? And is it not a fact that the very saintliest of Christ's elect and holy servants, such as Rutherford, Gill, McCheyne, C. H. Spurgeon, Frances Ridley Havergal, and Sir Edward Denny, culled their sweetest expositions of heavenly joy from this Book, which the ancient Jews themselves called "The Holy of Holies" of the Old Testament Scriptures? The purest-minded preachers of all generations have lived much in this "song of songs," quotations from which have formed their expressions of love, suppressions of self, confessions of backsliding, and impressions of "The Beloved" (i. 2—4; 5, 6; v. 2—7; 10—16). The eternal and enduring nature of Divine Love, the delights of exquisite communion, the lovely yearning of the spouse for her absent but returning Lord (viii. 5—7; ii. 16, 17; iv. 6, 7; vi. 2, 3; viii. 14); these thoughts so filled the holy Samuel Rutherford that all his letters are perfumed still by a breath from the garden of spices (iv. 12—16); and Mrs. Cousin's beautiful paraphrase grows daily dearer to the hearts of millions,—

"Oh, Christ He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above:  
There, to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy doth expand;  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

"Oh! I am my Belovèd's,  
And my Belovèd's mine!  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His 'house of wine.'  
I stand upon His merit,—  
I know no other stand,—  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

"The bride eyes not her garments,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace;  
Not at the crown He gifteth,  
But on his piercèd hand:  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land."

Ay, and even here on earth, the most delicious and yet solemn moments at the Lord's supper, when we are "brought to the banqueting house, and His banner over us is love," discover their doxologies in this "song of songs"; and the favourite inscription in our moss-grown cemeteries echoes on our weary, lonely hearts this joy-note,

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away" (ii. 3—6; 17); while the last verse of the Song is in perfect harmony with the closing prayer in the Apocalypse as the Bride sighs urgently, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus; come quickly" (Canticles viii. 14; Revelation xxii. 17, 20). Thus, pure, tender-hearted humanity has, in its sweetest, and its saddest experiences endorsed the Book; but, above all, Christ Himself has recognized Ecclesiastes and the Canticles as in the Septuagint Canon, concerning which He, the Lord of life and glory, said, "The Scripture cannot be broken," while that great Hebrew scholar, Paul, enjoined the youthful Timothy to read these words among "the Holy Scriptures" which were able to make him "wise unto salvation through faith which is Christ Jesus" (John x. 35; 2 Timothy iii. 15).

*(To be continued next month.)*

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XC.—PASTOR THOMAS MURRAY, OF EAST GREENWICH.

ONE Sunday evening, there knelt, in the pastor's vestry at New Brompton, two young men, anxious about their soul's eternal welfare, and on that memorable occasion both were led to decision for Christ. One is still maintaining his profession of faith in Jesus while carrying on a successful business concern, the other is now the Pastor of the East Greenwich Baptist Church. Mr. Thomas Murray, having served his time as an engineer at Rochester, previous to his entering the Pastors' College, was employed in Her Majesty's Dockyard at Chatham. At the age of sixteen, the desire to become a minister of the Gospel was first experienced, but was not to be fulfilled until the year 1896.

During this period, however, the subject of our sketch was busy in the Master's work. Having joined the church under the care of Pastor W. W. Blocksidge, he gave himself assiduously to the manifold departments of Christian service, and was in turn a teacher in the Sunday-school, leader of Young Men's Bible-class, Vice-president of the Christian Endeavourers, village preacher, and last, but not least, deacon of the church. All the experience thus gained was fitting him for his life's work, and is already proving to be invaluable in the sphere to which God has called him. It was when Mr. Charles Spurgeon went to preach at New Brompton that Mr. Murray was introduced to him by his pastor, and the fact transpired that Mr. Murray had already applied for admission to the College, and that his schedule had been sent in, but no answer had been received thereto. On returning to London, Mr. Spurgeon made enquiry into the case, with the result that, the next morning, the acceptance of his candidature was communicated to Mr. Murray; and now, in the ordering of Divine providence, he has been called to take up the work which Mr. Spurgeon and his friends in Greenwich inaugurated by the building of a small mission chapel in Azof Street, East Greenwich. His Christian character is marked by quiet yet earnest zeal, a strong but tender sympathy, and by a practical piety, all of which have already made themselves felt among

the people to whom he ministers. As a lover of the old Gospel, his sermons are full of the Christ who was crucified for the sins of men, and with peculiar pathos, he never wearies in telling out "the old, old story, of Jesus and His love."

Mr. Murray proved himself to be possessed of strong Christian faith and the traditional English courage when he took the oversight of the work at East Greenwich. The circumstances in which this church was placed, some months ago, are fairly well known in the denomination. At present, there is a handsome structure facing the Woolwich Road in East Greenwich, and also a sufficient portion of site remaining at the back for the erection of a Sunday-school. The chapel cost £4,000, of which £1,000 was provided for by the sale of the former premises. When Mr. Murray entered upon the pastorate, a few months ago, there was but little less than the £3,000 balance to be raised, as what had been gathered for the new building was counter-balanced by incidental expenses going behind. The cause was very weak, and the congregation but small. God has been with him since the commencement of his pastorate; and, to-day, he is surrounded by a growing band of devoted church-members. The London Baptist Association has done well in helping this cause, which had come into such deep water financially; and great credit is due to Pastor T. Greenwood for much self-denying and successful labour on its behalf.

A little while ago, Mr. Murray and his people agreed to try to raise £100 by about this time, and to hold a public meeting at which the money should be brought in. Wednesday, May 8, was the date fixed for bringing this attempt at self-help to a successful issue. Mr. Murray sat in the vestry of the chapel from 2 o'clock till the evening, and the people fulfilled their promises well by bringing in sums ranging from 2s. 6d. to £6. Even the children had a share in this happy work. A public meeting was held at 7.45, when the writer presided, and Pastor W. Stott was the principal speaker. Mr. Murray gave an account of the financial position, and read a long list of the special gifts which had been brought in. A small sum was needed to make up the £100 which had been aimed at, and in a few minutes the required amount was raised. The congregation then rose and sang the Doxology.

This was the first enjoyable experience of raising a portion of the debt, with which the church had been privileged, since the serious trouble of meeting even incidental expenses in which it had found itself since the opening of the new building. Having tasted the sweetness of lessening the financial responsibility upon them, the people were evidently in a mood to do more. Then followed one of those gracious exhibitions of self-denying generosity which it is the glory of our voluntary system to manifest at times and in places where God's Spirit is at work. Mr. Murray challenged the friends to a fresh effort. He had thought that twelve months was a reasonable time for the people to renew their special gifts upon a somewhat larger scale; but, at the suggestion of the chairman, he willingly brought the time down to the end of November, and asked the people to bring in £150, at that time; and promised, if they did so, he would use every exertion to bring in the same amount himself. The chairman suggested that Mr.



Murray's challenge should be immediately accepted by the people,—who had already done so well during the day,—making promises on the spot to engage themselves to bring in certain sums at the appointed time. The proposal was hardly made when one of the church-officers promised £5, and afterwards generously raised the sum to £10. From that time, for some three-quarters of an hour, promises, varying from 5s. up to £10, came streaming in. A number of £5 promises were given, and a still larger number of £1 and £2 each. One lady promised to bring in £7, being £1 for each month of the allotted period.



Although the congregation scarcely numbered a hundred, before the meeting broke up *just upon £80 had been promised*, and the success of the next public meeting of a similar kind, about the end of November, was already assured. Here is self-help indeed in church-work: and such as should elicit the admiring sympathy and practical support of wealthy friends in the denomination. The people are principally drawn from the working class. The neighbourhood of East Greenwich and Woolwich Road is well known to be the residence of multitudes who earn their living in the large factories near to the river-side. It is an increasing neighbourhood, and large spaces not yet fully

occupied are gradually being built over. There is a splendid future before the church, if only the incubus of debt can be taken off, or largely diminished.

The little church is all alive. The officers are full of zeal and fire; and the unity of the people, their love to their young pastor, and their enthusiasm for the cause of God, could not have been better shown than they were in the details of this memorable meeting. If it is an argument to help a church which is quite willing to recognize its own responsibility and to do its best to meet the same, surely there is strong reason for generously aiding this cause.

Mr. Murray is not in any way responsible for the financial position. He is to be admired for coming to the aid of a church so greatly hampered in its work. Our desire, in penning these lines, is that they may meet the eye of some of the Lord's stewards who will, in no small measure, but with the large-hearted liberality which the people themselves according to their ability are showing, remove, if not all, at least a large portion of the debt still remaining.

Subscriptions may be sent to Pastor T. Murray, 2, Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.

WILLIAM OLNEY.

## The Colporteurs' May Meetings.

THERE is always long anticipation of the days of Conference, on the part of the colporteurs, whose experiences during the year have so much of sameness and routine. The date of the meetings was fixed a little earlier than usual, but preparation was pretty complete; and on the bright morning of Saturday, May 4, from East, West, North, and South, the bookmen started on their trip to London with the prospect of three days of pleasant and profitable intercourse. The headquarters at the Tabernacle was to be the *rendezvous* for all the gatherings, while the brethren, for the most part, were welcomed in Christian homes by generous friends who had offered hospitality. First arrivals began to drop in soon after mid-day; and, as the afternoon passed, the Depot was almost filled with the travellers who had come on a journey without their packs, and were bent on enjoying a holiday. The greetings were warm and hearty, and bright faces and cheery words were such as might put new life into a tired Secretary who had for weeks been preparing for the Conference. Tea was the first item upon the full programme; and, after joining in the Doxology, full justice was done by the travellers to the meal provided, while fellow-workers, long sundered, told each other of the experiences which had accompanied the work of another year.

A reception meeting, to which friends had been invited, was held during the evening in the Conference Hall of the Pastors' College. Frank Gough, Esq., who always evinces special interest in Colportage work, presided; members of the Committee gave utterance to words of hearty welcome, to which representatives of the brotherhood as cordially responded; sacred songs were sweetly rendered by Miss Permain and Miss De Few, greatly delighting all present, and Mr. G. B. Wilmot gave sacred recitations which were much enjoyed. The special feature of the evening, however, was the address to the colporteurs by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., who had only a few days previously returned from

his mission tour in America. He mentioned the Colportage work initiated by Mr. D. L. Moody, which had come under his personal observation, and remarked that Mr. Moody had undoubtedly borrowed many of its features from our own Association. After referring to the part taken by our colporteurs in the late Simultaneous Missions, Mr. Meyer proceeded to give a most helpful address, urging the brethren to recognize that they are privileged to be partners with God, that they should work on God's plan, and recommending this principle as the best guarantee of serenity of mind and sure success. A key-note was struck by this first meeting which was a happy prelude to the Sabbath which was to follow.

Colportage Sunday is always a good and full day, but upon this May-day Sabbath it proved even more so than usual. The morning meeting for prayer, presided over by Mr. S. Johnson, was a fitting preparation for worship in the Tabernacle, when most of the brethren rejoiced to gather within the new sanctuary for the first time. Occupying seats on the lower platform and first gallery, they were readily recognized by the crimson badge which distinguished each one of them. The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) made the entire service special, and prayers, hymns, and Scripture all seemed suitable for the many earnest workers present, while the sermon on "Ambassadors for Christ" was full of direct suggestion and appeal, and was greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

Assembling again on the Sabbath afternoon for personal testimony, the meeting was presided over by Lord Kinnaird, who, as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, had come to manifest his interest in the work. Some sixteen of the brethren took part during the afternoon, in addition to the Chairman of Committee and the Secretary; and the noble Chairman himself spoke words of practical advice and encouragement that will not soon be forgotten.

All sat down to tea together, and had fellowship in the interval before evening worship; but there was not time for any speeches. The Tabernacle friends were inaugurating a series of open-air services on the steps outside the building at 6 o'clock, and it was arranged that the colporteurs should undertake the important work of speaking on that occasion. They assembled in full force, and in good time; and, by their spirited singing, speedily gathered a large congregation. Mr. J. Ford, of Horsforth, and Mr. J. Keddie, of Maldon, gave five minutes' addresses, which were models for open-air speakers, and other brethren engaged in personal work among the people, with evident promise of blessed results. Evening worship again witnessed the interest of the men in their President, and of the President in the men, who joined in the service with manifest signs of appreciation. The great united communion in the Tabernacle, in which also one of the colporteurs took a public part, brought to a close a long, happy, blessed day, which will be remembered and its events recounted in many a village throughout the year on which we have now entered.

Monday, May 6, was the crowning day of the Colporteurs' May Meetings. The brethren were early astir; and soon after 9 o'clock, the Depôt was as lively as a hive of busy bees. At 10 o'clock, the call to prayer was given; and under the chairmanship of Mr. E. Johnson, a season of earnest supplication and thanksgiving was enjoyed, which all were loth to close. Business, however, had to be transacted; and under the oversight of Mr. S. R. Pearce, who has acted as Chairman of Committee for more than twenty years, various details relating to the daily work were dealt with, suggestions and instructions were given, and questions asked and answered.

Then came the further consideration of a subject upon which great interest centred. The brethren had, during the year, worked diligently on behalf of the Aged Colporteurs' Fund; and, seconded by the untiring efforts of the Secretary, their hopes had been raised that the £500 aimed at would be secured; and they loudly applauded the announcement that the sum of £511 had been reached, more than £150 of which had been secured by the colporteurs themselves. It was further intimated that the Fund would remain open, and that a Provident scheme, to come into operation at once, had been arranged in Committee. Before the morning session closed, a brief conference was held upon the topic, "How best to carry on Colportage work during the summer."

Dinner was then admirably served, and much enjoyed; followed by a group photograph, taken in front of the Tabernacle by Mr. E. Johnson, which proved a gratifying souvenir of this year's Conference. Prior to the two public meetings which followed, the colporteurs' choir joined in rendering sacred music as the friends assembled.

The members' meeting at 3 o'clock proved a very pleasant and profitable gathering. Business preceded the Secretary's statement, and testimony from colporteurs was followed by a striking address from Rev. H. J. Harvey, of Great Totham, who vividly portrayed the benighted condition of the villages of our land, and demonstrated that Colportage work is now even more needed than it was thirty years ago, since the progress of education has so largely increased the number of those who can read, and who will read that which is injurious unless something better is provided for them.

The President's address was based upon the idea that the Colportage Association is "Christ's Ambulance Corps," having as its object the rendering of "first aid to the wounded." Applying the subject to those suffering from the disease of sin, the poison of error, the wounds of conscience, and the bruises of sorrow, the President closed with a kind reference to the Aged Colporteurs' Fund, and intimated that, by a generous gift from his dear mother and himself, the amount would be made up to five hundred guineas.

The tea party afterwards was a very cheerful one, and included some lively speech-making, and a presentation to Mr. H. Mears, who, during the year, had gathered some £20 for the Funds, and who made a characteristic response. Hearty thanks were also expressed to the ladies of the Colportage Working Society, and to the friends who had entertained the colporteurs from the country.

The annual public meeting was held in the Tabernacle, and a nice full gathering assembled, including quite a number of the more intimate friends of the work. The President was in the chair, supported, among others, by the new Vice-President, John Marnham, Esq., J.P., who made a most sympathetic and encouraging speech, bearing special testimony, from his own observation and experience, to the value of the agency of Colportage. The addresses by the colporteurs were as bright and racy as ever, and combined speech, poetry, and song, and the President pointed the many wise and earnest words which were spoken so as to make them tell upon the audience. The close of the meeting came only too soon, and it was followed by a personal farewell word to the colporteurs, an earnest prayer for them, the singing of the Doxology and "God be with you till we meet again." Thus ended, amid hearty hand-shakes and kind farewells, the Colporteurs' May Meetings of 1901.

S. W.

## 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.

After last month's Magazine had gone to press, we learned that the price of the best edition of *The Gospel in North Africa* had been reduced to 5s. For that amount, it is a very cheap book, which should have a large sale, and greatly help the work in North Africa. This volume, together with the editions at 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d., can be obtained of Mr. E. H. Glenn, 21, Linton Road, Barking, E.

The Report of the Invalid Chair Fund, by JOSEPH GWYER, Penge, Surrey, contains much interesting information about the way in which "the Penge poet" has collected the money to pay for 56 invalid chairs, which he has given away during the past three years. He has received many grateful letters from those to whom the chairs have been presented, and he has brightened the lives of many poor sufferers who can now be wheeled out to places of worship or to enjoy the fresh air. This is a kind, thoughtful ministry which deserves to be encouraged. Copies of the Report, price threepence each, can be obtained of Mr. Gwyer; those who send for them had better enclose something extra for the Chair Fund.

There must be many persons who think they cannot pray without a book, or who imagine that they can pray better with a book than without one, for a sixpenny volume of *Daily Prayers for Busy Homes* has reached its 13th thousand, and the author has been encouraged to publish a larger book at 2s. 6d.,—*Family Prayers for Four Weeks*. (Nisbet and Co.) We are sorry that such a work should be needed; but for those who must use spiritual crutches, these seem to be of average quality.

Friends who wish to have, in a handy form, the arguments against the war in South Africa, should order copies of *Wild War's Deadly Blast*, a lecture by Rev. JAMES BARR, B.D., which can be obtained, at one penny each, of Mr. C. L. Wright, 100, West George Street, Glasgow.

No. 37 in Saxon's "Everybody's Series" is *Everybody's Ready Reckoner*, which is issued by Messrs. W. R. Russell and Co., 5a, Paternoster Row, E.C., at the same price as the others in the series,—6d., and 1s. each. It contains much useful information as well as more detailed calculations than are usually given in such a work.

*Turn or Burn.* The Lewes Protestant Martyrs' Memorial Volume. By Rev. F. J. HAMILTON, D.D., and W. STANLEY MARTIN. Morgan and Scott.

THIS is intended to be the first of a series of volumes commemorating the martyrs' sufferings in various parts of the United Kingdom. We hope its reception will encourage the promoters to carry out a similar plan in many other districts, for its publication is most timely, and must help to let the people know what Romanism did in the past, and would do again if it had the power. With the coloured frontispiece, and the many excellent illustrations, the book is cheap at a shilling, or two shillings in cloth covers; it cannot be circulated too widely.

*Highway Witnessing.* Words to Open-air Workers. By FRANK COCKREM. Morgan and Scott.

THE esteemed Secretary of the Open-air Mission has rendered invaluable service to all his fellow-workers by the issue of this shilling

booklet; and every man, who desires to be an efficient open-air preacher, should carefully study what Mr. Cockrem has written. He deals with the whole subject in a most comprehensive manner; and while he lays the greatest emphasis upon the spiritual qualifications necessary for the work, he does not neglect to mention such items as the preacher's personal appearance, and all the little details which make up what he calls the "accessories" of the service.

*A National Pentecost, and other Sermons.* By Rev. FRANK JAMES. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THIS volume is No. 13 in "The Baptist Pulpit," and it very worthily occupies a place in that denominational series. It contains twelve sermons, preached at Peckham Park Road Chapel, by one of "our own men," the purpose of the whole being to set forth the glory of God as seen in the call and salvation of the sinner, and in the gracious enriching of the believer's life. The price of the volume is 2s. 6d., and it can be obtained of Mr. Buckmaster, Newington Butts, or of Pastor F. James, 3, Raul Road, Peckham, S.E.

*The Spiritual Experience of St. Paul,* with other Devotional Papers. By J. T. MAGGS, B.A., B.D. C. H. Kelly.

ADMIRABLE for devotional ends, but not merely for these. There is enough of suggestion, to a keen-eyed reader, to hint at sermons or addresses in outline, and these of no commonplace order. We confidently expect that this little book will have a large sale, and do much good.

*Sunday School Teaching.* By J. GUNN, M.A., D.Sc. Nelson and Sons.

A MOST excellent booklet for all Sunday-school teachers who long to be efficient and proficient in their work. It is philosophy put into

popular form; and where carefully read and studied, must be helpful and fruitful. For secular instruction, teachers are being more and more scientifically trained and equipped; and for religious teaching, such training and equipment would be priceless. This book may help to create the longing for it, and therefore we warmly welcome and commend it.

*Charlotte Hanbury.* An Autobiography. Edited by Mrs. ALBERT HEAD. Marshall Brothers.

THIS is a living book. We are not wearied by endless extracts from letters and diaries, though a few are given to us; but living scenes and persons pass before us in quick succession, and there is something quaint and memorable said about each. Miss Hanbury had evidently a unique personality, and there is a refreshing air of distinction about her recollections. Her Christianity seems to have been beautifully human; her energy, boundless; her spheres of service, legion. We understand that most of these chapters were dictated during her last illness; (or was her last illness her only one?) they form such a delightful medley that, on a quiet evening, we were fascinated enough to read the whole at a sitting. Mrs. Head has executed her task with exquisite taste, and with the art that art conceals. But we do not like the straight binding of the back of the book: the only result of it is that, after a reading, the pages bulge in the front. Still, we will forgive that in memory of the charm of its contents.

*Music from the Harps of God.* By Mrs. CAMPBELL. Morgan and Scott.

A BEAUTIFUL little book of meditations, gracious in tone and helpful in spirit. Probably many of our friends have read them in *The Christian*, and they, therefore, already know that the volume in which they are collected will make a very useful present for the sick-room, or to a soul in distress.

*Daily Gems from D. L. Moody.*

Selected by his daughter, Mrs. EMMA MOODY FITT. Morgan and Scott.

THIS half-crown volume is sure to have a wide and warm welcome. Mr. Moody's terse, simple, straightforward style of speech renders it specially suitable for quotation, and Mrs. Fitt has, with excellent taste, fitted appropriate texts to the extracts from her father's writings.

With his portrait, and 17 other illustrations,—including the memorial one, "At Rest on Round Top,"—the book is well worth the price charged for it, and it would form an acceptable present to every admirer of the great American evangelist, or any other Christian friend, while there is enough Gospel teaching in it to make it the means of the conversion of its unsaved readers.

## Notes.

During the past month, Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has received several communications concerning foreign translations of her dear husband's Sermons. All friends, who united with us in pleading with the Lord respecting the *Lettish* translations which were awaiting the censor's consent to their publication, will rejoice to read the following letter from Mr. Frey:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—I am very happy to write to you that the Lord has answered our prayers. I received from the censor permission to print the three *Lettish* translations, so now they are published, and I am sending to you, by book post, copies of each of the Sermons. (9,000 were printed altogether.) It will be a blessing to distribute them, this summer, at the Exhibition in Riga. As soon as I can get a little time, I will translate some more Sermons into *Lettish*. I am sorry that I cannot publish so many as you did permit, that is, four Sermons yearly; but in our country we cannot do as we will, so we are doing what we can."

Some years ago, a few of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons were translated into the *Czech* language, for the benefit of the people of Bohemia; and now Mr. Kilburn is anxious for the periodical publication and widespread distribution of more of them. He writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"As far as I have seen the Bohemian Christians and Christian workers, they are exceedingly poor, but truly earnest and devoted. Many of them have but recently come out from the Romish Church, and need all the help one can well give them. One of their preachers, an educated but poor man, wishes me to say that, if you see your way to have any of the Sermons issued, he will

deem it a joy to translate them, see them through the press, and do his best to spread them amongst his needy countrymen. He understands English well, and is in all ways a most trustworthy and reliable man.

"God is blessing His few servants in this land, and prospering their work in a marvellous way; and I think we are just on the brink of a great revival. Many feel, and myself among them, that if some of those grand, simple, clear Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon could be scattered over the land, they would be likely to be a mighty factor in forwarding the good work; especially if we could get the friends, who contribute to send these Sermons, to join their earnest prayers with their contributions."

Mr. Kilburn asked for 10,000 copies to be printed every month or two, and Mrs. Spurgeon has given permission for that number to be issued once a quarter for the present. Our energetic friend also mentions that there are openings for *Kroatian* and *Slavonian* Sermons, but they will have to wait awhile until we see how the Bohemian translations are received.

Correspondence is also taking place with reference to the publication of Sermons in *Spanish*; but, as the arrangements are not complete, further particulars must be given later.

The exchange of pulpits, by which Pastor Thomas Spurgeon preached in Myrtle Street Chapel, Liverpool, on May 12, in connection with the centenary services, while Rev. John Thomas, M.A., occupied the Pastor's place at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was mutually pleasant to the preachers and appreciated by their congrega-

tions. Mr. Thomas was happily in better health than he was at the opening of the new sanctuary, so that his discourses were not delivered under such trying circumstances as on that memorable occasion.

**COLLEGE.**—The following brethren are removing:—Mr. A. Griffiths, formerly of Sweet Turf, Netherton, is going to Westray and Eday, in the Orkney Islands; and Mr. F. H. King is leaving Bow, and taking charge of the church at Stroud Green, N.

*In memoriam.*—Just too late for last month's Magazine, we received a sketch of the career of *Pastor W. T. Motton*, who was "called home" from Mount Morris, New York State, on March 6, in his 39th year. It appears that he was born at Plumstead, and "born again" at Woolwich, where the ministry of Pastor John Wilson was blessed to his conversion. In 1886, he entered the Pastors' College; and in October, 1889, with his young bride, sailed for the United States. Almost immediately after his arrival in New York, he was chosen as pastor of Pavilion Baptist Church, Genesee County, where he laboured successfully for seven years, removing to his final sphere of service on earth, Mount Morris, in November, 1896. One of the newspaper notices, published since his departure, says:—"His life with us has been a daily walk with God; so pure and blameless has it been that he earned the respect and affection of our citizens, irrespective of their religious belief. His hold on the eternal verities of Christianity was so firm and secure, and so absorbed his whole nature, that there was no room for small, selfish, or envious thoughts." We pray that all sustaining grace and comfort may be vouchsafed to his sorrowing widow and fatherless children.

**ORPHANAGE.**—Our readers will scarcely need to be reminded that the Annual Festival will (D.V.) be held on Thursday, June 20, when there will be all the usual attractions. At the two great public meetings, the chairmen are to be W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P., and F. F. Belsey, Esq., J.P., and the speakers expected are the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon), the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), and the Revs. John Bradford, E. Henderson, A. T. Kinnings, R. Cynon Lewis, George Martin, and H. Woffindin, M.A.

Mr. Ladds sends us the following

special intimation for any of our readers who may be able to supply the want to which he refers:—

"Will our friends and helpers, who send clothing for the orphan girls, kindly note that they are just now in need of holland pinafores? Patterns will be gladly forwarded upon application to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W."

Mr. Ladds also writes concerning the orphans' summer holidays:—"We have a goodly number of children whose relatives are not able to receive them during the vacation in August. It will be a great joy to us if friends can offer to take them for the whole or part of the time, we paying the railway fare if necessary." Communications with regard to this matter should be sent to the Secretary, at the address given above.

**COLPORTAGE.**—Most of the colporteurs were up at the Conference, only about eight being unable to be present. The success which had attended the initial effort 'on behalf of the Aged Colporteurs' Fund was the occasion of much grateful satisfaction; and the pleasing fact that the President, who had been the first contributor, had (in conjunction with Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon,) crowned the first year's work with a gift which completed five hundred guineas, was a source of intense gratification. The Secretary's report concerning the past told of much spiritual blessing, and the hope for the new year is that this may still be the distinguishing feature of this service for the Saviour. It is earnestly desired that new Districts may be opened, and a forward movement entered upon. The Annual Report will be included in next month's Magazine.

The deficit shown on the past year's accounts was a source of some concern, although the amount was not large. John Marnham, Esq., J.P., generously contributed £10 towards its removal; and it is hoped that the gifts of new subscribers, as well as the continued help of old friends, will prevent the recurrence of a deficiency. Amounts either for the General Fund or for the Aged Colporteurs' Fund will be gratefully acknowledged if sent to the President, or to Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—May 2, fifteen.



# Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Friends at Glasgow, per Pastor W. Ruthven	1	10	0	Half collection at North Shields Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. Stanley	1	10	4
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0	A friend, per Pastor S. J. Thorpe	1	1	0
Mr. W. Edwards	25	0	0	Pastor S. J. Thorpe	0	10	6
Mr. J. W. Webb	1	0	0	Mrs. Hawes	2	0	0
Mr. J. C. Smith	2	2	0	Mr. R. Spink	1	10	0
Contribution from Rattlesden Baptist Church, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton	0	10	6	Mr. J. M. Walker	0	10	6
Contribution from Centenary Baptist Church, March, per Pastor F. G. Smith	1	2	6	Mr. J. W. Whittle	7	10	0
Collection at Burnham-on-Crouch Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	2	0	4	Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
Part collection at Amersham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. W. Colley	0	17	0	Mr. John Higgs	2	10	0
A few friends at Commercial Road Baptist Chapel, Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine	3	12	0	Mr. E. Ingle	0	12	0
Pastor G. A. Ambrose	0	10	0	Collection at Ratray Street Baptist Chapel, Dundee, per Pastor W. Richards	3	0	0
Collection at Bow Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. H. King	3	6	0	J. M. K.	0	5	0
Miss Sharman	2	2	0	Miss M. K.	0	10	0
Contributions from Sheerness Baptist Church, per Pastor J. R. Hadler	1	1	6	Contribution from Baptist Church, Crawley, per Pastor J. McAuslane	1	1	0
Collection at Nottingham Tabernacle, per Pastor W. Kirk Bryce	5	10	0	Contribution from Queen's Park Baptist Church, Glasgow, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	4	5	0
Collection at Willenhall Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. B. Tettmar	2	0	0	Pastor W. S. Llewellyn	0	10	0
Mr. T. Wilson, per Pastor J. Ward	3	0	0	Pastor E. T. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. Stephens, per Pastor J. Ward	3	3	0	Contribution from Chatham Baptist Church, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby	3	3	0
Mr. Gunstone, per Pastor J. Ward	0	5	0	Contribution from Essendon Baptist Church, per Pastor A. H. King	0	14	0
Collection at Albermarle Baptist Chapel, Taunton, per Pastor Levi Palmer	3	3	0	Collection at Wallington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	2	15	0
Offerings at Hornsey Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor P. J. Smart	2	14	3	Rev. J. J. Kendon	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Richardson	1	1	0	Collection at Sittingbourne Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Doubleday	3	2	3
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0	Half collection at Braintree Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Curtis	1	11	6
Contribution from Istock Baptist Church, per Pastor A. E. Johnson	5	0	0	Mrs. Smith (Java)	10	0	0
Friends at Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, per Pastor T. Hancock	4	0	0	Part collection at Sherborne Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. S. Morris	1	4	0
Contribution from Zion Baptist Church, Chesham, per Pastor A. Pritter	0	17	0	Collection at Rochester Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. A. Miller	1	0	0
Pastor A. Pritter	0	10	0	Pastor G. A. Miller	0	10	0
Contribution from Old Southgate Baptist Church, per Pastor A. Poole	1	13	0	Pastor W. Seaman	0	5	0
Collection at Pinner Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. S. Bruce	1	16	7	Mrs. Virtue	5	0	0
Contribution from High Street Baptist Church, Ilford, per Pastor F. H. Smith	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Ashfield	2	0	0
Collection at Park Street Baptist Chapel, Luton, per Pastor F. Thompson	8	7	5	Mr. H. Keen	3	3	0
Collection at Boxmoor Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. J. Flatt	1	5	0	The Misses Gould	4	0	0
Collection at Carlton Baptist Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor N. T. Jones-Miller	2	4	6	Pastor A. W. Wood	1	0	0
Contribution from Sevenoaks Baptist Church, per Pastor C. Rudge	2	6	6	Mrs. Baker	1	1	0
Pastor W. Sullivan	0	5	0	Hope Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	5	0	0
Contribution from Enfield Tabernacle Church, per Pastor Geo. W. White	1	5	8	Alderman R. Cory, J.P.	1	1	0
Pastor W. T. Soper	0	5	0	Mr. J. Davis	1	1	0
Collection at Windsor Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Aubrey	3	0	0	Mr. S. Grey	1	1	0
				Mr. W. Grey	1	1	0
					8	3	0
				Pastor L. Steedman	0	7	6
				A friend, per Pastor J. Stanley	5	0	0
				Messrs. J. and C. W. Earley, per Pastor J. Stanley	2	0	0
				Collection at Coate Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Stanley	1	18	0
				Pastor G. K. Smith	2	2	0
				Pastor H. E. Barrell	1	1	0
				Collection at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	4	12	0
				Pastor and Mrs. E. J. Edwards	2	2	0
				Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	6
				Contribution from Aldershot Baptist Church, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	12	6
				Miss St. Clair Trotter	2	2	0
				Collection at Glead Street, Evenjobb, and New Radnor, per Pastor G. P. Edwards	1	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. G. M. Rabbich	1	0	0	Mrs. F. G. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Mons. C. Buchel	2	2	0	Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Pastor J. Raymond	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	30	0	0
Collection at Salem Baptist Chapel, St. Peter's, per Pastor J. I. Castle	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Higgs	5	0	0
The Misses Buswell	1	1	0	Mr. J. Hill	10	0	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0	Mrs. Moss	1	1	0
Friends at South London Taber- nacle, per Pastor E. Roberts	2	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Foyle	1	1	0
Pastor T. and Mrs. Spurgeon	25	0	0	Miss Foyle	0	10	6
Mr. E. Johnson	3	3	0	Miss E. Foyle	0	10	6
Mr. James Clark	25	0	0	Miss Hancock	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	10	10	0	Mr. John Hall	6	0	0
Mr. R. Sortwell	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Kerridge	5	0	0
Mr. H. Packham	5	0	0	Mr. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. G. Finch	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blake	1	11	6
Mrs. Stephens	1	1	0	Miss Passmore	2	2	0
Mr. S. P. Catterson	5	0	0	Miss Grace Olney	2	2	0
Mr. C. Godbold	1	10	0	Mr. T. Moore	5	0	0
Mrs. Moore	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	5	0	0
Mr. E. Langridge	0	5	0	Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Mayers	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell	3	3	0	Mr. W. F. Masters	10	0	0
Miss Russell	1	1	0	Mr. W. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. A. L. Farrow	0	10	6	Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0
Miss Kerridge	1	1	0	Mrs. Phillips	1	1	0
Miss Dyer	1	1	0	Miss M. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Fisher	5	0	0	Miss E. Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Green	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Ladds	2	2	0
Mrs. Olney and daughters	15	0	0	Mr. J. W. Harrald	2	2	0
Mr. W. Olney	15	0	0	Miss Harrald	1	1	0
Mr. H. K. Olney	10	0	0	Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Sawday	3	3	0
Col. R. Parry-Nisbet, C.I.E.	2	0	0	Mrs. J. Neal	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Hall	10	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Osborne Neal	3	3	0
Miss Lila Hall	5	5	0	Miss Wade	2	2	0
Mr. Hill	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Downing	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorn	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	2	2	0
Mrs. Upton	5	5	0	Mr. J. J. Cook	10	0	0
Miss Upton	2	0	0	Mr. R. Brazil	5	0	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	2	2	0	Mr. J. Meredith	5	0	0
Mrs. Sillitoe	2	2	0	Miss Smallridge	1	1	0
Miss A. J. Walker	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Essex	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Walker	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell	2	2	0
Mr. Wilson	2	2	0	Mr. W. A. Lovell	1	1	0
Mr. J. F. Wilson	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Harvey	1	1	0
Miss Vincent	0	10	6	Mr. A. E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. E. Vincent	1	1	0	Miss C. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spice	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ford	3	3	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	1	0	Miss Hooper	3	0	0
Mrs. Bailey	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	2	2	0
Miss L. E. Bailey	1	1	0	Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Neale	2	2	0
Mr. W. Greatrex	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce	5	0	0
Mrs. Newland	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Goddard Clarke	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Percy	2	2	0	Mrs. Potter	0	10	0
Mr. and Miss W. P. Reavell	5	5	0	Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0	Mrs. J. W. Lindsey	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Fitch	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh	2	2	0	Miss L. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harden	5	0	0	Mr. E. Pearce	3	3	0
Miss B. Neal	2	0	0	Miss C. Stanley	0	10	6
Miss E. J. Emery	50	0	0	Miss J. Pearce	1	1	0
Mrs. J. B. Parker	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Henderson	2	2	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0	Mr. and Miss Spreadbury	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	3	3	0
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wagstaff	5	5	0	Mr. Harold Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. W. Wooland	5	0	0	Mr. Wm. Vinson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Schneider	2	2	0	Mrs. Vinson	1	1	0
Rev. J. A. Arnold	5	0	0	Mrs. M. Davies	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Fuller	2	2	0	Mr. A. C. Hollands	2	0	0
Mr. T. Round	1	0	0	Mr. Hy. Arnold	1	11	6
Miss E. Round	0	10	0	Mr. A. H. Bullman	1	1	0
Mr. A. Norman	2	2	0	Mr. J. W. Ottaway	1	5	0
Mrs. Jeffery	1	1	0	Mr. M. Nall	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rugg	5	0	0	Mr. W. T. Dives	1	1	0
Pastor E. Dyer	1	1	0	Mrs. Mackey	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Winckworth	5	0	0	Mr. Shepperd	0	10	6
Mr. R. W. Harden	2	2	0	Mr. Lyon	1	1	0
Miss Winter	1	1	0	Mrs. Oldfield	2	2	0
Miss H. E. Buckmaster	0	10	6	Mr. H. G. Budden	3	3	0
				Prof. W. H. Gausson, M.A., LL.B.	3	3	0
				Prof. A. McCaig, B.A., LL.D.	5	0	0
				Pastor W. G. Scroggie and friends	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Drayson	1	0	0	Collection at Conference Annual Meeting at Metropolitan Tabernacle	39	0	3
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson	8	0	0	Mr. Wm. Johnson	5	0	0
Miss Thompson	2	0	0	Contribution from West Malling Baptist Church, per Pastor D. Mace	1	0	0
Mr. Joshua Keevil	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Allum	2	2	0
Mr. W. W. Thompson	105	0	0	Pastor H. Kidner	0	5	0
Mr. W. Aphorpe	1	0	0	Contribution from Teddington Baptist Church, per Pastor H. J. Horn	1	1	0
Pastor W. H. Smith	0	2	6	A. B.	0	10	6
Pastor E. Ashton	0	2	6	A. C.	0	10	6
Pastor W. Richards	0	10	0	G. W. C.	1	1	0
Contribution from Horley Baptist Church, per Pastor H. R. Cripps	1	1	0	Proceeds of lecture by Pastor W. J. Tomkins, Whitstable	1	15	0
Pastor W. Stott	2	10	0	Pastor C. Bloy	0	2	6
Pastor T. Philpot	1	10	0	Pastor J. Hillman	0	10	0
Mrs. Gardiner, per Pastor J. Easter	0	10	0	Pastor G. Turner	1	1	0
Contribution from Chatteris Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Knight	1	0	0	Contribution from Totteridge Road Baptist Church, Enfield Highway, per Pastor A. W. Welch	1	1	0
Contribution from Tooting Baptist Church, per Pastor G. Hunt Rumsey	2	2	0	Contribution from Leytonstone Baptist Church, per Pastor J. Bradford	3	10	0
Contribution from East Dereham Baptist Church, per Pastor R. Layzell	1	0	6	Contribution from Southwood Lane Baptist Church, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	1	0	0
Contribution from Upton Cross Baptist Church, Forest Gate, per Pastor J. Wilkinson	1	10	0	Mr. J. Alderton	2	2	0
Pastor C. A. Ingram and friends	1	0	0	Mr. T. A. Denny	50	0	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0	Mr. G. H. Dean, J.P.	21	0	0
Rev. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	4	0	0	Pastor J. Briggs	1	0	0
Pastor F. M. Smith and friends at Peckham Tabernacle	6	6	0	Pastor W. Moxham	1	11	6
Contribution from Little Tew Baptist Church, per Pastor T. A. Judd	0	15	0	Contribution from Barking Baptist Church, per Pastor H. Trueman	2	2	6
Pastor A. G. Brown	5	0	0	Collection at Octavius Street Baptist Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour	1	0	7
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Forster	3	3	0	Contribution from Burton-on-Trent Baptist Church, per Pastor J. Askew	1	0	0
Miss Dransfield	1	1	0	Contribution from Kings Langley Baptist Church, per Pastor D. Macmillan	0	16	0
Mrs. Campbell	0	5	0	Mr. T. E. Derwent	5	0	0
Contribution from Talbot Tabernacle, per Pastor Frank H. White	7	0	6	Pastor N. A. Papengouth	2	0	0
Mrs. Kelly	2	2	0	Contribution from Clarendon Baptist Church, Camberwell New Road, per Pastor D. Tait	1	1	0
Mr. F. Higgs	3	3	0	Pastor W. Goacher	0	5	0
Mr. J. Coutts	5	5	0	Mr. C. Johnson	2	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Broomfield	5	0	0	Contribution from Rickmansworth Baptist Church, per Pastor W. C. Bryan	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Horniblow	1	1	0	Mr. A. Culverhouse	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	3	3	0	Mr. W. J. Graham	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Hawkey	3	3	0	Mr. W. Mannington	25	0	0
Mr. Danchman	1	0	0	Pastor N. H. Patrick	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Manning	1	1	0	Mrs. M. Cracknell	0	5	0
Mr. R. Lane	2	0	0	Mrs. Calder	10	0	0
Mr. W. Roff	2	2	0	Miss Butcher	1	0	0
Mr. R. C. Morgan	5	5	0	Miss Stevenson	0	5	0
Mr. F. Hooker	1	1	0	Pastor C. Beer	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	5	5	0	Pastor J. Dickie	1	1	0
Miss Wollacott	1	1	0	Contribution at Wishaw Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Whittett	2	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	2	2	0	Collection at Landbeach Baptist Chapel, Cambridge, per Pastor E. Spanton	1	5	6
Contribution from Brunswick Road Church, Gloucester, per Pastor W. E. Rice	3	0	0	Mr. H. N. Philcox	2	2	0
Pastor R. S. Latimer	0	10	0	Contribution from Alva Baptist Church, per Pastor D. W. Laing	1	0	0
Thankoffering from Clarence Road Church, Southend, per Pastor F. A. Hogbin	1	5	0	Mr. W. Pitcher	1	0	0
Collection at Seven Kings Chapel, Hford, per Pastor J. Chadwick	1	1	0	Pastor T. Greenwood	10	0	0
Pastor J. H. Grant	0	10	0	Mrs. M. A. Booker	1	0	0
Pastor G. Davies	0	10	0	Contribution from Broughton Baptist Church, Stockbridge, per Pastor N. A. Tree	1	0	0
Pastor T. E. Titmuss	2	2	0	A friend, per Pastor F. J. Flatt	0	2	0
Contribution from Shoreham Baptist Church, per Pastor W. H. Mann	1	11	6				
Mr. A. Mead	10	0	0				
Messrs. G. Russell and Son	1	1	0				
Mr. G. Russell	0	10	6				
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	10	10	0				
Pastor F. C. Carter	3	3	0				
Contribution from Gretton Baptist Church, per Pastor L. Macphail	1	1	0				
Part collection at Wadham Street Baptist Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, per Pastor T. J. Longhurst	2	10	0				
Mr. T. Summers	5	5	0				

	£	s.	d.
Contribution from Edith Road Baptist Church, Nunhead, per Pastor C. P. Sawday ... ..	4	4	0
Mrs. Ellwood ... ..	10	0	0
Rev. V. J. Charlesworth ... ..	3	3	0
Rev. A. Billington ... ..	10	0	0
Contribution from Faringdon Baptist Church, per Pastor H. Smith	1	1	6
Pastor H. A. Fletcher ... ..	0	2	6
Friends at Arbroath, per Pastor G. Menzies ... ..	1	5	6
Mr. C. P. Arlow ... ..	5	5	0
Collection at Gorsley Baptist Church, per Pastor H. R. Cross...	2	10	0
Friends at New Park Road Baptist Chapel, Brixton Hill, per Pastor W. Pettman ... ..	3	0	0
Hirst Y.M.B.C., per Mr. W. Andrew ... ..	0	2	0
Rev. W. and Mrs. Hackney ... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Devenport ... ..	5	5	0
Pastor and Mrs Charles Spurgeon, and friends at South Street Chapel, Greenwich ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ... ..	2	2	0
W. C. H., per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Executors of estate of the late Mrs. Ann Baker ... ..	434	2	3

	£	s.	d.
Rev. R. J. Beecliff ... ..	0	2	6
Contribution from Romsey Baptist Church, per Pastor E. J. Cordon	0	10	0
Mr. Snelgrove ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. E. W. Harvey Piper ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. E. J. Parker ... ..	1	0	0
Contribution from Lansdowne Baptist Church, Bournemouth, per Pastor A. Corbet ... ..	2	2	0
Pastor A. J. Parker... ..	0	2	6
Contribution from Kensal Rise Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Maycock ... ..	1	10	0
Collection at George Street Baptist Chapel, Ryde, per Pastor E. B. Pearson ... ..	1	1	0
Pastor W. Maynard ... ..	0	5	0
Evangelist J. B. Anderson ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland ... ..	1	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster...	50	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
April 21 ... ..	2	7	0
„ 28 ... ..	1	12	1
May 5 ... ..	6	7	3
„ 12 Collection ... ..	44	13	10
	55	0	9
	£1,933	12	7

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
H. McS. ... ..	1	8	0
Contribution from Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath ... ..	1	1	1
Collected at Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar...	2	10	0
For Christ's sake " ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by :—			
Mrs. Gibson ... ..	0	2	8
Mr. Fuller ... ..	0	2	1
Miss L. Buswell ... ..	1	7	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Barrett ... ..	0	12	4
Mrs. Harris ... ..	0	7	0
Miss Underwood... ..	0	3	6
Miss Sowden ... ..	0	8	6
Miss Grant ... ..	0	11	6
	£8	18	8

Received of E. B., ros., on behalf of the family of the late Rev. A. Mills, Derby.

## The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Higgs... ..	2	10	0
Readers of the "Life of Faith," per the Editor... ..	2	4	6
Mary Campbell ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Coupland ... ..	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Carvey ... ..	0	13	3
Mrs. Daintree ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Manger ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. A. Minter ... ..	0	6	6
Rev. J. R. Hadler ... ..	0	2	6
Gildencroft Sunday-school, Norwich, per Pastor T. Bullimore ... ..	0	10	0
Last Dereham Mothers' Meeting, per Mr. J. Ottaway ... ..	0	8	5
Mr. A. Davies ... ..	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Moody ... ..	0	8	6
Mrs. Williams ... ..	0	5	0
Emma ... ..	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Lumley ... ..	0	18	0
Mr. J. Richards ... ..	1	1	0
Orphan boy's collecting card, W. Wright ... ..	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Keene ... ..	1	0	0
Bank of England Note H/81 37473, Bournemouth ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. W. S. Lardner ... ..	5	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Fitzgerald...	1	1	0
Mr. W. McClintock ... ..	0	10	0
M. W. ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. B. Fielden ... ..	0	0	6
Mrs. S. A. Cousins ... ..	0	1	3
Kennay U. F. C. Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. McDonald ... ..	1	2	6
Miss A. Collins ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Long... ..	0	2	0
Miss J. Crerar ... ..	0	2	0
The Trustees of the Thomas Porter Equipment Fund ... ..	150	0	0
Mrs. Duckenfield ... ..	1	10	0
Mr. F. Mullis ... ..	1	1	0
D. S. J. ... ..	0	3	0
East Hill Baptist Sunday-school, Wandsworth, per Mr. S. Saunders	1	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Williams... ..	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. C. Toovey	0	10	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	4	0
Mrs. J. Lloyd	1	1	0	Office box	0	12	6
Mr. P. T. Clark	0	10	0	Mr. Thomas Moore	5	0	0
Mr. T. Trauson	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. Matcham	0	1	6
Miss Priestley	0	5	0	Mr. E. P. Morris	2	0	0
Collected by Miss A. M. Palmer	1	0	0	Mrs. A. Pottinger	0	2	0
Mr. T. Hickson	0	10	6	Mr. J. G. Priestley	10	0	0
Mr. E. W. Diver	0	2	6	Miss Poole	1	1	0
J. H., Nuneaton	0	2	6	Mr. S. Priddy	0	10	6
A. J.	5	0	0	Miss E. Podgevin	0	10	0
Mr. F. Campbell	1	0	0	Mr. A. Lowe	0	2	6
Mrs. J. R. Pollock	0	10	0	Mrs. M. L. Miller	0	2	6
Mr. W. P. Robertson	0	2	6	"God is love," Beeston, Notts	10	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	10	0	Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	5	5	0
Mrs. E. Hood	0	6	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Burnham-on-Crouch, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	1	8	6
Mr. G. J. Broackes	0	10	6	Collected by Mr. A. H. Forbes, M.A.	1	12	0
Postal order, Welshpool	0	10	0	Mr. T. Pearson	0	2	6
Mr. J. Jones	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Barnden	1	0	0
Mrs. E. W. Bell	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Wykes	0	10	0
Mrs. Morris	0	1	0	Mr. J. B. Meredith	2	2	0
Mr. J. Russell	5	0	0	Mr. E. W. Harvey Piper	2	2	0
Edith Road Baptist Church, Nunehead, per Mr. F. Robson	3	3	0	Mrs. Callon	1	1	0
Mrs. Patmore	1	1	0	Mr. C. Hooper	0	4	0
Mr. H. Bell	1	0	0	Mr. D. Rippet	0	2	0
Miss Clout	1	0	0	Mrs. Scutt	0	2	0
Mrs. W. Drummond	0	4	0	Mr. T. J. Page	0	2	6
Per F. R. T.	1	0	0	Mr. Dennison	0	10	0
Mrs. Howard Blight	0	5	0	Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0
Mrs. J. R. Johnson	1	5	0	Masters S. and A. Carpenter	0	1	6
Mrs. Baines, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	4	0	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Ann Baker	134	2	3
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Peckham Park Mission, per Mr. L. Wood	1	0	0
Rev. Jno. Spurgeon	1	0	0	Postal order, Northampton	0	10	0
Miss E. J. Spurgeon	0	10	0	Mrs. A. M. Clarke	0	5	0
Curtisden Green Sunday-school, per Mr. S. Kendon	0	15	0	Miss Durrant	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Thomas	333	6	8	A. and M.	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	Pastor A. E. Ashton	0	2	6
Pastor G. W. Linnear	0	12	6	Messrs. G. Russell and Son	1	1	0
Mr. R. Cory's gift:—Anchor Line (Henderson Bros.)				Mr. G. Russell	0	10	6
Half-year's Interest on £200 first Mortgage Deb. Stock at 4½ per cent., less tax	4	5	5	Mrs. L. M. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	10	0	Miss Van Notten Pole	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wheatcroft	100	0	0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOR:—S.W. London Band of Hope Union Meeting, Battersea Town Hall	1	1	0
Per Mr. W. Rogers:—Queen's Road Baptist Sunday-school, Wimbledon	3	14	9	Cross Street Chapel, Islington	8	1	8
Baptist Mission Schools at Morden and Cheam	0	7	1	East Hill Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth	6	6	0
	4	1	10	Woodgrange Baptist Chapel, Forest Gate	17	2	8
Miss M. Kerr	1	0	0	Ilderton Road Baptist Chapel, Bermondsey	2	10	0
Mrs. E. L. Simpson	0	5	0	SEASIDE HOME:—Mrs. Fordham	0	3	0
Miss Rudman	0	1	0	Mr. P. T. Clark	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Hughes	0	5	0	A Friend, Sheerness	0	5	0
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	5	0	Mrs. G. Halsey	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	3	3	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	3	6
Mr. W. E. Eastman	0	5	0	Mr. A. Lowe	0	2	6
Mr. Jas. Taylor, Jun.	0	5	0	Miss Harding	0	1	0
Postal order, Shorncliffe Camp	0	2	6	Mrs. Howard	0	10	0
Postal order, Mansfield	1	0	0	Miss M. Macassey	0	2	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0				
Gold Hill Sunday-school, per Mr. H. Mills	0	10	0				
					£1,204	3	6

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM APRIL 15TH TO MAY 14TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—25 lbs. Beef, Messrs. Austen and Gunn; 2 doz. Eggs and some Vegetables, Mrs. Barlow; 2 bags Potatoes, Mr. P. Norman; 33 lbs. Lard, 48 lbs. Bacon, Mr. W. Dixon; 12 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. Jewers; 360 Eggs, Mr. C. Dewar.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—36 Articles (for sale room), 1 Baby's Hood, 4 pairs Boots, 2 Gowns, The Ladies' Sewing Meeting, Niton Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. C. Attrill; 6 pairs Boots, 2 pairs Slippers, Mrs. Brazil; 22 Articles, Mrs. Joyce; 22 Remnants, Mr. Hodge; 28 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 17 Articles, Ladies'

Working Meeting, West Croydon, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 21 Woollen Scarves, Mr. Rickett, for No. 4 House, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 58 Straw Hats, Mr. Mayles and Miss Field.

GENERAL:—2 Boxes of Flowers, Mrs. Bunning; 1 doz. Copies "Thirty-one Parables Explained," Mrs. L. Horsley; parcel of old Hymn Books, "Anon.;" Portrait of the late Mrs. R. S. Pearce, Mrs. R. Adams; 1 Feather Bed, Mrs. J. T. Van Rijn; 1 Tent (for Sea-side Home), Mrs. M. Pryor; 78 yards Hoggin, Messrs. Wills and Packham, Ltd.; 1 Box of Flowers, Teachers and Scholars, Oakham Baptist Sunday-school; 1 Box of Flowers, The Crukham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. J. Gadsby; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Sons.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1901.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£	s.	d.
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	...	3	15	0
Southern Baptist Association	...	136	13	4
Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James	...	8	0	0
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	...	11	5	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	...	1	5	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	...	5	0	0
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	...	10	0	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies	...	2	10	0
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—				
Collected by Miss Southee	...	0	13	6
Dr. Barnes	...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Smith	...	0	10	0
Mr. Pledge	...	0	10	0
		1	18	6
		£190	6	10

AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Proceeds of lectures at Melksham, per Mr. A. Walker	...	1	0	0
Proceeds of meeting at Tewkesbury, per Mr. R. Dodds	...	1	0	0
Mr. Ottaway	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Stevens	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Phillips	...	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. A. R. Richards	...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. S. King	...	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Dodds	...	1	3	6
Collected by Mr. J. W. Andrew	...	1	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. Lloyd	...	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. S. Holly	...	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. Bartlett	...	5	6	0
Collected by Mr. B. R. Slater	...	0	11	0
Collected by Mr. S. Bartlett	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Portingall	...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Bird	...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Bellamy	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Lloyd	...	1	1	3
Collected by Mr. T. Bendall	...	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. J. P. Allen	...	2	18	6
Collected by Mr. S. Parkes	...	1	14	0
Collected by Mr. G. Borwright	...	3	3	6
Collected by Mr. C. Payne	...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. W. Gould	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. A. Phillips	...	5	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Ford	...	5	1	6
Collected by Mr. T. Bignell	...	1	0	6
Collected by Mr. T. M. Mead	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. F. Collier	...	1	4	0
Collected by Mr. F. G. Rose	...	1	4	0
Collected by Mr. H. Bowden	...	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. J. Smith	...	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. W. D. Dunning	...	0	1	6
Collected by Mr. R. Fifield	...	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. J. Keddle	...	0	7	6
Mrs. Amooré, per Mr. H. Mears	...	0	2	6
"Johnnie," per Mr. H. Mears	...	0	2	6
Miss Brook	...	0	5	0
Miss Wigney	...	0	10	6
Mrs. J. J. Cook	...	0	10	6
Miss Daisy Morton	...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.	
Mr. M. Gay	...	2	2	0
Dépôt box	...	0	8	6
Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	...	7	10	0
Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	7	10	0
Mr. J. T. Smith	...	2	2	0
Mr. W. T. Fearnley	...	1	0	0
Mr. G. T. Stevens	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Fuller	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Wolsey	...	0	10	0
Rt. Hon. Lord Kinnaird	...	5	0	0
		£78	9	9

GENERAL FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Harker	...	0	10	6
Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald	...	1	1	0
Mr. F. G. Rose	...	0	7	6
Mr. C. H. Price	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Stevens	...	0	5	0
Collection after mission at Reading, by Mr. W. Bird	...	0	15	0
Barrow C.E. Society, per Mr. F. G. Rose	...	0	2	3
Miss Gunner	...	0	6	0
Worthing Baptist Church and Y.P.S.C.E., per Mr. J. Cowell	...	5	0	0
Miss Lizzie Elliott	...	0	2	6
"Scotland"	...	5	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	...	3	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Booker	...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Beer	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Nicholson	...	10	0	0
Proceeds of lantern lecture at St. Margaret's, per Mr. E. R. Slater	...	2	2	0
Mr. H. Band, per Mr. H. Mears	...	0	10	0
Miss Wigney	...	0	10	6
Miss Cockshaw	...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Raybould	...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Vincent	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Curtis	...	1	0	0
Pastor J. W. Harrald	...	1	1	0
Mr. John Fiddym (In memoriam)	...	1	1	0
Mr. John Marnham, J.P.	...	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Chamberlain	...	1	0	0
Collections at annual meetings	...	14	15	11
Sale of Reports	...	0	16	10
Mr. J. G. Priestley	...	5	0	0
Mrs. Hellier	...	0	10	6
Miss Tarrant	...	0	4	0
Mr. Savager	...	0	10	0
Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	...	1	0	0
London and County Banking Co., Ltd.	...	2	2	0
Mrs. Rainbow	...	1	0	0
Rt. Hon. Lord Brassey, K.C.B.	...	2	2	0
COLLECTING BOXES:—				
Miss Eva Dimmer	...	0	4	0
Ladies' Working Society	...	0	13	2
Miss Humphrey	...	0	15	6
Mrs. Portingall	...	0	14	0
Master George Bird	...	0	2	6
Mr. R. Bellamy	...	0	10	0
Mr. Vine	...	0	1	10

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Miss Katie Lloyd	...	0	6	0	Miss Matilda Ead	...	0	3	0
Mr. W. Lloyd	...	0	4	0	Mrs. Weekes	...	0	5	0
Miss Norah Short	...	0	0	9	Mrs. Wagstaff	...	0	1	7
Miss Violet Oliver	...	0	0	3	The Misses Tatnell	...	0	5	4
Miss Lizzie Keddie	...	0	5	3	Mrs. S. Wigney	...	0	15	7
Mr. A. Frost	...	0	2	2	Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Wilmot	...	0	9	0
Mr. J. P. Allen	...	0	4	7	Miss Bertha Harvey	...	0	3	0
Mr. G. Botwright	...	0	4	3	Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Knights	...	0	4	6
Mr. C. Payne	...	0	2	6	Miss E. Carver	...	0	9	2
Miss Gracie Gould	...	0	3	6	Mrs. Williams	...	0	10	0
Miss Lily Piercey	...	0	3	6	Miss L. Weston	...	0	5	0
Small Dole, per Mr. T. Bignell	...	0	3	1	Master Horace Leverton	...	0	1	1
Mr. S. Bartlett	...	0	2	4	Miss Ethel Goddard	...	0	10	6
Mr. T. M. Mead	...	0	3	0	Miss Eunice Cooper	...	0	5	8
Mr. G. Mead	...	0	2	6	Mr. Alavoine	...	0	4	7
Mr. G. Nettle	...	0	3	0	Miss Johnson	...	0	4	0
Mr. F. Collier	...	0	3	6	Mr. A. J. Gill	...	0	7	6
Mr. F. G. Rose	...	0	1	6	Mr. H. Webb	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Curtis	...	0	12	0	Mrs. Burton	...	0	5	1
Mr. C. Gibbs	...	0	4	3	Mr. A. Margetts, jun.	...	0	3	0
Miss Grace Pearce	...	0	13	6	Miss Cpok	...	0	1	6
Mr. G. Harris	...	0	2	6	Miss M. A. Hills	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Bridger	...	0	2	0	Mansfield Street Mothers' Meeting,				
Mr. J. Morey	...	0	2	6	per Miss C. Hooper	...	1	8	9
Miss Hilda Cox	...	0	1	8	Miss Grace Wagstaff	...	0	10	0
Miss Louisa Spurgeon Bell	...	0	4	10	Miss Dorothy Ladds	...	0	5	0
Miss Gladys Johnston	...	1	4	0					
Mrs. Raffell	...	0	16	8					
							£	11	5

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

*Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 15th, 1901.*

		£	s.	d.	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—		£	s.	d.	
Mrs. Mannington	...	0	10	0	Miss FitzGerald	...	0	5	0	
P.O., Northampton	...	0	10	0	"Grateful"	...	0	9	0	
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons (of Sermons to be given to circus people)	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Knott	...	0	5	0	
							£	2	9	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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.

## METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE REBUILDING FUND.

### Balance Sheet.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Amounts received from "Westminster" and "Hand in Hand" Insurance Companies ... ..	22,000	0	0	By Shoring up walls after fire, clearing site, and Surveyor's Commission on Insurance ... ..	576	5	3
" Interest ... ..	961	19	11	" Amounts allowed to Societies for loss of stock ... ..	152	10	0
" Donations, including Collections at Opening Services ...	21,823	13	11	" Cost of Lower Hall, including heating, electric lighting, and certain other works forming part of superstructure, and for new drains ... ..	7,886	16	3
" Sale of Hymn Sheets, Souvenirs, and Reserved Seat Tickets at Opening Services ... ..	180	7	6	" Cost of superstructure, including heating, electric lighting, fire hydrants, and Architects' charges, etc. ... ..	34,329	2	8
" Proceeds of Collecting Cards and Boxes ... ..	1,356	13	3	" Furniture and fittings ... ..	1,578	1	0
				" Re-arrangement of Lower Hall into Lecture-hall and School-room, including alterations to electric light ... ..	628	19	8
				" Office expenses, printing and postage ... ..	252	10	10
				" Extra fire insurance during building operations ... ..	23	10	0
				" Legal expenses ... ..	64	14	6
				" Expenses of Re-opening Services ... ..	280	18	9
				" Sundry expenses ... ..	49	5	8
				<u>45,822</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>7</u>	
				On Deposit at London and County Bank, for Sunday School Extension ... ..	500	0	0
				<u>£46,322</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>7</u>	
				<u>£46,322</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>7</u>	

300

Examined and found correct, April 2nd, 1901.

JAMES E. PASSMORE, *Treasurer*,

SAMUEL THOMPSON, }  
JAMES CLARK, } *Auditors.*

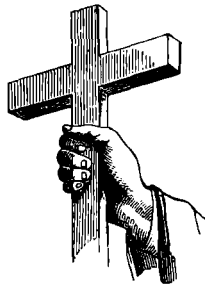


ANNUAL PAPER  
CONCERNING  
THE LORD'S WORK

IN CONNECTION WITH  
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,  
NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1900-1901.

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*Printed for the College Trustees by*  
ALABASTER, PASSMORE AND SONS, LONDON, E.C.

1901.

Founder, and President 1856—1892,

C. H. SPURGEON.

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COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS, 1900-1901.

President,

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, S.E.

Vice-President,

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row,  
Blackheath, S.E.

Trustees,

Mr. W. PAYNE, 350, Kennington Road, S.E.  
Mr. C. F. ALLISON, Halcyon Lodge, Cumberland Park, Acton, W.  
Mr. W. HIGGS, Sussex Lodge, Binfield Road, Clapham, S.W.  
Mr. J. HALL, 2, Grantley Villas, Larkhall Rise, S.W.  
Mr. WALTER MILLS, Water House, Shoreham, Kent.  
Mr. JAMES E. PASSMORE, "Parkfield," Queen's Road, Clapham, S.W.  
Mr. S. R. PEARCE, 426, Brixton Road, S.W.  
Mr. F. THOMPSON, Clare Lodge, Park Hill, Clapham Park, S.W.  
Mr. WILLIAM OLNEY, Hill View, Champion Hill, Camberwell, S.E.

Financial Committee,

F. THOMPSON, TREASURER.

WM. HIGGS.

JAMES E. PASSMORE.

Secretary,

E. H. BARTLETT.

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*The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church-meeting in the beginning of the year.*

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

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*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.*

## President's Report.

THE good hand of our God has been upon us since our last Report was issued. Our staff has been preserved to us, and our students have had strength sufficient for their downright hard work. The good Spirit, moreover, has graciously helped both Tutors and taught. Prayer and pains have gone together, and praise has followed after. I am not aware that the internal working of the Institution leaves anything to be desired, save indeed as all human organizations are necessarily faulty. We do not claim perfection, but we do rejoice before the Lord as we mark the efficient service and deep devotion of the Tutors, and the close application of the students. Those who suspect either of "taking it easy" simply do not know the facts, or are incapable of appreciating the strain involved in constant and earnest study.

Albeit there has been such devotion to class work, I have no reason to fear that the spiritual life has been neglected. On the contrary, signs are not wanting that there has been a gracious revival of the spirit of prayer, and of personal consecration.

The Simultaneous Mission afforded splendid opportunity for our brethren to exercise their evangelistic gifts. They were hard at work at the Tabernacle and elsewhere, and God gave them good success.

We are still besieged by applicants, more than a tithe of whom we cannot possibly receive. Many of these are evidently men of faith and zeal and ability. We cannot but rejoice that God is saying to so many, "My son, go work in My vineyard." We cannot help them all, however. Our desire is to select the men on whom the Lord's choice has fallen,—the Davids from among the sons of Jesse.

We rejoice that several of our number have sailed to the Regions Beyond under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society, and that our own Association continues to support Dr. Churcher in North Africa, and stretches out a helping hand to Mr. Elder in South America, and to Mr. Blocher in Paris. We would be very thankful for more financial help for these departments.

Among the martyred missionaries of China were our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse. Our brother had not long left us; indeed, he seemed to arrive only in time to lay down his life. He was greatly beloved among us, and we had fondly hoped that there was a long and useful career before him. God willed it otherwise. Others of our brethren have fallen in the foreign field, but this is the first of our own men to join the noble army of martyrs. It has been proposed to erect on our College premises a fitting memorial of our friend, and this will we do if God permit. May it help to keep alive the missionary and the martyr spirit!

We have been compelled, though the state of our funds perhaps scarcely warranted the expenditure, to renovate our buildings within and without. They have had great wear and tear of late, but now they are spick and span again. The outlay has run into several hundreds of pounds, but it was absolutely necessary, so we confidently expect that the amount will not be wanting.

I cannot close without recording that all who co-operate with me in this task, "one of the noblest works that ever moved the heart of man," as the dear Founder called it, have been most loyal and loving throughout. How else could I, whose strength is small and whose responsibilities are many, have presided over this Institution with some success for another year? My heartfelt thanks to the Vice-President, and to the Tutors, as also to Trustees and Subscribers, and all praise to the God of our salvation.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

## Vice-President's Report.

**D**URING another year we have found delight in diligent labour among the students, and we desire to record that God has graciously owned and prospered our work. We accept the definition of our duties as given by the President, because they concisely state the three main features of our business with the College.

Firstly, the *Homiletic*. My Friday morning classes have fully maintained their reputation for good attendance and conscientious study. In connection with these, the Juniors have been led through a course of lectures upon Sermon-making. The afternoon papers upon given themes have been full of interest, and the writers have shown considerable ability in dealing with the varied subjects.

It has also been my privilege to deliver several lectures to the men in the absence of the President.

Secondly, *Domestic*. Under this head, I have to report the decease of Miss Swain, who for many years has received students, and as landlady of 55, Lorrimore Road, has cared for their temporal well-being. As an old member of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and Sunday-school teacher, she earned the love and respect of a large circle of friends, and many of "our own men" now in the field look back upon the period of their sojourn in her home with grateful memories.

I am glad to be able to report that, on the whole, the health of the men has been fairly good, only one having to return home in consequence of serious illness.

Thirdly, and lastly, *Athletic*. This branch of culture is not overlooked, as we deem that to preserve the body in vigorous health is one of the best means of keeping the mind in robust working order. "All work and no play" would even make a Pastors' College man "a dull boy." We have formed a Pastors' College Athletic Union, comprising cricket, tennis, football, and swimming clubs.

In conclusion, we rejoice to report that a devout spirit prevails in the College, and that all seem animated with one desire to faithfully avail themselves of the advantages afforded to prepare for the great and glorious work of preaching the Gospel of the Grace of God. Thus, with new hopes, we enter upon a new year in the old strength along the old paths.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

## Dr. McCaig's Report.

IN presenting another report, I think I can truly say that the year's work will bear comparison with that of any former year in regard both to quantity and quality, while the general spirit is, as of old, one of true devotion, of enthusiastic consecration.

The Term examinations, though placing no undue tax upon any man, tend to promote a spirit of healthy emulation, and prove to be a good way of testing the actual work done, while furnishing a kind of standard to be attained.

In my Greek Testament class, we have gone through 1 and 2 Peter, and are now reading in 1 Thessalonians. During the first half of the year, I continued my class in Greek Synonyms, after which we took up the Septuagint, a subject which I was glad to introduce, and it has been studied with interest. It is very desirable that our Senior brethren should make the acquaintance of this venerable version of the Old Testament, as it casts so much light upon the structure of New Testament Greek, while revealing the influence of Hebrew thought and idiom upon Hellenistic phraseology. In these Greek classes, the examination papers showed a very satisfactory result.

I am anxious that more time should be devoted to the study of Hebrew, and I have recently been able to make provision for this. Up till the end of June good work was done by the Seniors in the careful study of the Book of Jonah; but at the beginning of the new session in August, these brethren having nearly all settled, classes were rearranged, the Middle and Junior Hebrew classes were united, taking as their subject the life of Abraham, Genesis xii., etc., and a new class was formed for the study of the rudiments. In both, steady progress has been made. Since Christmas I have begun a second class for the, now, Senior men, the subject of study being the Psalms; and a second class for the Juniors, who are beginning to read in Genesis. I have also recently commenced an elementary class with the men who entered in August, who thus begin the study of the sacred tongue at an earlier stage of College life than has before been possible, and so, I hope, by the time they are ready to leave us, they will have made considerable progress towards a thorough knowledge of it. I long for the time when every student leaving College will be able to use his Hebrew Bible with as much facility as the best of them now use their Greek Testament.

I have also had classes as usual in Church History, Homiletics, New Testament Introduction, and Paley's Evidences. It is interesting to note the way in which different subjects appeal to different men; some find their special delight in languages, others who are puzzled with Greek and Hebrew take great interest in such a subject as New Testament Introduction.

In Systematic Theology we have, with Hodge's Outlines as our text book, studied such topics as Faith, Repentance, Justification, Sanctification, etc. In my Wednesday lectures, after spending some further time in examining the New Testament witness to the Personality of the Saviour, I have gone on to treat of the New Testament

Revelation of the Work of Redemption, dealing specially with the Teaching of Christ on the subject.

In the Sermon classes, the work, whether of sermonizing or criticizing, has been of a good average character, and the same may be said of speeches in the weekly discussions.

Many brethren have settled during the year, and at present we have not enough men ready to leave College to supply the demand from the churches. This is a clear proof that the work of the College is still needed and appreciated.

The re-opening of the Tabernacle was a time of great interest to the College. The students love their President, and they rejoiced with him in the successful accomplishment of his great task, and heartily praised God for His great goodness to the Tabernacle Church and its honoured pastor.

Feeling the importance of the great Simultaneous Mission, we gladly acceded to the request of its promoters that we should set the students free from class work for the occasion, and the results have amply rewarded us. In the true evangelistic spirit the men entered upon the work, and, in various ways, rendered valuable service, while they themselves received great blessing. Several of them have since taken part in different missions throughout the country, and, undoubtedly, one result of the Mission has been the deepening of the conviction that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that alone, is "the power of God unto salvation." This has ever been the message of our College, and amid all changes,—the opening of a new century and a new reign,—our message remains the same; and one of the best guarantees for the success of God's work in this new century is found in the fact that so many young, eager, hopeful spirits are consecrating themselves to the great work of preaching this glorious Gospel. Strong in our loyalty to Him who is King of the ages, and believing that our work is appointed by Him, we, as a College, desire to go forward, and in the name of the Lord set up our banners.

ARCHIBALD McCAIG.

## Report by Prof. Hackney, M. A.

REPORTS of our work are of necessity somewhat uniform and formal. "The Form remains, the Function never dies." But with fast fleeting years the men pass in to the College and out to the ministry with almost painful quickness. For our hearts become attached to the students under our charge, so that warm desire for their future usefulness and prideful joy in their after success are blended with much regret at losing their presence.

My scheme of studies for them has been continued. In the first year, we have two classes, in which we so deal with the rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages that, in the second year, we can study classical authors and the Greek Testament. The second year men have taken Xenophon and Thucydides in Greek, Virgil and Cæsar in Latin, with continual exercises in Greek and Latin prose. They have

also read the Greek New Testament in John's Gospel, and the first Epistle to Timothy. The Seniors of the third and fourth years have been reading in Greek, with careful and sympathetic study, Aristotle's Ethics; and in Latin, Augustine's Confessions and the Epistles of Horace. We have also been working together in the Greek Testament with great delight and profit in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

I am glad to bear testimony to the general temper of devotion and diligence manifest in the men. I believe they are all doing their best, and striving to make themselves ready for their life-work from the truest and most exalted motives. Reverent and adoring loyalty and love to our Lord Jesus Christ is the passion and ruling influence of our whole community. I cannot refrain from emphasizing the expression of my intense feeling that the studies in which they seek to acquire a first knowledge and competent understanding of the sacred languages are of primary importance to their future ministry. In the first place, because the want of this acquirement is so serious and blameworthy. No man with common intelligence and the spirit of industry need miss the advantage of dealing with the original mind of the sacred writers in their original tongues. But further, familiarity with the inner meaning of the words of Scripture, and the mental acumen resulting, open out new treasures of truth which enable a preacher to speak with Divine certainty and authority. This does not infer merely pedantic scholarship, raw, crude, undigested, unspiritual, thrust before the people; instead of truth matured, experimental, and filled with the unction from the Holy One.

But the weakness and crime of present-day preaching in many spheres is its superficiality, empty noise, and glitter, without basis of strong thought and deep meditation. And in face of the determined endeavour of Rome to live again by the conversion of England, in the face of direful signs of her masterful and baleful progress, we want every man who leaves the College to be equipped within his soul by discipline of character, and within his mental life with trained faculties and attainments of knowledge, which will enable him to live in the very truth of truth, that so far as his opportunity reaches, he may stem the tide of false teaching with the Word of God.

WALTER HACKNEY.

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## Report from Prof. Wm. H. Gausson, M.A., U.S.

THE coming of a new century, and the passing away of that great figure, who so dominated the century that is gone, have not had any parallel in the history of the College. There, new faces have arrived, and old familiar ones have disappeared, leaving a sense of bereavement, but all this is in the nature of things, and the work has moved on with the regularity of machinery plus the throb of life. The transitions from class to class now work almost automatically, as the men have come in at regular intervals, and fewer divisions of "batches" have been necessary.

My only class with the Seniors has been that in the History of Philosophy. It is difficult to find a satisfactory text book, but I saw it was necessary that the men should have one in their hands to save time in taking notes and generally facilitate matters, so we adopted Schwegler's.

The second year's men have been with me in History and in English Literature. In the latter, they get a rapid historical survey of the whole subject, as well as some acquaintance with a few selected poems. In the former, we travel through the history of Greece or Rome so far as time permits.

In some of the Junior classes I have felt increasingly the need for being practical, so as to meet the case of men who have, as is so easy, allowed their knowledge of, say, grammar, to slip away, as well as of those who have not had early advantages educationally. We have corrected ungrammatical sentences, and done some parsing in class, and are also going quickly through the rules of syntax. I am also trying to help those who are weak in spelling. The other classes have gone on as heretofore,—namely, those in Euclid, Ethics, Butler's Analogy, Abbott's English Lessons for English People and How to Write clearly, Logic, Bible Handbook, and Trench on Words.

The Mission in February at the Metropolitan Tabernacle was a most valuable experience for the College. The spiritual thermometer had stood high before, but this brought with it a blessed wave of evangelistic fervour.

To the diligence and punctuality of the students, on the whole, I bear a glad testimony. Their evident desire is to be furnished so far as possible for their chosen life-work, and their response helps to oil the wheels of their tutor's work, and make it pleasant. To mark their growth in grace and knowledge, is one of his rewards.

WM. H. GAUSSEN.

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## Professor Richardson's Report.

WE are not yet able to say that the best examples of Bible reading are exhibited by preachers. The pulpit is still behind in this respect, but we are looking forward to the day when the Bible shall be glorified in the ears of the people, by justice being done to its wonderful stories and its sublime message. The approach of this ideal is a slow one, for we have to compete with and overcome the prejudices of the people who hear as well as those of the preachers who speak. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless painfully true that the fancies and traditions of men dictate the reading of the Bible. The demands of the subject itself are scarcely considered. The exalted character of its literature, the wonder of its stories, the greatness and grandeur of its doctrines, all these make demands quite apart from the fancies of the individual or the traditions of the Church. When the demands of the subject are recognised *and* fulfilled, then, and only



then, will justice be done to the Bible; then only will it be heard as it deserves to be heard, and then will it take its place beyond Shakespeare and Milton, not only as a Divine revelation, but as the highest and noblest example of literature the world has ever seen. To gain this ideal, our efforts have been directed during the past session; and it is with no small degree of pleasure that we record how fully the students have co-operated. A most hearty and willing response is given, and the deepest interest manifested in all that is undertaken in the elocution class. The students are recognising more and more that whatsoever helps in setting forth the truth of the "Word" is a distinct gain both on the side of its power and its beauty.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

## Settlements.

**D**URING the past twelve months, no less than eighteen students have left the College, and gone forth as messengers of the Gospel either in the home-land or as missionaries abroad.

*Mr. E. J. Cordon* received the unanimous invitation of the church at Romsey, and commenced his pastorate there on June 17th, 1900, and evident tokens of blessings have not been wanting to prove that he call was also of God.

*Mr. J. B. Marshall* reports that, since he became pastor of the Baptist Church in Warwick, in July last, the work has steadily progressed. Congregations growing, finances increasing, and spiritual life deepening.

*Mr. W. D. Ross* was student-pastor over the church at Foot's Cray for some time, and in June, 1900, took up the full pastorate. God has greatly blessed his labours. The membership has doubled, the attendance has increased four-fold, and a week-night service, together with a Christian Endeavour Society, has been started.

*Mr. J. Beaupré* has undertaken the pastoral oversight of three churches, namely, Wrexham, Brymbo, and Holt, and since his settlement many have joined the church, and over £80 has been raised to clear the debt off one of the buildings.

*Mr. F. H. Smith* commenced as assistant-pastor to the Rev. J. Parker, M.A., of High Street Baptist Church, Ilford, on September 2nd, 1900, and has met with an enthusiastic welcome both from pastor and people. During the few months he has been at Ilford, there have been many tokens of the Divine favour.

*Mr. L. Wilson-Haffenden* reports as follows: "I commenced my ministry at Lansdown Baptist Chapel, Stroud, on the 19th August, 1900. Membership 85, now increased to 100. Congregations and offerings considerably augmented. A mission hall opened, and the whole work progressing."

*Mr. G. Laws* has become the pastor of the Baptist Church in Avenue Road, Gosport, and already there are signs of general advancement.

*Mr. J. Phillips* received the "call" to the church at Burwell, Cambs., on July 29th, and commenced his ministry there in October. "Our congregations have steadily increased during these few months, and there is every appearance of a good work going on."

*Mr. T. R. McNab* has become assistant-pastor to Rev. E. Spurrier, of Eld Lane Chapel, Colchester, entering upon his sphere of service in December last.

*Mr. C. H. Sheen* for some four years had been working at Cornwall Road, Brixton, and in October, 1897, was elected to the pastorate. Shortly after this he came to the College, still continuing his ministerial labours, and, having completed his course, he now becomes the settled pastor. Great prosperity attends his labours.

*Mr. F. J. H. Humphrey*.—The cause at Whitley, Northumberland, was commenced by a few loyal Baptists in May, 1900. Meeting at present in a café, the church has called Mr. Humphrey to the pastorate, and, with the promised help of the Northern Baptist Association, has already started upon the scheme of building a house of its own. There is a bright future for this cause.

*Mr. T. Murray* for six months rendered the cause at East Greenwich help as a student-pastor, and at the termination of this period accepted the pastorate. Since the commencement of 1901 God has been showing His approval of the Work, and there are signs of progress. There is a fine chapel, but, alas! the incubus of a very heavy debt. Mr. Murray is, however, the right man in the right place, and in time will rejoice over a prosperous church.

*Mr. E. J. Debnam* has accepted the position of assistant-pastor to Rev. J. Doubleday, of Sittingbourne, and commenced work in that capacity on February 3rd, 1901. The engagement is for six months.

*Mr. H. G. Baker* settled as pastor over the united churches of Thorverton and Bramford Speke in February, and consequently is not yet able to send a report.

*Mr. W. H. Watson* left College to become assistant-pastor to Rev. John Baptist Rose, of Durban, Natal. He has now accepted the pastorate of the newly-formed Church in the vicinity of the City on the Berea. Success has already attended his ministry.

*Mr. W. H. Tomkins* has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Yalding, Kent.

*Mr. S. O. Kempton* and *Mr. R. L. Jennings* have both been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work on the Congo, and have sailed for their respective spheres.

## "Things New and Old ;"

OR, GREETINGS AND GOOD WISHES.

THE annual circular letter (copy below) has produced quite a number of good wishes, especially relating to the building of the new Tabernacle, in which the old Gospel is still proclaimed by one of "Our Own Men," who also, as President of the Conference, is a signatory of the epistle of greeting sent out to our Brotherhood.

An event of so great importance has necessarily called forth many expressions of goodwill, a selection from which will give some idea of the love and loyalty which still live in the heart of those who, as sons of the College, ever look upon the Tabernacle as their mother-church. May all the good things longed for and looked for be fully realized by each well-wisher!

### PASTORS' COLLEGE,

TEMPLE STREET,  
NEWINGTON, S.E.

Dec., 1900.

DEAR BROTHER.—Greeting heartier than ever on the threshold of a New Century! Ere it is more than a few months old we shall, if the Lord will, be in Conference assembled for the glory of God and mutual edification, under the shadow of a New Tabernacle.

May the old power, and the blessing of former years still visit us! We beg you to see that prayer is made for this continually.

Kindly send in *speedily* your report and statistics, that they may be compiled and tabulated.

Our best wishes herewith for your prosperity every way during 1901.

"It can bring with it nothing,  
But *He* will bear us through."

Yours very heartily,

THOMAS SPURGEON, *President.*

CHARLES SPURGEON, *Deputy-President.*

ARCHIBALD G. BROWN, *Vice-President.*

PASTOR GEORGE MENZIES, of ARBROATH, replies to the above letter as an echo answers to a call: "I would like to reciprocate your 'heartier' greetings. I suppose the comparison has reference to last year, or to former years. I suppose 'heartier' greetings *are* possible every succeeding year, for whatever 'He bears us through' is for our progress in heart, deeper inward, so that we can ever give 'heartier' greetings, and yet each time be from our heart's core. As far, then, as I can reach into my own heart would I respond to you in the same hearty greetings. In the new century, in the new Tabernacle, may you have anew the old power and blessing,—'things new and old' from the storehouse! Thus I have given you some 'news', although, paradoxically, no information. With heartmost greetings."

One who is no less a "Spurgeon's man" and a sincere lover of all that is of the College, though connected with THE WATERCRESS AND FLOWER-GIRLS' CHRISTIAN MISSION, writes as follows: "How inspiring to enter the Tabernacle! What a flood of blessing the memory of the past and the goodness of the Lord right through, but *the best has yet to come*. All history travails with prophecy that 'the old power and the old blessing' shall be exceeded. 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' *You have attempted great things for God. Now may we expect great things from God.*"—PASTOR H. THOMAS.

From ABINGDON, in BERKSHIRE, Pastor W. H. Doggett sends congratulations. "Right heartily do I reciprocate your cordial new year greeting, and thank God on your behalf for the successful re-opening of the Tabernacle, free of debt, for the way in which He has sustained you and your fellow-workers amid the stress and strain anterior to that

happy event, and, not least, for the increasing blessing with which He is owning and cheering your faithful ministry."

" 'It is the Old Cross still, Its triumphs let us tell.' There are some. Yours hopefully, PASTOR F. W. WALTER, of LEEDS." So ends a cheery note from this good brother, which he commences with " God bless you, the Conference, and the Church at the Tabernacle! May hundreds experience the new birth in the new House! I heartily reciprocate your new year and new century's greetings. We are still scoring, though somewhat slowly."

In reporting the work which PASTOR R. LAYZELL, of EAST DEREHAM, Norfolk, still carries on, he says: " My greatest ambition is to learn how to preach Christ, so that many may be led to accept Him as their Saviour. We have had some success in the work, for which God be praised! We preach Christ, and Him crucified, and believe that the King will command His blessing, and 'the Day' shall declare that we have not laboured in vain. I had the pleasure of sharing your joy at the very successful opening services of the rebuilt Tabernacle, and am delighted to know that the 'old foundations remain.' May God grant that the glory of the new House may equal, and, if possible, excel that of the former, where I was buried with Christ, married, and instructed in the days of long ago!"

From DOVER comes a brisk breeze, as PASTOR E. J. EDWARDS, who signs himself, " Your faithful friend in the Lord," writes: " As we deeply and practically sympathized with you in the destruction of the former Tabernacle, so have we greatly rejoiced with you in the erection and opening of the new Tabernacle. May it and all our Houses of Prayer be found to be Bethels and Bethesdas as the century progresses! With warm new year and new century greetings."

PASTOR E. R. PULLEN, of SOUTHAMPTON, thus expresses his faith in God: " I have had a year of stress and strain, but the anchor holds, and, praise God, we enter upon the new century full of hope and of good courage. The old Gospel is the greatest need of the new century. Its power is not diminished, its message is not out of date, its glory can never be transcended. Hearty greetings for the new year. The Lord richly bless you in the new sanctuary!"

A fervent prayer for the Tabernacle, College, and Conference; that the past with all its precious memories may yet be surpassed in the wealth of blessing which our covenant-keeping God shall give, is enshrined by PASTOR W. E. RICE, of GLOUCESTER, in the following lines:—

" The memories of former years,  
     So rich and rare,  
 Crowd in upon our thoughts,  
     And make us dare  
 To hope—yea, to believe,  
 That from the open'd heavens will fall the rain,  
 And the old power will visit us again.

" And visit us maybe, with grace  
     More rich and rare,  
 Than former years e'er knew;  
     Such as we ne'er  
 Recall in days of yore.  
 Let but our Faith, our Hope, our Love be true,  
 And from the old may come surprises new."

Of his own work, he reports, "I have been sowing the seed, and have had the joy of reaping here and there, 'gleaning' perhaps I ought to say, for my ears of corn have been gathered one by one,—at least, so far as I have *seen*. The unseen fruit of our labours is probably far greater than that which our eyes behold. May your prayer for the old power and the blessing of former years be richly answered in your own experience at the new Tabernacle!"

PASTOR EDWARD ISAAC, of MELBOURNE, thus voices the feelings of many across the ocean: "With thousands on this side of the globe, I rejoice greatly in the resurrection of the Tabernacle. May there be many a spiritual resurrection within its new-built walls! For the mighty work in which you are engaged, may you be strengthened mightily by your all-sufficient Lord!" This good brother sends a most encouraging report, in which he testifies to the increase of prayer which has distinguished his work,—a most gratifying feature in an age when prayer-meetings are so poorly attended.

Out of many letters received from the Antipodes, we give a few choice excerpts:—

"We were glad to hear of the successful meetings at the re-opening of the Tabernacle. The interest in your work, even on this side of the 'terrestrial ball', is very great, and we assure you of our sympathy and prayers. May you have grace and strength sufficient for the great work. 'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee! Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.' . . . We fire away with the same old truths that did execution in Bermondsey in the brave days of old, and we leave the results with God."—PASTOR A. V. G. CHANDLER, CAVERSHAM, N.Z.

"I was rejoiced to hear of the opening of the Tabernacle, and pray that your labours there may be fruitful of much blessing. The strain will be very heavy for you, but you know the Source from which strength can come. I am 'toiling on' here, seeking to be faithful to the Lord Christ, anxious only to do His will, happy if I may win some for Him. The work is trying to faith, for men seem to be harder to reach than ever. 'O Breath, breathe upon these slain, that they may live!'"—PASTOR GEORGE D. COX, OAMARU, N.Z.

"In the new century, in the new Tabernacle, may there be renewed power!" So writes PASTOR H. D. ARCHER, CASTLEMAINE, VICTORIA.

"It is thirty years since I left the dear College, and my love is still the love of my early days. I have a greater yearning than ever for the knowledge of my Lord Jesus Christ, and pray that the new century may be to me a new spiritual era. The Old, Old Gospel for ever!"—PASTOR WM. CLARK, NORTH CARLTON, VICTORIA.

A few sentences, culled here and there, indicate that "Our Men" still adhere to the Old Gospel:—"We continue under the old banner, and proclaim the old truths concerning sin and salvation."

"Our motto is,—The Old Gospel for the New Century, in our new sphere."

"We will rejoice in His salvation, and in His Name, in the new century alike with the old, we will set up our banners."

"My people are not tired of the Old Gospel, unadorned and plain."

"We have been proving that the old Jerusalem blade, the Gospel, is as keen as ever to wound, and as precious as ever to heal."

## News from Abroad.

Sydney, N.S. Wales,

January 6, 1901.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,—

We the undersigned, having been brought together in connection with the great historical event, the inauguration of the Commonwealth of Australia, take this opportunity to send you our greetings.

We congratulate you on the completion of the rebuilding of the Tabernacle. This work must have been a severe strain upon you. We rejoice to think of the courage with which you faced it at the beginning, and the enthusiasm you have displayed in carrying it through. The God of your renowned father has not forsaken you, and now we unite with you in praising Him that you have been sustained through the trial, that the silver and gold have been supplied, and that your people have stood by you so faithfully. We pray that the glory of this latter house may be at least as great as that of the former, and that you may be long spared to preach the Gospel by which so many generations of Spurgeons have firmly stood.

We cannot be with you at the coming Conference—we wish we could!—but we send greetings to all the brethren, and once more assure you and them of our unswerving attachment to the loving fraternity. May the presence of the Lord be very fully realized in all your meetings!

We are doing our little part, we hope with some degree of success, in these Southern lands. We have not lost faith in the Gospel, nor turned aside to novelties with the hope of attracting congregations. The secret of success is still the loving proclamation of the Truth as it is in Jesus. The magnetism of the Cross is as great to-day as ever. There is a giddy, worldly throng who want nothing spiritual, but the men and women who seek deliverance from sin, and to be right for eternity, recognize in Christ crucified the power of God and the wisdom of God.

We are hopeful for the future. We are convinced that we are fellow-labourers with God, and that we are using those methods by which He means to accomplish His purposes.

We are sorry for your dear mother's continued weakness. We trust she will be spared for further service.

Praying that the Divine blessing may rest upon you and yours,

We remain,

Yours sincerely,

R. McCULLOUGH, Pres. S.A. Baptist Union.

JOSEPH CLARK, Auckland, Ex-Pres. of N.Z.B.U.

J. A. SOPER, Sydney, Ex-Pres. N.S.W.B.U.

JAS. BLAIKIE, Hobart, Ex-Pres. Tas. B.U.

CHAS. BOYALL, Maryborough, Queensland, Pres. Q'land Baptist Assocn.

## Pioneer Mission, 1900-1901.

THE work of the men who have taken up spheres in connection with our Mission during this year proves that the old aggressive spirit, so prominent a feature of the early days of the College, still exists among many in a marked manner, as besides those who were previously with us, three more of the brethren have gone to places where churches need to be raised from a weak state.

Pastor J. L. Taviner, B.A., has settled at Withington, a well-to-do suburb of Manchester.

Pastor W. E. Piper has accepted the pastorate at Wimborne.

Pastor B. I. Wicks has gone to Kelso for a few months' special work.

At Godalming, a new work has been commenced. Mr. Clements, one of the students, has taken the services, and a committee has been formed to carry on the work.

Hopeman is a fishing village in the North of Scotland, and the Baptists there had erected a chapel, and, through Pastors W. B. Meikleham and A. Bremner, asked our help, so we sent Mr. Adams.

Also at Forres, N.B., we made a renewed effort by sending Mr. E. J. Goodman in September last. There is a good Baptist chapel in this town, free of all debt.

At Kirkdale Tabernacle, Liverpool, Pastor F. Russell has had a revival of blessing, while at Newquay, Cornwall, a small hall has been hired, and services have been held by Pastor A. F. Scudamore.

At St. Budeaux, Devonport, a school-chapel is soon to be erected for Pastor Leonard Smith, while at Godalming, Walthamstow, and Kelvinside, Glasgow, the friends are hoping this year to commence their large chapels.

Mr. H. H. Turner is being much used of God at South Molton, and the church at Ledbury, under Mr. W. T. Reynolds, is showing signs of revival.

During the year, Mr. Compton and Mr. McLuckie have been received into College. Many have been converted. Churches have been strengthened. Money has been provided, and the right brethren sent of God.

E. A. CARTER.

## Called Home.

PASTOR EDWIN OSBORNE.

Pastor Edwin Osborne was called home on the 7th of May, 1900, at the age of 54. At the time of his death, a new and larger building at St. Austell, where he had been a pastor for some six years, was approaching completion, and it now stands as a memorial of his constant and earnest ministrations both in pastoral visitation and in preaching the Gospel. After leaving the Pastors' College in 1872, he entered his first pastorate at Southampton, where he continued for eighteen years, removing in 1890 to Ilfracombe. Here he saw the opening of a new chapel with school and class-rooms. At a comparatively early age, he has been summoned to his rest and reward, mourned by many and loved by all who knew him.

PASTOR WILLIAM OSBORNE.

Pastor William Osborne was born at Halstead, in Essex, where also he experienced, sixteen years afterwards, his second birth in 1860. Entering the Pastors' College in 1863, he soon found work in Gospel ministry by becoming assistant to Dr. Wills, of Arthur Street, King's Cross. His first pastorate, which lasted for twelve years, was held at Gamlingay, after which he successively and successfully laboured at Bristol, Carlisle, Eastbourne, Chatham, and Whitstable. His earthly career closed on the 4th of July, 1900, and he entered upon the higher service in the "temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

EVANGELIST JOSEPH MANTON SMITH.

Our brother Joseph Manton Smith was known almost all over the world as one of C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists. His name is in many places a household word, and his songs have been sung by thousands. Two years before his decease, one of his legs, as the result of a slight accident complicated by diabetic trouble, had to be amputated, and he was laid aside for a year, but he resumed his labours for twelve months, and then, after a brief illness, entered into rest. He was a man of winning personality and striking appearance; children especially would greet him with smiles answering to his own. As his clear, round, full, popular voice fell on the ear, carrying the words of some Gospel hymn clearly enunciated, hearts would open to the man and to the Evangel he brought to them. Perhaps he was best known by his cornet, for he was the pioneer in its use for Evangelistic work. The children found delight in the "trumpet", and in its master; nobody could ever interest young people more than he did; spellbound they would listen as he told them some Bible narrative and illustrated it from modern life. After a course of training in the Pastors' College, he worked with Pastor A. J. Clarke in Evangelistic efforts for two years. Then he was joined by Pastor W. Y. Fullerton, and for fifteen years the two laboured side by side in the Gospel,



until the latter settled as pastor at Melbourne Hall, Leicester. Mr. Smith continued in his chosen path "even to the end." These words come from the hand and heart of his colleague: "He was a good man, humble and unaffected, a loyal servant of Jesus Christ, an Israelite indeed, in whom there was but little guile, a loving husband and father, and a most devoted comrade. He had no faults but those that everybody saw. His faith was the unquestioning faith of a little child. He had his dark days; but his life held much of brightness, and when at the end, after hours of unconsciousness, he said, 'BEAUTIFUL VISION. HALLELUJAH!' ere he entered into the 'joy of the Lord,' he only expressed what had been in his heart all along."

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#### PASTOR S. F. WHITEHOUSE.

Mr. Whitehouse was born in Birmingham, and from his earliest infancy his mother had dedicated her son to foreign mission work. In later years, while engaged in the firm of the late George Dixon, Esq., M.P., he gave himself after business hours to the task of preparation for the mission-field. China was the country of his early love, and in 1887 he became private secretary to Mr. Hudson Taylor, but after four years of happy service, in consequence of home sorrow, Mr. Whitehouse returned to England. Here he became associated for a short while with Dr. Gratten Guinness, and then, receiving an appointment under the National Bible Society of Scotland, he at once returned to China. His health and strength began to give way after three and a half years of almost continuous travel and toil, necessitating his resignation and return to the Old Country. A brief rest was followed by a two and a half years' course in the Pastors' College, during which period he found time to discharge the duties of a Student-Pastor in the East-End of London. On Tuesday, July 18th, 1899, Mr. Whitehouse was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society, and appointed to the Shan-si district in China, and on January 29th, 1900, he started forth as the missionary representative supported by the Church at Upper Tooting.

Mr. Whitehouse is the first martyr that the College has given to the cause of Christ, as it is clear from available information that he and his dear wife were among the victims of the cruel massacre. Professor McCaig thus writes concerning our brother: "At the College, the tragic death of Mr. Whitehouse has been felt with the shock and pain of a personal loss. We thought very highly of him. He had, by his genial, sunny disposition, his earnest, Christian character, and his many excellent qualities, endeared himself to us all. He was, indeed, a man of a choice spirit, truly consecrated to the Master's service, and, as far as we could judge, fitted for the work to which God had called him." Thus, has our brother gained the martyr's crown.

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#### PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD FERGUSSON.

The announcement of the death of Professor Fergusson brought a pang of sorrow to many a heart. All over the world there are men engaged in the service of the Saviour, who received not a little of the

fitness and inspiration for their life-work from the teaching and example of this stalwart hero of the Cross.

Mr. Ferguson's life-work has been wrought in connection with the Pastors' College, and perhaps it is fitting that an old student, admirer, and friend of his, now a tutor in the same institution, should write a few lines concerning him.

His connection with the Pastors' College dates back to 1862, when he undertook the work of the evening classes. From the first, his work in this department was a great success. Six months later, he entered upon his regular tutorial work in the College, while still continuing his work in the evening classes. The rugged blocks of marble, out of which were to be hewn the "angels of the churches," were first entrusted to his care, and much hard cutting and chipping they received before being passed on to the other tutors for the perfecting and polishing.

It was soon found that, under a somewhat bluff and rugged exterior, there was a very tender heart. Every man could count upon Mr. Ferguson's deep interest in the work in which he was engaged, and all found in him a sympathetic friend. His love for the Gospel and for the Christ of the Gospel was intense, and often when in class the love of Christ was spoken of, the spectacle might be seen of the tutor in tears. His strong loving nature impressed itself upon his students. His love evoked love.

Mr. Ferguson was a pastor as well as a Professor. For many years, he carried on a successful ministry at Ealing, where he built up a strong church and exerted a widespread influence. About ten years ago, after a very serious illness, which left him with greatly reduced strength, Mr. Ferguson felt that he could not do both tutorial and pastoral work, and so was led to resign the post of tutor which he had occupied so long and so faithfully, and after two more years he was obliged to relinquish the chief work of the pastorate. During the last few years, he was afflicted with loss of eyesight. He liked to speak of himself in these last years as "a prisoner of the Lord," but he would quaintly add, "I am in love with my Gaoler." The prisoner has now gained his liberty. From the darkness he has passed into the shadowless day.

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As we go to press we learn that

PASTOR WILLIAM T. WOTTON

entered into rest on Wednesday, March 6th, 1901, at Mount Morris, New York State, U.S.A.

Also on February 25th, 1901, our brother

MR. J. L. ROGER,

Missionary on the Congo, passed away; and on March 29th, 1901,

PASTOR ABRAHAM MILLS

died at Derby.

## SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

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**D**URING the past forty-five years, one thousand and nineteen 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 thirty-one) 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 eighty-three brethren. Of these six hundred and fifty-four 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 ... ..	1019
,, now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists...	654
,, without Pastoratès, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord ... ..	80
,, not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings...	29
,, Educated for other denominations ... ..	3
,, Dead—(Pastors, 121; Students, 10)	131
,, Permanently Invalided ... ..	19
,, Names removed from the College List for various reasons ...	103

To this "summary" the late beloved President in one of the Reports appended the following note:—"The last were not removed from our list in all cases from causes which imply any dishonour, for many of them are doing good service to the common Lord under some other banner. We are sorry for their leaving us, and surprised that they should change their views; but this also is one of those mysteries of human life which are beyond our control." We ought to add, that for years past we have lost all traces of many of those referred to, and have reason to believe that several of them are dead.

## STATISTICS

Return for the Year.	Number of Pastors making Returns.	INCREASE.				Total Increase.
		By Baptism	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528
1881	363	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908
1882	387	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152
1883	387	5,008	1,065	2,046	191	8,310
1884	397	5,338	880	2,126	257	8,601
1885	398	5,522	1,020	2,338	305	9,185
1886	421	4,852	968	2,451	236	8,507
1887	381	5,014	1,022	2,258	299	8,593
1888	391	4,180	1,029	2,121	200	7,530
1889	385	4,880	1,125	2,197	308	8,510
1890	414	3,991	1,382	2,368	206	7,947
1891	406	4,000	1,153	2,238	192	7,583
1892	413	4,493	1,255	2,647	168	8,563
1893	402	4,532	869	2,341	216	7,958
1894	419	4,933	1,358	2,322	225	8,838
1895	426	4,297	974	2,541	172	7,984
1896	438	4,763	1,024	2,719	294	8,800
1897	447	4,230	1,077	4,567	223	10,097
1898	446	4,394	1,159	2,952	247	8,752
1899	432*	4,415	1,257	3,074	248	8,994
1900	406	3,492	1,064	2,767	240	7,563
<b>TOTAL</b>		<b>135,584</b>	<b>27,192</b>	<b>66,039</b>	<b>6,432</b>	<b>235,247</b>

\* The discrepancy between the figures for 1899 in this year's Report and that of 1900, is due to the addition of 8 returns received too late for insertion last year.

## OF THE CHURCHES.

### DECREASE.

By Death	By Dis- mission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non- Attendance.	Total Decrease.	CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number (received) of Members in Church Fellowship
100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
500	1,386	156	1,354	3,396	3,132	46,185
636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
699	1,871	153	1,769	4,492	3,818	59,524
738	1,788	174	1,959	4,659	3,942	62,478
748	2,113	402	2,046	5,309	3,876	67,334
820	2,167	246	1,964	5,206	3,301	71,266
708	1,747	308	1,890	4,653	3,940	63,419
674	2,019	245	1,871	4,809	2,721	61,010
742	1,940	174	1,783	4,639	3,871	66,851
726	2,045	124	1,897	4,792	3,155	74,808
728	1,886	117	2,069	4,800	2,783	63,211
735	1,998	127	1,729	4,589	3,974	65,540
762	1,899	118	1,926	4,705	3,253	66,205
838	2,356	159	2,776	6,129	1,709	75,067
795	2,440	163	1,714	5,112	2,872	76,860
819	2,483	188	1,757	5,247	3,553	79,356
825	2,308	157	2,046	5,336	4,761	75,886
868	2,584	183	2,042	5,677	3,075	84,582
945	2,873	221	2,122	6,161	2,833	82,857
881	2,523	172	1,955	5,531	2,032	<b>79,407</b>
<b>20,363</b>	<b>53,737</b>	<b>5,738</b>	<b>47,737</b>	<b>127,575</b>	<b>106,672</b>	

406 Churches furnish returns for 1900: of these, 259 show an average increase of 12 members per church; 101 an average decrease of 10 members per church; 36 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 5 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

NOTE. - Several Pastors delayed sending in their returns until this Report was in the press; had these figures been in time for inclusion the number of baptisms for the year would have been increased to 3,652, with a clear increase of 2,146, and a total membership of 81,960.

# PASTORS' COLLEGE.

*Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1900.*

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.										
				£	s.	d.								
To Weekly Offerings	...	...	...	119	11	5	By Salaries and Lecturers' Fees	...	...	...	1,286	18	6	
„ Donations	...	...	...	1,905	15	5	„ Board and Lodging and Medical Attendance	...	...	...	1,996	15	10	
„ Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, for use of building	...	...	...	300	0	0	„ Books, Printing, and Office Expenses	...	...	...	156	2	7	
„ Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	...	...	...	100	0	0	„ Book-grants to Students	...	...	...	96	3	6	
„ Legacies	...	...	...	555	9	6	„ Preaching Stations, Home Missions and New Chapels	...	...	...	47	18	8	
„ Collections by Pastors	...	...	...	493	17	11	„ Annual Conference and Supper	...	...	...	281	13	0	
„ Interest	...	...	...	24	12	5					3,847	12	1	
„ Accumulated Dividends transferred from Building Trust	...	...	...	493	14	9								
				3,993 1 5										
„ Balance in hand, January 1st, 1900	...	...	...	418	2	3	„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1900	...	...	...	563	11	7	
				£4,411 3 8								£4,411	3	8

Audited and approved, January 19th, 1901.

FRANK THOMPSON, *Treasurer*

CHARLES WATERS, }  
SAMUEL R. PEARCE, } *Auditors.*

## LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1900.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.	
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1900	...	103 9 6	By Loans to Churches:—	...	300 0 0	
„ Repayments of Loans, December 31st, 1900	...	1,709 9 2	Margate Church	...	130 0 0	
			Upper Paikstone Church	...	500 0 0	
			South London Tabernacle	...	930 0 0	
			„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1900	...	882 18 8	
		£1,812 14 8				£1,812 18 8
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1900	...	4,235 5 8				
Cash at Bank	...	892 18 8				
Total of Fund	...	£5,118 4 4				

FRANK THOMPSON, *Treasurer.*

Audited and approved, January 19th, 1901. { CHARLES WATERS, } *Auditors.*  
{ SAMUEL R. PEARCE, }

## PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1900.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.	
To Donations	...	79 19 1	By Salary Dr. Churcher	...	180 0 0	
„ Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Circles	...	120 0 0	„ Mr. J. P. Wigstone (Spain)	...	20 0 0	
„ Collecting Boxes	...	20 16 11	„ Rev. R. F. Elder (part support)	...	75 0 0	
„ Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible Class (for Mr. J. P. Wigstone's Spanish Mission)	...	20 0 0	„ Pasteur A. Blocher (part support)	...	15 0 0	
			„ Printing and Stationery	...	2 4 8	
		240 18 0				192 4 8
„ Balance in hand, January 1st, 1900	...	248 18 1	„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1900	...	197 9 5	
		£489 14 1				£489 14 1

FRANK THOMPSON, *Treasurer.*

Audited and approved, January 19th, 1901. CHARLES WATERS, } *Auditors.*  
SAMUEL R. PEARCE, }

PRELIMINARY INFORMATION.]

Pastors' College,  
Temple Street,  
Newington,  
London, S.E.

In answer to enquiries as to the Pastors' College; the Committee of Selection begs to furnish the following information:—

The object of this Institution is to give further instruction to those who have already proved themselves to be efficient preachers; young men who wish to be "made into ministers," but have never preached, are therefore quite ineligible. As we cannot attempt so large a work as the training of men for all denominations, we confine ourselves to such as are connected with those believers called Baptists. Applicants must therefore be baptized persons. None are eligible but believers in the Lord Jesus, members of Christian Churches, men of known character and of earnest spirit, holding what are popularly styled Calvinistic views, and having been more or less constantly engaged in preaching and other evangelistic work for two or more years.

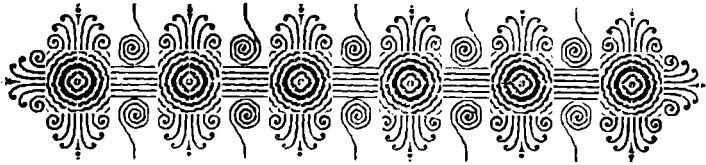
Every one must contribute to the College Funds if able to do so. The course of study varies according to each case.

Communications should be sent to the Secretary at the above address.

Stamps for replies should in all cases be enclosed if an answer is expected.







THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

JULY, 1901.

Inward Fears.

A SERMON, PREACHED AT BRIGHTON, MORE THAN 40 YEARS AGO,  
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

*"Within were fears."*—2 Corinthians vii. 5.

**I**T is my desire to address myself, to-night, mainly to those who are seekers after that "peace of God, which passeth all understanding,"—those who were before careless, but who have been rendered thoughtful, who are no longer loving this world and the things thereof, and sitting down content therewith, but wanting something better, something more satisfactory to their immortal souls. Whilst I shall endeavour to speak to their comfort, I pray that God the Holy Spirit, the Comforter of His people, may bring home the truth of the Lord Jesus to their consciences, and give them "joy and peace in believing."

My text is rather the motto of my sermon than the actual text of it. The whole verse runs thus, "For, when we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears." The last three words, "*within were fears,*" are to furnish the theme for my discourse.

The apostle would have cared very little concerning the "fightings" without, if it had not been for the "fears" within. The sailor will tell us that he has less fear of an ocean full of water without, than he has of the smallest quantity within, when the ship has sprung a leak. So is it with the convinced and awakened sinner,—all the persecution which he could possibly meet with, from the enemies of Christ, would be very little to him, if it were not for the internal fear lest he should not be "found in Christ." Neither the stake, the gibbet, nor the rack, could keep back a seeking soul from Christ. There is a thirst

so unquenchable in the seeking soul that he would endure all his enemies' torments, if he could but find Christ. But the thing that often staggers him is that he fears, when his soul is cast down within him, lest he should never be "found in Him," lest he should never be saved through His precious blood.

I no doubt am addressing very many who have fears, and who, perhaps, have been oppressed by them very frequently, having only now and then intervals of comfort. It may be that they have scarcely dared to say they have ever had any solid comfort at all. They are so tried, perplexed, and, as John Bunyan says, "tumbled up and down in their minds," that they know not where they are, or what they are; they are like those whom the psalmist describes, who "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."

I purpose to give you, in this sermon, a sort of dialogue. I will first let this poor trembler speak, or I will speak for him as nearly as I suppose in the words he would use; then I will reply to his fears; after that, he shall speak again, and then I will have yet another reply, and may the Master Himself reply to the fears which perhaps the evil one has suggested!

"Well," saith our poor friend, "I wish that I could 'read my title clear to mansions in the skies.' I fear that I have no 'title,' that I have 'no part nor lot in the matter;' but am 'in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.' I think that I am 'dead in trespasses and sins,'—that there is no good work whatever in my soul, and I fear there never will be,—that what I am I always shall be, an 'alien to the commonwealth of Israel, and a stranger to the covenant of promise.' But,"—listen to him now, and I hope we can put in the same "but,"—"I feel that nothing here below can ever satisfy my cravings. I long after something which I cannot find in this world,—either in its amusements, its learning, its pomp, or its promises. I did once build my nest on the trees of this earth, and it was well lined, and I thought I could rest securely there; but now there is a thorn in the nest,—and let me try as I will, and seek where I may,—"

"I fly, like a bird of the air,  
In search of a home and a rest;  
A balm for the sickness of care,—  
A bliss for a bosom unblest."

"I fear that I have nothing to do with Christ, yet I know that I never shall be happy unless I have. I am conscious of a longing within, which I did not know at one time;—for once, if I had only enough to 'eat, and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed,' I was perfectly content to let heavenly things alone. If my riches increased, and men thought well of me, I was perfectly satisfied; but these things now are poor unction to my heart: they are as songs to one that is sad, they are but mockery to my wounds. The more I have, the more I feel, because there is no happiness to be found in them all."

I answer thee, poor trembler,—Take heart if this be thy case, for already I see signs of the dawn of a better life in thy soul. The first step to wisdom, is to know our folly; the first step to eternal

happiness, is to know our misery. I am glad that the Lord hath made thy sweet cups to be bitter, and thrust a thorn into thy nest. I thank Him that He has afflicted thee,—that He has taken away one joy after another; and left thee like a childless woman, or like one who hath been bereaved of her husband. I thank God for thy troubles,—not because I rejoice in thy misery, but because these trying experiences are intended to be huge waves to wash thee on the Rock. They are meant to be rods that shall scourge thee to thy Father. Doubtless, the rags and the swine's food, (the husks,) brought the prodigal to his senses; and thy sorrows are intended, in the hand of God, to be the means of bringing thee to thyself, that, afterwards, thou mayest be brought to Him.

Now, judge ye what I say, ye who are thus discontented and troubled. Who has made you so uneasy in your mind? Has Satan done it? Indulge not such a delusion; he is too busy rocking the cradles of worldlings, keeping them asleep. Nothing pleases him more than to see men satisfied with his wages. He is a tyrant king; and if murmurings be heard in any portion of his dominions, he immediately lays his heavy hand there. Satan, then, has not made thee discontented with the world, its honours, and its pleasures.

Dost thou think it is thine own heart which has thus troubled thee? If so, surely it would have been so always; but, years ago, thou wert perfectly contented. There must have been some change wrought in thee. Let us hope that it has been wrought by the Holy Spirit; thou shalt know better concerning that matter by-and-by. Already, I think I can say to thee, "Be of good cheer;" and if I cannot pronounce thee decidedly to be a child of God, yet would I give thee strong exhortations to trust in Christ and in His precious blood, for surely there are designs of love in God's heart towards thee.

Let our tried friend speak again. "Well," saith he, "I think I can go a little further than this. Though it would be presumption in me to say I am a Christian; yet I must say this, I cannot keep it back, I do desire to be a Christian, and there is nothing in the world that is so much the object of my ambition as that I may be saved from sin."

I am glad that thou hast said, "Saved from *sin*," for there are many sinners who wish to be saved from hell, who never will be saved therefrom; but to desire to be "saved from *sin*," is a blessed mark of the working of the Holy Spirit. The culprit dreads the gallows, but it is a question whether he hates the sin he committed in the murder. Every man, about to be punished, fears the punishment, but very few deplore the sin. But I have interrupted thee, so go on, my friend, with thy story.

"I desire so to be saved *from sin*, that I would give all I am, and all I have, to be able truthfully to say that I am a child of God. Sir, God is my witness, I speak now what I mean, and the tear is in my eye while I say it,—if I had the whole world, I would cheerfully give it up, if I might but know that I am a child of God. Yes, I would live on bread and water, and be willing to be shut up in a loathsome cell till death seized my frame, if I could but call Him mine. I have but one desire, 'Give me Christ, or else I die.' But if once I could say, 'My sins are

forgiven,'—if I could but say, 'He has loved me, and given Himself for me,' I think the joy would be almost too great for my poor heart, and I should die with excess of bliss."

Well now, soul, I am glad thou hast spoken like this, for I think I see not only the first rays, but the twilight of the rising sun. I am persuaded that the Holy Spirit "hath begun a good work in thee." For where, thinkest thou, did this desire come from? Did Satan set thee longing after Christ? Surely that would be a new business for him to undertake. If he were to do so, that would indeed be Beelzebub divided against Beelzebub, and how then should his kingdom stand? Do you think Satan ever will try to draw souls to Christ? That would be completely changing his nature.

Dost thou think these desires come from thyself? Then, let me tell thee that thy dunghill heart could never have grown such a plant as this, if the seed had not been sown by a Divine hand, stretched out from Heaven itself. Thou mayest desire morality, and other good things,—for these are within the scope of thy nature; but to be thoroughly desirous to be cleansed from sin, to be made like Christ, to be washed in His blood, to become a partaker of His nature, to be a true child of God,—to these things, nature cannot attain! As soon might swine want to study astronomy,—as soon might a fish wish to become an angel, and join, though dumb, in the song of cherubim and seraphim,—as thine unaided nature might desire to rise above itself, and become Christlike and Divine.

But I say to thee, and I speak by the guidance of the Holy Spirit,—Why hath God given thee these desires? Is it to tantalize thee, to mock thee with wishes He never intends to satisfy? Will God make thee thirsty, and then deny thee drink to quench that thirst? Dost thou think that God delighteth in thy misery so much as to make thee dissatisfied with this world, and set thee longing for another world, and then decline to give it thee? Think not so hardly of Him, but believe that, if He had meant to leave thee to thyself, these desires would never have come into thy soul. Certainly, if He makes thee long for Him, it is because He longs for thee; and if He sets thy mouth a-watering for the Bread of Heaven, it is because He intends to fill thee with it even to the full. So let thy desires encourage thee, and begin thou at once to hope.

But let me ask thee another question, and do thou honestly answer it,—Does it end in desire with thee? "Oh, no!" say you, "it does not end in desire. I pray whenever I can; I often get away alone, and pour out my heart before God; and beg and beseech Him to have mercy upon me. I tell Him I am a wretch undone without His sovereign grace; but, oh! sir, the heavens are like brass above my head. The door of God's mercy does not open to me; it seems as if, the more I knock, the more tightly the gate becomes closed, and my very knocking fixes it more firmly in its place. I do think prayer is of very little avail for me; I have asked, but the blessing has not been given to me; and, sometimes, I almost resolve that I will give up prayer as hopeless; and then I return to it, and say that I will die praying. If Christ does not hear me, I will never cease to cry unto Him. I will be like blind Bartimæus, and say, 'Jesus, thou Son of

David, have mercy on me; and if my doubts and fears, like the disciples, should bid me 'hold my peace,' I will 'cry the more,' 'Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!'"

Ay, poor heart, I know well this state of experience, for I long groaned under it. For many bitter years, I sought for peace, yet found it not; those years were full of the curse and of despair, and my sad spirit lay grovelling in the dust; albeit I can now rejoice with "exceeding joy." I thought prayer was a waste of words; I imagined that, in another man's case, it might avail; but, in my case, it was of no use at all,—till I heard a godly woman say, she "never would believe there was a person, either in this world, or in the next, who would dare to say that he had sought Christ with all his heart, and that Christ had refused to save him." I determined in my heart I would say that, for I thought it was true; yet I have never said it, for, ere the untrue words could be uttered, I trust I found Him,—yea, I know I did.

And so shall it be with you; the time of love shall come. Give one more knock, poor Mercy, though thou art fainting at the gate. Up! take courage! Does the great dog howl at thee? It is not the Master's dog; he is not set there by Christ to frighten thee. Give another knock, and the door shall be opened to thee, and the porter shall say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?" Continue in thine expectation of the answer to thy supplication, for it shall come at last. There is not a soul in hell that ever truly sought Christ; never was there one, who truly prayed to Him, and who finally said that He did not answer his prayer.

Let our trembling brother speak again. "Ah!" saith he, "you put me a little in heart; and since you encourage me, I will speak out once again. Sometimes I have a faint hope of joyous times,—I am able to 'touch the hem of His garment' with my finger,—and then I am happy, because I think He may be mine after all. But these seasons are, 'like angels' visits, few, and far between;' and they are very short. Yet one thing I know, though I would not be so bold as to say that I really am an heir of Heaven yet, what little hope I have, I would not give up for all the world; and even in my darkest times, I can say, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

'Twas bravely spoken, brother; and dost thou not see that thou hast defeated thine own fears by what thou hast just now said? It is strange how, sometimes, the fears of God's people, which are very troublous to them, appear ludicrous to others. Going to see an old lady once, one who had often told me that she had "no hope of Heaven," and could not believe herself to be a child of God, I asked her distinctly, "Do you really mean to say that you have no hope in Christ?" She replied, "I have not any." So I took out my purse, and said to her, "I will give you a five-pound note for what hope you have." She opened her eyes in astonishment, and said, "I will not sell it for a thousand worlds." I enquired, "Sell what?" She answered, "My hope." I said, "You silly woman, you told me that you had not any;" and still she persisted in saying she had no hope.

I knew a brother in Christ, who was able to get rid of a poor woman's fear when she was dying. "Sir," she said, "I am afraid I am

a hypocrite; I have no love for Christ at all." He said nothing, but he walked towards the window, and took out of his pocket a piece of paper, and wrote on it, "I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ." "There, Sarah," said he, "sign that." She read it, and said, "Sir, I would be torn in pieces first! I could not sign that." "Well, but it is true, isn't it?" he asked. "No, sir." "But you said you did not love Him." She replied, "I thought I did not; but when you put it like that, I dare not say I do not, for, at times, I hope I do."

It is a wonderful thing that, when men are drowning, and their strength is almost gone, they clutch with great tenacity the plank that is thrown in their way. So the poor soul, that is sinking into the grave, holds on, with a grasp full of force, to that which before he did not believe he possessed.

In martyr days, those who died the most bravely were often those who thought they could not stand the test; while some who said, "If Mary burns the Protestants, we can bear the fire,"—recanted. Cranmer who, when he burnt the Baptist maid of Kent, in signing the warrant, told Henry that "burning was an easy death," recanted,—though afterwards he also did nobly die for the faith;—while that poor maid did not sink in the fire, though often full of doubts, and vexed with fears. So hath God ordered it that "when we are weak, then are we strong;" and, sometimes, those who seem to be the strongest prove to be the weakest.

I remember an instance of a young woman, who wished to unite herself with the church, and, according to custom, she was to come to the church-meeting, and give her testimony for Christ. The minister asked her a question, but she could not answer a word. Then he put it in another form, yet still he could get no answer. At last, he said to her, "My good sister, it is impossible for us to receive you, unless you give us some evidence of your faith in Christ." As she did not speak, he bade her retire; but as she was doing so, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I could not speak for Christ, but I could die for Him!" "Come back, come back, my sister," said the minister, "that will do; that is a good confession." She was received into the church, and lived consistently with her profession. And many of those, who may not be able to say that Christ is theirs, will be found among those who have the best hold of Him,—clasping Him most firmly, as a child will cling to the mother's bosom when the night is the darkest, and as our sons, when most in fear of falling over the cliff, tighten their grasp of us. Be not afraid, poor timid soul; these "fears" are perfectly consistent with the existence of faith in thy soul.

Let us hear our trembling friend again. "Well," saith he, "now you are getting my secrets out of me, I must say, once again, I dare not take all this comfort to myself, for I feel myself so unworthy, and so full of sin; and one thing makes me think I cannot be a partaker of the life of God,—it is this,—I am not what I could wish to be. Do you know, sir, I strive to keep from sin, yet I cannot? I am anxious to keep from it. 'To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not.' Often do I pray to God, and struggle in prayer, and think I never will sin again; yet I go out, and sin just as I

did before; then am I grieved and pained to the very quick, so that I cry out, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' I feel like two men,—one good, the other evil. I seem as if I had within me both an angel and a devil. There is a stern struggle as to which of these two shall get the upper hand; there is a perpetual warfare. My heart is like a case of knives, cutting each other. My soul is like a battlefield, rent, and torn, and covered with blood. There is a conflict of two armies within me; can I really be a living child of God if I feel like this?"

You have asked a question which is very easy for me to answer. Would you feel like this, if you were not a living child? Would it be possible for a dead man to know anything about a conflict? Do you imagine, if your body were dead, that you would feel pain? There must be life where this conflict is going on. I tell thee, man, this contrast was not always there. Once the tide ran in one direction, now the two tides meet, and there is a desperate whirlpool in thy spirit, sucking down thy comfort, and seeming to drag thy soul to the lowest hell. The language I used just now is thine, and it was the language of the apostle Paul; and as he used it, and thou dost not doubt that he was a true believer in Christ, surely thou mayest use it, and be a believer, too.

These conflicts are not only consistent with grace, but they are the results of grace. Dost thou think that darkness shall be driven out of thee without an effort? Will Satan lose a soul without a struggle? Did not even the Bourbon king, when he had gained a little courage, seek to release a liberator? And dost thou imagine that thy sins will give up their throne without disputing, inch by inch, for the mastery? In every Christian, it is a hand-to-hand conflict. Sin proclaims "war to the knife" with grace; and, on its part, grace has drawn the sword, and flung away the scabbard. None are so much like reprobates as those who have religion in their heads, but who never know the conflict that the godly experience. "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel." These are the careless ones, concerning whom it is said, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion;" but blessed is the man who feels a conflict raging within his soul, and who longs for the time when sin shall be overturned, and Jesus Christ shall be all in all in his heart. I say, then, that these conflicts should be a ground of joy and comfort to thy soul.

"Well," saith our friend, "though I have thus talked of conflicts, it is but fair to say, as I am unburdening my heart, that sometimes I have little gleams of joy,—like lightning flashes across a black tempest-cloud;—and sometimes I see a great light, which dazzles and confounds me; and when I look again, it is quite gone."

Will you tell me, from thine own honest heart, when do these joy-flashes come?

"They come, sometimes, when hearing a comforting sermon; when sitting in the house of God, and listening to the voice of the man who preaches 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified,' I feel that the Gospel is the only balm for my wounds;—and, sometimes, when the good

Samaritan pours in oil and wine, and binds them up, I do indeed feel great joy."

And dost thou think this would be the case if thou wert not being dealt tenderly with by Christ Himself? Thou dost rejoice in the very things in which God's people rejoice,—when Christ crucified is lifted up; but thou wouldst never rejoice in this if there were not in thine heart some secret love towards Him. When else art thou glad?

"To tell the truth, I am very glad when I see others converted. If I never shall be saved myself, I do rejoice that Jesus Christ is being glorified in the salvation of others. Nothing pleases me more than to hear of some being 'plucked as brands from the burning.' I sometimes pray that God would bless others; and if I never go to Heaven myself, I feel that I must praise Christ for what He has done for others. It is so gracious on His part to bleed and die for rebels, who did not love Him, that I must admire Him for that, even if I have no share in it myself.

My brother, you are indeed getting on; you have let out a secret, this night, showing that you are akin to the angels of God, for they "rejoice over one sinner that repenteth." Thy heart is in tune with the harps of angels; and if so, will God send thee down to howl with devils? It cannot be. He that hath taught thee to praise His love and grace, in the conversion of others, will teach thee to run up the higher notes of the scale, and thou shalt yet say, "He hath loved me, and given Himself for me." In thy personal interest in Christ, thou shalt soon rejoice; this I do verily believe. When else are you glad?

"I am glad, sometimes, after overcoming a temptation. When I have come home, and thought I have lived as I ought to live; when I have checked my hasty temper,—when I have not spoken harshly to someone who has spoken harshly to me,—when I have gone out of my way in order to do a kindness to others, who have done no kindness to me,—when I have schooled myself to be like Christ, and in the effort have felt glad,—not as the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was not as other men are,—I was not thinking of other men just then, but I felt glad because I thought, perhaps God the Holy Spirit has wrought this work in me, and possibly it is a proof that He is dwelling in my soul; and, O sir, when I do but think that Christ loves me, my soul is all on fire! If I have even a faint hope that He loves me, I am filled with joy,—though, when that hope is crushed, I go back to dust and ashes."

Poor soul! I see no reason why thou shouldst go back to thy sackcloth and gloomy dungeon, if ever thou hast had a victory over sin, and if grace has ever helped thee to overcome thine infirmities. Has God begun a work, which He will not finish? Has He laid the first stone of an edifice which He will never complete? Has He cast the shuttle over the web, and will He ever leave that fabric till He has finished it in the loom? Oh, no! believe that the first work is the pledge of the last work, that He who hath commenced the work will continue it until it is finished. Rejoice, then, if God has begun to be merciful unto thee.

*(To be concluded next month.)*



## Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"*The LORD thy God turned the curse into a blessing unto thee, because the LORD thy God loved thee.*"—Deuteronomy xxiii. 5.

HERE, my soul, in this most sweet assurance, thou wilt find thy Lord's one reason for all His dealings with thee, whether tender or severe. In this earthly pilgrimage, thou dost meet with so many experiences and providences that are inexplicable and mysterious that thou art apt to say, "Why this trial, Lord?" "Why this affliction?" "Why this disappointment of all my hopes and plans?"

Blessed be the Name of the Lord for putting into my lips such a full and amazing answer as is this precious word to all the questions wherewith a doubting heart or a feeble faith can vex me! It must needs be that my finite mind fails to understand the ways of God; but if I can believe that He *loves me*, this is faith's sufficiency. My heart, until thou hast learned the lesson of perfect trust, doubts and misgivings are sure to arise, and cloud thy fairest prospects. The darkness looks impenetrable when thou dost try to peer into it,—the rough places seem impassable when thy weary feet stumble over the big stones in the pathway,—the mountains of difficulty appear inaccessible when the mists of unbelief veil their true proportions. Verily, the Lord is a God that hideth Himself; and, oftentimes, His purposes are carried out on our behalf under cover of the thick clouds in which He enwraps Himself.

But what a bright star amidst the darkness, what a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path, are the blessed words of this Divinely-illuminated text, "Because the Lord thy God loved thee." It completely solves all doubts, it wipes away all tears, it is a specific for every fear, a refuge from every distress. No sweeter assurance could fill my trembling heart with joy, no softer restingplace could be found for a weary, heavy-laden sinner.

To know, of a surety, that all God's dealings with me are those of a loving Father towards a dear and well-beloved child;—to be absolutely certain that every sorrow conceals a blessing, because He has appointed it;—to look upon pain, and trial, and bitter experiences as the outcome of a love which is so infinite that I cannot fathom it;—this is to live in "the secret place of the Most High," this is to "abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

If we would but meet every affliction, be it small or great, with a brave confidence in our Lord's mighty love, and an unquenchable faith in His power, our trials would either vanish altogether, or be transformed into triumphs which would bring honour to our King.

"Crosses and trials all are right,  
And pain is sweet, and troubles light,  
When Christ my soul doth fill."

My heart melts within me, Lord, when, by Thy Holy Spirit's aid, I

can get even a glimpse of that wonderful love which Thou hast for me,—so undeserving and so vile. It does seem “too good to be true,” sometimes, that I, notwithstanding all my faults and failings, and despite all my hardness of heart and guilty indifference, should be the recipient of such free, unmerited favour. Lord, open my understanding as well as my heart, that my love may sun itself in Thine, and have a blessed realization of what the grace of God really means to my poor soul!

A present-day writer speaks very forcibly on this subject in the following words:—“The grace of God is the unhindered, wondrous, boundless love of His heart poured out upon us in a countless variety of ways, without stint or measure, not according to our deserving, but according to His infinite heart of love which I cannot understand, so unfathomable are its heights and depths. I sometimes think a totally different meaning is given to the word ‘love’ when it is associated with God, from that which we so well understand in its human application. We seem to consider that Divine love is hard, and self-seeking, and distant, concerned about its own glory, and indifferent to the fate of others. But if ever human love was tender, and self-sacrificing, and devoted,—if ever it could bear and forbear,—if ever it could suffer gladly for its loved one,—if ever it was willing to pour itself out in a lavish abandonment for the comfort or pleasure of its object,—then, infinitely more is Divine love tender, and self-sacrificing, and devoted, glad to bear, and forbear, and suffer, and eager to lavish its best of gifts and blessings upon the objects of its love. Put together all the tenderest love you know of, the deepest you have ever felt, and the strongest that has ever been poured out upon you, and heap upon it all the love of all the human hearts in the world, and then multiply it by infinity, and you will begin, perhaps, to have some faint glimpse of the love and grace of God!”

Glorious Lord, such measureless, wonderful love is indeed incomprehensible; but I ask that Thy gracious Spirit may strengthen the eyes of my mind that I may see something more of the glory and beauty of Thy rich grace, and that He may enable the hands of my faith to cling tenaciously to the everlasting consolation which lies in the fact of Thine eternal, unchanging, and covenant love in Christ Jesus! When, in response to the sceptical suggestions of my own evil heart, or the malicious insinuations of the enemy of souls, I can confidently say, “All this is because the Lord loved me,” it is evident that faith has quenched the fiery darts,—that I stand upon a rock which no powers of earth or hell can remove,—I am hidden in a pavilion unassailable by the craftiest foe;—I have an overflowing well of joy in my heart which no drought can dry up, and no impurity can defile.

How different would have been the conditions and conclusions if, on *my love for Thee*, had depended the comfort of my daily life, and the security of my soul! Alas, that I should have to say, “My love to Thee is unworthy of mention, so cold, so faint, so variable is it.” But Thine to me is an “everlasting love,” unchangeable, and full of tenderness and compassion. Had I a seraph’s pen, I might, perchance,

be able to set forth something of what my soul sees of the possibilities of my Lord's love;—

“But I fail, and falter forth  
Broken words, not half His worth.”

The sweet singer who said, “We must die to speak of Christ,” vainly tried to sound the depths of this ocean of grace. He found it bottomless; and never, till we “see Him as He is,” shall we “be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”

Now, my soul, from this time forth, decide thou to answer all the *whys* and *wherefores* which perplex thy life by the simple response, “Because the Lord loved me.” This will ensure complete deliverance from thy fears every time thou dost in faith use it; and thy Lord and Master will be greatly honoured by such a casting of thyself upon His word and promise. Canst thou imagine a condition more blissful than that of being so sheltered and surrounded by His love that no doubt, no fear, no questioning of His tender purpose can possibly touch thee to harm thee?

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One day, during my late severe illness, a few lines, written by one of my dear sons, conveyed to my heart a message of comfort which was very precious. The writer said:—“Just think, dear Mother, how amazed and perplexed the postman, who brings you this letter, would be if I addressed it as my heart prompts me to do! For ‘Westwood, Upper Norwood,’ I should substitute—

“‘IN THE SHADOW OF HIS HAND,’—

“for that is where you are, my dear one, and there you will be safely kept.”

The quaint idea took fast hold of me. I thought, at first with much amusement, of the letter-carrier's mystification, and wondered how he would escape from so curious a dilemma if it could have happened;—but, presently, my thoughts, like sea-birds hovering over their rocky home, settled down, and found instant safety and shelter by hiding in the high places of God's wondrous love, and nestling down on His faithful and sure promises.

I turned my weary head on my pillow, satisfied to be in the shadow of that great Hand, because the Lord my God loved me.

“So He giveth His beloved sleep,” somebody said softly.

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## In Memoriam—June 19.

**T**EXT for the day, June 19, 1901,—“More than conquerors through Him that loved us.” “We will challenge the angels in singing, when we see His face.”—C. H. S., in prayer at Conference, April, 1891.

## “*Semper Idem.*”

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN. —

(Continued from page 283.)

(d) *The Prophetical Books.*

The writings of the major and the minor prophets contain more definite affirmations of Verbal Inspiration than even the Pentateuch does. Indeed, from Isaiah to Malachi *there are, on an average, five references in each chapter* to “the word of the Lord came,” “Thus saith the Lord,” and similar claims of Divine authority; and *if such verses were withdrawn, the whole structure of the Prophetical Scriptures would fall helplessly to pieces.*

The Book of Isaiah commences, “The vision of Isaiah the son of Amoz, which he saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem, in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah. Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken” (i. 1, 2); and five more assertions of Jehovah’s authorship are found in his first chapter, while ten occur in the last chapter alone (i. 10, 11, 18, 20, 24; lxvi. 1, 2, 5, 9, 12, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23).

The solemn surroundings of the prophet’s ordination service, when the Lord said to him, “Go, and tell this people” (vi. 7—10); the frequent repetition of the suggestive phrase, “the *burden* of Babylon,” Moab, Damascus, Egypt, etc. (xiii. 1; xv. 1; xvii. 1; xix. 1); involving the conception of a man weighted down with a God-given message, and in tearful, awful haste to deliver his soul of it; and the emphatic denunciation of Spiritualism, (a much-needed warning for the present day,) “And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them” (viii. 19, 20);—all combine to show that Isaiah occupied a position of authority in no way inferior to that of Moses or Samuel.

The parallelism is even more clearly marked in the case of Jeremiah, to whom “the word of the Lord came, saying, Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the Lord put forth His Hand, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth” (i. 4—9). The Lord is described as speaking to His chosen servant ten times in this very chapter (i. 2, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 19); and almost every

subsequent one is prefaced by the declaration, “the word of the Lord came unto me, saying” (ii. 1; vii. 1; x. 1; xi. 1; xiv. 1; xv. 1; xvi. 1, etc.); beside being interspersed with many a “Thus saith the Lord” (ii. 2, 5, 9, 12, 19, 22, 29, etc.); and in Jehovah’s terrible denunciation of those who prophesy smooth things in His Name, whom He hath not sent, and in their coming doom, we find the Lord God’s own contrast between the false and the faithful messages, “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. Is not My word like *as* a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces? Therefore, behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal My words every one from his neighbour. Behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that use their tongues, and say, He saith” (xxiii. 28—31).

Concerning Ezekiel the prophet, who, in obedience to the Divine command, ate the roll given him of God, “written within and without” (ii. 9, 10; iii. 1, 2),—fit emblem of how the man and his message became incorporated,—the very definite statement is made, “The word of the Lord came expressly unto Ezekiel the priest, the son of Buzi, in the land of the Chaldeans by the river Chebar; and the hand of the Lord was there upon him” (i. 3); “and He said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee. And the Spirit entered into me when He spake unto me, and set me upon my feet, that I heard Him that spake unto me. And He said unto me, Son of man, I send thee to the children of Israel, to a rebellious nation that hath rebelled against Me: they and their fathers have transgressed against Me, even unto this very day. For they are impudent children and stiffhearted. I do send thee unto them, and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God. And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them. . . . And thou shalt speak My words unto them, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear: for they are most rebellious” (ii. 1—5, 7); and the Book of Ezekiel, like Exodus, Leviticus, and Jeremiah, abounds with “The word of the Lord came unto me” (vi. 1; vii. 1; xi. 14; xii. 1; xiii. 1; xiv. 2; xv. 1; xvi. 1; xvii. 1; xviii. 1; etc.); and in a very emphatic way the absolute guidance of the Holy Spirit is asserted, “The Spirit entered into me,” “the Spirit lifted me up,” “*the Spirit of the Lord fell upon me, and said unto me, Speak*: Thus saith the Lord; Thus have ye said, O house of Israel: for I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them” (ii. 2; iii. 12, 14, 24; xi. 1, 5, 24; xxxvii. 1).

About two hundred references to supernatural speech and intervention occur in Ezekiel’s mysterious experiences and prophecy, and it is absolutely impossible for any fair-minded critic to do otherwise than denounce Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel as lying prophets, if he believes their statements, reiterated again and again, to be erroneous and unfounded, since these men unreservedly claim to have been the mouthpieces of Almighty God, and stand or fall by the truth or falsehood of this tremendous assertion.

Daniel—to whom "God gave understanding in all visions and dreams" (i. 17; ii. 19, 28; ix. 22, 23; x. 14);—and who "understood by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, that he would accomplish seventy years in the desolations of Jerusalem" (ix. 2);—and who, in his remarkable confession, said, God "hath confirmed His *words*, which He spake against us, and against our judges that judged us, by bringing upon us a great evil: for under the whole heaven hath not been done as hath been done upon Jerusalem. As it is *written in the law of Moses*, all this evil is come upon us: yet made we not our prayer before the Lord our God, that we might turn from our iniquities, and understand Thy truth" (ix. 12, 13);—and who was shown "that which is noted in the Scripture of truth" (x. 21);—cannot have the Inspiration of his prophecies questioned by any believer who humbly accepts the supreme and authoritative endorsement of our Lord and Saviour, "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place (whoso readeth, let him understand)" (Matthew xxiv. 15). That the devil would fain, by all or any means, overthrow Daniel's testimony, we readily believe, since the rise and *fall of antichrist*, the "resurrection both of the just and of the unjust," and the triumph of Messiah on the cross and in the glory are predicted in an unmistakable manner (vii. 25—27; viii. 23—25; xi.; xii. 2, 3; ix. 26; vii. 13, 14); while the strangest and strongest evidence of his *Verbal* Inspiration lies in the fact that even this "man greatly beloved" was completely mystified and puzzled even to weariness and fainting by his successive visions, the meaning and trend of which he but imperfectly grasped and sometimes utterly failed to understand. "And I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things? and He said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed up till the time of the end" (vii. 28; viii. 27; xii. 8, 9).

Now that, under certain circumstances, it might be possible for a man of supreme intelligence and particularly retentive memory, to pass on, in an absolutely correct wording, such revelations as were given to him by God if he himself clearly apprehended their meaning, we do not deny; but that even a prophet could accurately predict future events, of which he stood confessedly ignorant, and which were utterly incomprehensible to him in many details, must be a sheer impossibility, except on the ground of a thoroughgoing and complete Verbal Inspiration. Human wisdom might, possibly, pass on occasionally the mind and will of God unsullied, but *it is utterly incredible that human ignorance could be the medium of such a revelation*. Men only think in words; and, surely, what they cannot understand, it is impossible for them to convey in language of intelligence to others.

How could David and Isaiah, for example, by any other possible theory of Inspiration, depict the mysterious sufferings of our Lord and Saviour, and the glory that should follow;—yea, record even the very utterances and anguish of the great Sufferer Himself? Think you that it was ever left to them to fill in the details of the tragic scene on Calvary in language of their own choice and pleasure? And following

out this same principle and line of argument, we find that, whether looking *backwards* into the mysterious past, as Moses did when unfolding the creation of the world, or Jude in alluding to the disputation *re* the body of Moses (Genesis i.; Jude 9); or *forwards* towards the unknown future, like Isaiah or Daniel (Isaiah xxv. 8; Daniel vii. 21, 22); or *inwards* to the great secrets of the heart of God or man (Genesis viii. 21; 1 Samuel xvi. 1); or *aroundwards* to the passing circumstances and incidents of national and social life, like Joshua and Elijah (Joshua vi., vii.; 1 Kings xvii., xviii.); or *upwards* to the glories of a reigning Christ and an opened Heaven, like Zechariah and John (Zechariah xiv.; Revelation iv. v., vii., xxi.); or *downwards* to the details of an anguished hell, like Isaiah and Peter (Isaiah lxvi. 24; 2 Peter ii.); there is a Divine needs-be, and absolute *sine qua non* for unsullied Verbal Inspiration.

At this stage, it seems appropriate and needful to give a clear and Scriptural definition of the term "prophet", which rather means a *revealer of the message, thoughts, and will of God*, than a mere predictor of future events, although the latter function naturally, and perhaps necessarily, constitutes to us the most striking if not the most important item of such testimony. Thus, for example, the ministry of prophets like Samuel and Jeremiah had almost exclusively a local significance; its particular and definite character dealing with Israel's relationship to and wandering from Jehovah, and His emphatic warnings and love messages to that elect people, while Moses and Haggai, (though also foretellers of coming sorrows and glories,) Nathan and Elisha, were simply God's mouthpieces to declare His heart and will in different experiences of national and private life (Exodus xiv. 1; Numbers xvii. 1; Leviticus xxiii. 1; Deuteronomy viii. 1; etc.; Haggai i.; ii. 1—5; 2 Samuel xii. 1—7; 2 Kings iii. 14—18; vi. 12). Thus also we find the New Testament prophet defined as one who "speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort;\* and in so doing conveys a direct and supernatural message from God Himself." "If any thing be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace" (1 Corinthians xiv. 30); and again we read, concerning "the mystery of Christ which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men as it is now revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit" (Ephesians iii. 5; see also ii. 20, and iv. 11).

Under such definite guidance, Barnabas and Saul were appointed to Evangelistic and Missionary work; and at Antioch, Judas and Silas "exhorted the brethren with many words, and confirmed them;"

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\* We need scarcely point out that there are no such prophets, any more than apostles, nowadays; nor are they needed, since then the New Testament Scriptures were unwritten, but now we have the fullest and clearest revelation of God's will therein. The foolish and illogical conclusion that, because prophets spake "to edification, and exhortation, and comfort," therefore those who speak "to edification, and exhortation, and comfort," are prophets, need only be thrown into a syllogistic form to reveal its absurdity. For example,—

All Englishmen are noble and handsome,  
 These men are noble and handsome,  
 Therefore, these men are Englishmen!

while, on the other hand, Agabus (no doubt a teacher as well) predicted future events, such as famine and Paul's imprisonment (Acts xiii. 1, 2; xv. 32; xi. 28; xxi. 11). In short, *in pre- and post-Pentecostal days alike, holy men of God spake as they were BORNE ONWARD by the Holy Ghost*" (2 Peter i. 21); and even unwilling Balaam, ignorant Saul, and unwitting Caiaphas, enemies of the truth, were compelled to utter words, the substance of which they did not comprehend, or, understanding, would fain never have proclaimed (Numbers xxii. 20, 35; xxiii. 12, 26; xxiv. 13, 16; 1 Samuel x. 10; xix. 23; John xi. 49—52).

As regards the minor prophets, their claim to supernatural Inspiration is easily established, since we find it written,—“The word of the Lord came unto Hosea” (i. 1); “The word of the Lord came to Joel” (i. 1); “The words of Amos, . . . Thus saith the Lord” (i. 1, 3, 6, 9, 11); “The vision of Obadiah. Thus saith the Lord God” (i. 1); “Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah” (i. 1); “The word of the Lord came to Micah” (i. 1); “The book of the vision of Nahum. . . . Thus saith the Lord” (i. 1, 12; ii. 13); “The burden which Habakkuk the prophet did see. . . . And the Lord answered me, and said. Write the vision” (i. 1; ii. 2); “The word of the Lord came unto Zephaniah” (i. 1); “In the first day of the month, came the word of the Lord by Haggai the prophet. . . . Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying” (i. 1, 2); “In the second year of Darius, came the word of the Lord unto Zechariah” (i. 1); “And the word of the Lord came unto Zechariah, saying, Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassions every man to his brother: and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart. But they refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears, that they should not hear. Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in His Spirit by the former prophets: therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts” (vii. 8—12); and, finally, “The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi (i. 1); this closing Book of the Old Testament Scriptures repeating no less than twenty-four times in fifty-five verses the majestic clarion utterance, which occurs also forty-nine times in Zechariah, “*Thus saith the Lord of hosts,*” ending nearly twelve hundred similar claims in the Prophetical Books, and about *two thousand* in the Old Testament Scriptures, that such writings are verily and indeed the actual words of the living God, as the Jewish philosopher Philo puts it, “Oracles having an unction from God;” or, as Josephus says, “according to Inspiration which comes from God.”

(To be continued next month.)

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## Our Own Men" and their Work.

XCI.—PASTOR W. KIRK BRYCE, OF NOTTINGHAM TABERNACLE.



WILLIAM KIRK BRYCE was one of the "batch" of students who entered the Pastors' College when the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon was lying seriously ill in the autumn of 1891. He is essentially a "Spurgeon's man"—owing, as he is ever forward to acknowledge, everything he has and is to-day, under God, to the Pastors' College.

Unequivocally and unmistakably Scotch, he, like many another of Scotia's sons who have left their mark on the world, owes much to and is "vera prood" of his mother; for was it not she who first pointed him to Christ, praying often with him as a child, and fostering in his mind childhood's dream of becoming a preacher of the Gospel?

Born in Deanston, Perthshire, thirty-four years ago, he was brought up a Presbyterian under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. Huie, of the Bridge of Teith U.P. Kirk,—a great admirer of Mr. Spurgeon, from whose sayings and writings he was ever fond of quoting.

Our friend's father died when he was only four years of age, leaving his mother with himself and two little brothers to provide for; and though this meant long hours, hard work, and much self-denial for her, the brave woman toiled on, finding time, amid all her cares and anxieties, to train her sons in the fear and admonition of the Lord. His mother's influence, thus early exercised, was a strong force in the formation of his character, supplemented as it was by the labours of his old Sunday-school teacher, a village carter, and a true man of God.

The turning-point in our brother's life, however, did not come until, having left the village home of his boyhood, and finding work in Glasgow, his steps were, in the providence of God, directed to the Govan Baptist Church, then under the care of the Rev. Jervis Coats, M.A., who has since had the degree of D.D. bestowed upon him by the University of Glasgow. Dr. Coats became a great attraction to the young man, his ministry being vigorous, manly, and well-informed. Without being able to quote even the text preached from on the occasion, one question fell from the preacher's lips which was rivetted on the mind and heart of young Bryce, and ultimately led him into light and peace. "Young man," said the minister, "what good work can you show when the Master cometh in His Kingdom?" Mr. Bryce thus speaks of this experience:—"I thought, 'Well, I have done nothing;' and, that night, my manhood was stirred to rise and serve

Christ. A few days later, I found Him to be my Saviour, Friend, Ideal. I owe, therefore, the actual beginning of my Christian life to the ministry of one of the most saintly, scholarly men in Scotland, although my mother and others had often pointed me to Christ."

Having been baptized by Dr. Coats, in November, 1888, and having joined the church, the old desire to enter the ministry gradually grew stronger within him, until at last application was made to Mr. Spurgeon to permit him to enter the Pastors' College. In reply, a brief three-line note was received from the President, saying lovingly that the application could not be entertained, but advising the applicant to keep on preaching. Two or three years passed, during which time Mr. Bryce removed to Edinburgh; never, however, relinquishing the hope of one day entering College.

In Edinburgh, as in Glasgow, his spare time was spent in mission work in the low parts of the city, labouring in conjunction with Mr. James Fairbairn, brother of the Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. "Jamie," as he was called, was ever a great favourite with the poor. Small of stature, with a wonderful gift of oratory, and possessed of great powers of physical endurance, "Jamie" would feel fresh after half a dozen meetings. Such training was invaluable to the young aspirant for the "pooipit", and it was during this period that the call to enter College at last reached him.

In September, 1891, he set out for London, full of enthusiasm, and was received, with other members of the same "batch," at Croydon, by the Vice-President, Pastor James A. Spurgeon, owing to the serious illness of the President. In January, 1892, the beloved Founder and President of the College went to be with the Lord, that heavy bereavement and irreparable loss casting a deep shadow and gloom over everyone, and not least over the men in College. Despite this great sorrow, however, Mr. Bryce speaks of the days spent within the walls of the "Coll." as among the brightest experiences of his life, and such as call forth his lasting gratitude and thankfulness to God.

His first pastorate, upon which he entered in 1894, was at Chatteris, Cambs., where he spent three happy and successful years. From the first, the favour of the Lord appeared to rest upon his ministry there; and though, when he went, the church was in a low state in every way, very soon a new era dawned, the congregation increased in numbers, sinners were converted to God, saints were roused and quickened, an old-standing debt was wiped off, pastor and people were drawn very close together, and the blessing of God cemented the whole. Mr. Bryce speaks of his experiences of "the fen country, and its folk," as of the happiest possible kind, and of the little church at Chatteris as having a warm place in his heart. When, ultimately, he left this sphere of service, the church and congregation testified, in a most handsome way, to the love and esteem in which they held their Pastor.

Quite unexpectedly, an invitation to preach in the Nottingham Tabernacle was received, and responded to. Naturally, this gave rise to thoughts of a wider sphere and greater scope; and when, in the providence and wisdom of God, a call to take the oversight of this work was received, it was, after much prayer, and in humble dependence upon God for the needed strength, accepted. The call was one which

a more experienced man might well have hesitated about accepting, for there were many drawbacks. A building to seat 2,200, some measure of internal dissension, an enormous debt, and a heritage of traditions one would naturally shrink from,—it required a man not only with strong self-reliance, but with stronger faith, a clear knowledge of what he himself believed, (not by any means a common thing!) and a power and forcefulness in setting it forth, which would carry conviction to the minds of his hearers. Above all, it required *a man who knew God*, and was an out-and-out believer in the power and efficacy of prayer; and one, therefore, who, believing himself to be in line with the will of God, would enter upon this great responsibility with the trustfulness of a little child. Such, we believe, was the case with Mr. Bryce; and unless our judgment has been mistaken, such the sequel has abundantly proved.

We can only briefly refer, in our limited space, to some of the evidences available. The entire building has been thoroughly cleaned and repaired, and the electric light installed at a cost of £1,000,—the whole expense having been met chiefly by donations sent to the vestry, on certain days appointed by the Pastor. The congregation gathering on Sunday evenings seldom numbers less than 1,500; and, on special occasions, such as anniversaries, etc., the Tabernacle is crowded in every part. The great debt of £5,000 absorbs over £200 every year for interest alone; and although the friends in fellowship are to be commended for doing all they can to reduce this great incubus, it is clear that such a burden must be a heavy drag upon the work, and very seriously hamper it, as, indeed, it has done for years past. The Pastor and his people are resolved to do all in their power to lower the debt, without recourse to any doubtful methods which are, alas! so often adopted in these days; and they are greatly encouraged by the fact that the liabilities are lower and more manageable now than at any previous period of the history of the church. Could not some readers of the “Sword and Trowel,” exercising their influence, get even a part of this debt taken over free of interest, so that an additional sum might be available for the reduction of principal? Possibly, some who are interested might send a contribution, and so help to set the church free to fulfil her proper mission in that great and needy city. Their aid will be gratefully welcomed by Pastor W. Kirk Bryce, 111, Waterloo Crescent, Nottingham.

The organizations in connection with the church are many, and are reported as being all in a thriving condition. The Tabernacle is a great centre for young people, and the building is open nearly every night in the week for some distinctly spiritual purpose. We rejoice also to know that the missionary spirit is fostered, and we trust that the church will, ere long, have direct representation in the foreign field.

Pastor Bryce is a strong believer in the Word of God as the actual power of God unto salvation. He has great faith in preaching, and holds it to be the Lord’s own appointed way of reaching the souls of men. “Preach Christ,” he says, “and folks will come and listen.” Such a gospel needs no stilts, whether they are made in Germany or Oxford. “The old, old story” has lost none of its force, and therefore modern methods, like modern thought, are left severely alone, for he

still believes that "the *old* is better." Conversions are frequent, and the Lord adds to the church daily such as are being saved.

Our brother is very greatly helped by his deacons, who are ever ready to support him in his work; and a special Finance Committee lightens his task considerably, by bearing the burden of monetary matters, so as to leave him free for preaching. Nor must we omit to mention Mrs. Bryce,—a "help-meet" indeed,—who ably and sympathetically supports her husband in all his manifold labours, and is ever anxious for the welfare of the church, and the best interests of the Kingdom of God.

The first four years have, in some ways, been particularly difficult, but they have also given opportunity for proving the rightness of the choice made; and we anticipate, with great hopefulness, many years of fruitful and blessed service for Mr. Bryce, with increased power and influence in the city of his adoption, should the Lord tarry, and our friend's life be spared. We believe he is one who will increasingly obey Paul's admonition to Timothy, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

WM. LAWRENCE TWEEDIE  
(Organizing Missioner, Open-air Mission).

## Another Day Out with "the Governor."\*

A REMINISCENCE OF C. H. SPURGEON.

BY LEO GRANGE.

THERE are several occasions, in my memories of C. H. Spurgeon, which are historic. All of them are pleasant; but these are memorable. I shall never forget him as he spoke for an hour or more on the Eternal Gospel at Exeter Hall; how I jumped up, and cheered him at the wrong place, and found myself alone; and the amused, kindly smile he gave me as he paused for a moment at my impetuous interruption, or as he preached once in the Tabernacle on the sprinkled blood, and made his great audience see everything he painted; but these are other memories than the one which is in my mind now. Perhaps I shall relate them later, if the Editor will let me, and I can get over my disinclination to write of the things nearest my heart.

I want to tell now, if I can, of our return visit to Cheshunt College.

The Cheshunt students had visited the Pastors' College, by invitation of the President, and a grand time we had together. It was one of Mr. Spurgeon's ideas to create an inter-College fellowship, beneficial to us and to our fellow-students. The friendships made then have lasted for years.

What memories crowd upon one at the mention of the name of Cheshunt! The men studying there were splendid fellows. They

\* See April "Sword and Trowel,"—A Day Out with "the Governor," (with a remarkable account of a wonderful cricket match,) A Reminiscence of C. H. Spurgeon, by Leo Grange.

gave us our first thrashing at football, and afterwards soothed our ruffled pride, and lifted us out of our abject humiliation (how deep it was, let a nine goals to *nil* defeat testify,) by their generous hospitality, and the assurance that we were a first-rate team! It was on the strength of that assurance that we went through the rest of the season, and plucked up heart to soundly beat our near and dear rivals at Regent's Park.

The surroundings of Cheshunt are idyllic. A man who does not become a poet there ought to have a good excuse. My scientific friend, whom I met there, told me the environment was perfect, but that there was no time for idle dreaming, (*pace*, ye poets!) for the educational requirements were stern and exacting.

When we heard of the invitation from Dr. Reynolds, what a scene of rejoicing there was in the College! But a shadow came with the light, for we were not sure if "the Governor" could go with us. He was at "Westwood" suffering agonies. None but those who came into close contact with him knew what a martyrdom of pain he suffered, and how heroically he bore it, and carried on his great work. My eyes grow dim now at the recollection of his coming to the Tabernacle, slowly creeping down the steps leading from the vestry to the pulpit almost on his hands and knees, and then preaching a glorious Sermon.

When we arrived at the station, Mr. Spurgeon was there, but his face was wan, and drawn with pain. His arm was in a sling made of black silk, and his form bowed a little as he leant heavily on his walking-stick; but, for all that, the old cheery smile was on his face for us all. As we looked, our spirits grew sad, for it was sunlight struggling through dark clouds of pain; yet, in our hearts there was a deeper veneration for God's great servant, for we knew that he was sacrificing much to be with us, to give us pleasure, and to do us good.

We received a rousing welcome. We had done our best to make the Cheshunt students feel at home in the best College in the world,—our dear old Alma Mater,—and now we were made to realize the generosity and brotherliness of Cheshunt. We paired off, and walked through the beautiful grounds, drinking in the loveliness of our surroundings.

Little Darton I heard talking the deepest doctrine; and Mentor—who deepened the sense of his wisdom by wearing glasses, which he declared he needed for vision, though, when the glass was one day abstracted, he seemed to feel no inconvenience, until reminded of it,—was in a dense argument about some occult meaning of the Greek verb "to strike" until he was struck upon the back, and told to "shut up." The rest of us were content to thank God for the sunlight and the flowers, and to waylay "the Governor" to get one of his cheery words and gracious smiles.

The way Jotham did this, was outrageous. He appeared to be a man in whom there was no guile; a beautiful simplicity dwelt upon his cherub face. But, "still waters run deep," is a truth the West country folk cannot fail to learn; it is drilled into them from earliest childhood as one of the essentials, so I ought to have been prepared;

but Jotham's depth was beyond me, as was his stillness. He would see "the Governor" coming, and begin to point, with the most earnest gesture, at a pansy; and he would not cease gazing at it until the crucial moment had come, when he would wheel round just in time to make it impossible for C. H. S. not to see him; and he was always rewarded. We were furiously indignant at him for his duplicity, but we forgave him for his great love, and imitated his most successful manœuvres at the first opportunity, which was both generous and profitable on our part. Nobody can tell how many smiles we stole that day, but *he* never missed them, and we were all the richer. The sun never misses the beams which gladden many a wayfarer's heart.

Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Reynolds took a great delight in one another's company. As they promenaded slowly up and down the garden walks together, they formed a strange contrast;—the tall form and the almost ascetic face of the scholar whose name will linger around Cheshunt, and in a wider sphere still, with a gracious fragrance;—and the shorter and more rotund figure and jovial countenance of the great popular preacher whose voice echoed over the world. How animated both their faces were as they talked in happy fellowship—each finding in the other a gracious helpful companion. I fancy I can see now—as I saw then—the tall Principal bending down, and listening to the beloved President's words; and the President, with his rare smile of assent or amusement, looking up into the Principal's face as, in turn, he listened to him. The conversation of Dr. Reynolds and C. H. Spurgeon, that day, would have been worth preserving.

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But the reminiscence of C. H. S. I want to record in my own way—I daresay it has been done before, but each man sees his own rainbow,—is to come. That which distinguished this from many another outing was the wonderful meeting of Professors and students in the beautiful Ezzie chapel belonging to Cheshunt College.

A great disappointment came to us at the commencement of the proceedings, for, though Mr. Spurgeon was on the platform, it did not appear, from his white, drawn face, and the look of pain in his eyes, as if it would be possible for him to speak. I believe it was stated that he would be unable to do so.

What a galaxy of "stars" was there,—most of them in Heaven now! Dr. Reynolds was in the chair; Dr. Henry Allon spoke, and our Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. The meeting was almost closed, and we felt it had been a great inspiration; when, at the very last moment, C. H. S. got up. How our hearts ached as we saw how heavily he was leaning upon his stick! Yet, in his pain, he had a message for us. I forget the words,—but the influence, the fragrance of that address will go with me to my grave. It was one of the supreme moments of my life when a man's word moulded mine, and a man's life quickened my heart's love for Jesus. It was oratory of the highest order, which cast a spell over us all; and learned doctors and tutors, as well as humble students, sat at his feet with tears in their eyes and a glow in their hearts. I have had many experiences of God's presence, but

never another like that, as the Spirit-filled man, with the pain-filled body, made us feel, in turn, the horrible nature of sin coming on us like a cloud of great darkness, and then the blessed love of God like sunshine enveloping our souls. God's love and God's grace were no meaningless words that afternoon; they were fragrant and mighty. God's love, that day, was tenderer than my mother's;—I lived in it,—rested in it,—was surrounded by it. God's grace had lifted me out of the past, with its horrible pit, and was pointing, with the finger of promise, to the better life before me. I find it hard to write calmly even now; but, then, I was swept by such a mighty tide of power as I had thought impossible. God's Spirit filled His servant, and filled His house. He commenced quite simply by quoting, as his text, two lines of Miss Havergal's hymn,—

"Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

It was all so simple, but so mighty. He not only made us see the beauty of consecration, but he lifted us up to it. He probed our very hearts until each one of us was ready to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

I fear the words of that unpremeditated address are lost, but the influence of it is not. I remember only the tremendous illustration with which the speaker closed. He described David coming to King Saul with the head of Goliath; and he did it so wonderfully that we could see the shepherd lad with the Philistine's great blood-red sword in his hand, and holding by the hair the trunkless head of the giant still dripping with gore. "Go," said he,—whilst his voice rang with passionate pleading,—"and in the same Name, and by the same strength in which David conquered, slay your sins, and bring their trunkless heads as an offering to your King."

Then he sat down, and a hush as of death fell on us. We saw the grim fight before us,—the sacrifices his words had revealed; but the song of the conqueror was in our hearts, and we were determined to go down into the valley where sin menaced our life, and overcome it in Jesu's Name, and for His sake.

I can remember nothing else about that day. I only know that I went out of that chapel a better man; with loftier ideals, and deeper consecration. What was true of me, was true of most who were there. A number of Cheshunt students met, I am told, and held a prayer-meeting,—which lasted until four o'clock in the morning,—wrestling with God for power to overcome sin, and for consecrating grace. That afternoon, C. H. S. reached thousands, for he impressed men—many of whom are still preaching,—with the sense of God and His beauty. Never before, never since, was I so mightily moved as in that small building. He spoke, I suppose, for forty-five minutes; I know not. It seemed to me only a few moments. I had no thought of counting time. I felt as if I were, all the while, in a mist of glory, in which God came very, very near. If for no other reason, many of us had that day, and ever since because of that day, to thank God for C. H. Spurgeon.

## Bush Life in Tasmania.

### VII.—A BUSH HEROINE.



**D**URING my pastoral visitation, having been put by the little daughter of the house into the front room, whilst she went to tell her mother that her minister had come, I turned over the leaves of an old album. When she came, I exclaimed, with glowing interest, "Ah! do you know Mrs. Harvey of Bicheno?" I had caught sight of the photograph of a face which, once seen, must be remembered. It was that of a middle-aged, delicate-looking woman, with—

"A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;—

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command."

The forehead was rather large for a woman, and well-formed, the eyes with a pensive, far-away look in them, the nose shapely, and the mouth well-set; the whole face unassuming, peaceful, strong,—*a saved face*, from the owner of which you might expect to find reverence for God, truth, kindness, high principle, and selfless action and courage.

"I should think I do," replied my friend. "She was very, very good to me when I was a girl;" and then, with much animation, she told me many instances of her hearty kindness which did good not even "by stealth," but, better still, with sweet unconsciousness of its fine quality, like the continual fragrance of a flower. It gladdened me to hear such beautiful and cordial testimony to a character so heroic, and yet,—

"Not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;—

a character that could spring into the very highest forms of unselfish



daring, and then subside into the "common round, and trivial tasks" of ordinary daily life. Gray tells us that—

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But no beauteous gem, even in Nature, ever escapes God's eyes ; and perhaps noble spirits, other than human, behold every lovely thing ; nor can any sweetness ever be wasted. It is our firm conviction that no beautiful, brave, and fragrant deed is ever vain, it cannot be vaporous, it has a solid quality in it, a preciousness that God carefully preserves for the coming age of gold and pearl ; or, to use the other figure, a fragrance which shall bless that land—

" Where everlasting spring abides  
And never-withering flowers."

Thank God, there is much that is Divine on the earth ; although we must sadly confess that there is much that is demonic. But we are not of those who think that the devil will have the best of it in the long run.

" I BELIEVE IN GOD."

\* \* \* \*

Bicheno is a pretty little township on the East coast of Tasmania. The curling waves of the Pacific Ocean roll incessantly upon its splendid beach, sometimes gently murmuring, sometimes with furious roaring. The music of the waves never ceases. Far back, the rugged mountains stretch from the shore, standing one above another, and clad to their summits in the dark green of "the forest primeval." In this romantic spot, our heroine lives her quiet life, daily attending to her duties as the village postmistress, greatly esteemed and admired. The last time we read of her, was in the public press. It was a hearty acknowledgment, by Australia's most noted meteorologist, of her intelligent enthusiasm in assisting him in reading and transmitting the results of the instruments at her station, by which he is able to give forecasts of the vagaries of the weather.

Many years ago, as she and her husband—a special constable for the district,—were returning home from a neighbour's house in the dark night, they dimly saw a figure at work in a potato patch. The man was addressed ; but, instead of replying, he took to his heels. The constable managed to intercept him. Mrs. Harvey heard a struggle, then it seemed to cease ; laying her child under the fence, she hurried to the spot, armed with a stout stick. The ruffian had her husband beneath him, and was battering his head with a stone. He was stunned and helpless, and making a gurgling noise. She cried to the brutal fellow to desist, but he was bent on completing his murderous work, and said that he would "soon stop the growling." In a trice, and with all her strength, she struck him on the head with an aim so true as to bring the villain to his feet in an instant, and as her cries as well as her stick were dangerous, he quickly decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and ran away. The red mark upon his head, and his blood-bespattered clothes, led to his speedy arrest.

At another time, on the beach, near Bicheno, a boat was found, high and dry, in which some sailors had absconded from a whaling vessel. Says the recorder of these incidents in *Sunday Biography*:—“A warrant had been issued for the apprehension of the runaways, and the police scoured the densely-timbered gullies and mountain ranges in all directions, but without success. One day, when out on horseback, Mrs. Harvey received information that men, corresponding to the description of the missing seamen, had been seen a few miles away. She immediately turned her horse in the direction indicated, and, riding quickly, soon came up with them. She succeeded in persuading them to accompany her, conducted them to Bicheno, and lodged them in the watch-house of which her husband was keeper.”

The next instance of her unselfish heroism occurred whilst the annual regatta was being held at Swansea, a seaside spot thirty miles distant from Mrs. Harvey's home. It was the hottest part of the year, and bush fires, fanned by a fierce wind, raged on every side. Most of the people had gone to the regatta. The crops and homestead of a widow, a few miles away, seemed specially doomed to destruction. Mrs. Harvey was apprised of the danger about midnight, and knowing that no help was near, this brave woman mounted a horse, and galloped off for her husband, who was on duty six miles away. Together, they fought the fire all night, and part of the next day,—brain and muscle against a flaming brainless fury. The scorching heat and the suffocating smoke made the struggle both stern and exhausting. In the end, skill and strength won the day. Mrs. Harvey continued at her trying task until she fainted; but, true to her sex, she did not swoon before the furious fire had been outmanœuvred, and beaten down, so that it could be easily kept in check. Thus, the widow's plot was saved from its greedy appetite.

Another incident has gained our heroine the title of “A Colonial Grace Darling.” A settler, not far from her home, had two sons who had gone fishing. The sea was too rough for landmen with a small boat. Another brother, to his horror, saw the boat upset; running with all speed to Bicheno, he called for Harvey and his boat. But the watch-house keeper, alas! was away from home. Two men were near, both inexperienced in boating; one was persuaded to do what he could as a rower, the other refused on the ground that his incapacity would endanger the lives of all. Mrs. Harvey courageously took the steer oar; she directed and encouraged her unskilful companions. Progress was slow, the heaving sea made the excited brother and his comrade bury their oars too deeply at one time, and miss the waves at another. Reaching the upset boat, after an hour's hard toil and mental distress, they found one brother clinging with the grip of death to the upturned keel; the other had disappeared. The trouble now was to get his apparently lifeless body into the boat, in that wild sea. Finding the frail craft was filling through the weight on one side, Mrs. Harvey threw herself to the other, and called to the men to fall back. This was the crucial part of their terribly dangerous task. They managed to get more quickly back to shore, and then, by the speedy adoption of methods for the resuscitation of the rescued one, his precious life was saved.

Heroism seems as natural as breathing to this intrepid woman. Every account we have heard or read of her shows her to be as modest, and retiring, and faithful, in the humdrum of daily life, as she is resourceful, clear-headed, and unshrinkingly courageous in its great crises. For neighbourliness, and all the homely virtues, as well as for the qualities that test the character in the tight places of life, Mrs. Harvey—loved and loving,—has not been found wanting. In “the bush”, such a woman—using the word in its most honourable and revered sense,—is “eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and a mother to the poor.”

I hate the spirit that makes woman the subject of constant joke, or, worse still, only speaks of her with a cynical tongue, not recognizing her holy mission, the noblest under the sun, to lift up with tender hands our poor world nearer to God and Heaven.

“Woman may err,—woman may give her mind  
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate.  
But for *one* woman, who affronts her kind  
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,  
A thousand make amends in age and youth,  
By heavenly Pity, by sweet Sympathy,  
By patient Kindness, by enduring Truth,  
By Love supremest in adversity.  
Theirs is the task to succour the distress'd,  
To feed the hungry, to console the sad,  
To pour the balm upon the wounded breast,  
And find dear Pity even for the bad.  
Blessings on women! In the darkest day,  
Their love shines brightest; in the perilous hour,  
Their weak hands glow with strength our feuds to slay;  
Blessings upon them! And if a man would shower  
His condemnation on the few that err,  
Let him be calm, and cease his soul to vex:  
Think of his mother, and for sake of her  
Forgive them all, and bless their gentle sex.”

J. E. WALTON.

### A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF “IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE,” ETC., ETC.

#### VII.—THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION.

LITTLE did I think, when writing my notes on the late Mr. Matthew Henry, that in two years King George would be firmly established upon the throne, and the first desperate attempt of the Pretender utterly defeated. So much, however, has been compassed in so short a time. Heads have fallen upon the scaffold; notably, Lord Derwentwater's;—a goodly gentleman, worthy of a better fate. It was a pity that such a man got mixed up in so bad a cause. A lovely home he had, by the side of the most glorious of the lakes of the North; a young wife, who pleaded in vain for her lord's life; and he risked all this for the sake of the Stuart, who would have rivetted the chains of Rome on the consciences of the people of these lands had he succeeded in reaching the crown. It is said that £60,000 was

tendered for the pardon of Lord Derwentwater. In after years, the story of his fate will be read with a sigh; but, then, he deliberately courted it, as did also that imbecile among generals, Mr. Thomas Forster, who lost heart at Preston, and proposed the capitulation that ended the rebellion. Forster, in the end, broke prison, and escaped, leaving better men to suffer.

The poor Lancashire boors and brave Highlanders, who ignorantly followed these men, only afterwards to be shot down in heaps, or left to starve in prison, and over whom many a tear has been shed in the dales and cabins of the North, deserved, in my judgment, far more pity, and could have laid a greater claim to leniency of treatment, than those educated gentlemen who knew well enough what they were doing, and who had wilfully misread every page of the history of the past seventy years. Rebellion is hazardous at any time; but when the hazard is on behalf of liberty, we are willing to stake our all on it. If that be so, should it not be made deservedly disastrous to men, who, with their eyes open, would place the future of a whole nation in the hands of a perjured race?

The memories of the Civil War, as I heard them from the lips of my Ironside mentor; the awful stories of imprisonment and brutal usage told by many a Puritan around the winter fires; the private studies I have myself made from Colonel Pickering's invaluable collection of books and papers, going back as far as the Lollard movement;—all convince me that the honour and happiness of my country consist in the union and the mutual charity of all Protestants; that the very foundation of freedom is liberty of conscience; and, while conceding that many holy men have belonged to the Roman Church, yet, because of its unwarranted spiritual assumptions, and its ever-coercive political character, never again must one of its adherents, or even a sympathizer, sit upon the throne of England; never again ought its tenets to prevail, so as to shape the policy of Church or State. England will be blind to her past if that ever happens. The Protestant Succession has so far been secured; may succeeding generations maintain it, for Rome and her Laudian imitators will never alter; they will, because of their cast-iron creed, be as dangerous to human liberty three hundred years hence as they are to-day.

\* \* \* \*

Queen Anne never loved Puritanism. All shades of Dissenters, even the Quakers, were continually extolling her great goodness; but her sympathies were with those who would have taken away what toleration had been granted. Everything that she could do to establish the power of the clergy, and to belittle her Nonconformist subjects, she did with all her heart. Early in her reign, she relinquished her right to "the first-fruits," presenting to the Establishment, out of her own purse, a sum of about £17,000 a year. In 1711, she persuaded the House of Commons to vote £370,000 to build new churches in London; and, at the end of the same year, she gave her consent to a Bill after her own mind, the well-known Occasional Conformity Act. This was a most insidious measure, for it provided that if, after any man's admission to civil or military office, he should be found in a conventicle, or in any religious meeting consisting of more than ten

persons, other than one conducted according to the rites and ceremonies of the Established Church, he should forfeit the sum of £40, and be disabled for the future from holding any offices. There is now on foot an appeal, headed by Dr. Calamy, for the repeal of this hated law. But all through the latter part of the Queen's reign, from the time of its passing, it weighed heavily on Nonconformists. Some, who loved the loaves and fishes of office better than the light of truth, conformed; others compromised by "taking the sacrament" now and then in the form prescribed by law, and for the rest of the time kept away from their own place of worship. Amongst this class was Sir Thomas Abney. This worthy man had worship at home for seven years, Dr. Watts acting as his private chaplain. Dr. Williams objected to such a line of policy. He held that it would be better for all Nonconformists to resign their offices than to keep them on such terms. My dear friend, Mr. Defoe, counselled a bolder and wiser course. He was in favour of a federative union amongst all Dissenters, and for constitutional opposition to such legislation. "Now is the time for them," said he, "to stand upon their own legs, and be truly independent; they will soon make circumstances recover, and the figure they make differ from anything they ever made before." No combined action, however, was taken, partly because there was but little real unity among the threatened sects, and mainly by reason of the tendency to let things drift till after the Queen's death, when it was hoped that full justice would be done to those who had thrown their whole weight on the side of the Protestant Succession. From this time, my dear friend Defoe, whom so few appreciated at his proper value, retired from the ranks of controversialists. He now amuses himself by writing tales; and if the manuscript he recently showed me sees the light, he will, I think, build up a more enduring fame out of the brilliancy of his imagination than out of the cogency of his reasoning. The controversies of this age may be but interesting relics in days to come; but tales of adventure are ever human, and thus ever fresh.

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The year that Queen Anne died was the most trying to religious liberty since the Revolution. The passing of the Bill for the closing of Dissenting Academies, and concentrating all education in the hands of the clergy, gave the greatest alarm. There is no doubt that the object aimed at was the destruction of the party that could claim direct descent, as to their principles, from the leaders of the Commonwealth; and, also, the bringing in of the Pretender. It is equally certain that the measure was framed by those two astute and utterly unscrupulous men, Bolingbroke, the atheist Secretary of State, and Bishop Atterbury. Such was the temper of the dominant faction in the House of Commons that the Bill was read three times in one day, and carried by 237 to 126 votes. In the House of Lords, the fight was much closer. Compton, the militant Bishop of London of my youth, now sleeping quietly, after his many contentions, under the aisle of his cathedral, was succeeded by Robinson, of Bristol, who cried out, in the Lords, during the debate, "Dissenters have made the Bill necessary by their endeavours to propagate their schism, and to draw their children to their schools and academies." Lord Wharton retorted that it was

an indifferent return for the benefit the public had derived from these schools thus to destroy them by Act of Parliament. But the jealousy of the clergy prevailed, so that the measure passed the peers by 77 votes to 72. A feeling, akin to what must have swept over Puritan England at the time of the enforcement of the ship-money, spread through the ranks of Nonconformists. They looked upon the Act as a deadly blow, aimed not only at themselves, but at the Protestant Succession also. The God, whom Bolingbroke denied, and whom Atterbury ignorantly worshipped, appeared soon, and marvellously, on behalf of His threatened ones, for, on the very day, Sunday, August 1st, when the measure was to come into operation, it became a dead letter. On the morning of that day, a strange thing happened. He, whom the Queen had called "Bold Bradbury," the pastor of Fetter Lane Congregational Church, was walking through Smithfield, when he met Bishop Burnet, of Salisbury, who was in London, as it transpired, on public business of the highest importance. Mr. Bradbury was pacing the street looking very much cast down. The Bishop, observing him, and knowing who he was, called him to his carriage. Dr. Burnet asked him why he seemed so troubled. "I am thinking," so Mr. Bradbury is reported to have replied, "whether I shall have the constancy and resolution of that noble company of martyrs whose ashes are deposited in this place; for I most assuredly expect to see similar times of violence and persecution, and that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause." The bishop tried to calm his fears, and told him that, as the Queen was expected to die any hour, he and other peers of Parliament were in town on the watch to make sure of the Protestant Succession. Dr. Burnet offered to send a messenger from court to Mr. Bradbury to give him the earliest intelligence of the Queen's death. That very morning, while the whole congregation was listening to an unusually impressive sermon, a stranger entered the gallery of Fetter Lane Chapel, and room was made for this remarkably late-comer right in the front row of seats. Sitting quietly for a few minutes, the stranger then pulled out his handkerchief, and leaning forward in view of the preacher, he let it drop over into the area. It was the concerted signal. Anne was dead. "Bold Bradbury" kept right on to the end of the sermon, making no reference to the Queen; but, in the prayer which followed, he implored the Divine blessing on King George the First. The sturdy Nonconformist makes his boast, now, that the first public proclamation of the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne was delivered from the pulpit of Fetter Lane Chapel.

There was only one man, in all London, who had the courage to propose proclaiming the Pretender. That was Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. Lord Bolingbroke was dumbfounded by the rapidity with which the friends of liberty acted on this memorable occasion. In a letter to Dean Swift, which has since come to light, he said, "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!" So, in the great mercy of God, was the freedom of this nation secured in an hour of imminent peril.

In the following year, the friends of the would-be Stuart king made their effort, with disastrous results to themselves. During this time of

upheaval, the Nonconformists proved what mettle the descendants of the persecuted were possessed of. A great concourse of ministers, all clad in black cloaks, waited on the King to congratulate him. "What have we here?" asked a nobleman; "a funeral?" Our friend, the redoubtable Bradbury, replied, "No, my lord; a resurrection." Dear Dr. Williams, dear for his services, and endeared in his old age by the charm of his life, headed the deputation. He lived long enough to see the rebellion crushed, and to know that, through it all, the Three Denominations, as they are called, had stood firm, and contended vigorously for the Protestant Succession. Now he, too, has passed away, dying in the January of this year, 1716; and thus another of the great worthies, who went through the days of the Revolution, has gone from us.

Dr. Williams was a man of extraordinary learning, and was well endowed for the carrying out of great designs. He founded a Library, in Red Cross Street, and Divinity Scholarships, which are likely to prove a great boon to succeeding generations of students. Dr. Williams followed the famous Richard Baxter as lecturer in Pinner's Hall. On the dark day in January, when Dr. Williams was laid to rest in Bunhill Fields, the public mind was full of the fate of the rebel lords, but a vast concourse of people assembled to do honour to the memory of the man who, through so many stormy years, both in Dublin and in the capital, had so bravely fought the battle of religious freedom, and had so forcibly expounded Divine Truth.

There are so many dangerous doctrinal tendencies developing, now that the great struggle against arbitrary government is over; otherwise, we might hopefully look to the churches to turn their energies to the evangelization of the population, so deeply steeped in ignorance and crime. Oh, that not only scholars and poets may adorn the churches, but that the order of evangelists may be revived, so that the poor may again have the Gospel preached unto them, and that the people who walk in darkness may see a great light!

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## Arabic Ailments and their Treatment.

THE founder of Islam mentions a charm or spell to cure a jaundiced eye, so, among his 400 ignorant followers, who came to us last month, it is no wonder that we met with some who had very strange ideas.

A respectable man assured me that, suffering from a pain in his stomach, he had been under treatment by a native doctor (a lady), and that, in her efforts to cure the pain, she had drawn out, through his skin, seventeen finger-nails, beside other things!

"I am a beggar," said one in rags, "and I want you to give me some advice about what I am to eat."

Another had been to several physicians, and still was deaf; but when we had taken curious black masses from his ears, he rejoiced greatly, and ceased then to wonder at his former deafness. So is it with their spiritual diseases; as you come to know Moslem history and superstition, you cease to wonder either at them or their unbelief.

"Come and talk to this man," said an Arab as I passed along; "*he* wants to hear what Jesus has done." Ah! that is a request we should

be glad to hear more often; that we may not so much change their religion, as give them a religion which will change them.

When in England, lately, I described the cactus bushes here as being of great height; but on my return, I was sorry to find that I was wrong in my idea concerning them; they gave me the impression of greatness because they were planted on high embankments. How like myself, I thought! How much we owe to grace and Christian training! Born among Moslems, should we have been any better than they are?

"May I drink milk?" asked an emaciated patient, the other day. "Yes, certainly," I hastened to reply. "But we haven't got any," said the man. It must be given to him if he was to have it; so, too, "the sincere milk of the Word" must be given to these people ere they can drink and live. Hence the need for all of us to follow, as closely as we can, our great Exemplar, of whom it is written that He went about all the cities and villages, teaching, and preaching, and healing.

Soussa, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## Brother T. L. Johnson.

THE happy face of BROTHER THOMAS L. JOHNSON must be familiar to

a large number of our readers, and we expect that many of them are aware that efforts are being made to provide the means of maintenance for himself and his wife now that he is able only very occasionally to conduct the evangelistic missions in which he has delighted to engage since he was obliged to return from Africa. We are sorry to learn that, thus far, only about one-fourth of the sum aimed at has been secured, so further efforts are necessary. It appears that some friends have objected to the plan of purchasing an annuity; so, in order to meet their wishes, it has been decided to accept annual subscriptions, or

donations from any who prefer not to give year by year. Contributions will be gratefully received by Miss Bluett, 271, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, London, S.W.; Mrs. Hind Smith, Hayward's Heath, Sussex; or Mrs. Richardson, Moyallon House, Gilford, County Down, Ireland.

The following brief summary of our brother's life and work compiled for the appeal, on his behalf, which was issued with hearty recommendations from Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Mr. R. C. Morgan (of *The Christian*), Mr. W. Hind Smith, and Mr. H. W. Maynard (Director of the Union Castle Steamship Company):—

"Thomas L. Johnson was born in slavery, of African parentage, in Virginia, in 1836; and continued in slavery till, at the close of the war between North and South, President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, on January 1st, 1863, finally abolished slavery throughout America. During this period, he had, by great perseverance, and in the face of many difficulties, taught himself to read and write; and in 1857, while still a slave to man, was savingly converted, and finding Christ as his Saviour, thus obtained his spiritual freedom. He was baptized, and joined a Baptist church. At the conclusion of the war, he went to New





York, where he found employment for a time as waiter in an hotel; and in 1866, left for Chicago, where, while employed by the Pullman Car Company, he found some mission work to do for Christ. In 1869, he took charge of a little church of coloured freedmen in Denver City, and afterwards of Providence Baptist Church in Chicago. But the longing of his heart was to go as a missionary to Africa, 'The land of his fathers,' as he loves to call it; and in 1876, he sailed for England, at the invitation of Mr. W. Hind Smith, and Mr. Edward Stroud Smith, for the purpose of taking a course of studies preparatory to engaging in work in Africa. After three months' mission work in Manchester, in connection with the Y.M.C.A. under Mr. Hind Smith, he entered MR. SPURGEON'S PASTORS' COLLEGE, in December, 1876, where he remained until he sailed for Africa, in November, 1878; but, after little more than a year's earnest labour on the Cameroons River, his health quite broke down, and he was compelled to return to England. Since that time, Mr. Johnson has been instrumental in arousing interest in the work of African missions, both in the States and in England, and has also been signally owned and blessed by God in the holding of evangelistic missions throughout England and Ireland, by which multitudes of precious souls have been led to decide for Christ as their Saviour. But his ministry has been carried on amidst much bodily weakness, and now it seems to his many friends that the time has come when some provision should be made for the future, when he will be unable to continue thus to labour for his Master, as it is mainly through the freewill thankofferings of those who attend his mission services that he has been able to support himself and his wife."

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## 1861—1901.

FROM EXETER HALL TO NORWOOD CEMETERY.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON still lives, and speaks to the church and the world, through his printed Sermons and books. He also lives in the hearts and lives of his spiritual children, whom he hath "begotten in Christ Jesus by the Gospel." The writer is one of many who will be his joy and crown in the day of the Lord Jesus.

In the month of January, 1861, I was "born from above" under his preaching at Exeter Hall, upon "The Christ of Patmos." I have purchased many copies of the Sermon (No. 357), and scattered them, with prayer that the Holy Spirit would bless the message to others, as He did to me. Soon after my conversion, the Lord used me to the bringing of my family to Christ; and they, in their turn, sought and found others. We have all, more or less, been engaged in Christian work ever since; in my case, altogether in mission work in the East of London for thirty-five years out of the forty.

I well remember dear C. H. Spurgeon's funeral; it was a day long to be remembered for the love and sympathy manifested by tens of thousands all along the route from Newington to Norwood cemetery. I felt that I had lost a true friend and father in Christ Jesus. I passed through the Tabernacle with the throngs who came to see his coffin, the sight of which awakened blessed memories in my mind. I followed the crowd to Norwood, and noted the blinds drawn down and shutters up almost everywhere. I saw even Roman Catholic priests bare their heads as the procession passed, for the great preacher had, by his noble life and work, won the esteem of both friends and foes alike. As we came near the cemetery, the crowds became so dense that hundreds of us, who were following, could not get near the gates. We felt much disappointed, but it could not be helped.

For years past, I have wanted to see the tomb of my father in Christ;

but have been prevented, until I was recently invited by a brother in the Lord, living at Anerley, to spend a few days with him. I went, and took the opportunity of going to Norwood to see the grave.

I was much impressed by the life-like face of the holy happy man, so full of love, joy, and outgoing of heart to all with whom he came in contact. I fancied I could again see him on the platform at Exeter Hall, with his two boys at his side; and that I could hear his opening prayer, so full of the Holy Spirit, laying hold upon the mighty God of Jacob, and bringing showers of spiritual blessing down upon the congregation. His musical and bell-like voice once more seemed to sound out the silvery notes of glad tidings of great joy through the crucified and risen Redeemer.

"The grace of God, that bringeth salvation," took fast hold upon my heart that blessed Lord's-day morning; and many times since then I have sung,—

"Oh happy day, that fix'd my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad."

Somewhat like Mary at the Saviour's tomb, I lingered in a spirit of musing and grateful reflection, calling up the past forty years, its joys and its sorrows, its sunshine and its shadow, the successes and the apparent defeats; they are among the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love God." I recalled the words of Moses to Israel, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness." While I was thus musing, the holy fire of God's love burned in my heart; and I blessed the Lord my God for ever leading me under the sound of the voice of His sainted servant, who has been used of God to the salvation of so many thousands of souls. Cowper's verses on the monument are indeed true of Mr. Spurgeon:—

"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.

'Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave."

Would to God that all ministers of the Gospel would stand by the blood-stained banner of the cross as did C. H. S. ! His voice seemed to sound in mine ear,—“My son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;” and, “Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.” What deep need there is for all God's true children to take good heed lest they become entangled with the many yokes of bondage that parsons and priests are so ready to put upon the necks of the Lord's people!

Thus, my first visit to C. H. Spurgeon's grave was quite a means of grace to my soul, reviving and refreshing my spirit. A gentle voice seemed to whisper, “he is not here, but he is risen;” then away in the spirit I soared aloft to the Mount Zion that is above, to the Heavenly Jerusalem, to the innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to God, the Judge of all, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant. Surely dear C. H. S. must be a bright and attractive figure among the saints and angels there, as he was among us down here. Thank God, he is well represented and kept in

the minds and hearts of thousands in the persons of his beloved wife, and her two sons, who are following in their father's steps as he followed Christ.

After spending about two hours at the grave, reading a Sermon out of the "Sword and Trowel," and lifting up my heart in praise and prayer, I left the cemetery, and made my way to "Westwood," as I was curious to see, for the first time, the beautiful house where Mr. Spurgeon lived so long. I had the pleasure of a little chat with Mr. Harrald, who told me of Mrs. Spurgeon's long and serious illness. I am sure she finds comfort in the apostle's words, "Whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation." There is no real sympathy with others unless we ourselves are called to suffer; it was so with our Divine Master, "for in that He Himself hath suffered being tried, He is able to succour them that are tried." Mrs. Spurgeon and her sons may rest assured that they are constantly remembered in the prayers of thousands who love them for their own sake, and also for the sake of the great and good Charles Haddon Spurgeon whose praise is in all the churches, and who, being dead, yet speaketh.

Spitalfields Gospel Mission.

JAMES SHARPLESS.

## 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.**

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have just published, at one shilling net, (post free, 1s. 2½d.) a small volume which should be the means of great blessing to those who are troubled either about temporal or spiritual affairs. It is entitled *The Book of Comfort*, and consists entirely of specially-selected Texts of Scripture, arranged for fifty-two weeks, each week having two pages allotted to it. The Preface says that "the compiler extracted these portions of the Holy Bible during stray quarters of an hour which occurred in a busy business life. He knew that there was not a trouble which can affect us mortals for which comfort is not specifically and directly provided in the Scriptures; and his effort has been to collect the passages, so that they may become familiar, and be easily found when wanted." He has made an excellent choice, and his book would be a most suitable present for all who are sick or sad, tempted or tried. It can be obtained at 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; of Messrs. W. Strain and Sons, Great Victoria Street, Belfast; or through all booksellers and colporteurs.

Friends who are going away, to the seaside or the country, may be the means of doing great good during their holidays by a judicious distribution of *C. H. Spurgeon's Tracts, Sermons, etc.*, which have been prepared with a view to widespread circulation. Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will send, post free, for 5s. 9d., ten shillings' worth of assorted Illustrated Tracts, Tracts on Gambling, Letter Leaflets, Sermons in coloured wrappers, Addresses to Business Men, Sermons to Sailors, penny and half-penny Booklets, and Mrs. Spurgeon's "Westwood" Leaflets. In ordering a supply, it will be well to state whether they are needed for the country or the seaside; and, of course, the cash must be sent with the order.

Only last month, we reviewed a half-crown volume of *Family Prayers for Four Weeks* (Nisbet and Co.); and now Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier send us a book of a similar sort, at the same price, entitled *Prayers for the Christian Home*, which has been issued by the authority of the Publications Committee of the United Free

Church of Scotland. There are morning and evening prayers for eight weeks, with special forms for particular occasions, such as bereavement, birth of a child, sickness, leaving home, holiday, etc. In the prayer "Before Communion," we notice the unscriptural expression, "the sacrament of the Supper;" and in the one "After the Baptism of a Child,"—the connection shows that it means the sprinkling of an unbelieving infant,—the petition is presented, "Bestow on him, we beseech Thee, the spiritual benefits represented by the holy sacrament of baptism." If that is not Baptismal Regeneration, it is Sacramentarianism, and it is certainly contrary to the plain teaching of the New Testament. Baptists must more strenuously than ever contend for the Scriptural doctrine of the immersion of believers only, and not give subjection, even for an hour, to those who would betray or decoy them into Dr. Parker's ideal United Congregational Church.

From the publishing office of the Presbyterian Church of England, 14, Paternoster Square, we have received the bulky volume which contains the *Minutes of the Synod* held recently in Regent Square Church, London, together with the Committee Reports and other papers then presented. There is a great mass of statistical and financial information, giving manifest proofs of progress in various directions, and many of the Reports from the foreign mission field are specially interesting and cheering.

We are not surprised to see that the shilling booklet by Rev. JOSEPH BUSH, entitled *Before Marriage, and After* (Charles H. Kelly), should have reached its seventh edition, for it is one of the most sensible, serious, and yet lively treatises upon "Courtship and Marriage" which we have ever read. If our young people would give good heed to Mr. Bush's "homely counsels" before taking

the decisive step, many of them might be saved from making a fatal mistake upon the important matter which will affect the whole of their after life. The booklet is equally adapted to young men and maidens; and parts of it are specially suitable for others who are contemplating matrimony, or who have already entered the married state.

A second edition of the handsome and well-illustrated 3s. 6d. volume, *Torch-bearers of the Faith*, by ALEXANDER SMELLIE, M.A., has been issued by Mr. Andrew Melrose, and we expect several more editions will yet be demanded. The author has given nearly thirty vivid sketches of saintly men and women, beginning with Ignatius and Perpetua, ending with Ion Keith-Falconer and Neesima Simata, and including Columba, Francis Xavier, Savonarola, Melancthon, Admiral De Coligny, George Fox, Ziegenbalg, Vanderkemp, Henry Martyn, Captain Allen Gardiner, and several more of those of whom the world was not worthy. Such a book as this will help to produce more "torch-bearers" of the same sort, and is worth more than hundreds of the silly stories that so many read nowadays. It should be in every Sunday-school and missionary library, and the librarian should take care not to let it lie long upon the shelf.

Another volume, issued by the same author and publisher,—*In the Hour of Silence*, a book of daily meditations for a year,—has also reached a second edition. We commended it when it first appeared, so we need only say now that, in its tasteful binding, with gilt edges, it would make a most acceptable present for a Christian friend; its price is 5s.

The pamphlet containing the *Annual Report of the Evangelization Society*, 21, Surrey Street, Strand, is always welcome; and this

year's issue is no exception to the rule. The service carried on by this Society cannot be too highly commended, and its influence upon our nation can scarcely be fully estimated. The spirit which animates the workers is indicated by the following extract from the Report:—

“Our greatest grief is that, in many of our churches and chapels, a living Gospel is not preached, and therefore we cannot be surprised at the decadence of spiritual life in England. It is a well-known and oft-repeated statement that one seldom now hears the unconverted addressed as such. . . . But, thank God, there are other and brighter aspects of the case. There are still those in *all* the churches who love the old Gospel, and believe that the Word of God is as able to work miracles of grace as in Apostolic or in Reformation days. They still believe, in spite of modern criticism, and all the fashionable semi-infidelity of the day, that the Book, the whole Book, and nothing but the Book, is required in the hands of Divinely-taught pastors, evangelists, and teachers, to ‘gather out a people from among the Gentiles,’ ‘to edify the body of Christ,’ and ‘to prepare a people for His coming.’”

The Annual Report of The Open-air Mission, issued at sixpence from 11, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., under the title, *Fresh Voices for the Heavenly Choir*, is full of interest. Among the many cases of conversion reported is that of a young man, formerly an inmate of the Stockwell Orphanage, who was led to the Saviour on his first visit to a racecourse. Dr. Handley Moule, in his appeal for the £3,000 required for this season's operations, says:—“Never was there so great a need of the work of the Mission, a work carried on in full fidelity to its first traditions of pure, simple, living, Gospel truth.” It is a thousand pities that such a service should be hampered and hindered

by lack of funds. We hope the perusal of this admirable, illustrated record of a truly remarkable year's work will be the means of largely increasing the income, and so enabling Mr. Cockrem and his noble band of helpers to extend still more widely the beneficent influence of the Mission.

A penny booklet, by ARTHUR H. CARTER, issued from 186, Aldersgate Street, E.C., bears the striking but not too strong title, *The Veiled Blasphemy of the “Higher” Criticism*. Indeed, he might almost have called it “the unveiled blasphemy.” The pity is, that this evil abounds even among those who are supposed to be orthodox; and any protest against their writings and utterances is like “the voice of one crying in the wilderness.”

Mr. H. C. Crawley, The Mountlands, Buxton, Derbyshire, sends us specimens of his *Buxton Leaflets*, 9d. per 100, post free, and a booklet, “*How may I become holy?*” one penny each, or 6s. per 100. All are worthy of being widely circulated.

From Messrs. Reeves and Lopez, Kingston, Jamaica, we have received two pamphlets,—*In the Beginning; or, Notes on Genesis; and Out of Egypt; or, Notes on Exodus*; by R. E. CLARKE. Two extracts will show how the author applies the ancient Scriptures to modern times. Writing concerning the offerings for the Tabernacle, Mr. Clarke says:—“Only *freewill offerings* were to be received; and if they were the only acceptable offerings to God *then*, they are certainly the only acceptable offerings to Him *now*. Money raised for the support of Christ's cause by compulsion, or by worldly and questionable methods, such as Bazaars, Garden Parties, Concerts, and other entertainments, to attract, and draw money out of the pockets of godly and godless alike, under shadow of the excuse that the free-will offerings of God's people are

insufficient to defray the expenses of the church, can only dishonour His Name, and bring a curse instead of a blessing upon the church that resorts to such measures. 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' and these things are manifestly the fruits of unbelief, inasmuch as it is a turning to the world for that help which God has undertaken to grant to His faithful people."

Upon the subject of national judgments, the author writes:—"The four hundred years' cruel bondage of Israel in Egypt was a national sin which was now to receive national punishment. Our own country, England, has been guilty of some dark and terrible national crimes,—not the least of which have been the Opium War in China, and the Boer War in South Africa,—not to speak of the almost universal vice and intemperance, pride and atheism, that prevail within her own borders, and the apostasy to Romanism and Rationalism in the National Church. 'Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: and shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation as this?'"

A booklet which deserves wide circulation, is entitled *John Mann, and the Battle he Fought*, by BEAU-SEANT. Alas! the closing paragraph has not yet come true:—"The war ended, *from the rising of each individual Christian of all parties to demand its cessation.*" Possibly, that happy result might be hastened if all believers in Christ would read this trenchant tract, which can be obtained for 3d., or 100 copies for £1, from Mr. W. H. Brown, Sibford, Banbury.

*Working for God.* By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

ANOTHER of the soul-stirring little volumes which this beloved servant of the Lord has been so graciously guided to write. It is sure to be highly valued by all Christians who desire to work for God along the lines He has laid down, and in the

strength He delights to impart. Never was there a time when the Church of Christ more needed such a message as this book contains. Happy will she be if she will give heed to it.

*In the Far East.* By GERALDINE GUINNESS (Mrs. HOWARD TAYLOR). Morgan and Scott.

THE terrible events in China, last year, have created a new demand for this missionary classic, which gives a more vivid idea of Christian life and labour in the interior of China than is contained in any other volume with which we are acquainted. There is much new matter in this third edition, which is freshly illustrated with many admirable modern blocks, and which, in addition to excellent photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor at the time of their marriage, has a charming colotype portrait of the esteemed authoress. Mr. Spurgeon greatly enjoyed reading the first edition of this work, and he anticipated that it would be the means of leading many missionaries to "the Flowery Land." No doubt, a similar result will follow the widespread circulation of the present volume, which contains 80 illustrations, and a large map of China brought down to date, and is published at 3s. 6d.

*As the Chinese See us.* By T. G. SELBY. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is a startlingly brave and candid volume, written by one who has lived in China, and seen what evils have been wrought there by our godless civilization. We wish the men of blood and grab, who are perpetually boasting of our superior morals, and our right to force them by the sword upon others, could be induced to read this capital little book.

One sentence, descriptive of many professed Christians, given by a Chinese politician, is, alas! only too true. "When told that they must apply the great Sermon of

Jesus to international relationships, like mice as the cat enters, they run into hiding, gasping in excuse, 'The Golden Rule is for *private application only*, in small and carefully-weighed doses.'" And again, later on, the same speaker says of Jesus Christ, "Our chief allegation against Him is, that He is claimed as the patron-god of your many political delinquencies."

It is a fine piece of righteous outspokenness, and we warmly advise its purchase and careful reading.

*Savonarola.* By Rev. G. MCHARDY, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A WORTHY tribute to a wonderful man. The subject is one of the most attractive and romantic; and the treatment of it, of considerable literary power.

We wish our younger men and women would master this thrilling story of Florence's greatest citizen; there would then be little fear of Rome's cunning or cruelty ever again having sway in this land. To know what Rome, as a political power, has been, and as a religious despotism, has ever aimed at, is to be armed alike against her blandishments and her threats. No story shows her insatiable thirst for blood, more than this that tells of how she tried to kill one of the noblest of her sons, and succeeded at last in accomplishing her diabolical design.

Protestantism could do no finer work than spread this book, and urge its careful study. It is a very admirable portraiture of a true hero.

*Henry Drummond.* By CUTHBERT LENNOX. Andrew Melrose.

THE fascinating figure of Henry Drummond is again brought before us in this biographical sketch. "Cuthbert Lennox" is evidently a pseudonym; but the author, whoever he may be, is not only an ardent admirer of his hero, but evidently has had intimate acquaintance with him. We suppose the

materials for a thoroughly satisfactory life of Drummond do not exist. There is nothing particularly fresh in this volume, though many details of things we knew in a general way are given to us. Inevitably, much of the ground covered in Dr. Adam Smith's memoir is again traversed here.

To us, the most interesting chapter is that entitled "Misunderstood." We learn that Drummond's "Programme of Christianity"—which, by his friends, was taken as an evidence of growing breadth, and, by his critics, as a sign of increasing heterodoxy,—was, in fact, written before "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." We must suppose that Drummond never tried to reconcile his diverging views. That he was misunderstood in any degree, was largely owing to his own silence. In his own thinking, he evidently put but little emphasis on that which is to us the most essential fact of the Gospel,—the Atonement of Jesus Christ; and, in his teaching, he laid much stress on the doctrine of Evolution, which, in a letter quoted in this volume, he speaks of as "that far-from-proved, possibly never-to-be-proved, but mere working-hypothesis, to be superseded soon, I hope, by something more 'fulfilling.'"

The bibliography, at the end of this book, will be precious to Drummond lovers. No one, who ever met the man, but admired him for his Christ-likeness, and simple love to God and men; but he attempted to do the impossible, and grieved many earnest Evangelical souls in the attempt. We can only hope that "the good" he has done may live long after him, though we cannot help fearing that "the evil" was not "interred with his bones."

As proof of our careful reading, we may say that there is a misprint on page 46, and another on page 57.

*The Author of "The Peep of Day."*  
By Mrs. F. B. MEYER. Religious Tract Society.

THOSE who know "The Peep of Day," and its companions, "Line

upon Line," etc., (and what childhood has not been brightened and helped by them?) will be glad also to know something about Mrs. Mortimer, the author of those books. Here is a short and interesting memoir, full of dainty touches, readable and sufficient. Perhaps the most interesting thing in it is the glimpse which it gives of the early life of Cardinal Manning, and of the efforts Mrs. Mortimer made, in her younger days, to lead him to faith in Christ.

*Johnston of Warriston.* By WM. MORRISON. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

ANOTHER volume of the "Famous Scots" Series, and an excellent volume to boot. The renowned Covenanting lawyer, enthusiast, and patriot, is too little known even to students of Free Church history. But this brief biography should do something to keep alive and precious his memory.

The story of his martyrdom for conscience' sake, and for the purity of the Gospel, deserves to be perpetuated; and we trust this terse tribute to him will help to this end. Scotland does well to revive these hallowed records of her best and noblest lives, and all other Britons will do well to join her in knowing the history of their heroic doings and darings.

*Health at Home.* By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. Second Series. The Religious Tract Society.

THESE practical papers on health subjects are worth their weight in gold. Clear, simple, full of valuable experience, they cannot fail to instruct and richly benefit all who will follow their counsels. The Tract Society is doing most Christly work by these popular little volumes that deal with the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. Dr. Schofield knows and boldly teaches that only the Gospel is the complete remedy for man's woes; but he is eager to get men and women to live sober, clean, and

wholesome lives. For his splendid Manual we have nothing but the warmest praise.

*Advice to Twentieth Century Business Juniors.* By PHI RHO CHI. Horace Marshall and Son.

A CLEAR, shrewd book of solid, wise advice, to all young folks engaged in business life. It touches on almost every subject necessary to success; and, if heeded, must greatly aid the inexperienced. There is no waste verbiage, but the author goes to the very core of his subject at once, and utters his valuable experience in terse, suggestive sentences.

The very book to give to a youth or maiden who is going out to begin life's strenuous duty. It should secure a large and welcome circulation.

*The Seven Deadly Sins.* By Rev. J. STALKER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

LIKE all that Dr. Stalker writes, this booklet is full of suggestive teaching, helpful inspiration, and devotional feeling. All the shrewd commonsense of the "canny Scot" is here, *plus* the cultured and reverent spirit that comes of persistent Bible study. Though ethical from the first page to the last, the ethics are permeated with Evangelical savour, and will produce Christian "good works."

*Fruitful or Fruitless.* By the late Rev. EDWARD HOARE, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A GRACIOUS exponent of the Evangelical faith, was Canon Hoare of Tunbridge Wells. These extracts from his sermons, culled after his death, scarcely do him justice; but they are worthy of attention, and they will be valued by all who knew the man, whose living presence lent soul to words which sometimes seem somewhat meagre, though they are always true to the old Gospel so dear to the hearts of God's faithful saints.



*The Ancient Scriptures and the Modern Jew.* By DAVID BARON. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS work, which consists of two parts, is an excellent example of judicious reasoning from the Word of God with a view to the establishment of Messianic truth. Distinctly Apostolic in its patient interrogation of Scripture, and in the evident desire to be faithful to the Canon of the Word in its forthsetting of Israel's Messiah and Israel's national future under Christ's latter-day reign, it is not less of value in its present-day view of Israel's condition and divided councils.

We have been much struck by the solid Scriptural knowledge of the author, sharpened by Hebrew learning, and deeply set in reverence of spirit. The reader will find that nothing is rushed, and that every care is taken to secure clearness and cogency.

Of the first Part, we would especially commend the chapter on "The Interregnum and Afterward;" and in Part II., the chapters dealing with "The Church's Mission to Israel," "Anti-Semitism," and the trenchant reply to the "Anglo-Israel" view.

While calculated to be useful to Gentile Christians in many ways, we trust that, under God, this work may lead at least some Jewish enquirers into the light of Gospel day. Its chief value lies in its adaptation as a means to that end.

*The Young Squire's Resolve.* By WALDO GRAY. T. Fisher Unwin.

A THRILLING story, picturing, in vivid language, the evils of strong drink and priestcraft, which, in different ways, are hastening on the ruin of our beloved land. The author has a fascinating style, which rivets the reader's attention from the first page to the last. There are many tragic scenes, both in England and the Pyrenees, and a charming love-*idyll*, which ends in the most orthodox fashion. The circulation of the volume ought to help to open the eyes of any who are at all involved in the great drink

curse or in the Romanism which is spreading so rapidly in the Church of England. The only weak part of the book is the attempt of the Evangelical clergyman to give a good reason for the Popish practice of baby sprinkling.

*From an Invalid's Window.* By HETTIE TRAVERS. Religious Tract Society.

THE title of this half-crown volume does not describe what, to us, is by far the most interesting portion of its contents;—that is, the story of the birds that lived such happy lives in the invalid's room. We can quite understand their owner's grief at losing them one by one, for they must have been the means of making her often forget her pain; and her record of their antics gives more than a hint as to the way in which other sick-rooms might be brightened by the presence of trained and uncaged songsters. We notice that one suffering bird is said to have been put out of its misery by an "anæsthetist." We suppose the word intended is anæsthetist.

*The Springs of Character.* By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ONE of those very rare books, dear to the busy reader, that are clear as sunlight, and yet strong, to the last degree, with philosophy of the most practical order. Seldom has it been our happy lot to read so stimulating and convincing a volume. It is a perfect mine of information; and, better still, of rich suggestion, to all who seek to instruct others; and if carefully studied, will produce the richest results in life and action. We earnestly wish that every Sunday-school teacher might have a copy, not to skim, but to thoroughly master. It would make in itself a splendid equipping for the training of the young. We give it warm welcome and unreserved commendation. It is philosophy made fascinating.

## Notes.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has been greatly comforted by the many kind and grateful letters which she has received from friends who have rejoiced to read again, after so long an interval, her "Personal Notes on a Text." One of them is of so special a character that we are glad to be able to give an extract from it. The writer, who is the wife of one of "our own men," says:—

"I am sure you will be interested and cheered to know that your 'Personal Notes' in June 'S. and T.' have been much blessed. A member of our congregation has been laid aside with typhoid fever. We cut out your Notes, and gave them to her husband to read to her. It was indeed a message from the Lord to her. She has told us, since, that she had given up hope; but the loving words written by you were used to give back to her the joy and assurance she felt she had lost, and from that time she has surprised the doctor and all her friends. Not only was her soul cheered, but her husband, and the nurse (who means to hand your beautiful words on to her other patients,) were greatly helped.

"We are more thankful than we can say to see your own pen at work again. The first thing we look for in the 'S. and T.' is a word from you. How we thank God for sustaining you through all your long weariness and weakness!"

Mr. Kilburn has been travelling through Bohemia and Moravia, and visiting Silesia; and in the course of his journeys has learned much about the poverty and piety of the Christians in those lands, and of their self-denying pastors and teachers. He is more than ever impressed with the remarkable opportunities for the circulation of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in those countries, if only sufficient funds are available. On receiving Mrs. Spurgeon's permission to arrange for the regular publication of the Sermons in the *Czech* language, Mr. Kilburn wrote to her:—

"On behalf of the many friends who will rejoice over the fact that you are going to give them the opportunity of spreading so many of these Sermons among the people amid

whom they work, and on behalf of thousands into whose homes they will come, I thank you warmly. I feel sure that, if you and Mr. Spurgeon's friends in England could see what I see, and hear what I hear, your joy in the good work you are thus doing would be increased a hundredfold. If only the means can be found, I will gladly arrange for translations into *Slovenian*, *Kroatian*, and *Polish*. The openings in the last of these languages are striking and very distinct. Please ask all the friends to pray for this poor, suffering, needy land, and for this new effort to help to save its teeming thousands."

In a later letter, written after his tour, Mr. Kilburn says:—"One thing is quite clear to me; that is, that there is a wide opening for these Sermons everywhere. One cannot go where Mr. Spurgeon's name is unknown. Everywhere, hundreds would be glad to get and to read something from him. Away up in the mountains in Eastern Bohemia, a Christian worker told me that the Jews there would willingly read Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons if he could give them to them. I have reason to believe, too, that the Sermons would gladly be read by many State Church pastors, and be likely to do much to influence their preaching. The opportunities of issuing the Sermons in different languages are almost unlimited."

The Honorary Secretary of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY asks us to intimate that the annual meeting will (D.V.) be held on Monday, July 1, at 6 o'clock, when the President, Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, hopes to be present to receive parcels of clothing or material suitable for sending to poor ministers and their wives and families. At last year's gathering, nearly 700 garments were brought in; and the Committee will be very grateful if there are as many, or even more, on this occasion, as the need for the Society's operations is as urgent as ever.

On Friday afternoon, May 24, a large company of the members of the LONDON CITY MISSION assembled at

the Tabernacle for their annual communion service, which was of a peculiarly solemn and impressive character. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, prayer was presented by Rev. R. Dawson, B.A., one of the Secretaries of the Mission, and a special address was delivered by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, which was greatly enjoyed, not only by the missionaries in the area of the building, but also by the many friends who had been admitted to the first gallery.

On Tuesday evening, June 4, another special gathering was held in the Tabernacle,—a praise meeting for the converts at the Simultaneous Missions. Large numbers of these attended, with many others who had cause to offer praise, and the proceedings were of a very enthusiastic and hearty character. Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., occupied the chair, and the three missionaries of the National Council of Free Churches—Rev. J. Tolefree Parr, Mr. W. R. Lane, and Gipsy Smith, all gave earnest and powerful addresses. A thankoffering was taken on behalf of the Mission Funds.

COLLEGE.—Two more students have accepted pastorates,—Mr. W. W. Butcher, at the Tabernacle, Great Yarmouth; and Mr. J. Haydon, at Boroughbridge, Somersetshire.

The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. J. Beaupré, from Wrexham, to Wincanton; Mr. G. Curtis, from Handel Street, King's Cross, to Fenny Stratford; Mr. T. I. Stockley, from Hendon, to West Croydon; and Mr. C. Welton, from Morley, to Kirkstall, Leeds.

*In memoriam.*—Another of our brethren—*Mr. W. J. White*—was "called home," at Tokio, Japan, on May 2. As no direct information concerning his illness and death had come, and knowing that he had been for many years the agent of the Religious Tract Society in Japan, the Editor wrote to the Rev. Prebendary L. B. White, D.D., and received the following kind reply:—

"My dear Sir,  
"I am sorry to be unable to give you any detailed account of Rev. W. J. White's illness and death, as only the barest announcement of them has reached us. He had been seriously out of health for a considerable time,

and at last had to submit to a very serious operation. From this, however, he recovered; but it left his constitution enfeebled, and he was unable to resist an attack (I believe, of influenza,) which was the immediate cause of his death. His removal is felt to be a great loss to the cause of Christian Literature in Japan, where his ability and great knowledge of the language, united to his missionary zeal and experience, made him a most valuable worker. He was looking forward to coming to England, with Mrs. White, in the hope that a year's rest here would, by God's blessing, re-establish his health; but it was not so to be. He has entered into a better rest.

"I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"LEWIS BORRETT WHITE,  
"Secretary."

Our deepest sympathies go out to the esteemed lady thus bereaved, and to all the members of our brother's family.

A friend informs us that our Brother Wotton has not left any fatherless children to mourn his loss, as his only child was "called home" before he was. The information supplied to us was evidently incorrect upon that point.

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Ladds asks us to repeat the notice given last month concerning the orphans' summer holidays:—"We have a goodly number of children whose relatives are not able to receive them during the vacation in August. It will be a great joy to us if friends can offer to take them for the whole or part of the time, we paying the railway fare if necessary." Communications with regard to this matter should be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

This year, there was a new departure, in connection with the Annual Festival, by the arranging for a rehearsal of the children's portion of the proceedings on the preceding day, —Wednesday, June 19,—the actual anniversary of C. H. Spurgeon's birthday. The experiment proved thoroughly successful, as a large number of invited guests and other friends were able to enjoy the various items upon the programme without the crushing necessarily inseparable

from the great crowd on "Founder's Day." The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon), the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), and most of the Trustees were present to receive the company, who first partook of refreshments, and then went round the Institution on a tour of inspection. After marching round the grounds, the orphans were assembled upon the central platform, and sang to the great delight of the audience. An exhibition of physical education and musical drill, which was to have taken place in the open air, had to be transferred to the Memorial Hall, on account of the rain. The various exercises, by both girls and boys, were seen to even better advantage indoors, and evoked most enthusiastic applause. Towards the close of the proceedings, the President expressed the great joy it had given to him and his Co-Trustees to welcome the friends, and to receive their generous help, and asked Mr. Ladds to report the total reached up to that point. From the Secretary's statement, it appeared that there had come in by post £209 2s. 6d., and friends at the rehearsal had contributed £118 14s. 6d., making together £327 17s.—a very good beginning for the Festival. The meeting was fittingly closed with the Doxology, and prayer by the Vice-President.

The Festival itself—on June 20,—was largely attended, and in every way a success. The receipts were necessarily affected to some extent by the contributions on the Rehearsal Day, but the grand total was exceedingly good. The unsettled state of the weather tended to reduce the number of friends present; although the proceedings were not much marred by rain. The numerous items on the lengthy programme were all carried out most satisfactorily. In addition to the features with which visitors to previous festivals are familiar, there was a display of musical drill by a company of girls, which, equally with the boys' exercises, reflected the utmost credit upon the painstaking instruction of their teacher, Mr. G. A. Matthews.

At the two great public meetings in the Memorial Hall, the chair was ably filled by W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P., and F. F. Belsey, Esq., J.P., both of whom bore testimony to the undying influence of Mr. Spurgeon, and, indeed, all the speakers did. The

President and Vice-President took part in each of the gatherings; and on both occasions Mr. Ladds read the balance-sheet, which was of a most encouraging character, as our readers will see when it appears, with the Report, in next month's Magazine. The speakers—representing the Church of England and Nonconformity,—were Revs. John Bradford, E. H. Ellis, E. Henderson, A. T. Kinnings, R. Cynon Lewis, George Martin, and H. Woffindin, M.A. Altogether, there is much for which to praise the Lord, both for another prosperous year in the history of the Institution, and for one more happy celebration of the anniversary of the beloved Founder's birthday. Nearly 5,000 friends were present, and the receipts on the day amounted to £500.

**COLPORTAGE.**—A new District has recently been opened at Harden, near Bingley, Yorkshire. Mr. F. Rannister, after several weeks' trial, has been appointed to carry on the work, and it is hoped that a really good and permanent agency will be developed.

The Egham District, formerly worked by Mr. H. E. Cole, is now entrusted to Mr. Jesse Sayer, of Rams-gate, who we trust will be both a successful colporteur and a fruitful soul-winner.

The reports from most Districts, with reference to the recent Conference, convey the sentiment that it was a time of much enjoyment and spiritual blessing, and a means of great refreshment to the brethren. A provincial pastor, who was a visitor upon the occasion, and who has evinced much interest in Colportage work, writes:—"I think the Association may be well satisfied with its men; they are, taking them all and in all, as good a body of Christian workers as are to be found anywhere."

During the month, the Secretary has been a visitor at the meetings of the Southern Baptist Association at Southsea. No less than seven colporteurs are connected with this Association, and the Moderator of the Assembly kindly arranged for the visitor to give a brief address to the ministers and delegates present.

Encouraging reports have been coming in during the month, telling of blessing resting upon books sold as well as upon special visits made to the sick and dying. One brother tells the following story:—"I had been

asked to officiate at the funeral of a little child. Arriving at the house, I conducted a short service with the assembled family, the mother being unable to go to the grave, and we felt the Master's presence upon the occasion. After waiting for the undertaker in vain, I undertook his duties at the home, afterwards acting as bearer to the grave, and then attending to the interment, for which I had

come prepared. Thus I had to become all things in carrying on the Master's work."

Contributions to the Colportage General Fund are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—May 30, eleven.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1901.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Proceeds of lecture by Pastor C. Spurgeon at Bromley Road Tabernacle, Lee, per Pastor J. W. Davies	5 0 0	Collection at Gresham Baptist Chapel, Brixton, per Mr. J. Forward	2 4 6
Mrs. E. Barrett	1 0 0	Collection at Woolwich Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Wilson	7 6 0
Contribution from Bunyan Baptist Church, Kingston-on-Thames, per Pastor G. Wright	3 3 0	Collection at Erith Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. E. Martin	3 0 0
Pastor R. Wallace	5 0 0	Contribution from Southgate Baptist Church, per Pastor A. Poole	0 4 0
Pastor W. Mann	0 5 0	Contribution from Earlsfield Baptist Church, per Pastor A. J. Payne	0 13 6
Collection at Wellington Street Baptist Chapel, Luton, per Pastor W. J. Harris	9 12 7	Collection at Cecil Square Baptist Chapel, Margate, per Pastor B. Brigg	5 18 10
Contribution from New Brompton Baptist Church, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	3 6 0	Rev. John Burnham	2 2 0
Mrs. Henry Towns	1 1 0	Contribution from Hornchurch Baptist Church, per Pastor F. C. Morris	0 10 0
Mr. T. S. Price	4 4 0	Contribution from Waltham Abbey Baptist Church, per Pastor G. H. Kilby	1 1 0
Mr. W. Mills and family	7 7 0	"Anon."	0 7 6
Collection at Theydon Bois Baptist Chapel, per Student-Pastor A. Anderton	1 10 0	Mr. Giles Shaw, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1 1 0
A friend, per Miss E. Bradford	1 0 0	Pastor E. P. Wright	0 5 0
Pastor A. Hewlett	0 2 0	Contribution from Hertford Tabernacle Church, per Pastor M. Ashby	1 6 8
One who loves the College	0 5 0	Pastor W. Holyoak	0 5 0
M. H. B. S.	0 10 0	Pastor G. D. Cox	0 2 6
Mr. F. L. Edwards	15 0 0	Mrs. S. Dale	1 0 0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6
Contribution from Foot's Cray Baptist Church, per Pastor W. D. Ross	9 5 0	Offerings at Met. Tab., from May 15 to June 14	55 18 6
Collection at Ramsden Road Baptist Chapel, Balham, per Pastor T. Greenwood	8 3 5	Mrs. H. Keevil	10 0 0
Pastor W. H. J. Page	0 5 0		£177 6 6
Collection at West Street Tabernacle, Crewe, per Pastor T. B. Field	0 15 0		
Contribution from Wynne Road Church, Brixton, per Pastor Z. T. Down	2 2 0		
"Anon."	4 0 0		

Amount acknowledged last month as Mr. and Mrs. Harden, £5, should have been Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren, £5.

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1901.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Bow Road Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Cooper	2 2 0	For Christ's sake	0 5 0
Mr. Giles Shaw, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1 1 0		£3 3 0

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1901.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Office box	...	1	2	0	Mr. W. Graham	...	1	0	0
Miss M. Davies	...	1	0	0	Pepperstock Sunday-school, Luton,	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. A. Sizeland	...	0	9	0	per Mr. A. Hewson	...	0	10	0
"Amicus," per Mr. W. Cartwright	...	0	15	0	Mrs. Booker	...	1	1	0
Rev. James Smalley	...	0	5	0	A Suffolk friend	...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Cooper	...	0	5	0	Mr. James Wilson	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. De Witte	...	0	1	9	Mrs. Hewkley	...	1	1	0
Miss E. Garnish	...	1	1	0	Mr. W. J. Ponder	...	1	1	0
Mr. A. G. Beeton	...	0	2	0	Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	...	0	3	6
Mr. W. Linklater	...	0	5	0	Per Mr. F. H. Alden:—				
Mr. W. Jeeves	...	0	5	0	New Road Baptist Sunday-				
Mr. T. Merry	...	1	0	0	school, Oxford	...	0	15	0
Belle Isle Bible-class, per Mr. W.					New Road Baptist P.S.A.	...	0	11	6
Colbert	...	2	0	0					
Miss E. Higgins	...	0	2	6	Anonymous:—				
Mr. Geo. Hicks	...	3	10	0	General fund	...	3	0	0
Mrs. Critchel, per Mr. Geo. Hicks	...	0	10	0	Instead of a legacy	...	25	0	0
Mrs. Leaver	...	0	5	0					
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	...	0	5	0	Mr. B. Nicholson, J.P.	...	1	1	0
Mary Campbell	...	0	1	0	Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	...	0	16	10
Mrs. L. Cox	...	0	1	6	Mr. W. F. Lamb	...	0	10	0
Old Baptist Church Sunday-					T. G. A., Hastings	...	0	4	0
school, Guildford, per Pastor W.					H. J. M., Walthamstow	...	0	5	0
Chisnall:—					Mrs. Rennard	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Parson's box	...	1	0	0	Miss E. J. Dixon	...	1	0	0
Young Men's Bible-class	...	0	5	11	Sympathy, Dursley	...	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class	...	0	8	3	Mrs. Jones, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	...	1	0	3
Girls' box	...	1	2	10	Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.	...	5	0	0
Boys' box	...	0	16	6	Market gardener	...	2	0	0
Infants' box	...	0	13	8	Postal order, Manor Park	...	0	2	0
Odd halfpence	...	0	0	2	Collected by Miss Blayney	...	1	10	0
					Mr. J. Phillips	...	0	5	0
		4	7	4	The Misses A. J. and E. Gould (in				
Trustees of the Delmar Charitable					affectionate remembrance of our				
Trust, per Mr. Hy. Verden	...	5	5	0	dear father's birthday)	...	3	0	0
Mr. J. W. Green	...	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Taylor	...	0	17	6
Nemo	...	0	10	0	Postal order, Welshpool	...	1	0	0
Mrs. T. C. Bishop	...	0	5	0	For the orphans, stamps	...	0	2	6
Stamps	...	0	10	0	Mr. D. Boyd	...	1	0	0
Rien sans Dieu	...	0	2	6	Sandwich, per Bankers	...	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Meredith	...	0	5	10	Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Brown	...	1	0	0	Bank of England Note, No. H/8 32959	...	5	0	0
R. B.	...	0	7	6	Mrs. Hogg	...	1	1	0
Mr. L. Manger	...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Proctor	...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Keylock	...	0	6	0	J. B. C.	...	1	0	0
M. C., Hillfarrence	...	0	5	3	Mr. J. Mee	...	0	3	0
A lover of Jesus	...	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Heasman	...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	...	0	3	0	The Trustees of the Thomas Porter				
Mrs. Riching	...	0	5	0	Equipment Fund	...	15	0	0
Mr. R. W. Moore	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Horton	...	0	0	6
Mr. F. Flanders	...	1	0	0	Mr. James F. Pullar, per Pastor T.				
Postal order, Camden Square	...	0	2	6	Spurgeon	...	100	0	0
Mrs. Walter Howard	...	2	0	0	Miss McKibbin	...	5	0	0
Mr. R. Johnson's dinner-table box	...	1	0	0	Mr. A. Wells	...	2	2	0
Mrs. Gearing	...	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. H. Thompson	...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Raynor	...	0	2	0	Per F. R. F.:—				
Mr. H. S. Jones	...	0	1	6	Mr. J. Benson	...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pillman	...	1	1	0	Mrs. J. Benson	...	0	10	0
Miss J. Pearce	...	0	5	0	Miss Benson	...	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Jones	...	2	0	9	Mr. C. Benson	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Coad	...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith	...	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Benson	...	0	2	6	Mrs. F. J. Blight	...	0	5	0
Major-Gen. L. R. Christopher	...	1	0	0					
Mr. W. Ward	...	0	2	6					
Richmond Street Sunday-school, per					Mrs. M. Banks	...	2	15	0
Mr. W. R. Everett	...	15	0	0	Scots Gap	...	0	5	0
Beaully Sabbath-school, per Mr. R.					Collected by Mrs. E. Lumley	...	0	7	6
MacLean	...	0	12	6	Collected by Mrs. Lang:—				
Mr. W. J. Eldridge	...	0	10	0	Mr. A. Beckingsale	...	0	5	0
South Street Baptist Sunday-school,					Mr. F. Beckingsale	...	0	5	0
Greenwich, per Mr. W. H. Alby	...	3	3	0	Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	...	2	0	0
Mrs. Collingwood, per F. R. T.	...	0	5	0					
Collected by Mr. W. Dixon	...	0	12	6	Mrs. Dodwell, sen.	...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. A. Palmer, J.P. ....	5	5	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton ....	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Simonds ....	0	10	6
Mr. W. Cowslade ....	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis ....	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ravenscroft ....	0	2	6
	7	5	6
Mrs. E. Jefferys ....	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Spall ....	0	9	6
Collected by Mrs. Older ....	1	10	8
Miss E. Milroy ....	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Oxenford ....	0	13	0
Mrs. G. Howes ....	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wood ....	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Clover ....	0	5	0
Sermon readers, Helensburgh	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat ....	2	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Pears ....	0	3	0
Mrs. Curtis ....	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Marsh ....	2	0	0
Dr. C. Y. Biss ....	1	0	0
Mr. T. Arnold ....	1	0	0
Postal order, Stoke Newington	0	5	0
Mr. J. Smith ....	0	10	0
Miss M. Hayward ....	0	10	0
Mr. I. Holborow ....	0	10	0
Stamps, Burton, Westmoreland	0	1	0
Postal order, Dewsbury ....	0	2	6
Postal order, Shrewsbury ....	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Read ....	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith ....	0	3	6
Collected by Miss J. Permain	2	18	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Ham	0	10	0
Mr. J. Leiper ....	1	0	0
M. H. B. S. ....	1	0	0
Mrs. Newland ....	0	2	6
A. and M. ....	2	0	0
Mr. G. Shaw, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Dale ....	1	0	0
A poor widow ....	0	1	0
Miss M. McEwing ....	1	0	0
Mr. J. Mackenzie ....	1	3	8
Executor of the late Miss S. Whetstone	219	3	6
From the estate of the late Miss G. I. Small	2	6	8
Executor of the late Mrs. Ratley	100	0	0
MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—			
Newton Avenue Baptist Church, Acton	4	6	9

	£	s.	d.
Mare Street Chapel, Hackney:—			
Proceeds of meeting ....	6	5	10
Collected in Sunday-school	4	0	4
	10	6	2
Kennington Y.M.C.A. ....	1	0	0
Westminster Chapel (half proceeds)	1	3	0
Shooter's Hill Baptist Chapel Band of Hope	—	—	—
Proceeds of meeting ....	11	2	6
Collected by Mr. G. F. Merralls	7	10	0
	18	12	6
SEASIDE HOME:—			
Mrs. Coad ....	0	2	6
Market gardener ....	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Green ....	3	0	0
Mrs. G. Howes ....	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat ....	1	0	0
Mrs. Sturmy ....	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Dale ....	1	0	0
Miss M. McEwing ....	1	0	0
B. P. ....	1	0	0
RECEIVED FOR FOUNDER'S DAY:—			
Miss M. A. Sargeant ....	1	1	0
F. J. S. ....	2	0	0
Mr. J. Bettinson ....	5	0	0
Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A. ....	1	1	0
Mr. C. S. Belli ....	0	10	6
Mrs. Bousfield ....	50	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ....	10	0	0
Mrs. Bell ....	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Moss ....	1	1	0
Mrs. Page ....	5	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Calder ....	21	0	0
Mrs. Henry Eley ....	2	2	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett ....	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Shearman ....	5	0	0
Mr. H. Knott ....	1	0	0
Mr. H. Shearman ....	0	10	0
Anon. ....	0	5	0
B. P. ....	5	0	0
H. E. S. ....	10	10	0
Mr. J. H. Lucking ....	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Sharp ....	5	0	0
Mr. J. E. Perraton ....	2	0	0
Mrs. Richard Rodgett ....	10	0	0
Mr. C. C. Sherlock ....	0	5	0
	£815	16	11

Erratum, "Sword and Trowel," June, page 297. Collected by Mr. A. H. Forbes, M.A., £12s., should be "A. H. F., in memory of beloved Belle."

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM MAY 15TH TO JUNE 14TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—12 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. Jewers; 1 Hamper of Rhubarb, Mr. G. W. Gordon; 25 lbs. Beef, Messrs. Austen and Gunn; 16 lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes; 20 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. W. Ottaway; 45 quarters Bread, Mr. A. W. Davies; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 6 tons 14 cwt. Coal, Mr. R. K. Juniper; 12 pots Jam, Mrs. James East.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—108 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 Articles, Miss Moon; 25 Articles (for sale room), Mrs. Hitchman; 25 Articles (for sale room), The Young Women's Bible-class, Bronesbury Chapel, per Miss A. G. Salter; 5 Articles, The Christian Inasmuch Society, per Miss Taylor; 12 Articles, Mrs. H. Claridge; 38 Articles, Mrs. James East; 12 Articles, Mrs. B. Massey; 7 White Pinafores, Mrs. R. Broomfield; 4 Articles, "Anon.;" 11 Pinafores, Mrs. Downing; 23 Pinafores, 9 Scarves, Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—38 Articles, 8 Articles (for sale room), Mrs. James East.

GENERAL:—1 Bath Chair (Seaside Home), Mr. Guyer; a Parcel of Dressmakers' Cuttings, Mrs. Hawkins; 6 Scrap Screens, Mr. Dunkley; a few Flowers, Littlebury Band of Hope Children, per Mrs. B. Midgley; Box of Flowers, Mrs. B. E. Running; 1 Quilt, 23 Articles (for sale room), "Anon."

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1901.*

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS :—		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Hadleigh, per Rev. W. F. Durant ...		10 0 0	Miss Mayse		0 4 0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-wood		8 15 0	Mrs. S. Dale		2 0 0
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.		10 0 0			£27 0
Horsforth, per Miss C. E. Billbrough		11 5 0	GENERAL FUND :—		£ s. d.
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny ...		11 5 0	Mr. J. Goring		0 10 0
Taunton, per Mr. A. A. Chapman ...		11 5 0	Miss C. Ware		0 2 0
Home Counties Baptist Association		30 0 0	G. C. H.		1 0 0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sudd		7 10 0	Mr. E. J. Wigney (Collecting box)		0 5 0
Penrhynweller, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.		11 5 0	Miss E. Dale		0 10 0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association		30 0 0	Mrs. S. Burch (Collecting box)		0 2 6
Bingley, per Rev. J. Martin ...		11 5 0	Mr. E. J. Martell		1 0 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones		11 5 0	Mr. J. Bettinson		1 0 0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffith		11 5 0	Mr. F. Burton		2 0 0
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler		11 5 0	Mr. H. L. Bartlett		0 2 6
Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James		3 15 0	Mrs. R. Lane		2 0 0
Iminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe		11 5 0	Miss Campbell, per Mr. C. Gibbs		0 2 6
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey		10 0 0	Mrs. J. Walker		0 7 6
		£211 5 0	Mrs. J. L. Potier		1 1 0
			Mr. A. H. West		0 5 0
			Mr. Edward Pearce		0 10 0
			Mr. Giles Shaw, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon		1 1 0
					£119 0
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND :—		£ s. d.			
Collected by Mr. T. M. Mead		0 3 0			

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

*Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1901.*

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mrs. H. Keevil ...		10 0 0	Miss Spliedt (for Lettish and Bohemian Sermons) ...		2 0 0
Mrs. Richards ...		1 0 0			£13 8 0
FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS :—					
Mrs. Pollock (for Bohemian Sermons)		0 8 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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.





# Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

Founder: — CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, 1866.

President: — PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

## Vice-Presidents:

LORD KINNAIRD.

R. COPE MORGAN, Esq.

GEORGE H. DEAN, Esq., J.P.

JOHN MARNHAM, Esq., J.P.

Hon. Treas.: — C. F. ALLISON, Esq.

Hon. Sec.: — C. P. CARPENTER, Esq.

## Committee:

MR. S. R. PEARCE, *Chairman*.

JOSEPH PASSMORE.

„ M. LLEWELLYN.

„ J. J. COOK.

„ FRANK THOMPSON.

„ JAMES HALL.

MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

„ EDWARD JOHNSON.

„ H. H. SEATON.

„ A. S. TATNELL.

„ W. M. HIGGS.

Secretary: — Mr. STEPHEN WIGNEY.

## THE OBJECT OF THIS ASSOCIATION

Is to extend the circulation of the Scriptures, to disseminate such Christian literature as shall conduce to the spiritual welfare of the readers, and act as an antidote to the baneful influence of many of the popular publications of the present time, and through its agents to aim directly at the evangelization of the districts occupied.

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, the 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.*

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

# COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

## THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1900.

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**T**HE experience of our Association during the closing year of the nineteenth century was marked, as previous years had been, both by trials and by encouragements, shadow and sunshine alternated again and again, but in presenting our annual report the note must be wholly one of thanksgiving and praise to God.

The retrospect is one which reveals and records a very satisfactory output of good literature, the steady continuance in well-doing on the part of our Colporteurs in carrying out their daily duties, and blessed results in the fact that many have been led to the Saviour through the varied ministries which the Agents have put forth.

In common with almost all Christian organizations the work has again suffered in consequence of the war in South Africa, which has tended to impoverish the populations of our rural districts, making the work of bookselling increasingly difficult, and which has also continued to divert subscriptions into new channels.

We regret that in consequence of these and other circumstances there has been a slight diminution of Sales as compared with the previous year, that the gross profits from those Sales have been scarcely up to the usual standard, that the General Fund has not quite reached the amount realized in 1899, and that instead of again showing a surplus in the Balance Sheet we have to record a deficit of £53 16s. 1d.

As a set-off to these regrets we find consolation in the consciousness that the year has been one of diligent service, of constant seed sowing, and of abundant spiritual fruitfulness; each department of the work has had the Divine seal, and the testimony forthcoming as to the conversion of the unsaved has been of the most cheering character.

It is with sincere sorrow that we record the loss of our highly-esteemed Vice-President, Henry Wood, Esq., J.P., who in October last was called to his rest and reward. His unassuming manner, his genial disposition, and his sympathetic spirit had endeared him to the many who knew him, and we were sharers in the bereavement which was so keenly felt by others. Since the present year commenced the vacant post has been accepted by John Marnham, Esq., J.P., whose long interest in Colportage work renders his connection with the Association most welcome.

During the year the Secretary was in personal touch with over twenty of the Districts. The visits were necessarily brief, but they enabled him to make the acquaintance of many interested friends of the work, and permitted of his taking Sunday services, and of sharing in public meetings in the interests of Colportage.

The statistics of the year, which are tabulated more fully on another

page, indicate Sales to the amount of £5,432 17s. 8d., visits made to homes by the Colporteurs exceeding a quarter of a million, and public services, either conducted wholly or in part, numbering over six thousand. It is interesting to recall the fact that in the course of the twelve months at least three new Mission Chapels were opened in connection with special centres of usefulness in which some of our Colporteurs are engaged.

The Annual Conference gatherings of 1900 were remarkable for the number in attendance, for the fact that they covered an additional day in their duration, and that the engagements were of special practical interest.

Our warmest thanks are accorded to those of our Colporteurs and their friends who have arranged for our Lantern Lecture to be given in so many places. We are glad to see this method adopted for conveying definite information concerning our work in such an interesting manner, and are gratified to receive such kindly help to the finances of the Association. Many of our Agents have assisted our various Funds in a truly loyal and zealous spirit, and their united efforts during the year resulted in a total exceeding one hundred and fifty pounds. This assistance is heartily appreciated, and also that of the many kind friends, some of whom help the work by providing hospitality during the period of Conference, others by taking charge of collecting boxes or cards, and yet others who by their prayers and influence co-operate with us in our efforts.

The re-opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in September was an occasion which called forth the warmest enthusiasm of the brethren, and there were several who planned their summer holiday so as to enable them to be present at some of the services. A Colporteur was in attendance during the first weeks of the opening gatherings, and the Association was represented in the programme of procedure.

The "Colporteurs' Messenger" has continued to be a welcome monthly record of the work among subscribers and friends, and an appreciative Gospel magazine among the constituents of the Colporteurs in their various localities.

In concluding this report, we attribute all the encouragements and mercies which have marked the year to the loving guidance of our Heavenly Father, to whom we ascribe all gratitude and praise; and in pressing forward, it is with cheerful hope, with trustful confidence, and with the earnest desire that yet another year of service may be distinguished by abounding spiritual results, and the more full success of our Colportage work as a means for the increase of Christ's Kingdom.

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## OUR VETERAN COLPORTEURS.

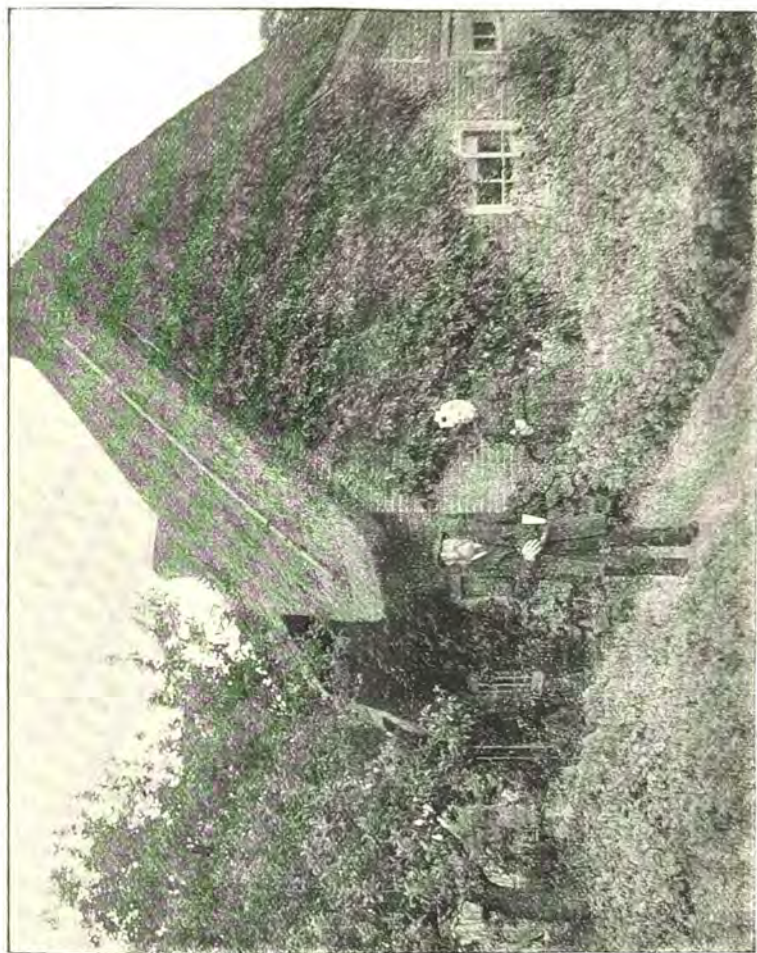
The year 1900 will always be distinguished in connection with our Association as the period when a practical effort was made to deal with the question as to how the Association could best make some provision for "Aged Colporteurs," whose best years have been spent in the faithful discharge of the work entrusted to them.



A GROUP OF VETERAN COLPORTEURS.

A good all-round Colporteur generally plods on from year to year, not aiming at higher and more remunerative spheres of service, but from love of the work sticking to it, and diligently endeavouring to be as fully used as possible in it. This statement is illustrated by the fact that many of our best Colporteurs have remained working in their Districts for terms varying from twenty to twenty-five years, and some few have continued considerably beyond these periods. The group photo, which appears on previous page, and which is but a sample of other groups which could be placed before the reader, will indicate to all that some of these brethren are getting on in years, and at no distant date will be unable longer to plod on, working, as they have done, both in daily business and in Sabbath engagements. The fact that more than one of these veterans had found it necessary to relinquish the work, and the further fact that the Association had no funds from which to aid them, led to the consideration of first steps in facing the situation.

At the Conference gatherings in May last the matter was discussed, and it was resolved, as an initial course of action, to start a special fund, with the object of raising a sum of £500, which should be controlled by the committee, and which might be available to deal with urgent cases arising in the near future. The President started the fund, and continuous effort has been put forth both by the Secretary and the Colporteurs during the intervening months, with the pleasing result that the larger portion of the sum indicated has been secured, and it is hoped as we go to press with this Report that the entire amount will be complete by the time the annual meetings take place. It will be a matter for consideration at this year's Conference as to the further steps to be taken in order to make a more substantial provision; meanwhile it is earnestly hoped that the "Aged Colporteurs' Fund" may not be allowed to rest at the modest sum which it was thought wise to name in the first instance. The rustic scene which we give on the next page represents one of our veterans, who is among the first to be assisted from the "Aged Colporteurs' Fund." The brother has been labouring in the same district for considerably more than a quarter of a century, working diligently within a large radius; he has been very successful as a distributor of Bibles and Christian literature; he has been enabled to found Mission centres, at which his ministries have been greatly blessed, and which have grown to important proportions, and as a visitor at the homes of the rural populations around, his influence has been such that he has for years been welcomed, when on his rounds, as an old friend, proving himself a wise counsellor, and a faithful messenger of Christ to the people. The wear and tear of years told upon him, and at the age of seventy he was forced to intimate his inability to continue the work he loved so well. An investigation revealed that his slender income, and the endeavour to bring up his family respectably with a view to giving them the best opportunities in life, had precluded him from making provision for old age. The question was a very serious one. What was he to do? It looked like having to leave his pretty cottage, to reduce his home, to become a burden to others, or to reconcile himself to the prospect of closing his days in the workhouse. A careful consultation resulted



AN AGED COLPORTEUR IN RETIREMENT.

in the generous decision of a committee in the locality where he had so long laboured to contribute a set amount annually towards his maintenance, the further promise of members of his family to provide a stated sum annually, and the Colportage Association engaging to supplement the provision by an annual allowance. The anxious question was happily disposed of, and the veteran's heart set at rest. Our photograph was taken since his retirement, and portrays himself, his good wife, and the pretty cottage with its ample garden, which affords both exercise and profit to him. It is a peaceful scene, and it is pleasant to think that at life's eventide he can be free from both toil and anxious care, can still exercise a Christian influence in the church where he holds office, and in the neighbourhood where he is so well known, until the sunset comes. As the "Aged Colporteurs' Fund" is incomplete it has been considered advisable to reserve the account and detailed list of subscriptions, which have already appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*, until the next Report.

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## VERY IMPORTANT.

Our last Report gave the intimation that a careful revision of the constitution of the Association had taken place, and that one of its provisions is the establishment of a Personal Membership for subscribers of £5 per annum and upwards. Such members are entitled to vote at the annual members' meeting, and it is greatly desired that a much larger number of the friends of Colportage will identify themselves with the work by this arrangement.

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## 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. FULLER, Mrs. FREEMAN,  
Mrs. PARKER, Mrs. FORD, Miss SMEE, Miss HEILBRON,  
Mrs. PERCY, Miss M. PEARCE, Miss J. PEARCE.

The good work of the Ladies has been carried on with persevering regularity during another year, and many welcome parcels 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.

An earnest appeal is made for half worn gentlemen's clothes, children's garments, also material, underclothing, &c.; overcoats are always acceptable.

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 1900:—

### BOOKS.

	VARIOUS TOTALS.		INCLUSIVE TOTALS.
Bibles... ..	4,331	Books under 6d. ... ..	41,126
Testaments ... ..	4,661	"    over 6d. ... ..	35,391
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	630	"    in Packets ... ..	13,470
"    John Ploughman's do.	2,100	Scripture Texts... ..	42,534
"    Books (various) ... ..	2,125	Cards in Packets ... ..	57,106
Almanacks (various) ... ..	7,008		
Penny Illustrated Books... ..	73,519		
<b>TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS ... ..</b>			<b>111,042</b>
"    SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND CARDS			99,640
"    PENNY STORIES ... ..			73,519

### PERIODICALS.

Adviser ... ..	1,567	Mothers' Treasury ... ..	1,650
Appeal ... ..	1,114	National Temperance Mirror... ..	750
Band of Hope Review ... ..	5,418	Notes on Scripture Lessons ... ..	2,058
Band of Hope Treasury ... ..	1,730	Our Little Dots ... ..	3,210
Child's Own Magazine ... ..	3,150	Our Own Gazette ... ..	2,548
Colporteurs' Messenger ... ..	30,000	Prize ... ..	5,629
Gospel Trumpet ... ..	4,120	Sunshine ... ..	2,990
Herald of Mercy ... ..	1,630	Good Tidings ... ..	10,969
Juvenile Missionary Herald ... ..	950	Chatterbox ... ..	3,420
Baptist Messenger ... ..	890	Our Darlings ... ..	765
British Workman ... ..	4,720	Sword and Trowel ... ..	3,154
British Workwoman ... ..	1,716	Young England ... ..	2,522
Child's Companion ... ..	3,350	Boy's Own Paper ... ..	2,016
Children's Friend ... ..	5,330	Girl's Own Paper ... ..	5,472
Cottager and Artisan ... ..	6,100	Quiver ... ..	8,088
Family Friend ... ..	14,559	Sunday at Home ... ..	2,550
Friendly Visitor ... ..	2,885	Miscellaneous Magazines... ..	65,782
Golden Rule... ..	3,000	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons ... ..	6,493
Home Words ... ..	3,276	Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Sermons ... ..	7,800
Infants' Magazine ... ..	3,766		
<b>TOTAL PERIODICALS ... ..</b>			<b>236,827</b>

These figures give some idea of the sales made in 52 Colportage Districts. In addition to this the Colporteurs distributed gratuitously upwards of 53,069 Tracts, made about 250,350 visits, and conducted 6,024 services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association:—

£221,241 14s. 8d.

## LIST OF COLPORTEURS, with Districts occupied during 1900.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Cheddar ... ..	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett ... ..	1873	Friends in locality.
Maldon ... ..	Essex ... ..	J. Keddie ... ..	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff ... ..	Glamorganshire ...	Geo. Harris ... ..	1873	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Minchinhampton ...	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford ... ..	1874	Messrs. P. O. Evans & Sons.
Evesham ... ..	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton ... ..	1874	Local Committee.
Downton ... ..	Wiltshire ... ..	O. 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	J. Reynolds, Esq., J.P.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ... ..	A. Frost ... ..	1876	Mias E. A. Tyler.
Fritham ... ..	Hampshire ... ..	R. Bellamy ... ..	1876	R. W. S. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington ... ..	Hampshire ... ..	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., Anonymus.
Swaffham Prior ...	Cambridgeshire ...	F. Collier ... ..	1880	Cambridgeshire Association.
Repton ... ..	Staffordshire ... ..	C. Payne ... ..	1880	E. S., Anonymus.
Sellindge ... ..	Kent ... ..	J. W. Andrew ... ..	1882	Friends in Locality.
Tewkesbury ... ..	Gloucestershire ...	R. Dodds ... ..	1882	Rev. W. Davies.
Thornbury ... ..	Gloucestershire ...	C. G. Hicks ... ..	1882	Rev. A. O. Moore.
Great Totham ... ..	Essex ... ..	T. Bendall ... ..	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrhysceiber ...	Glamorganshire ...	S. Holly ... ..	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Aylesbury ... ..	Bucks ... ..	Job Smith ... ..	1883	A. Turner, Esq.
Melksham ... ..	Wiltshire ... ..	A. Walker ... ..	1884	Mrs. H. Keevil.
Stratford-on-Avon ...	Warwickshire ... ..	S. Bartlett ... ..	1884	J. Smallwood, Esq.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
St. Margaret's ...	Kent ... ..	B. R. Slater ...	1889	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Egham ... ..	Surrey... ..	H. E. Cole ... ..	1889	Home Counties Baptist Association.
Chard ... ..	Somersetshire ...	G. H. Phillips ...	1889	Western Baptist Association.
Barrow ... ..	Suffolk ... ..	F. G. Rose ... ..	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 ... ..	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.
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.
Steyning ... ..	Sussex ... ..	T. Bignell ... ..	1898	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
North Cheam	Surrey... ..	C. Gibbs ... ..	1899	Home Counties Baptist Association.
Eden Bridge ...	Kent ... ..	E. J. Goodman ...	1899	Rev. R. Hill Powell.
Ilminster ... ..	Somersetshire ...	W. D. Dunning ...	1899	F. Harcombe, Esq.
Thurlow ... ..	Suffolk ... ..	C. Powell ... ..	1899	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Crownhill ... ..	Devon ... ..	H. Cope ... ..	1900	Miss Hallerou.
Corfe Castle ...	Dorset ... ..	L. Goldman ... ..	1900	Friends at Blandford.
Taunton ... ..	Somerset ... ..	T. Haines ... ..	1900	Thos. Penny, Esq.
Orpington ... ..	Kent ... ..	A. R. Richards ...	1900	W. Jones, Esq.

No. of Districts occupied during 1900 :—52.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

Received from 1st January to 31st December, 1900.

(Previously acknowledged in *The Sword and the Trowel*.)

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0	Clarke, Mr. C. Goddard, J.P.	1	1	0
Attlee, Rev. S.	1	10	0	Cameron, Mr. J.	5	0	0
Acock, Mr. R.	0	10	0	Cook, Mr. J. J.	1	1	0
A lift on	0	4	6	Church, Mrs. S.	0	5	0
Anon.	0	5	0	Cobbold, Miss N.	0	7	6
A. W.	0	1	0	Collection at Warden Chapel, per			
Allen, Mr. J. P.	0	5	0	Mr. T. M. Mead	0	4	0
Alford and Alder, Messrs.	1	1	0	Collection at New Town Mission			
Alderton, Mr. J.	0	10	6	Church, Upper Norwood, per Mr.			
A friend per Mr. F. Collier	0	2	6	G. Willoughby	1	10	0
Bullman, Mr. and Mrs. A. H.	1	0	0	Daniel, Miss R.	0	10	0
Bristow, Mr. H. W.	0	2	0	Dale, Miss E.	0	10	0
Boodle, Dr., per Mr. J. Morey	0	10	0	Donaldson, Mrs. W.	0	10	0
Brazil, Mr. and Mrs.	1	0	0	Dean, Mr. George H., J.P.	10	0	0
Bartlett, Mr. H. L.	0	5	0	Dransfield, Miss	0	10	6
Bellamy, Mr. R.	0	6	0	Doggett, Mr. T. W.	2	0	0
Barrett, Mrs. H.	0	10	0	Davies, Mr. John	0	10	6
Biggs, Mrs. E. G.	0	10	0	Dennis, Mr. J.	0	5	0
Baskcomb, Mrs. S.	1	0	0	Edwards, Mr. W. C.	0	15	0
Bath, Mr. H. T.	1	0	0	Everett, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Burton, Mr. F.	2	0	0	Ellwood, Mrs.	3	0	0
Bettinson, Mr. J.	1	0	0	E. P.	0	5	0
Buswell, The Misses	1	1	0	Edwards, Mr. W. C.	0	10	0
Brown, Miss, Caldustone	0	12	0	Elgar, Mr. F.	0	10	0
Bowsher, Mrs.	0	6	0	Fishwick, Mr. F.	1	1	0
Bayley, Mr. J. R.	1	0	0	Frisby, Mr. E.	0	10	6
Brayne, Mr. E.	1	1	0	Fifeild, Mr. R.	1	7	0
Bocock, Mrs. E.	0	10	0	Fitzgerald, Mr. E. F.	1	1	0
Billing, Mr. J.	1	0	0	F. C. W.	0	2	0
Bomford, Mr. Raymond	1	1	0	Fletcher, Miss	0	5	0
Browne, Mrs.	0	10	0	Fiddymnt, Mrs. A.	1	0	0
Barber, Alderman L., J.P.	0	10	0	Fearnley, Mr. T.	1	0	0
Bastable, Mr. R.	0	2	0	Frowde, Mr. H.	1	1	0
Brown, Mr. and Mrs., Farnham	0	5	0	Fordham, Mrs.	0	3	0
Eudden, Mr. H. G.	1	0	0	Fuller, Mr. T.	0	2	0
Bristow, Mr. H. W.	0	2	0	Gilpin, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Beer, Mr. W.	0	2	6	Gazard, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Barrett, Mr. A. S.	1	1	0	Gunner, Miss	0	6	0
B., Mr. and Mrs. R.	2	0	0	Garrett, Mr. E.	0	5	0
Butcher, Miss	0	2	0	Gay, Mrs. M.	2	2	0
Cochrane, Mr.	0	8	0	Gough, Mr. Frank	5	0	0
Collection at Bethel Chapel, Minster, per Pastor W. Whitehead	1	4	6	Gay, Mr. M.	3	0	0
Church meeting, per T. S.	1	0	0	Godden and Son, Messrs.	0	10	6
Collections at Pirbright	0	11	0	Greenwood, Mr. B. J.	2	2	0
Coles, Mr. W. H.	0	2	6	Gardiner, Mrs.	2	2	0
Calvert, Mrs.	0	5	0	Gallienne, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Cox, Mr. E., per Mr. C. Gibbs	0	5	0	Gorringe, Mr. E. J.	1	0	0
Collection at Fritham, per Mr. R. Bellamy	1	10	0	Hynard, Mr. S., Collected	0	5	0
Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs.	1	1	0	Harden, Mr. R. W.	0	10	0
Collection at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	33	8	9	Hoskin, Mrs. H.	1	0	0
Cloat, Mrs. S. J.	0	2	6	Hughes, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Collection at Ramsden Road Baptist Chapel, Balham	1	15	7	Hooper, Miss	1	1	0
Cockshaw, Mrs. J.	0	2	6	Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Colman, Mr. H. S.	0	10	0	Harris, Mrs. M.	0	5	0
Cassell, Messrs., and Co., Ltd.	2	2	0	Harrald, Pastor J. W.	1	1	0
Collection at Bower Chalke	0	10	0	Haseltine, Miss	0	2	6
"Christian Million"	0	5	0	Howell, Mrs.	1	1	0
Curtis, Mrs.	2	0	0	Hillman, Mr. H. W.	0	2	6
Calder, Mrs. E. A.	10	0	0	Hiley, Mr. Wm.	20	15	11
Carswell, Mr. J. G.	3	0	0	Higginbottom, Mr. and Mrs. J. M.	0	10	0
Cory, Mr. R., J.P.	1	1	0	Hazelton, Miss Daisy	0	1	0
Cowen, Miss M.	0	2	0	Harris, Mr. Thomas	5	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Willington	0	13	6	Hall, Mr. James	5	0	0
				Hancock, Miss S.	0	5	0
				Higbed, Mr. H.	0	3	0
				Higgs, Miss Edith	0	10	0
				Haywood, Mrs. Jane R.	1	0	0
				Hockey, Mr. Oliver	3	3	0
				Higgs, Mr. W. Miller	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Hodges, Mr. W. D.	0	10	6	"Phoebe," per Mr. Ives	10	0	0
Haddock, Mr. J. P. C.	1	1	0	Proceeds of Lantern Lecture at			
Hill, Mr. W.	0	5	0	Addlestone, per Mr. R. Field	3	15	0
Johnson, Mr. S.	1	0	0	Proceeds of Lantern Lecture at			
Johnson, Mr. E., Sale of mottoes	2	14	0	Tewkesbury, per Mr. Dodds	1	0	0
J. G.	0	5	0	Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at			
Johnson, Mr. E.	2	0	0	Marlipit Hill, etc., per Mr. E. J.			
J. D. W.	1	0	0	Goodman	0	8	0
J. B.	0	5	0	Proceeds of meeting at Chiswick,			
Johnston, Mr. G. P.	1	0	0	per Mr. H. Mears	0	15	6
Knights, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.	0	10	0	Priestley, Mr. J. G.	5	0	0
Light, Miss L.	0	2	6	Passmore, Mrs. E.	0	2	6
Leverton, Mr. W. A.	0	3	0	Per Maldon Colporteur	0	8	0
Lane, Mrs. R.	2	0	0	Per Mr. H. Mears	1	0	0
Lewis, Mr. F. T.	1	0	0	Palmer, Miss	0	5	0
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N., per Mrs. C. H.				Potter, Mrs.	1	1	0
Spurgeon	10	0	0	Payne, Mr. C.	0	3	0
Lamont, Mr. John	1	0	0	Pewtress, Mr. S.	1	0	0
M.	5	0	0	Partridge, Messrs. S. W. and Co.	1	1	0
Marshall, Mr. J., per Mr. H. Mears	1	0	0	Price, Miss Annie N.	0	10	6
Morgan, Mr. F.	0	5	0	Proportion of collection at the			
Martell, Mr. E. J.	0	10	0	Tabernacle Re-opening Services,			
Murray, Commander P. Wolfe	0	10	0	per Mr. J. E. P.	31	7	6
Mead, Mr. and Mrs. J.	2	2	0	Proceeds of meeting at Brentford,			
Macalpine, Mr. G. W., J.P.	1	1	0	per Mr. H. Mears	2	16	4
Morgan and Scott, Messrs.	2	2	0	Proceeds of meeting at Ealing, per			
Mills, Mr. Walter	1	1	0	Mr. H. Mears	1	7	3
Morgan, Mrs. L.	1	1	0	Proceeds of Lectures at Sitting-			
Matthews, Mr. W.	2	0	0	bourne, per Mr. J. Morey	0	14	0
Macnicoll, Miss E.	0	2	6	Philcox, Mr. H. N.	0	5	0
Mannington, Mr. W.	3	0	0	Payne, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Marnham, Mr. J., J.P.	2	2	0	Patrick, Mrs.	0	2	6
M. H. B. W.	0	10	0	Pearce, Mr. A.	0	10	0
McCaig, Dr. A.	0	10	6	Penny, Mr., per Mr. H. Mears	0	2	6
Mead, Mrs. J. B.	3	3	0	Phillips, Mr. Charles	1	1	0
M. G.	0	10	0	Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at			
Mott, Mrs. A.	0	5	0	Wallingford, per Mr. W. Bird	1	12	6
Mabey, Mr. A. J.	0	10	0	Passmore, The Misses	2	0	0
Muir, Mr. Charles	0	12	0	Postal order, Camberwell	0	10	0
"M."	3	3	0	Proceeds of meeting at Southall, per			
North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C.				Mr. H. Mears	1	10	0
Gibbs	0	1	6	Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at			
N. B.	5	0	0	Monks Eleigh, per Mr. E. Paine	1	11	0
Nisbet, Col. R. Parry, C.I.E.	10	10	0	Pritchard, Miss	0	2	10
Nall, Mr. Matthew	0	10	6	Pearce, Mr. S. R.	1	1	0
Nagle, Mrs. E.	1	0	0	Passmore, Mr. Joseph	5	0	0
Olney, Mr. W.	2	2	0	Reeve, Mr. A. T.	1	0	0
Priestley, Mr. E.	0	8	0	Rayner, Mrs. L.	2	2	0
Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at				R. W. N.	1	1	0
Earls Colne, etc., per Mr. T. R.				Raybould, Mrs.	2	0	0
Todd	0	15	0	Ranney, Mrs. M. E.	0	2	6
Penny, T. S., Esq.	1	1	0	Rainbow, Mrs.	1	1	0
Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at				Rodgett, Mrs. Richard	2	10	0
Marks Tey, etc., per Mr. T. R.				Rodway, Mr. Opie	0	10	0
Todd	1	3	0	Rawlings, Mrs. E.	5	5	0
Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at				Rennard, Mrs.	1	0	0
Great Totham, etc., per Mr. T.				Raybould, Mrs.	1	0	0
Bendall	2	0	0	Rabbitts, Mr. C. J. Whittock	5	5	0
Pearce, Mr. Edward	0	10	0	Readers of "The Christian," per			
Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at				Messrs. Morgan and Scott	15	3	0
Folkestone, etc., per Mr. J. W.				Rogers, Mr. Matthew	1	1	0
Andrew	3	4	10	Ransford, Mr. T. D.	0	15	0
Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at				Rumsey, Mr. F. J.	0	5	0
Poole, etc., per Mr. W. Lloyd	4	0	0	Rabbich, Mr. G. M.	0	5	0
Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at				Squire, Miss M. E.	0	3	0
Barrow, etc., per Mr. W. Downes	0	10	0	Stevens, Mr. J. R.	1	1	0
Pitcher, Mr. W.	2	0	0	Scandrett, Mrs. A.	0	2	6
Pole, Miss Van Notten	0	5	0	Spiers, Mrs. Josiah	0	10	0
Price, Mr. C. H.	1	0	0	Shearman, Mrs. A.	2	2	0
Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at				Stevens, Mrs.	0	5	0
Uphill, etc., per Mr. A. R.				Samuel, Mr. G.	0	1	6
Richards	0	10	0	Smith, Mrs.	0	5	0
Proceeds of Lantern Lectures at				Spurgeon, Pastor T.	6	0	0
Petmarsh, etc., per Mr. T. R.				Spliedt, Miss	1	10	0
Todd	0	7	0	Sale of Reports	0	6	6
Proceeds of Lantern Lecture at				Shaw, Mr. Giles	1	1	0
Clarence Road Baptist Y.P.S.C.E.,				Sinclair, Mrs. E. A.	0	8	0
Southend, per Mr. G. W. Ager	0	10	0	Savager, Mr. J. H.	0	10	0
Proceeds of meeting at Hanwell, per				Sillitoe, Mrs. M.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Mears	0	11	0	Spink, Mr. R.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Smith, Mr. J. Spencer	...	...	...
Sexton, Mr. F.	...	...	...
Surrey Mission, Pirbright, per Pastor E. Roberts	...	...	...
Swain, Miss	...	...	...
Sowerby, Mr. G. B.	...	...	...
Snelling, Mr. R.	...	...	...
Stocks, Mr. R.	...	...	...
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer	...	...	...
Sadler, Miss	...	...	...
Stockwell Orphanage Boys' Christian Band, per Mr. W. J. Evans	...	...	...
Thomas, Mr. J. R.	...	...	...
Thompson, Mr. H.	...	...	...
Taylor, Mr. W. S.	...	...	...
Thorn, Mr. R. H.	...	...	...
Tait, Pastor D.	...	...	...
T. G. A., Mr. and Mrs.	...	...	...
T. G. C.	...	...	...
Tatnell, Mr. A. S.	...	...	...
Tanner, Dr. John	...	...	...
Thompson, Mr. T.	...	...	...
Tinniswood, Mrs.	...	...	...
Upton, Mrs. F.	...	...	...
Vincent, Mr. E.	...	...	...
Wigney, Mrs. S.	...	...	...
Wilkinson, Mrs. R.	...	...	...
Worthing Baptist Church, per Mr. J. Cowell	...	...	...
Whittle, Mr. F.	...	...	...
Wagstaff, Mr. C.	...	...	...
Watts, Mr. H.	...	...	...
West, Mr. A. H.	...	...	...
Willby, Mrs. M.	...	...	...
Walker, Mr. E.	...	...	...
Walker, Mr. R. E.	...	...	...
Wood, Miss J.	...	...	...
Ware, Miss	...	...	...
W. A. L.	...	...	...
Windmill, Mrs. H.	...	...	...
Weymouth, Mr. R. F., D.Lit., M.A.	...	...	...
Wilson, Mr. J.	...	...	...
Wilcox, Mr. W. H.	...	...	...
Wood, Miss J.	...	...	...
Walker, Mrs. John	...	...	...
Wigney, Mr. and Mrs. S.	...	...	...
York, Miss E.	...	...	...
Y.P.S.C.E., Baptist Tabernacle, Sittingbourne, per Mr. J. Morey	...	...	...

COLLECTING BOXES AND CARDS:—

Allen, Mr. J. P.	...	...	...
Alavoine, Mr.	...	...	...
Andrew, Mr. J. W.	...	...	...
Boulton, Mr. T.	...	...	...
Eignell, Mr. T.	...	...	...
Boutell, Miss C.	...	...	...
Bridger, Mr.	...	...	...
Burch, Mrs.	...	...	...
Bellamy, Mr. R.	...	...	...
Botwright, Mr. G.	...	...	...
Bird, Master G.	...	...	...
Burton, Mrs.	...	...	...
Bignell, Mrs. T.	...	...	...
Bignell, Miss	...	...	...
Bartlett, Mr. C.	...	...	...
Botwright, Mr. G.	...	...	...
Banks, Mr. G.	...	...	...
Brook, Miss	...	...	...
Burn, Miss A.	...	...	...
Bignell, Mrs.	...	...	...
Collier, Mr. F.	...	...	...
Curtis, Mrs.	...	...	...
Chandler, Mr. D.	...	...	...
Cox, Miss Hilda	...	...	...
Cooper, Miss Eunice	...	...	...
Colportage Depot	...	...	...
Cook, Miss J.	...	...	...
Chown, Mr.	...	...	...

	£	s.	d.
Chant, Mr. G.	...	...	...
Cole, Mr. H. E.	...	...	...
Carver, Miss E.	...	...	...
Dimmer, Miss Eva	...	...	...
Dodds, Miss Mary	...	...	...
Dodds, Master David	...	...	...
Dunning, Mr. W. D.	...	...	...
Downes, Mr. W.	...	...	...
Ead, Miss Matilda	...	...	...
Freeman, Mrs.	...	...	...
Fifield, Mrs. E.	...	...	...
Fifield, Mr. R.	...	...	...
Gilpin, Miss Bessie	...	...	...
Green, Miss Nellie	...	...	...
Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs.	...	...	...
Gould, Miss Grace	...	...	...
Goddard, Miss Ethel	...	...	...
Gabriel, Miss	...	...	...
Goring, Mr. J.	...	...	...
Gunner, Miss	...	...	...
Ganes, Mrs.	...	...	...
Gough, Master Bertie	...	...	...
Goodwin, Mrs. E.	...	...	...
Goodman, Mr. E. J.	...	...	...
Harris, Mr. G.	...	...	...
Humphrey, Miss	...	...	...
Hardiman, Mr. W.	...	...	...
Holly, Mr.	...	...	...
Higgs, Miss Daisy	...	...	...
Howell, Mr. E. J.	...	...	...
Hall, Mr. Robert	...	...	...
Harvey, Miss Bertha	...	...	...
Hooper, Miss	...	...	...
Hills, Mr. M. A.	...	...	...
Herbert, Mrs. G.	...	...	...
Jeffrey, Mr.	...	...	...
Jenkins, Miss Lizzie	...	...	...
Johnston, Miss Lizzie	...	...	...
Johnson, Miss	...	...	...
Johnston, Miss Gladys	...	...	...
Keddie, Miss Lizzie	...	...	...
Knights, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.	...	...	...
Ladies' Working Society	...	...	...
Latimer, Miss Emily	...	...	...
Lloyd, Mr. W.	...	...	...
Lloyd, Miss Katie	...	...	...
Leverton, Master Horace	...	...	...
Ladds, Miss Dorothy	...	...	...
Morey, Mr. J.	...	...	...
Mead, Mr. G.	...	...	...
Mead, Mr. T. M.	...	...	...
Morris, Mr. A. A.	...	...	...
Mrs. Hockey's Mothers' Meeting, Bexhill	...	...	...
Mansfield Street Mothers' Meeting, per Miss Hooper	...	...	...
Mears, Mrs.	...	...	...
Nettle, Mr.	...	...	...
Oliver, Miss Violet	...	...	...
Powell, Mr. C.	...	...	...
Phillips, Mr. G. H.	...	...	...
Portingall, Mr. A.	...	...	...
Portingall, Mrs.	...	...	...
Paine, Mr. E.	...	...	...
Payne, Mr. C.	...	...	...
Phillips, Mrs. G. H.	...	...	...
Pearce, Miss Grace	...	...	...
Percy, Mrs.	...	...	...
Pearce, Miss Marion	...	...	...
Rose, Mr. F. G.	...	...	...
Richards, Mr. A. R.	...	...	...
Raffield, Mrs.	...	...	...
Roberts, Miss	...	...	...
Russell, Miss Lottie	...	...	...
Russell, Miss Queenie	...	...	...
Small Dole Chapel	...	...	...
Smith, Miss Ethel	...	...	...
Slater, Mr. B. R.	...	...	...
Short, Miss Norah	...	...	...
Smith, Miss Lily	...	...	...



to promise that he would come to chapel if I would find him a seat. Both he and his wife came, and seemed pleased. Promising to call for them on the following Sunday, the whole family came. It was not long before some appeared concerned about their souls, and since then husband, wife, and eldest daughter have decided for Christ. Upon a recent visit the remark was made, 'Oh, how happy we are; if this is serving Christ, what a fool I have been to keep away from Him for so long.'

From Mr. T. BOULTON, of Evesham.

**"Some Ladies' views about our Work."**

"One said, 'I am sure yours is a good work; the people will not attend public worship, but you are able to carry the Gospel to their homes.' Another, 'I am thankful for Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning," which you sold me, it gives me so much comfort.' Another, 'The book, "All of Grace," which you sold me has been such a source of help.' Another, 'I am so glad to have heard your address; it has nerved me, and I hope to have regular family worship from this time.' Another, 'The book by Mr. Spurgeon which I bought has been the means of leading me under the Holy Spirit to decision for Christ.'"

From Mr. H. COPE, of Crownhill.

**"Found after Many Days."**

"Ten years ago, visiting a house, one of the inmates evidenced conviction of sin, and earnest conversation failed to lead to decision for Christ. I went away sad at the result. Many times have I called since, but quite recently I sold a book entitled 'Guilt, Grace, Glory,' and she has since told me that it has been the means of bringing her into the light, and she is now rejoicing in Jesus as her Saviour."

From Mr. S. HOLLY, of Penrhawceiber.

**"The Bible a Heart Cleaner."**

"Going my rounds one day with the pack on my back, an ungodly man asked, 'Are you a watch cleaner?' We got into conversation, and I told him that although I could not clean his watch, I could sell him a book of instructions for cleaning his heart. The word was remembered, and shortly afterwards the man purchased a Bible and other good books, and since then he has evidenced that a change has taken place. His heart appears to have been put right, and he keeps correct time in attending the house of God."

From Mr. A. R. RICHARDS, of Orpington.

**"The Travellers' Guide again."**

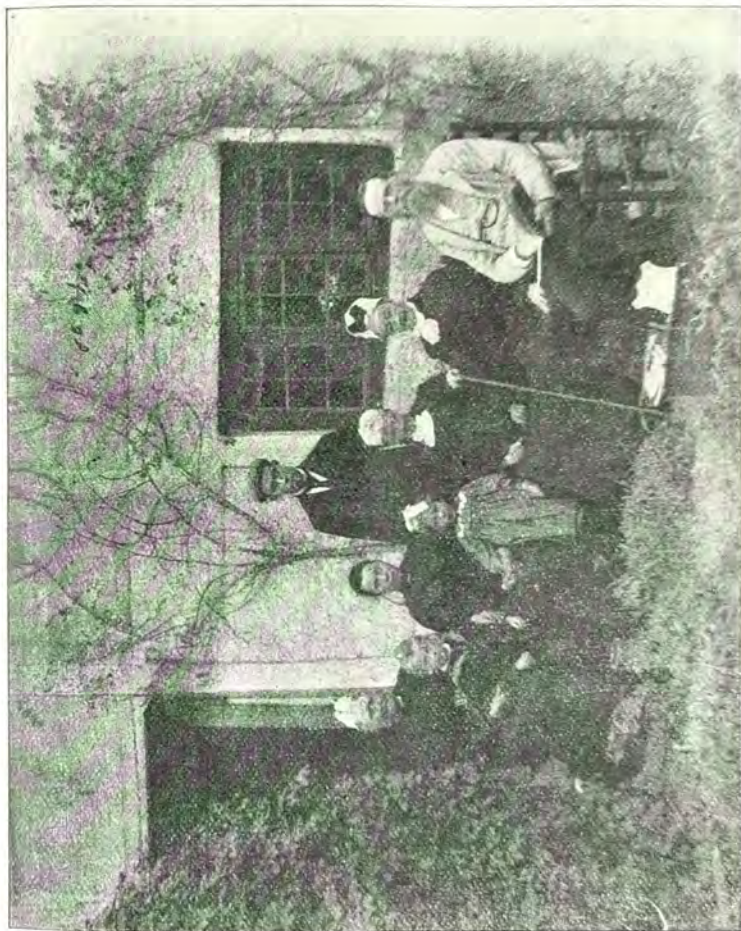
"A very influential man, but with very strong prejudices against religion, had a copy of 'The Travellers' Guide' introduced to his house. It had been purchased and placed with much prayer that it might prove a blessing. I have been informed that it very quickly influenced the individual in question. He claimed the book as his own, was a frequent reader of its contents, and has been so evidently moved by it that the fullest hope is entertained that it has been a case of genuine conversion."

From Mr. W. LLOYD, Poole.

**"The Block Calendar Blessed."**

"I was stopped on the road by a gentleman, who asked me if I had any of those 'Colporteurs' Block Calendars' this year. I answered 'Yes,' 'I will have one,' said he. 'Perhaps you remember persuading me to buy one last year. Well, I took it home and hung it up, thinking it would be useful for the dates. I took to reading the daily text, when soon I felt a great need which by degrees shaped itself into a desire for salvation. This led to our reading the chapter every day from which the text was taken. Eventually I gave myself to Christ. I commenced Family Worship, and I cannot tell what a blessing those texts have been, fitting as they do into each day's needs and trials. I must have one every year.' He bought one, and soon after I sold him another for his mother."





THE COLPORTEUR MAKING A FRIENDLY VISIT.

From Mr. T. M. MEAD, of Eastchurch.

**"A Little Shower of Blessing."**

"'Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house,' was the portion given at the evening service on December 23, 1900. God's power was wonderfully felt in the meeting, the arrow of conviction went home with power to many a heart, and, thank God, at the close of the meeting two young people were obedient unto the heavenly call, and came down at Jesu's feet, and found peace and joy in believing in Jesus. Another one who had strayed somewhat came back, and joy was renewed. What was most encouraging and gave cause for praise was that two of the three who shared in the blessing were brother and sister of my own family. To God be all the glory."

From Mr. R. FIFIELD, of Horsell.

**"Experiences on the Race Course."**

"I had the opportunity, by special arrangement, of assisting in Gospel work both at Epsom and at Ascot at the time of the summer races. We had a time of blessing at both of these places; several good cases were dealt with, and souls were saved. Upon one occasion at Ascot we were set upon by a mob of bookies and sharpers, about one hundred attacking our party with bags of flour. We were all covered in white, and several of the evangelists received bad blows and kicks. As a member of the St. John's Ambulance Corps I was able to assist in giving first aid to the wounded. We rejoiced in that we were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake."

From Mr. C. PAYNE, of Willington.

**"A Hopeful Group."**

"In connection with our chapel I am a busy worker, and we have lately had the joy of seeing twelve persons follow the Lord Jesus by an open profession. Ten of these are from the Sunday-school, and are the direct fruit of the labours of earnest teachers, among whom I am privileged to co-operate. Our hearts are full of praise to God, because we look upon these young lives as full of blessed possibilities in view of the cause of Christ in the future."

From Mr. JOHN FORD, of Horsforth.

**"Saved just in time."**

"Some weeks ago a young woman came to my mission chapel, and after the service remained behind in anxiety about her soul. I conversed with her, and before leaving it was my joy to lead her to the Saviour. The very next day she had to be taken to the hospital, and has remained there ever since. She has been rejoicing in having Jesus as her Friend in this time of trouble, and has experienced comfort which could not have been but for the change of heart."

From Mr. W. D. DUNNING, of Ilminster.

**"An Incurable saying, 'All is well.'"**

"An old saint, whom I have visited very frequently and have been the means of cheering and helping, was taken with cancer under the tongue about eighteen months ago. He sought to be operated upon at the hospital, but they told him that he was too old, and he was sent home without any aid or hope of recovery. For more than eight months he was unable to eat any solid food, but whenever I visited him I found him bright, happy, and ready for the summons whenever it should come. A few days since I found him much worse, unable to eat or speak. He recognized me at once, and pointing upwards he motioned for me to pray. After prayer I watched the movement of his lips, and made out the words 'All is well.' A few days later he passed peacefully away, proving to the end the faithfulness of God to His promise in Isaiah xlv. 4: 'And even to your old age I am He; and even to bear hairs will I carry you.'"

From Mr. J. W. ANDREW, Sellindge.

**"The Wall Text God's Messenger."**

"One Sunday I went to conduct the services at a village chapel in my district. Between services a friend accompanied me in visiting some sick folk. We found husband and wife both ill in bed, and endeavoured to cheer them by reading, prayer, and conversation. The husband was very ill, and in endeavouring to find out the state of his soul he assured me that he was trusting in Jesus. He told me that a Scripture text hanging upon the wall had been the means of leading him into the light, and enabling him to rejoice in salvation. He passed away a short time after this, and, I believe, he is now with Jesus."

From Mr. J. KEDDIE, of Maldon.

**"The Bells Ringing Again."**

"At our mission chapel last Thursday evening we had a great blessing. A man who was present was much impressed under the preaching, and at the close I conversed with him personally about his soul. He fell upon his knees and cried out, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' We joined in prayer with and for him, and presently he surrendered to God and found peace. Before leaving we sang 'Ring the Bells of Heaven' in such a way as we have not lately done. Truly God does hear and answer prayer."

From Mr. R. BELLAMY, of Fritham.

**"A Better Sermon than the Clergyman's"**

"A few Sundays ago I was going to preach in one of my villages, and on my way I met a lady going to church. Upon ascertaining that I was bound for the mission hall, she said, 'I shall go back and hear you.' When I called at the lady's house some days later she remarked, 'I shall never forget the sermon you preached the other day. Whenever you come over again I shall be there. I have never heard our clergyman preach such a sermon all the ten years I have been to church.'"

From Mr. F. G. ROSE, of Barrow.

**"Blessed Books."**

"I am glad to be able to testify of the Lord's presence with me in my work, and of blessing resting upon books which I have sold. I may specially mention 'Precious Truths for Everyone.' A lady who has bought one from me has found it so helpful to her that she has been lending it, and was looking out for me so that she might purchase another to send away to a friend."

From Mr. A. W. GOULD.

**"Precious Truths once more."**

"I visited a poor woman recently who was laid aside by sickness. I found she had a desire to know the way of salvation, and left a marked Testament. Calling again a few days later I sold her the book, 'Precious Truths for Everyone.' She has since passed away, but I have reason to believe that she is with Jesus, and a neighbour told me that these books were the greatest comfort to the sufferer, who never tired of hearing them read."

From Mr. A. WALKER, of Melksham.

**"Led to God's House."**

"In going one of my rounds this month, I have been much encouraged: I had called at a home for six months and never sold a pennyworth, then some purchases were made, and calling upon this occasion I was asked within and had the pleasure of hearing that although the parents had never entered a place of worship since they were married, they and their four children, as a result of my calls, are in regular attendance at God's House."

## METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

*General Account, December 31st, 1900.*

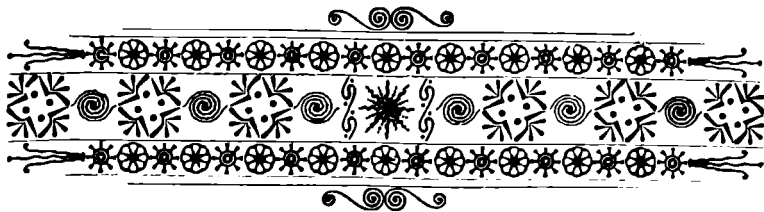
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<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 5%;">To Colporteurs—</td> <td style="width: 5%;"></td> <td style="width: 5%; text-align: right;">£</td> <td style="width: 5%; text-align: right;">s.</td> <td style="width: 5%; text-align: right;">d.</td> <td style="width: 5%; text-align: right;">£</td> <td style="width: 5%; text-align: right;">s.</td> <td style="width: 5%; text-align: right;">d.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Wages ... ..</td> <td>...</td> <td style="text-align: right;">3,152</td> <td style="text-align: right;">6</td> <td style="text-align: right;">3</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Expenses ... ..</td> <td>...</td> <td style="text-align: right;">303</td> <td style="text-align: right;">6</td> <td style="text-align: right;">11</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">3,456</td> <td style="text-align: right;">13</td> <td style="text-align: right;">2</td> </tr> <tr> <td>„ Depot and General Expenses—</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Salaries—Secretary and Assistants</td> <td>...</td> <td style="text-align: right;">491</td> <td style="text-align: right;">7</td> <td style="text-align: right;">6</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Printing, Stationery, Reports, &amp;c.</td> <td>...</td> <td style="text-align: right;">61</td> <td style="text-align: right;">18</td> <td style="text-align: right;">11</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Postages ... ..</td> <td>...</td> <td style="text-align: right;">53</td> <td style="text-align: right;">16</td> <td style="text-align: right;">6</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Advertising and Travelling ... ..</td> <td>...</td> <td style="text-align: right;">23</td> <td style="text-align: right;">7</td> <td style="text-align: right;">11</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Conference Exps., less Contrib'ns ... ..</td> <td>...</td> <td style="text-align: right;">12</td> <td style="text-align: right;">15</td> <td style="text-align: right;">3</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sundries ... ..</td> <td>...</td> <td style="text-align: right;">22</td> <td style="text-align: right;">7</td> <td style="text-align: right;">6</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">668</td> <td style="text-align: right;">13</td> <td style="text-align: right;">7</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: right;">£4,124</td> <td style="text-align: right;">6</td> <td style="text-align: right;">9</td> </tr> </table>	To Colporteurs—		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	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Examined with vouchers and found correct, }  
*April 16, 1901.*

THOS. GREENWOOD.



THE

# Sword and the Trowel.

AUGUST, 1901.

## Inward Fears.

A SERMON, PREACHED AT BRIGHTON, MORE THAN 40 YEARS AGO,  
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

*"Within were fears."*—2 Corinthians vii. 5.

*(Concluded from page 332.)*



UR friend shall speak once more, and when he has done that, I think I shall turn to the congregation generally, and preach the Gospel with all simplicity.

"Oh!" saith my poor friend, "I can scarcely dare to hope that what I have said is true. I feel very miserable lest I should never read my name in the Lamb's book of life; but I know this, if my name is not in the family register of God, I do love His people; and I love them as His people. The conversation of the wicked, I detest; and their lascivious songs and oaths, I cannot away with; even the talk of the light and frivolous, I cannot endure, it vexes me; but put me with two or three of the people of God, and I rejoice to hear them speak about Christ. I am like John Bunyan, of Bedford, standing behind the door, listening to three old women, who were talking of the things of God and the world to come. I love best the company of God's people. I can truthfully say that I am never ashamed of any of them; let them be ever so meanly dressed, I think they are all princes, and I only wish I was worthy to sit at their feet. If only I could have my name in the Lamb's book of life, I would not mind if it were next to the meanest, ay, the vilest sinner, that ever was saved by sovereign grace."

Well, friend, thou hast spoken so freely, that I must speak plainly

to thee. The apostle John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I have in my mind's eye, at the present moment, a person who often comes into contact with me. He is one of the most generous souls living. Sometimes, when I have met with him, and asked him why he does not "make a profession of religion," he blushes, and says that he is "not fit to join the church." Yet I have known him often feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and never a tale of distress comes to him, about a child of God, but the tear of sympathy is in his eye in a moment, and his open-handed liberality is ready to help. I happened, a few Sunday evenings ago, to mention that I had met with the widow of that famous Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, and that I had found her absolutely in want. My friend came into the vestry, after the service, and said to me, "Do let me know where that poor woman dwells; she shall have five shillings a week from me as long as she lives." He cannot bear that God's people should be in need, yet he will persist in saying that he is "not worthy to be called a child of God." But if you questioned him as to whether he would live without Christ and without prayer, he would say that he loved prayer, and that he trusts in Christ.

If such a man as that is not a true Christian, I know not where to look for one in the whole world. I cannot understand what our Saviour says, in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, if that man has not the grace of God within his heart, for Christ there says, "I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." These things being done to disciples, as disciples, and for Christ's sake, are marks and evidences of grace, so sure and certain that they are mentioned in the judgment-day in preference to any others; and true and unfeigned love and sympathy with the tried and tempted people of God, are marks of grace, so indisputable, that I wonder at the impudence of Satan in endeavouring to make any, who possess them, doubt their interest in Christ.

And now, turning from our trembling friend, I wish to say that there is one evidence of salvation which he, doubtless, would have mentioned, if he had spoken longer. He would have said, "I have no hope in anything that I am, or in anything that I do, or in anything or everything that I feel, as a ground of my salvation. My hope, if I have any, is fixed on Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, and on Him alone."

And if our friend had said that, I would have replied that it was not only an evidence of salvation, but it was an expression of salvation itself. The way of salvation is so plain, so clear, that, as we preach it, we are compelled to say that we wonder how men ever could have so muddled it, and made it such a mystery as some of them have.

Here is one man, who will have it that the way of salvation has a dozen things in it. It begins with the sprinkling of water, and even that must have the sanctity of the apostolic succession of the dispenser. That being done, salvation is not sure even then. There must come, after this, certain forms and ceremonies,—none of which have been commanded by God. Then there must be constant "sacraments" to

renew the sacramental efficacy once given. At no single period in the transaction, can a man say it is done, for it is not; and even when he comes to the grave, there remains, according to some, an imperfection in his salvation. He is to be followed by prayers for the dead, and masses for his soul's repose. Indeed, to know the whole plan of salvation, as taught by so-called priests, it would be necessary to buy a library, and read it through; and when you had done so, you would not know what you were to do.

Many Christian ministers make a great mystery of the plan of salvation; it is very complex, according to their explanation. It is something like good Mr. Mason's notes on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." He asked one of his parishioners once, "Have you ever read Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and do you understand the volume?" "Oh, yes!" was the reply, "I understand the book well enough; and I hope, by the grace of God, one of these days, I shall be able to understand your explanations of it." So, I doubt not, many hearers could say to their ministers, "We understand the text, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' and no doubt, one day, we shall understand your explanation of it." Really, according to some, salvation is made such a long task, such a difficult thing; and after being once complete, it may be made all null and void; a soul once saved, after having gone through a kind of new birth, which does not ensure eternal life,—for this sort of spiritual life may come to an end,—that sinner may, through the power of his lusts, be lost seven times, and seven times be saved, and then be finally lost after all! I do not believe there is anything in the Scriptures to warrant such teaching as that.

When you go to hear some preachers, it is necessary to take your dictionary, to enable you to understand them. Other preachers will give you the title of a huge book, and tell you that you must read it before you can understand what they mean. Sometimes, when I wish to understand some new theory, I ask, "What is the best book on the subject?" I am informed, "There are fifty-four volumes of a work, at, say twelve shillings each, and cheap at the price!—and if you read them through, you will get the gist of it!" You will see, at once, that this cannot be the Gospel that is meant for the poor.

I go into a church, and see a number of boys dressed up, and I see somebody decked out in fine trappings, which must have cost a large sum, and I say, "Well now, if this be the original worship of the Church of Christ, a person must have had a good haul of fish, for a year or two, before he could save enough money to fit himself out in that style. If this be the religion of Christ, he must have contrived (as was once done) to bring all his fish to land with thirty pence in each of their mouths." These brethren cannot preach without gown, and cassock, and altar, and all sorts of frippery. Anyone who chooses to reason will say, "This cannot be the religion of Christ's open-air sermons on the mountain-top; this cannot be the religion of the dozen poor fishermen who 'turned the world upside down;' this cannot be the religion of Paul, who, dressed in common garb, preached the Gospel of Christ, with no altar, or vestments, but simply used his tongue, and so won souls for his Master."

What, then, is "the Gospel of Christ"? I reply,—The way of salvation is just this,—trust Christ, and you are saved. Christ Jesus, the Son of God, became the Son of Mary,—He lived a life of holiness, He died a death of unutterable agony. In that life, He obeyed the law of God, and wrought out a perfect righteousness. In that death, He made full atonement to God for all the sins which His people had committed. The way to realize this righteousness, and the merit of this blood, is to trust Christ.

"But," says one, "may I believe that Christ died for me?" That is not the question I am speaking about now; trust Christ, and you shall find that out. Some men teach that Christ died for everybody; and if He died for everybody, then He died for me. Yet I may believe, in that general sense, that Christ died for all, and find out, after all, that I am not saved. Christ's blood is not efficacious for any man but the believer. Christ hath bought some good things for all men,—the common mercies of life. He has bought all good things for some men, and they are known by this mark, they trust Christ; and if you trust Christ, that must be an evidence that He died for you, that He was punished for your sins; and certainly the righteous God cannot punish two persons for one offence. He has punished your Substitute, and therefore He cannot punish you. Christ has wrought out a perfect righteousness. You trust Him, and that righteousness is yours, and you stand before God as if you had kept the whole law, and never committed a sin. Trusting Christ puts you where He is, just as Christ's love put Him where you are. Christ voluntarily placed Himself where those who now trust Him once were. They were sinful, so He took their sins upon Himself; they deserved punishment, so He bore it all in their place. He emptied the cup which they ought to have emptied; and—

"At one tremendous draught of love,  
He drank damnation dry."

He gave to God all He demanded on behalf of His people. God needed not to be made loving, "for He was love before." It was a proof of His love that He gave Christ to die for the ungodly. It was the Divine plan that God should be just, and merciful. He is just, for He punished Christ to the utmost rigour of His law. He is just; He required a perfect righteousness from Christ, and He abated none of the demands of His law. But He is also merciful; and, thus, believers are made to stand where Christ did. God looks on them as if they had kept all His law. He gives them Heaven as a reward. He looks on them as if they had never sinned, and He gives them full pardon.

"Well, then," someone may ask, "May I trust Christ without hesitation?" I say,—Yes, be you who you may.

I must say a few words here, not by way of apology,—for I never apologize for preaching the Gospel freely,—but to put aside what some brethren say. Some of my brethren hold strong Calvinistic doctrines; but not stronger than I hold, yet, they think that, to preach the Word indiscriminately, in a Gospel sense,—is not Calvinistic; and some say



it is not Scriptural,—for Calvinism to some, by the way, is of more importance than Scripture!

I think I know better than most men what Calvin taught. His works consist of fifty-six volumes, or more: I do not say that I have read them all through; but if any man ever has, I have. I never read a chapter through for exposition without consulting John Calvin, because he is the most consistent commentator I know. Sometimes he is inconsistent with himself in his *Institutes*; but they were the production of his early youth, when he had not fully mastered the Word of God. He is not to be judged by them, but by his expositions, which are the ripe fruit of his later life. There is not a single word in the whole fifty-six volumes that gives the slightest warrant for preaching a limited gospel.

Now, my dear brethren, allow me to say that there are no brethren in the world I love more heartily and sincerely than you, who are so particular upon this point; and it is because I so love you, that I am going out of my way to show you that you are wrong. You dare not preach Christ to sinners till you see some good in them. Brethren, this is rank Popery! It is contrary to that Gospel which you so much love. You tell the sinner, when you preach, "If you are a sensible sinner,—if you are this or that,—you may come to Christ." Then a sinner must look to himself to see whether he is this, or that, or the other; but that is just what you do not want him to do. You are not making him look to Christ, but to himself. In the course of a very extensive pastoral experience, I certainly have met with hundreds of persons who have been troubled with fear upon this point. "Oh, sir!" says such an one, "I do not think I am a sensible sinner; and my minister has told me that the promises of the Gospel are not made to me, unless I have felt my need." So, all the while, they are looking to themselves, and not out of self to Christ. The fact is, this kind of teaching is sheer legality; it is making a part-christ out of the sinner's sense of need; so I say, "Away with it!" I care not from what lip it comes,—whether from a Calvinist or an Arminian,—nothing must be put between the sinner and Christ. While I say to the Puseyite, "Down with your drapery, sir!" I say to these legal preachers, "Away with your qualifications, if they prevent any sinner from coming to Christ."

The truth is, that the Word of God *commands* sinners to believe. "This is His *commandment*," says John, "That we should believe on the Name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as *He* gave us *commandment*." "Then," saith one, "if He commands men to believe, they can do it of themselves." I believe they can do no such thing. Still, I am to command them to do it.

Look yonder, at Peter and John going up into the temple, and finding there a man who had been lame from his birth. Now, Peter and John, do not tell him to rise up and walk, for that would be duty-faith. But supposing that man had possessed power in himself to leap up, and walk, and enter into the temple with the apostles, anyone might have told him to do so; but as he had not the power, it took an inspired Peter and John to do it effectually.

Look again! There are the dry bones in the valley. If there were

any power in them to make themselves live, any simpleton could tell them to do so; but as they had no power, it needed a God-sent Ezekiel to say, "O ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord."

I do not preach the Gospel because there is any power to will in sinners; but because God makes them believe just as they are. You may say, "I do not feel this or that;"—away with your feelings! It is not what you feel that will save you; you are to trust Christ. If you do trust Christ, you are saved; and all the devils in hell cannot rob you of your salvation.

But why does God command men to believe? I think it is in order that a poor sinner, if he could not get comfort from an invitation, might get comfort from a command. If any qualification were appended to it, he might say it was not for him; so it is put thus broadly, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;" or in the form of a command with a threatening appended to it, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" "but he that believeth not shall be damned."

I will show you the working of this truth upon the conscience of a sinner. Supposing an order comes that I am to go, just as I am, at once to Windsor for an audience with the Queen. (I will imagine myself to be miserable, black, and ragged.) If the Queen sent such a command, (supposing her to have absolute authority over me,) if I did not go, I should be punished. Therefore I go,—not because I have any garments fit to go in, but because I am ordered to do it. I arrive at Windsor, and a big grenadier says to me, "What are you up to here? You have no right to be in such a place as this." "I was ordered by the Queen to come," I reply. "Then," says he, "you must pass, for the Queen's commands must be obeyed." A little further on, a footman in livery says, "What's your business here? I am surprised the porter should allow a person like you to pass; you are filthy, sir!" I answer, "I was told to come, and to come just as I am." I go a little further, and another official says, "According to the laws of this Court, you cannot possibly enter." I am abashed; but I show him the royal command, and he permits me to pass. I go into the ante-room, and sit down there, and say to myself, "I do not feel, after all, that I have any right here; I do not think I will go in." Why, I should be guilty of disobedience! But if, instead of so acting, I walk straight up to the throne on which the Queen is sitting,—though I break all the laws of etiquette,—though I am dressed just the reverse of what one should be on such an occasion,—though I blunder out bad grammar, or utter no words at all,—I have done what I was told to do.

This is how God deals with you, poor sinners, for He knows that you will not trust Christ unless He does so; therefore He gives you this plain command, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" that command is addressed to you. Trust Christ, and you will be saved. I tell you, sirs, I will be responsible if I preach not the truth;—at the judgment-day, I will bear the responsibility if this be not the way of salvation. If this is not the Gospel, I am not saved. If the devil tells you that you are not a sensible sinner, say, "I am a stupid sinner;" if he says you are not alive, tell him you are dead;

but tell him that you are obliged to say, "Dead or alive, I cling to Christ." If you cannot find any qualification, you can still lay hold of His cross,—sink or swim. I know no other hope for you; I had no other qualification myself. I sighed and groaned for five long years; and when at last I came to Christ, I was obliged to leave all idea of qualification behind me; I am sure I should never have come to Christ at all if I had not come just as I was. Believing He was able and willing to save me, I cast myself upon Him, and He did save me there and then.

"But still," says someone, "suppose I were to trust myself on Christ, and yet I were to be lost." Sir, that can never be! I will make my bed in hell, side by side with you,—I will bear with you the indescribable pangs of the eternal fires, and you shall taunt me as a deceiver, and mock me as a liar, throughout eternity, if ever you perish after trusting in Christ. You would be the first, you would be the only one who had perished like that; but, if you trust Christ, you will not be lost. Heaven might sooner reel, and pass away, and angels lose their first estate, and God Himself lose His throne, than ever one, trusting in Christ, should perish.

"But I am not the right man;"—but you are the right man. "But I am not qualified;"—but you are qualified. If you think you are, then you are not. If you think, "There is an invitation, and I am the character referred to in it," probably you are not therein described; for, generally, those who are included in the invitations of the Gospel think they are not.

"Well," says one, "there is the invitation, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden.'" Yes; that is directed to the labouring and the heavy laden; but there are tens of thousands who are heavy laden, who are addressed like this, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." As Mr. Brooks truly says, "While the invitation there is given to the labouring and the heavy laden, the promise is to those that come: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" It has no limit.

"Don't you believe in God's election?" somebody asks. Of course I do; and the very fact that I do believe therein, makes me preach a free-grace Gospel. I cannot see any use in preaching to sinners that they must have something preparatory done to them to bring them to Christ. I marvel how any, believing in God's electing love, out of pure grace, and in Christ's redeeming blood, should have thought the calling of God needed something in the sinner to make it efficacious.

Poor souls! I pray you, whatever may be the teaching to which you listen, do not permit it to get the mastery over you, so as to prevent you from casting yourselves on Christ. Black, filthy, lost, ruined souls, trust Christ, and you are saved. Will any of you accept that great blessing? No; not one of you unless the Spirit of God shall humble your pride, and bring you to the feet of Jesus as true penitents. You would accept the Gospel if it had qualifications in it; but it comes to you as unqualified sinners. It tells you to come to Christ just as you are,—not as sensible sinners, or awakened sinners, or any special sort of sinners,—but simply as sinners, without any qualifying word added

to your name; and if you do come like that, I know why you will come,—because the Lord hath “made you willing in the day of His power.” You will find that truth out by-and-by; you will discover that you never would have come if He had not drawn you by His grace.

I wish I could spread my net so far that the Lord would bring many of you therein. I remember reading about old Mr. Flavel, who preached on what was called “The Soul’s Preparation for Christ.” An excellent man (Mr. Richards) invited Mr. Flavel to preach for him; and he preached the Gospel to sinners simply as sinners; and about a dozen persons met him outside, when the service was over, and said to him, “This day, we have been set at liberty.” Poor Mr. Richards had for years preached only part of the truth; he had always held up Christ to sensible sinners, but they were afraid they were not sensible enough; yet, when Mr. Flavel preached to them simply as sinners, they found Christ. Then they discovered that they were sensible sinners, but they did not know it before. I think they were very “sensible” sinners indeed not to look at their sensibility, but to look to Christ.

I have often been pleased in reading the works of Tobias Crisp. Dr. Gill made a few notes thereon; he somewhere says, “that a drunken man, on seeing a drunkard saved, may have as much reason to believe that Christ died for him as for that other man who had sinned in a similar fashion; he may come to Christ on that warrant.” I think he may come on the other warrant; simply because God bids him to come.

I have been astonished, sometimes, to see how a solemn doctrine, which teaches that the work of salvation is all of grace, is consistent with the broad invitation, while the other kind of teaching is not, but is positively Popery wearing a mask. Down with qualifications, and up with the finished work of Christ. Down with all preparations for Christ, and come to Christ just as you are,—sinner as you are,—hard-hearted, sinful, full of vileness, and beset by all that can damn thy soul. Come as thou art; and if Christ reject thee, then is His Word not true where He says, “him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” “All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me,”—and none beside these will come unto Him.

I know, and rejoice in knowing, that some will “come” as the result of this sermon; and I will put the truth of my doctrine to this test— that some souls will be brought to Christ by it. Look and see, dear friends, if some men and women are not saved through this discourse. I never knew the plan of salvation so clearly, as when I found that nothing was wanted from a sinner but to trust in Christ.

Spirit of Christ, set Thy seal to this message! If it be not Thy truth, teach us our error. But if this be the Word of God, Thou must bless it. Now, Spirit of the living God, own it. Let the trembling heart find peace; and may some, who have been hovering about the camp, come near to Thee; and though they think themselves to be only like dogs, let them say, “Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children’s crumbs.”

God bless you, and bless the Word I have spoken, as far as it is consistent with His will, for Jesus Christ’s sake! Amen.

## Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"  
—Luke vi. 46.

THIS passage is truly "the burden of the Lord" on my heart at this time, and I almost unwillingly prepare to examine and meditate upon it, because I am ashamed to know what cause the Master has to speak such tenderly reproachful words to me. There will be some, at least, of my readers who will sympathize with me in this feeling. Shall we, then, go hand in hand into His presence, bearing "the indignation of the Lord, because we have sinned against Him," hushing our souls to a solemn silence whilst we listen to the grave charge He makes against us?

In what pathetic tones He pleads with us to note the inconsistency of our words and actions! "Lord, Lord," we say, professing to be His happy and devoted servants; but, as a matter of fact, do we not constantly do our own will rather than His? We please ourselves in most of the matters which should be subject to His approval, and we constantly comport ourselves as if no vows of obedience and consecration had ever passed our lips. Is our time at His disposal and command? Is our money spent chiefly for His honour and glory, looked upon as absolutely *His*, and lent to us only for His service and kingdom? Do we ask counsel at the Lord's hands over everything that occurs in our daily life?

Of course, there are occasions when, with a start, we wake up to a sense of our deep responsibility to our Master as His professed servants; but does our daily, hourly life show that we are striving in everything to do His commandments, and thus prove our love and loyalty to Him?

Dear friends, my sense of shortcomings, in this respect, is so painfully strong that I would fain write with tears, rather than with ink, if I could thereby bring you and myself to a practical realization of our duty to our Master if we have once taken His vows upon us, and called him "Lord." I do not wish to judge you; but if, in judging and condemning myself, you should find your own experience described and repeated in mine, I earnestly pray that you will receive my words as a message from God to you personally, and not rest till your sin has been confessed and pardoned.

When I measure myself by the standard of Christian perfection given by the Lord Jesus in His Word, I feel ashamed to call myself His follower at all, so far do I lag behind in running the race, so destitute do I seem of those traits which would prove me to be the Lord's. I came across the following paragraph in a book I much value; read it carefully, dear friends, and if your heart does not condemn you, (as mine does me,) then lift up your voice in thankful praise to God that His grace in you has gained so great a victory:—

"A cross Christian, or an anxious Christian, a discouraged, gloomy

Christian, a doubting Christian, a complaining Christian, an exacting Christian, a selfish Christian, a cruel, hard-hearted Christian, a self-indulgent Christian, a worldly Christian, a Christian with a sharp tongue or bitter spirit;—all these may be very earnest in their work, and may have honourable places in the Church, but they are NOT Christlike Christians; and, no matter how loud their professions may be, they know nothing of the realities of a devoted consecrated life.”

To be *Christlike*, is the duty and privilege of every believer. God’s Word distinctly settles that matter when it affirms, “Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, *he is none of His.*” I ask myself,—oh, will not you do the same?—how much of His likeness has been visible in my conduct during this day? How far have I been—that which my Lord expects me to be—His representative in this sinful world? If bearing the cross after Christ is the chief work of the Christian, have I borne it in patience, and obedience, and full surrender to His will in all things; or have I, as far as I was able, put it aside, and thought my own thoughts, walked in my own ways, and done what pleased myself without any reference to Him or recognition of His right to “reign over me”?

“There are Christians who think they have liberty to do their own will in a thousand things. They speak very much as they like; they do very much as they like; they use their property and possessions as they like; they are their own masters, and they have never dreamed of saying, ‘Jesus, we forsake all to follow Thee.’” May God keep us from the sin and error of thinking that we can accept Christ as our *Saviour*, and yet practically deny Him as our *Master*! How must His loving heart grieve over the wounds He thus receives in the house of His friends!

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O Lord, it is a hard task which I have undertaken, to try to show to myself and others of Thy people what a low standard of practical piety has hitherto satisfied us! I am unable to set forth our shortcomings, to describe the deceitfulness of our hearts, or to repeat the excuses which the flesh makes as it “lusteth against the Spirit,” and seeks to delude the soul into a false peace, and an unspiritual contentment. Thy hand alone can do the work; only Thine own gracious Spirit can convince us of our wrongdoing, and set our feet in the right path. O Lord, revive Thy work in us! Help us to cry mightily to Thee for grace to walk closely with Thee, that we may be more conformed to Thy blessed image!

We know, in our hearts, what Thou meanest by “*the things which I say.*” They are Thy gentle commands,—Thy loving counsels,—Thine easy yoke,—Thy tender teachings;—henceforth, dear Master, may these be the rule of our life and conduct! Self set aside, Thy will paramount; Heaven more near, and better loved than earth;—then, indeed, without a question, we may call Thee “Lord,” and rejoice in the blessedness of union with Thee. “He that *saieth* he abideth in Him ought himself also so to *walk*, even as He walked.”

## “*Semper Idem.*”

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(*Continued from page 340.*)

(e) *Verbal Inspiration of the New Testament.*

I almost tremble as we pass on from the holy place of the Old Testament Scriptures into the holy of holies of those New Testament writings which narrate the stupendous facts connected with the incarnation, baptism, ministry, teaching, crucifixion, burial, resurrection, and ascension of our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The very groundwork of the Gospels, which record His life and death, and furnish us with the actual utterances of our beloved Redeemer, is sacred; and we can scarcely conceive of any, “who profess and call themselves Christians,” questioning the authority of these narratives, and doubting the freedom from errorism and defect of our Lord's own words.

If the report of His sayings and addresses be not verbally inspired, then we have no assurance of infallibility, no security against error, no guarantee of Divine authority, no pledge of accuracy; and Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and the farewell discourse to His apostles in the upper room are merely haphazard, broken, and therefore worthless recitals of what He *may* have said on these momentous occasions; in short, we have lost everything which tells for certainty in the Christian revelation, and therefore for strength in service, purity in life, comfort in sorrow, or hope in death. Thus the question is necessarily an all-important and vital one,—Did Christ affirm for Himself and His apostles Verbal Inspiration, and do the New Testament Scriptures claim this? Our answer is,—Yes, since both speeches and writings are under the guidance and teaching of the Holy Ghost.

And here at once we are confronted by a tremendous mystery. The revelation and preservation of the Gospels and Epistles is, in itself, a miracle as great as the incarnation of our adorable Lord; and quite as solemnly affirmed, and just as true. If ever human utterances are to be relied upon, surely it must be when, under the shadow of death, and upon the threshold of the great Eternity, “Good-byes” are said, and pledges given; and here, as “God manifest in the flesh” is facing Gethsemane and Calvary, what is the comfort wherewith He consoles His broken-hearted disciples? “I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you” (John xvi. 7). In fact, granting for a moment that John's narrative was but a broken memory of this pathetic farewell scene, yet is the great argument clear and lucid to the most superficial reader as it bulked strangely before the puzzled, saddened minds of the eleven, “*Another* Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.” “The Spirit of truth will come. He will take My place, and more than compensate for My absence. I will go back to God, and He, ‘whom the Father will send in My Name,’ will come to you,—to cast light upon the backward track, as regards all My words

and actions, and 'to bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you;' to teach you more and more concerning Myself and truth, since 'He shall testify of Me,' and explain the strange, clouded mysteries of the unknown to-morrow, for 'He will shew you things to come.'

The emphatic declaration of our Divine Saviour on this point is beyond all controversy if words have any meaning, and the pledges of the Son of God are worthy in their guarantee: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." "When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me." "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come. He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are Mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you" (John xiv. 26; xv. 26; xvi. 13—15).

This strong, God-like declaration, then, solves such childish difficulties as—How could the disciples remember Christ's addresses, or detail the sweet but secret confidences of those interviews He had with sinners? *They did NOT recall them, nor could they; but the Holy Ghost did;* and so, whether it was Matthew reciting the Sermon on the Mount, and recording miracles and parables (v. —vii.; viii.; ix.; xiii.); or Mark detailing our Lord's Exposition of Eschatology (xiii.); or Luke narrating the incidents of the sinful woman and of the prodigal son (vii. 37—50; xv. 11—32); or John reporting the Saviour's private conversations with Rabbi Nicodemus and the woman at Sychar's well, and the Paschal Sermon (iii., iv., xiv.—xvi.);—Matthew, barrel-pen; Mark, sharp quill; Luke, fine steel nib; and John, golden one; alike record what the Divine Hand holding them wrote; or, changing the illustration, the four full-length portraits of our Lord as the King of the House of David, the obedient Servant, the Son of man, and the Son of God, were sketched on different canvases, from different aspects, with varied touches, yet all were equally inspired by the same great Master-mind behind them;—the Holy Ghost, the Remembrancer of forgotten incidents, misunderstood speeches, mysterious parables, and social conversations being Himself the Biographer of these many-sided memoirs of our Lord.

But, further, we find in the Acts of the Apostles, the last historical Book of what Mr. Archibald Brown happily terms "The New Testament Pentateuch," that *the dispensation of the Holy Ghost is ushered in,* and God the Spirit, in a unique and special manner such as had never occurred previously, came down on earth at Pentecost to Himself directly regulate, legislate, and control the details of church life and evangelistic effort. It is impossible to read "The Acts" even in a superficial way, without being struck by the tremendous fact that "the Spirit of truth" is everywhere prominent as the Maker of history, the Revealer of truth, the Director of ceremonies, and the Superintendent



of the church and individual life. From the memorable day when the apostles "were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance,"—resulting as it did in the conversion and baptism of three thousand believers,—until the aged and beloved John penned the last soothing words of the Comforter: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come" (Acts ii. 4, 41; Revelation xxii. 17); the writers distinctly affirmed for their utterances, decisions, and writings, the definite guidance and inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

Thus, for example, Peter boldly claims the Spirit's power in preaching at Pentecost, and equally in the solemn judgment of Ananias and Sapphira;—the persecuted street-preachers at Jerusalem assert, "And we are His witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him;"—while the church at Antioch set apart Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto the Holy Ghost had called them;—the decision of the apostles, elders, and brethren, sending greeting unto the Gentiles, affirms as authoritative, "it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us;"—and in his farewell charge at Miletus, Paul says to the Ephesian elders, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers" (Acts ii. 17; v. 3—9; iv. 31; v. 32; xiii. 2; xv. 23, 28; xx. 28); and, again, Philip, conducting a great revival movement, is suddenly bidden to "go toward the South unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert;"—"a certain disciple, named Ananias," with trembling heart, is sent to "lay hands" on Saul the persecutor; (a layman to ordain an apostle!)—Peter is directed, sorely against his Jewish prejudices, to visit the household of Cornelius;—Paul is sent forth by the Holy Ghost unto Seleucia, and is distinctly "forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the Word in Asia;" and though he and Silas "essayed to go into Bithynia," "the Spirit suffered them not;" while the Lord spake to Paul, "in the night by a vision," commanding him to remain, fearless of all consequences, at Corinth, "for I have much people in this city" (Acts viii. 26, 29, 39; ix. 10—18; x. 19, 20; xi. 12; xiii. 4; xvi. 6, 7; xviii. 9, 10).

Then note how the Lord checks lying, hinders quarrelings, strangles Simony, overturns antagonisms, heals diseases, works miracles, raises the dead, shakes down prisons, slays kings, delivers from storms at sea and vipers by land (iii. 6, 12, 13; iv. 10, 29; v. 9, 39; vi. 1, 7; viii. 18, 24; ix. 34, 40; xii. 7—10, 23; xiv. 8—10, 20; xvi. 26; xvii. 22, 44; xix. 12; xx. 9—12; xxviii. 5, 9); and, above all, again and again, in a marked and supernatural way, *fills* converts at the moment of their conversion, believers on the occasion of their baptism, wearied and harassed disciples in danger of their lives, preachers at the time of their acceptance or rejection, and martyrs in the last minutes of their death-agony, with the joy and courage, the peace and power of the Holy Ghost (ii. 4; iv. 8, 31; vii. 55; ix. 17, 18; x. 44—48; xi. 15, 24; xiii. 52; xix. 6); while the pledged prophecies of our Lord concerning special, immediate, and Verbal Inspiration for His disciples, in days of persecution before earthly tribunals\* find such wonderful fulfilment in

\* "But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak.

the defences of Paul, the dying oration of Stephen, and the intensely courageous speeches of Peter, that all who hear them are impressed by an overwhelming conviction of more than merely human power: "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus" (Acts iv. 13).

Let us, however, carry the argument a little further, and observe the extraordinary claims, made by the great apostle to the Gentiles, to this selfsame supernatural revelation. Paul, while defining himself as "less than the least of all saints," yet magnified his office lest the Divine message, through him, a God-ordained (not man-made) apostle, should be neglected or despised (Ephesians iii. 8; Romans xi. 13; 1 Corinthians xv. 9; Romans i. 1; 2 Corinthians xi. 5; xii. 11, 12; Galatians i. 1; Colossians i. 1, etc.); and in the second chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians, distinctly and unreservedly asserts that without "the Spirit of God" *man can know nothing, reveal nothing, teach nothing*; that, in brief, the natural cannot apprehend the spiritual, nor man's wisdom search "the deep things of God," for "they are foolishness unto him." We make no apology for quoting this passage *in extenso*, since it is truly one of the deepest and yet clearest, most philosophic and yet simple, in the Holy Scriptures: "But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. *But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit*: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, *not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth*; comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct Him? But we have the mind of Christ" (1 Corinthians ii. 9—16). Here we have the unpalatable but obvious truism insisted upon, that while "the spirit of man" can know "the things of a man," and "the spirit of the world" "the things of the world," only "the Spirit of God" can know "the things of God." Nor is the apostle content merely to deal

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but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" (Matthew x. 19, 20). "But when they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye, for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost" (Mark xiii. 11). "And when they bring you unto the synagogues, and unto magistrates, and powers, take ye no thought how or what ye shall answer, or what ye shall say; for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say" (Luke xii. 11, 12). "Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate before what ye shall answer: for I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist" (Luke xxi. 14, 15):—promises remarkably verified, not only in Apostolic days, but also in Reformation times, and in the history of foreign missions.

with generalities, but affirms a definite and unqualified theory of Inspiration: "We speak, not in *the words* which man's wisdom teacheth, but *which the Holy Ghost teacheth*;"—not alone the thoughts, but their expression in speech; *not alone the ideas, but the words are God's*, for "we have the mind of Christ." Surely, a more thorough-going claim for Verbal Inspiration was never written; and it was dictated, as we believe, by the thinkings of the Holy Ghost Himself (the Author of all Revelation), in words through the mind of the apostle.\*

May I here, however, most cautiously add a word of *caution*? Even the apostles and prophets of the New Testament dispensation (Ephesians iii. 5,) were not in themselves inspired, save as they were God's representatives. The words of quarrel between Paul and Barnabas stand fortunately unrecorded, but Peter was manifestly "trimming" at Antioch, and Paul appears to controvert all his previous convictions (strange example of how many Scriptural heroes fell in their very strongest point) by identifying himself with Judaistic observances which he had so often condemned (Acts xv. 39; Galatians ii. 11—13; Acts xxi. 23—26). The truth is, as we have already emphasized, not the men, but their writings were inspired; not their personal actions, but their Holy Ghost deliverances; and if this were so *then*, how much more needful is the warning *now*, since the canon of Scripture is closed, nor can man *add to* any more than diminish therefrom (Revelation xxii. 18, 19). There must be no recognition of *ex cathedra* pronouncements in the twentieth any more than in the second century, whether they proceed from Darby, Irving, Renan, or Dowie,—ancient Popes, or "Friends" with their "inward light,"—mystics, Perfectionists, faith-healers, Ritualists, or Spiritualists. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isaiah viii. 20). To-day, without the Holy Spirit, there can be no power, no real conversions, no genuine revivals;—nay, He must illumine the hearts and eyes of those who gaze upon the sacred page; but let it be clearly emphasized that there will be no fresh revelation, no amendment or improvement of or postscript to God's Word, and truth, and Gospel, until the silence of the centuries shall be broken, and He shall come "whose right it is to reign." Meanwhile, on the lines of a Divine right, "The Bible and the Bible alone is," must be, and shall, by God's grace, remain, "the religion of Protestants."

Thus far we have traced the ministry of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, as God's Remembrancer, and the Teacher of Christ's Church in its past and present aspects. Now let us view our Lord's promise in its third and future application: "He will shew you things to come." Agabus "signified by the Spirit that there should be great dearth

\* While mortals may *possibly* (?) think without words, yet it is evident that such thinkings can only be *revealed* through symbols or language. Paul, when "caught up into paradise," had thinkings "which it was not possible for a man to utter," simply because the words of earth could not convey and translate the things he had heard; human language broke down in attempting to describe the glories of the third Heaven (2 Corinthians xii. 1—4).

throughout all the world : which came to pass in the days of Claudius Cæsar ;" and, again, binding Paul with his own girdle, the same prophet said, " Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles ;" while Paul knew, by the same Witness, " that bonds and afflictions " awaited him (Acts xi. 28 ; xxi. 11 ; xx. 23) : but it is pre-eminently in the great prophetic utterances concerning (1) " the last days," (2) " abounding iniquity," (3) " the growth of false teachers with damnable heresies," (4) the rise and fall of " that man of sin," (5) " the second advent of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," (6) the Resurrection of the blessed dead, (7) the restoration of the Jews, and the ingathering of the heathen nations, (8) the judgment of the ungodly, (9) the glories of Heaven, and the anguish of " the lake of fire," (10) the new Heavens and new earth, (11) the glory of that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, and (12) the deathlessness, purity, service, and fellowship of the eternal state, that the Holy Spirit's teaching stands out paramount and unmistakable. Man could not, dare not, pen the second chapter of Second Thessalonians, the third chapter of Second Peter, the Epistle of Jude, or, above all, blasphemously write the fifteenth of First Corinthians, the fourth of First Thessalonians, and the Book of " the Revelation of Jesus Christ." Our Lord gave and pledged the Holy Ghost to do this, and *He did it*, so that, in the Gospels, we have Him bringing " all things " concerning Jesus to the Gospellers' remembrance ; in the Acts and Epistles, teaching and revealing to the apostles, and the church, " all things " ; and in the prophetic chapters, and the Apocalypse, unveiling " things to come,"—the unknown to-morrow, with its wealth of wondrous glory and its weight of endless shame. It is, therefore, with hushed hearts and reverent faces that we read the New Testament, since here we catch the actual breathings and touch the very heart of God, the living Holy Ghost.

*(To be continued next month.)*

## " Our Own Men " and their Work.

XCII.—PASTOR FRANK JAMES, PECKHAM PARK ROAD, LONDON.

**S**PEAKING, the other day, of ministers and their message, an old and honoured servant of the Lord Jesus said, " I would like a man to have a single point, and stick to it as a cleg sticks to a horse." Unfortunately, while there are many preachers, there are, after all, only a few who have learned the art of getting hold of a point, and sticking to it until it is driven home. Preachers are born, not made ; and when, in the providence of God, a church has laid hands upon a man who has a message, and knows how to deliver it, a preacher who understands his theme, and stands by it, that man should in every way be encouraged, and his hands upheld. We know of no institution that has been more honoured of God in sending out " men with messages " than our own beloved Pastors' College ; and among the many who

have gone forth, we know of none more worthy of a place in the record of "our own men and their work," than PASTOR FRANK JAMES, of PECKHAM PARK ROAD, LONDON. Mr James is essentially a preacher, but he is more than that; he is a pastor deeply interested in the welfare of every member of the church under his charge; he is an evangelist, too, eagerly seeking to lead sinners to the Saviour's feet.



The subject of our sketch was possessed, from his earliest recollections, with a desire to become a minister of the Gospel. Like many other preachers of the Word, when very young, he would stand upon a chair, open the Bible, pretend to read from it, then sing and pray, and follow on by preaching to an imaginary audience, peopling in fancy every part of the room. Nor was this all. When a growing lad, having left school, he tells how strongly the idea of preaching possessed him, so that he never heard a sermon without feeling the thrill of the preacher, and envying the pulpit above the pew. Long before his conversion, he prayed incessantly that God would open up the way for him to become a minister of the Gospel. Often, on his way to work, he would silently, but earnestly cry to God to make him a preacher. He fears that, at that time, it was more from an unaccountable longing to preach, than from a sincere desire to proclaim the truth, and win souls to the Saviour; still, those were his very decided wishes.

Our friend's mother died when he was quite young; but he can vividly remember how, on Sabbath evenings, she would read the Bible to him, talk over its lessons, and then get him to sing some favourite hymn. After the death of his mother, he lived partially with his only sister, whose kind care and Christian influence told for good upon his early life. His father was a stalwart manly character, who hated a lie and abhorred dishonesty; and so strong was this trait that our brother says that, from his earliest years, he was made to feel that anything mean or untruthful was a degradation of manhood, a violence done to the noble image of God in which man was created. "Never call a man ugly," his father would say; "remember that God made all men." He sought to inspire his son by saying, "Frank, my boy, God wants you to be a better man than your father." His father died while Frank was yet a youth, but his influence upon his son remained.

Our friend's conversion was brought about in a somewhat unusual way. Impressions had been made upon him, at some special services, a year before; but they had been followed by a relapse into greater worldliness. However, in the year 1879, he entered for the Scripture Examination in connection with the Sunday School Union, the subject being "The last days of our Lord on earth." This threw him into the company of a young man named Alfred Harrison, and together they found the Saviour. These two youths used to have little prayer-meetings and Bible talks by themselves in Harrison's bedroom, and thus the Holy Spirit led them more and more into the light.

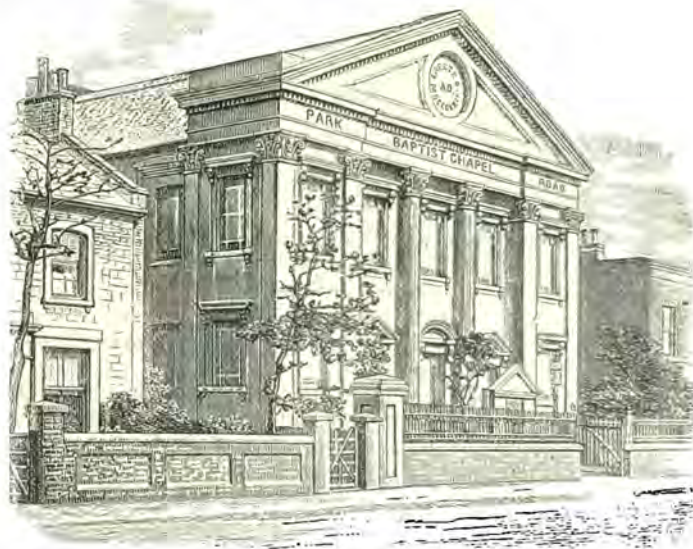
Mr. James threw himself heartily into the work of the Castle Green Congregational Church, Bristol, of which he became a member; but a study of the New Testament teaching upon the subject of baptism soon led him to become a Baptist, and he was baptized by the Rev. W. R. Skerry, at Counterslip Chapel. He joined the Y.M.C.A. of Bristol, and, with some of its earnest members, took up open-air work, and soon delivered his first address on "Counting the Cost." He had become a Sunday-school teacher; but, before long, the many calls to preach in the villages around Bristol necessitated his giving up his class. From 1879 till 1884, he was preaching in the open-air, in common lodging-houses and village chapels. One good piece of advice, from a lodging-house worker, guided him as to his motive in preaching, "Never preach for preaching sake, but to win men to Christ."

Desiring to enter the ministry, he wrote to the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon, laid the whole matter before him, and, in due course, received an invitation to enter the College. This was in 1884. Deeply as he feels indebted to the Professors then in the College, our brother says, "The greatest blessing I gained there was the spiritual impetus I received from contact with dear Mr. Spurgeon. He made me feel that I *must* preach, and do it with *all my soul*, that men might be saved, and Christ's Church be built up."

During his College course, Mr. James was student-pastor at St Mary Cray, Kent. Great blessing followed the preaching of the Word; many were born again, and added to the church. So greatly was the young minister loved that, on leaving, these poor people gave him a purse of £10. In 1887 he received two calls to the pastorate one to Bishop's Stortford, the other to Kingsgate Street, Holborn. Both these invita-

tions came by the same post, and were the cause of no small anxiety and earnest prayer. Mr. Spurgeon settled the question by saying, "Kingsgate is a most difficult sphere, but go there; if you fail, I will find you another church. I shall not be surprised if you do fail; but go, and God be with you!" He did go, and God blessed him there, so that, in the five and a half years of his pastorate, the membership was doubled, and the spiritual life greatly revived. Mr. Spurgeon wrote at that time, "Mr. James is working away at Kingsgate with remarkable success."

In 1892 our brother went to Lincoln, where he stayed only a year and nine months. The work of God prospered, and the friends were exceedingly kind; but Mrs. James could not endure the keen East winds. Without any seeking on their part, the Lord opened the way for their removal; and in June, 1894, our friend commenced his ministry at Peckham Park Road, London, S.E.



From the first, God's seal has been upon his ministry here. There is a Sunday-school of 790 scholars, a mission-station, and numerous agencies in active operation. The young life of the church has been fostered, and the prayer-meetings well attended. There is a membership of 400, and the church is still flourishing. The friends recently celebrated their pastor's seventh anniversary by presenting to him a handsomely illuminated address and a purse of £30. The church has long been active in missionary enterprise, and many of its members have gone forth into the field. At present there are three of these still living,—Brother J. G. Potter, of Kalka, India; Mr. W. A. Wills, of China; and Mr. Walter Wooding, of San Salvador do Congo.

Mr. James has lately published, in Mr. Arthur Stockwell's "Baptist Pulpit" series, a volume of sermons entitled "A National Pentecost." We strongly recommend every one of the readers of the Magazine to procure a copy at once; it will well repay a careful perusal. Our brother is a lover of the old truths, and an earnest expository preacher. He never suffers a Sabbath to pass without appealing to sinners. Believing in God, and knowing the power of the Gospel, he looks forward to long and useful service in Peckham. The church is endeavouring to raise £700 towards the renovation of the chapel and the construction of an organ; if any of the Lord's stewards can help in this matter, Mr. James will be deeply thankful. His address is, 3, Raul Road, Peckham, London, S.E.

Dublin.

J. D. GILMORE.

## Discovering a Man of God.

BY FRANK JAMES, PECKHAM.

THERE is a beautiful village idyll in the fourth chapter of the second Book of Kings. The scene is laid in the fruitful vale of Esdraelon, and the story concerns the Shunammite woman;—a woman of simple habits and true piety. Though her house was off the main road that led from Dothan to Carmel, the prophet Elisha often passed that way, and her hospitable nature moved her to entertain the man of God.

The whole story is familiar, but I want to call attention to the quick perception of this woman, the swift recognition of the manner of man that Elisha was: "Behold now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passeth by us continually." We are revealers of our own character; we bear upon our surface the impress of what is good or bad within us; and men rarely fail to recognize what we are if they are accurate readers of human life.

Character shines out through a man. There was something about the demeanour, about the very carriage and walk of Elisha, that led this Shunammite to discover that he was a man of God. In a country village, everybody spies out and takes stock of the stranger, like Jess in Mr. Barrie's "Window in Thrums." This Shunammite watched Elisha as he passed and repassed, until she constrained him to enter her house, and eat bread. And when he broke bread with her, she knew him to be a holy man. It was the spiritual nature of her own heart that instinctively recognized the prophet. You can tell a Galilæan by his accent, and a man of God by his bearing. There is an indescribable something about him which there is not about others. There is such a thing as spiritual aroma. I do not need you to tell me if you have otto of roses upon your person; it will tell its own tale.

What we see in others largely depends upon what we are ourselves. We are repelled from or attracted to people by what we are ourselves. We measure others by our own standards. We expect the coat to fit them that fits us, and yet all the while we know it is a false criterion. An honest man rarely thinks the other man is a rogue until he has found him out. A sincere man has a hard task to believe his fellow to be a



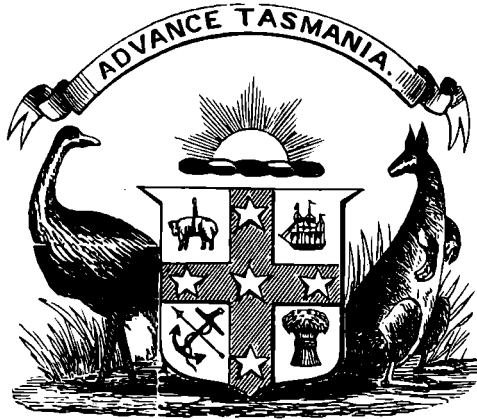
hypocrite. A parishioner said of John Keble, "He thinks we are all angels when we are beasts." This Shunammite could not have so speedily discerned the spiritual in Elisha but for the spiritual that was in herself. Unto the pure God shows that which is pure, and unto the upright that which is upright.

Again, we company with those who are of kindred spirit. A holy man invites holy men to partake of his hospitality. A man who is indifferent to morals courts the company of those who have no "respect unto the recompense of the reward." "Birds of a feather flock together." You can generally tell a man by the company he keeps. The spirit that is in the man is more than social state, it is more than grammar, it is more than the cut of his clothes. A man of the world bars his door against the godly. He says, "I do not want him here with his psalm-singing and praying; but if he will join in a good song, he is welcome." But a godly man throws his door open to the spiritually-minded. So the Shunammite gave a hearty reception to the prophet of the Lord.

Now come with me to this farmer's house in the little village of Shunem, and let us peer within. There, in the small room, is a happy pair, engaging in earnest conversation. "I say, husband, I feel sure that this man, who so frequently passes this way, is a man of God; shall we fit him up a room, and invite him to tarry with us?" "Well, wife, if it will please you, I will set about it to-morrow." Thus God moved these godly souls to prepare a resting-place for His prophet. And when the prophet was comfortable under that hospitable roof, how his heart expanded! It was to him an oasis in the desert. If everywhere else men were forsaking God, here, at least, was sweet and holy fellowship. People like this Shunammite and her husband are the jewels of the Lord. No doubt, in that home, they spake often one to another about sacred things. That home was a little heaven to Elisha. It was a running stream of comfort. It was a banquet hall ringing with music from heavenly harps. It was not merely the house, or the room, or the kind attention he received; it was the heart-fellowship, the spiritual atmosphere, that made it so delightful. You cannot tie this kind of fruit on to the tree; you must grow it. You cannot put on a godly air as you put on your coat, and take it off again when the prophet is gone. It must be your very nature, your inner self that breathes such a life. A man is known not by his words, but by the flavour of his life; and if you would carry about with you the fragrance of "the Rose of Sharon," you must be much in communion with Him. "Abide in Me." Yes, and His words must abide in you, so shall you bear much fruit. Jesus gives His spirit to those who will tarry at His feet, and drink in His love. You must cultivate your garden if it is to be beautiful; and you must cultivate your heart if it is to be Christlike. You must live where the lilies grow if you would reflect their purity. You must dwell in the secret place of the Most High if you are to reflect His image. If you possess a brilliant diamond ring, people will not be slow to observe it, and even to admire its gold setting. So, the man in whom the Spirit of God dwells will soon be a marked man, and the very setting of his life will be observed. We shall best commend our Lord by being like Him.

# Bush Life in Tasmania.

## VIII.—A BUSH DRAMA.



**M**ACQUARIE HARBOUR is the beautiful gateway to the marvellous riches of the wild West of Tasmania. Having safely crossed the bar, you come in sight of lovely reaches with wooded islands dotting the far-stretching expanses. The bays—with their charming curves, the bold fronts of the mountains, clad with dark green from foot to crown; now, sharply defined and mirrored in the placid water, and anon, broken by the shimmering of its lake-like surface;—form rare scenes of winsome beauty.

One of the islands that dot this spacious harbour is Sarah Island, so called after the Christian name of the wife of Governor Macquarie. In the early days, its loveliness was marred by the erection of two "penitentiaries" upon it; and here, on a small patch of land, were herded together unhappy men who had been brutalized, and deviled, as much as men could be by the tyranny, cruelty, and inhuman imperiousness of their warders.

Penitentiaries indeed! Was ever a man made penitent by the hard fist and booted foot of his overseer? Was ever a man softened to tears by the writhing whip at the triangles, or by the black loneliness of the solitary cell? No; human nature is not built that way. As one, with whom I often spoke,—whose poor back had been furrowed and scarred with hundreds of lashes at different times, bearing with grim stolidness the most awful and accumulated cruelties, purposely meant to break his spirit,—said, "Ah! I know the truth of those words,—

"Law and terrors do but harden  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

I knew him after thirty years, or more, of Christian experience, a quiet, intensely spiritual old man, with the hard lines nearly all worn away from his face, in which shone the light of the knowledge of the

grace of God. The love of Jesus softened and won the heart that the cruel "cat" could not touch. "With *His* stripes we are healed ;"—not with man's.

"O love divine, how sweet Thou art !  
When shall I find my willing heart,  
All taken up by Thee ?"

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Among those who have suffered, on this small but lovely island of which I have been speaking, was one who, for some youthful escapade with evil companions, whilst at Eton College, was transported to Van Diemen's Land. He was convicted in a false name, so his parents never knew his awful fate. Like a ship that sinks with all hands in mid-ocean, he vanished without a trace to satisfy the anxious questionings of those who loved him as their life.

At Macquarie Harbour, the iron entered into his soul. The shameful degradation of his lot, the apparent irremediableness of his condition, the bitter remorse, the keen regrets, the awful consciousness of life ruined, the hellish character of his enforced associations and associates, made life an "inferno" with an unceasing fire, an undying worm, and with weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. He seemed cut off from God and goodness utterly.

No wonder that he determined, cost what it might, to escape. He usually laboured near the thick bush on the mainland. Near by, he had found a cave, well hidden by the top branches of a fallen tree, whose roots retained hold enough of the soil to keep the foliage green. With a cunning born of his necessities, he managed to hide some scraps of food, and a file and hammer. The guards had grown careless ; for, of those who had escaped, most had been driven back by hunger, or had been lost, and died through starvation, in the almost impenetrable forest.

One day, a man, whose back was still furrowed by the lash of the previous week, suddenly staggered and fell. Whilst the guards' attention was occupied with the fainting prisoner, John Brown—as I learned from good sources,—resolved to make a bold dash for liberty. He shambled, as quickly as his leg-irons would permit, to the bush ; and fortunately, not being hit by the shots of the guards, he was able to elude his pursuers, and soon was safely hidden in the cave.

When the darkness of night came on, he filed and hammered away his fetters, in the cave's inmost recesses ; and, then, by the light of the rising moon, sallied forth with the scraps of food still left to him ; nor did he rest till the morning sun glistened through the tree-tops. By the side of a trickling stream, he lay down to sleep, after having laved his torn hands and face in its clear, cool water.

Day after day he struggled on through the apparently interminable bush ; now reaching the summit of some bare-topped mountain, which seemed but the centre of a trackless waste of tremulous leaves of endless trees, yet with no sign of animal or human life ; and again struggling through deep gorges of tangled undergrowth and luxuriant ferns.

He was not yet twenty years of age ; the offence for which he had been sentenced was a trifling one ; he had not succumbed wholly to

his fiendish environment ; what wonder that, in his lonely fight for freedom, he sometimes grew faint of heart, and wept bitterly as he thought of home, and mother, and the happy days at dear old Eton. But there are Britishers who never know when they are beaten, and John Brown was one of these. He kept steadily on, wading the creeks, and swimming the rivers in his track ; living on snakes, rats, young badgers, wallaby, kangaroo, and wild berries. After more than a month's tramp, across open plains, through thick bush and deep defiles, and over mountain heights, he saw, from one of these, the distant smoke of a settler's hut.

It took two days more to reach the spot ; and then, with much trembling, he decided to throw himself upon the settler's pity. His "Coo-ee" was quickly answered by the baying of the dogs, and the appearance of the settler, well-armed, and a couple of stalwart lads. His pitiable story was soon told, but his appeal for help and mercy was at first roughly refused. Escaped prisoners had an evil reputation, and were generally both feared and hated. The poor petitioner's strength had been sorely tried, and, now that hope was dead, he fell fainting at the settler's feet. As the man looked upon that young wan face, upon which were so many lines of suffering, and so few of crime, and beheld the poor fellow lying there in the last extremity of weakness, his heart relented ; and, with the help of the boys, the inert form was carried into the house, restoratives were applied, new clothes provided, the old ones burned, and an arrangement made that the refugee was to be regarded as a shipwrecked sailor, on the understanding that he gave two years' service on the settler's land without pay.

The agreement was faithfully kept on both sides, and, at the end of the stipulated time, Brown sailed for New South Wales, where he became a prosperous farmer. As a rule, Colonials, after the first strangeness has worn away, become intensely fond of their new mode of life. They love the bright sunshine, the social freedom, the large spaces, the absence of squalid poverty, the chance which most men have to live their life without harass and hamper. And some have cause to thank God, night and day, for the healing sun which has stayed the damage of the lungs, and has given spring and strength to the debilitated frame.

But there is one disease from which the Colonist suffers acutely, at times. Fortunately, the symptoms are well understood. It is called *Nostalgia*. Scholars tell us that this is a compound of two Greek words, *nostos*, return, and *algos*, pain. Its leading symptom is, a vehement desire to revisit one's native country ; a home-sickness that makes one yearn to look upon the dear familiar faces, to sit once more under the old roof-tree, to hear again the music of the county dialect, to walk along the old lanes and through the meadows, to see and smell the dear old simple field flowers, to listen to the trill of the lark, and the warble and whistle of the sweetest song-birds beneath the sky.

And John Brown felt this longing. The old land—distance lending its enchantment,—cast its glamour over him. He sold his farm ; and, to his exquisite joy, reached home in time to see and comfort his

beloved mother in her declining days, though too late to look upon his father's face.

It has been said, "Once a Colonial, always a Colonial," and Brown found the saying true. He enjoyed the charm of the dear old scenes for two years, made more dear and charming by the love and company of a maiden fair who became his wife. The life in the sunny Southland, however, had unfitted him for a vocation in the hazy Northland; so he returned to New South Wales in his true name, and "taking up a large station, he succeeded in bringing up his family well, and making for himself an honoured name."

In the meantime, the cruel system, under which he suffered in his youth, had passed away. The place itself had become busy with prosperous workers. The district, over which he travelled in such distress, had become famous as the richest in precious minerals of Tasmania's rich land. Thousands of miners and their families had come to reside in that region, and immense business places had sprung up, on the ground he trod in his lonely pilgrimage. His own son went to Tasmania, and started business in one of these populous townships, and his father, now white-haired with age, yielded to a strong desire to cross the Bass Strait, and visit his son, and look once more upon the scenes through which a loving providence had guided, and guarded, and helped him in the days of his youth.

\* \* \* \*

There is but little to remind one of those bad old times in Tasmania's fair and pleasant land. You may see a few dilapidated buildings, and other slight relics of the past, which now are objects of curiosity, and places of picnic, where merry parties keep holiday, and delight in scenes as lovely as any that God has made on this earth. It is the *beau-ideal* land for picnics; and there is an air of comfort among the people, the happy result of the steady toil, and thrift, and law-abidingness, which, in the main, characterize them.

"The old order changeth for the new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

Slowly, but surely, is the humane spirit of Christianity permeating the nations. Our life is still hard, and of necessity so; for only through stern discipline can we come to our high estate, and best inheritance; but it is less cruel than it once was. We realize better now than was done then that they who are akin should, even in the law's necessary punishments, be kind; that brutality is a poor evangelist; that, if mercy blesses him that gives, and him that takes, inhumanity curses him who inflicts, and him who suffers. Who doubts that John Howard and Elizabeth Fry were incarnations of the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ?

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

J. E. WALTON.

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

### VIII.—ISAAC WATTS.

IF we can but be satisfied with our surroundings, it is astonishing how quickly we can make out of them a world of our own. I have been back among my trees and flowers for some time past, and their interesting features have so occupied my mind that my life in London seems to be more distant than the time would make it. Here I can find "Improvement of the Mind," to quote the title of the celebrated treatise of my friend, Mr. Isaac Watts,—in the cultivation of my auriculas, for I have learned that severe discrimination must be exercised in fertilization if good plants are to be secured. The only way to get a new variety is to prevent the possibility of self-inoculation, and to convey the pollen from a choice source, saving in the end the seed thus obtained. Therein lies a parable, which I shall leave to my successors to penetrate.

This is a wet day, the rain coming down warm and vertical, while not a breath of wind stirs the leaves. Through the silvery vapour, the shape of the martyr hills is well-nigh lost; a simile of stern suffering softened to the view through welcome tears. How suggestive of things spiritual is such a rain as this! So warm, so copious, so cumulative in its impact, each drop following up its predecessor, and softening the ground, in its turn, for a greater depth and width of blessing! This rain has fallen through a vast current of warm air for it to drop thus as tepid water on the leaves and roots of plants. So the visitations of Heaven, which revive the soul, originate in the glorious current of the love of God. Latent scents spread themselves forth on the vaporous atmosphere as exhalations of thanksgiving; and, as I delight in the reviving smell, I find suitable speech, and say softly,—

"My best-belovèd keeps His throne  
On hills of light, in worlds unknown,  
But He descends and shows His face  
In the young gardens of His grace."

\* \* \* \*

My mind has been running all day on the hymns of Watts. Though I dwell quietly, with my own people, in this country seclusion, I am not in ignorance of the happenings in the world of letters. When in town, I mixed with the best, and often met Addison, Pope, and, also, the gentleman of whom it was said that "he could write finely upon a broomstick,"—Dean Swift. I cared for neither Pope nor Swift; they were merely men of the world, highly gifted it is true, but with an invective as sharp and rough as that disagreeable medicine, perchloride of iron. Satire may be a good astringent, but the public health must be low to need it.

Since returning to this retreat, I have kept myself in touch, and by sending to Dodsley, or some other, have replenished my store of books with the new issues of the present-day philosophers and poets. So it came to pass that, on Monday last, the carrier left for me a parcel

which it has been my pleasure to break open, for it contained, among its treasures, a recent work by Mr. Watts, entitled "Sermons on Various Subjects, with Hymns." It is not so very long ago that I basked in the sunshine of his "Psalms of David," and now he has again laid me and thousands more under a fresh obligation. It seems strange that no University has at present (1722) bestowed on such a man a diploma in Divinity. Surely, he is much more entitled to it than are those who, on the one hand, solicit it, or, on the other, receive it as the accompaniment of State patronage. Mr. Watts has given the whole Church a great boon, and brought about a new era in praise. His measures may not always be regular, nor his rhymes sufficiently correspondent, as some of his critics affirm; but his choice of subjects has lifted him out of the abyss of pedantic classicism, and his very themes and piety have begotten the glory of his verse. What can be more uplifting than his paraphrase of the hundredth Psalm? I venture to prophesy that the strains of Watts will burst from thousands of joyous lips when the works of both Pope and Swift lie dusty and unread. Theirs was a dish for the hour, and little more; his a satisfying portion from one generation to another; a living well, or precious fruit from an ever-yielding tree, wherewith to moisten the lips that should become eloquent in praise.

It will do my Diary good to bear the imprint of his words,—

"Wide as the world is Thy command;  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move."

\*             \*             \*             \*

As I intend leaving this record of my times, scrappy though it be, to those who come after me, it will not be out of place to jot down what I know of the man who has poured forth the faith of the Puritans in such helpful song. For Watts is the hymn-writer of the Puritans, as Bunyan is their allegorist, and Milton their apologist. He is more than what he modestly professes to be,—“an imitator of the Psalmist.” He puts a legitimate New Testament construction on the Old Testament lyrics. They become more than the battle-cries of the Commonwealth; namely, the Gospel Songs of an Evangelical Church. Take his version of Psalm 136. The second verse runs,—

"Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more."

How powerfully such lines would have issued from the stentorian lungs of an Ironside! But Watts does not end there; the seventh verse is,—

"He sent His Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song."

That which is best in Puritanism finds expression in the lines of Watts

He translated the unconscious desire of the lovers of Jesus for better words of praise into glorious fact; and, by the publication, in 1709, of his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," began a volume of Psalmody which, methinks, will grow page upon page, with every succeeding revival of the latter days.

\* \* \* \*

Isaac Watts was born in the reign of Charles II., and on the day of the death of William III. was appointed successor to Dr. Chauncey, of Mark Lane. Thus the future hymn-writer stood in the pulpit which had been occupied by such Anaks in theology as Caryl, Owen, and Clarkson. By the grace of God, he was destined to shed a light upon the church equal to the radiancy of the pastorates of his great predecessors.

When I was living in London, I occasionally heard him. Though he was very little of stature, the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his discourses very efficacious. He was considered, by good judges, to overcome the defect of his personal appearance by the polish of his diction. He had weighty things to say, and he said them in such a way as to make their weight felt. He did not hinder the Spirit of God by his own obscurities. The light which fell upon the mirror of his mind was flashed back again without flaw. This was my impression, and not mine only, but also of a host of others better able to form a decided opinion.

I met Mr. Watts at Sir Thomas Abney's, into whose family circle he was invited after his severe illness in 1712. In this beautiful home he was treated with marked respect; and there he lives to this day, with the fragrant bowers, the glorious lawn, and wealth of flowers to aid his imagination. In this charming spot he will talk philosophy with visitors if they have the mind for it, and he will come down to the ideas of children, and put morals into pleasing verse.

Many have been his illustrious associates, and still he can command the attention, though he by no means commends the sentiments, of the leading *literati* of the day. Mr. Addison calls him friend, and *The Spectator* is enriched by his contributions. I have heard him speak of his intimacy with the great John Howe, and also of his friendship with that well-meaning gentleman, but strange relic of family greatness, Mr. Richard Cromwell. When I sojourned in town, I heard that members of the Great Protector's family still worshipped with Mr. Watts's congregation. May the gracious hymn-writer live long to enjoy the respect and renown he has won, and add yet other odes to his *Hore Lyricæ!*

\* \* \* \*

The rain has ceased, and the sinking sun bathes with glory the lingering mists. Now the valley seems like a sea of light, out of which the hills rise soft and dreamy. It almost looks as if one could launch upon such a stretch of glory, and be wafted right into the Heavenly Day,—on which the tempest lowers not, nor the storm-cloud bursts;—the Heavenly Day, where the Lamb is the Light thereof, neither cometh the night there;—the Day, of which it may be said that each



evening here hastens the dawning. Then, in the words of our sweet poet, may we not sing,—

“Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my Heaven, my all!

“There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of Heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast”?

## Evangelizing the Hop-pickers.



THIS very interesting Mission is just now getting ready for the autumn campaign. Founded some thirty-two years since, in simple dependence upon the living God, it has been “going and growing” until its effects are far-reaching, and beneficial to many. It is really the revival of an excellent order of evangelists, who go forth, Bible in hand, to preach the Gospel to the poorest and most needy. All sorts of evangelists can be employed in this Mission, and all sections of the Christian Church can be engaged in this holy enterprise of going from bin to bin, and from garden to garden, throughout the hop-growing districts of Kent.

The evangelist does not have to gather the people together to hear the Word. They are already collected for him on every farm, in every hop-garden, and at every bin. It is the most splendid opportunity that could ever be given for *individual testimony* and *personal dealing* with large numbers of men and women who seldom hear the Gospel outside the hop-gardens. The gardens themselves are pictures of beauty, of fruitfulness and health, while the hoppers are all at their bins engaged

in the easy, pleasant, and profitable task of gathering the hops. It seems as if the 60,000 pickers were sent from the slums of our great cities where it is *difficult* for them to hear the Gospel, into our lovely hop-gardens where it is *easy* for them to listen to the message of salvation.

A specially interesting feature of the work is the "Hop-pickers' Shelter and Medical Hall." This building is the home of the hoppers during the season. Here they find rest when they are weary; they have facilities for receiving or writing letters; tables, desks, and seats are provided for their use; Sunday-school gatherings are arranged for their families, and evangelistic services are held on Sunday and week evenings.

Medical Mission work is also carried on among the hoppers in connection with the shelter. *First aid* is rendered by a trained nurse, under the direction of a qualified medical man. The missionaries, as they go from camp to camp, take the names of all sick and suffering hoppers; these cases are reported to the nurse and the doctor, medical care and attention are thus provided for those who need them. Valuable lives have thus been saved, while, by these means, hearts have been opened to the Saviour, and the poor hoppers have learned the modern meaning of the words, "He sent them to preach the Kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."

From the very first, this Hop-pickers' Mission had the hearty support of the ever-beloved and revered C. H. Spurgeon. Of all the encouragement given to the work, none has cheered the heart of the founder and director like the cheering words of the dear departed one, who said, "By the Hop-pickers' Mission in Kent, the hoppers hear more of the Gospel during the hopping season than they hear in their homes all the rest of the year."



Our illustrations are taken from the Annual Report for the past year, which will be sent free on application to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent, who will gratefully acknowledge all contributions for the work.

## A Railway Journey in Queensland.

BY PASTOR W. HIGLETT, ALBION, BRISBANE.

QUITE recently, I had occasion to visit the famous gold-mining township of Gympie, to conduct the anniversary services at the youthful Baptist Church there. Gympie is 106 miles from Brisbane, on the North Coast line; and as the scenery at some parts of the route is unique, a description of the journey may be of interest. Greatly do I wish, Mr. Editor, that your esteemed contributor, H.T.S., could make the trip. How he would revel in the scenery; and what a charming pen-picture we should afterwards obtain from him! Lacking his gifts, readers must let their imagination fill up the deficiencies of the writer.

For the first few miles, the line runs through the finest pine-apple district in Queensland; but a pine-apple garden is not very picturesque, though full of curious interest to the "new chum" who has never seen the fruit growing, and who has always associated "apples" with trees. Forty miles out from Brisbane, we come to one of the striking features of the trip, for at Beerburrum we pass close to one of the Glasshouse mountains, so named by Captain Cook. Entering Moreton Bay, he saw, full twenty miles distant, a group of half-a-dozen mountains, and the curious shape of one rocky peak is said to have reminded him of a glasshouse or factory, whence the name. Beerburrum is the local designation of one of these, the base of which is skirted by the railway. Probably a full mile in circumference at the foot, it rises almost precipitously to a height of some 1,500 feet,—a huge mass of rock, bearing on some parts a scanty vegetation, but elsewhere bare and weatherworn. It is apparently quite inaccessible to the most adventurous mountain-climber, and its towering summit forms a landmark for many miles. Through the trees, we catch glimpses of its companions, though they lie at a distance of several miles from each other. One of these is very remarkable in shape. At a height of several hundred feet, the precipitous sides give place to a dome-like roof, out of which rises a giant column of rock, the whole being not unlike the shoulder and neck of a bottle; or, as it appeared to Captain Cook, like the smoke-stack of a glass furnace. Beerwah, the highest of these Glasshouse mountains, attains an altitude of 1,760 feet; but it lies at a greater distance from the railway, and is not therefore so conspicuous as Beerburrum.

At Endlo, 57 miles from Brisbane, we enter a belt of scrub, and for twenty miles are regaled with one of the finest stretches of scenery that can well be imagined. "Scrub," I may explain, is country marked by dense undergrowth, as distinguished from "the bush," or open forest country. The special feature of this particular scrub is the abundance of palm trees. Appearing first in small patches, they increase in number as we near Palmwoods station; and continue until, twenty miles further, they thin out, and we once again look upon the more familiar Australian bush. It was not the first, nor the second time I had made that journey, yet it was one of indescribable delight.

On either side of the line, is the impenetrable undergrowth of varying shades of dark green, interspersed here and there with pink and white flowers of what seemed to be wild Hibiscus, the whole rising to a height of say twenty feet. Thickly studded among this undergrowth are various kinds of scrub timbers reaching up to fifty or perhaps even seventy feet. Still above these, in their lofty grandeur, the gum trees proudly lift their heads, together with the figs, and occasionally a few

pine trees. Growing on these larger trees is a profusion of staghorns and other epiphytic plants, the envy and delight of every owner of a bush house. Among them all, are the long scrub vines, some slender as a pencil, others as thick as a man's wrist, stretching up forty or fifty feet, or even higher, and looking like the ropes to some great campanile in the tree-tops.

And last, but not least, amidst all this wealth of vegetation, there are the beautiful palm trees in their hundreds and their thousands. The variety is, I believe, known as "Seaforthia." Upon a perfectly straight stem, seldom thicker than a man's arm, and reaching sometimes sixty feet in height, there rests a cluster of about a dozen fronds, so graceful in their shape that they cannot be compared to anything else; we have reached the ideal of excellence when we say "as graceful as a palm tree." A foot or so below the fronds is the flower, a beautiful fringe or tassel of pale green, with sometimes a last year's growth turned brown, but not yet fallen. Here and there along the line, we come to a clearing, where some settler has felled the scrub,—palm trees and all,—that he may plant sugar-cane, or corn (maize). This clearing only lends a more striking prominence to the palms, for the standing timber around is of the same description; and no stately avenue of trees in a nobleman's garden or park could excel the beauty of the fringe of palm tree scrub which walls in the selector's clearing. Nevertheless, it seemed almost like desecration; and to have all this beautiful scrub felled, would be a national calamity. It is pleasing to know that this matter is now receiving consideration in Parliament, with a view to having the unalienated portion reserved for ever as a National Park.

At Nambour, the cultivation of the sugar-cane is very much in evidence; for a large mill has been erected, close to the station, and narrow tram lines run from the mill to the cane-fields for the haulage of the cane. At the time of our trip, however, all was quiet,—it was not the crushing season. That accounted for the presence on the platform of three Kanakas (South Sea Islanders) in holiday attire, one of whom boarded the train. It was interesting to note that, round the hat of one of them, was the red badge of the Salvation Army. The methods of the "Army" appeal strongly to the Kanakas; and among them, in this district, is a very considerable contingent of Salvationists.

Further on, we come to another delightful change in scenery, for the "Seaforthia" gives place to the "Cabbage Tree Palms." These have thicker stems, are not nearly so lofty, and the fronds are a cluster of thirty or forty beautiful fans, each at the end of a stem four or five feet long. Trees like this, multiplied by hundreds, and surrounded by the beautiful scrub already described, are indeed a sight not to be soon forgotten. Eighteen months ago, delegates from all the Colonies, who came to the C.E. Convention, were taken on a special excursion to the Palmwoods scrub, and their loud expressions of delight were accompanied by the comment that nothing like it was to be seen in their own Colonies. The steep gradients and various stoppages cause the train to occupy more than an hour covering this twenty miles; but it is all too short,—the fairy land has been passed through, and we are once more back to ordinary conditions of travel.

The forward journey was made on a Saturday; but, on the return trip, we had several instances of a provision made by our Department of Public Instruction which will be novel to English readers. At one bush siding, where there is no station building, nor even a house in near proximity to the line, the train drew up at the signal of a boy of ten years, who stood, with outstretched arms, and presently boarded the train, to be carried to school. The provision is, that children, more than two miles distant from any school, may travel free to the nearest

school reached by the railway. At small sidings, this is a common occurrence, whenever the time of a returning train enables the children to get back in the evening.

To describe Gympie, or give an account of my two days' work there, would unduly extend this paper; so I will mention but one item, since it may be novel to "Sword and Trowel" readers. Land on goldfields is held under a special Act of Parliament, and only under exceptional circumstances can a freehold be obtained. Hence, our "church" there is erected on land held as a Miners' Residence Area, in the name of one man, who must take out a Miner's Right, at a yearly charge of five shillings. He must also pay an annual registration fee of five shillings; and, under another section, must obtain exemption from living upon the land. Should he fail in either of these particulars, it would be open for any other miner to "jump his claim." Not being the original holder, our representative had to purchase the lease from the holder; but, granted compliance with the conditions, it is an indefeasible lease for ten shillings a year.

After three days spent happily, and we hope profitably also, in Gympie, duties at Albion called for a speedy return, and our railway journey was at an end.

## Notices of Books.

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

*Peace or War in South Africa.* By  
A. M. S. METHUEN. Methuen and  
Co.

A SHILLING book that ought to be in every house in the British Empire. If it were carefully read, and its lessons learned, peace might soon come to poor stricken South Africa, and a beginning be made of the long process of healing the wounds that war has made. The whole volume is worthy of diligent study, but perhaps the most instructive chapter is the one in which a parallel is drawn between the situation, both military and political, of 1775—83 and that of today. Any unprejudiced reader can see that the present policy is likely to result in the loss of South Africa as the war of 1775 ended in the independence of our American Colonies.

*The Church and its Privileges.* By  
Rev. J. D. GILMORE, of Dublin.  
Arthur H. Stockwell.

In his article in the present number of the Magazine, Mr. Gilmore advises our readers to obtain the volume by Mr. James in "The

Baptist Pulpit" Series, and we heartily give similar advice concerning our Brother Gilmore's own volume. He has chosen a most important theme, and ably has he handled it. He is a logical thinker, a clear writer, an earnest preacher, and an intense lover of the old-fashioned faith. The more widely such sermons can be spread, the better will "The Church and its Privileges" be understood, and the more will its adherents be increased.

More care should be taken in reading the proofs of these valuable volumes. In one place, Mr. Gilmore is represented as saying that "OBEDIENCE TO THE WORLD" is a qualification for joining the Church; whereas, of course, what he wrote was, OBEDIENCE TO THE WORD,—quite a different thing.

"The Baptist Pulpit" volumes are published at 2s. 6d. net each, but Mr. Stockwell has issued a smaller collection of sermons, by another of "our own men," Pastor EDWARD MILNES, of Bacup, at 1s. net, under the title, *The Angels' Song, and other Sermons.* They

have been published in response to the request of those who heard them preached, but many others may be profited by reading them. Mr. Milnes wisely says, "I have no new doctrines to propound. I have every reason to be content with the old."

Just as we go to press, we have received, from the Publishing Office of the Presbyterian Church of England, the *Quarterly Lesson Notes*, by Dr. J. R. MILLER, the *Monthly and Quarterly Magazines*, and the *Official Hand-book of the Presbyterian Church of England, 1901-1902*. We have only space to say that all appear as excellent as those that have preceded them; the Hand-book especially is an admirable compilation, and very cheap at sixpence, for it contains a great mass of information.

*Thirty-two Original Tunes to Popular Hymns*. Composed by F. COWLEY. Novello and Co.

THESE tunes have evidently passed through the hands of a skilled musician; and the harmonies have been carefully revised. Some of them may prove useful, in alternation with better-known ones, but none of them have any special merit.

*The Songs Above*. "Hark! Hark, my soul!" Music by T. W. PARTRIDGE, 32, Stockwell Road, London, S.W.

A VERY effective setting of Faber's well-known, beautiful hymn, "The Pilgrims of the Night." It is suitable for a contralto solo, or for a body of voices where there is a good accompaniment. Conductors of Sunday-school Anniversaries, who are looking for new music for their senior scholars, should send seventeen penny stamps to the above address for a specimen copy of the words and music.

Mr. H. E. Marsom, 17, Cathedral Yard, Exeter, sends us two sixpenny packets of booklets, *Earnest*

*Words and Earnest Appeals*. They are admirably adapted for enclosure in letters or for general distribution.

*Beachy Head: a Bible Study on God's Use of Man's Memory*. By SAMUEL HUNT, Tunbridge Wells. Part-ridge and Co.

A PENNY booklet of 32 pages, which has deservedly reached a second edition. It is full of interest, incident, and instruction, and should be widely circulated, especially throughout the region in which Beachy Head stands. Some friends will recognize the author as the writer of the sketch of Pastor James Smith, of Tunbridge Wells, which appeared, some years ago, in "Our Own Men" Series.

Mr. Bullock's *Home Words and Day of Days'* Midsummer volumes ("Home Words" office, 6d. each,) are as admirable as their many excellent predecessors. They are just the thing for reading in the country and at the seaside.

The last two numbers of *The Pioneer Review*, edited by Dr. McCaig, and published by the Baptist Tract and Book Society, contain the Annual Report of the Pioneer Mission, together with an account of the annual meetings, and other particulars concerning this excellent work. The magazine for July and August contains a portrait and brief sketch of Pastor Charles Spurgeon and his work, together with an outline of the discourse delivered by him at the anniversary service; a portrait and short account of Mr. William Vinson, jun.; and much interesting information concerning the progress of the Pioneer Mission. If any of our readers are able to help this most admirable agency for spreading the truth, their assistance will be gratefully received by Pastor E. A. Carter, "Oreston," Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, London, S.W.

Among the many Annual Reports lately received, two in which we

have been specially interested are those of the London City Mission and of the Trinitarian Bible Society. From different standpoints, they describe the increasing difficulty of carrying on their respective service for the Saviour. The L.C.M. Report says:—"In the hearts of vast multitudes, there is no desire for the worship of God; and in some neighbourhoods, many of the churches and chapels are half, and some even more than half, empty on the Lord's-day. Multitudes are seeking rather to gratify their desire for worldly pleasure, in excursions, at their clubs, or at Sunday concerts. The great need of the present time is the grappling with individual consciences, whether in public or in private. The worldly-minded shun not only the churches, but also the servants of God. They are seeking to hide from God Himself, and would fain forget Him." The T.B.S. has to make this sad but true declaration:—"In 1831, the 'higher criticism' was unknown, as such. Blatant infidels rejected and opposed the Word of God. But, now, their work has been taken in hand by Professors. And, to-day, those who are foremost in this destructive work are marked out for special honour and promotion by the State, by the Church, and by the Non-conformist alike." Under such circumstances, it is all the more imperative upon Christ's true followers to be faithful to their Lord and to His truth, and to avail themselves of every opportunity of extending His Kingdom.

*Pauline.* By PANSY. C. H. Kelly.

THIS volume is quite a contrast to the usual style of Mrs. Alden's stories. There is much fascination about the tale, and the plot is a very thrilling one; but we are sorry to miss the definite religious teaching which has hitherto been the chief charm of "Pansy's" writing.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons have sent us three, sixpenny reprints of Mr. R. M. BALLANTYNE'S popular stories, *The Coral*

*Island, The Dog Crusoe, and Ungava.* They abound in exciting adventures and stirring incidents, and in the narration of them fact and fiction are skilfully blended. As long as boys are boys, they will eagerly devour such stories as these; and we would far rather that they should read works of this order than poison their minds and hearts with the putrid garbage of much of the fiction now pouring from the press.

*Homoculture by Selection.* By HENRY SMITH, M.D. Watts and Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

WITH much in this singular pamphlet, we heartily agree. The body of man is a sacred trust, the brain a solemn element in character and happiness; and anything that will benefit both of these has our warmest approval. But to limit man's nature to body and brain is a fatal defect. Granted all that the writer desires, no man will be truly blessed unless he is converted, saved, sanctified by the grace of God.

*Palestine in Geography and History.* Vol. II. By A. W. COOKE, M.A. C. H. Kelly.

ANOTHER, and one of the best, of the valuable series of "Books for Bible Students." In small compass, one can here learn about the latest and most reliable discoveries in the history and geography of the Holy Land. The admirable map included, enables the reader to follow with the eye the information of the book itself, and so adds much to its value. It is in every respect an excellent handbook.

*Responsiveness and Communion with the Blest.* By Rev. V. J. LEATHERDALE, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A GRACIOUS and gentle expostulation and antidote to the "prayers for the dead" in which so many Anglicans now indulge. We trust it may effect its design, but must confess that we are not very sanguine that it will do so.

*Pictures of Church History*, in Pen and Pencil, from the close of the New Testament to the Death of Bede. By CHARLES TYLOR and GORDON HARGRAVE. Headley Brothers.

FIFTY-TWO brief chapters, with twenty-six admirable illustrations, giving an outline of the careers of some of the most notable men in the earliest centuries of Christianity, including Ignatius, Justin Martyr, Polycarp, Tertullian, Origen, Cyprian, Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine, Benedict, Patrick, Cædmon, Cuthbert, and Bede. Author, artist, and publishers have united in producing a charming volume, which will make many a young reader want to know more about the many celebrities here mentioned.

It is interesting to us, as Baptists, to note that, when the monk Augustine met the representatives of the ancient British Church, about the year 601, he could not induce them to give up their Scriptural mode of baptism, and adopt the perversion of the ordinance as practised at Rome.

*Francis and Dominic, and the Mendicant Orders.* By JOHN HERKLESS, D.D. T. and T. Clark.

A SCHOLARLY and trustworthy sketch of the rise and progress of the Spanish and Italian Orders that have become so notorious in the Church of Rome. It is also a very striking witness to the inevitable corruption that follows all human organizations that are not based on Scriptural principles.

This volume is a worthy companion to Professor Lindsay's on "Luther"; and this is, surely, the highest praise we can give it. They give distinction to "The World's Epoch-makers" Series that other volumes could not bestow, and are far and away the best of all yet published.

*George Whitehead.* Compiled from his Autobiography, by WILLIAM BECK. Headley Brothers.

THE life-sketch of one of those

many saintly heroes that persecuting times revealed and strengthened. Baptists and Quakers often together suffered for their loyalty to Christ, and this brief biography is a delightful memorial to one of the noblest witnesses in that latter body. His intercession with the Stuart king on behalf of George Fox is graphically told; and, indeed, the whole story is fascinatingly attractive. A precious volume of noble biography which should be largely sold and sympathetically read.

*"By the Power of the Spirit of God."*  
By a Yorkshire Priest. Elliot Stock.

EIGHT brief discourses, "pleading for spiritual religion, and deprecating sensationalism, modern methods of church finance, etc.;" and so long as this is done, we can thoroughly approve and applaud the writer; but, surely, his own sacramentarianism is, in another way, quite as unscriptural as the practices he so warmly denounces.

To drive the trafficker out of the house of God, is good; but to let in the mass-offering priest, is to repeat the old folly of the swept and garnished house (Matthew xii. 43-45). When a man says, "Christ comes nearest to us when we present the memorial *sacrifice* of His body and blood," and speaks of the "sacrament of the altar" being "a rich and essentially necessary *means of salvation*," we find it hard to say in what way he differs from the avowedly Roman Catholic priest. Whilst he slays evil-doing with one hand, he is busy scattering the tares of false teaching with the other; and we can only warn our readers to leave his baneful book severely alone.

*The Doctrine of Baptism as Taught in the Bible.* By W. R. BRADLAUGH. George Stoneman.

THIS is one of the best treatises on Bible Baptism ever published. Though there is little that is fresh and new to an intelligent Baptist,



it is all so clearly and powerfully set forth that it must convince any who really desire to know the will of God, and to do it. We wish that it might be distributed broadcast; but fear that, at the price of sixpence, this is impracticable: but why could not official Baptists secure it, print a cheap edition, and scatter it by tens of thousands? Many, who know the writer as an Anti-infidel champion, would read this cogent and convincing testimony to the Scriptural ordinance of believers' baptism, who would suspect a pronounced Baptist of bias.

*Tracts for Congregationalists.* II.  
The Congregational Problem.  
Alexander and Shephard.

AND after carefully reading this, in many respects, able tract, we come to the conclusion that the "problem" is a problem still, and utterly unsolved. Some day, there will arise a Christian statesman, who will dare to revert to New Testament principles and practices, and ignoring all man-made constitutions, build up a solid, strong, and efficient federation of all Free Churches for the proclamation and practice of Bible truth. But where is such a man to be found to-day? Policy is too often made the fetish, and principle is obscured; but the religious statesman of the future will believe in transparent faithfulness to God's Word, and will thereby solve many, if not all, of the present perplexing problems.

*Eating the Bread of Life.* By WERNER H. K. SOAMES, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THOUGH there are two hundred large pages here, the author calls this a "pamphlet." He is as modest in his estimate of his own work as he is thorough and trenchant in its execution. He smites Sacramentarians hip and thigh. It is a pity that this work needs to be done, but being attempted it is well to have it done thoroughly. Mr. Soames leaves not a loophole of escape. In the consideration of the passage in the Gospel of John,

about eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Son of man, and of the words in which the Lord's supper was instituted, he very properly asserts that the one passage has no connection with the other, save only that they both refer to the same great fact of our Lord's sacrifice and atonement. He proves to a demonstration—we had almost said to redundancy—that the first text refers entirely to a spiritual act;—eating and drinking are synonyms for faith;—and, therefore, the body and blood must also be spiritual. In the second case, the eating and drinking are physical acts, and the physical elements remain what they were at the beginning, bread and wine, but they are the body and blood of Christ in a symbolic sense. Our only fear is that our author's opponents will not take the trouble to read his elaborate arguments. If they do, there is no hope for their Sacramentarianism. This is a heavy gun; when it can be got into position, it will do good execution.

*The Evangelical School in the Church of England.* By H. C. G. MOULE, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

THOUGH only a sketchy outline of the men and their work, representing the Evangelicals during the nineteenth century, this is a sketch by a master hand. All the soundness of judgment, charming felicity of language, and sweet graciousness of spirit, identified with Dr. Moule, are here; giving even to this brief handbook an unusual value. It has been a delight to read, and is well worth preserving.

*The Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Believers.* By Rev. J. MORE. Morgan and Scott.

A SIXPENNY booklet on an all-important subject, which is still greatly misunderstood; viz., that men only become sons of God, in the saving sense of the word, by regeneration. This little work is worthy of wide circulation.

*The Century Bible. St. Luke.* By Professor W. F. ADENEY, M.A. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

OUR admiration for the first volume of this series prepared us to give a very hearty welcome to the second. *Mark* has not yet reached us; but in *Luke* the same high level is maintained as in *Matthew*. The book is beautiful, and the comments in very many cases highly suggestive. With its touch of modernity, as, for instance, when Luke is described as "a Freeman, not as a Froude," there is also great spirituality of thought and evidence of learning from cover to cover.

The Introduction is a splendid piece of analysis, and illuminates the writing of "the beloved physician." We are somewhat startled, however, on the first page, at the comparison between the Christian Scriptures and the writings of Plato and Shakespeare, and we have looked in vain for any hint that the Gospel according to Luke is in any sense inspired. We are told, indeed, that the song of Zacharias is an inspired Ode; but we think the learned Professor, in addition to his literary estimate of this, "the most beautiful book that has ever been written," might well have used at least one sentence to re-assure the minds of those who accept this and the other Gospels as Scripture given by the Inspiration of God. This was especially necessary when, in the annotations, such a sentence as the following is permitted:—"It must be allowed that Luke's unsupported stories do not come to us with the authority of what is contained in the 'triple traditions' of the synoptics." If this Gospel is only a literary product, that may be perfectly true, and probably Professor

Adeney is looking at the matter wholly from that standpoint; but we believe he himself accepts, as we do, the Divine Inspiration of the Book, in which case an unsupported story has just as much authority as one that is repeated elsewhere.

In spite of this criticism, which we are bound to make, we recommend the book to wise students; the fulfilment quite equals the promise of the Prospectus.

*God's Perfect Will.* By G. CAMPBELL MORGAN. Morgan and Scott.

THERE is a distinction of style and an elevation of thought in the writings of Campbell Morgan which commend them to us. He gives one the impression that he knows what he is talking about, and that he means what he says. This little volume on the will of God has a breadth of view and a practicalness of treatment which will make it very useful. We heartily commend it, and wish for the esteemed author abundant success in the important work which he has gone to undertake in America.

*The Biblical Illustrator. Proverbs.* By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

THIS volume fully maintains the high standard of previous issues in this most useful series. It is really a condensation of almost all the commentaries and sermons upon the Book of Proverbs, and should be of great service to preachers and teachers who have only small libraries. The volume is published at 7s. 6d., but it can be obtained for 4s. 6d. from Messrs. Nisbet and Co., who offer to send any six of the earlier volumes, carriage paid, for 21s.

## Notes.

During the Pastor's holiday, the preachers at the Tabernacle will (D.V.) be as follows:—August 18, Pastor E. H. Ellis, of South Australia; August 25,

Pastor H. O. Mackey, of Liverpool; September 1, Pastor C. B. Sawday, assistant-minister; and September 8, Pastor W. Y. Fullerton, of Leicester.

On *Monday evening, June 24*, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, Pastor J. H. Boyd, the Travelling Secretary of the IRISH BAPTIST HOME MISSION, gave a brief but interesting account of the history and work of the Mission. He stated that Baptist principles and practices in Ireland had been traced back to the time of Patrick, for that noted evangelist immersed believers in Christ into the Name of the Triune Jehovah; and it was not until the twelfth century that the country knew anything about the teaching of the Church of Rome. In 1888, the Irish Baptist Home Mission was, by consent, separated from the British Society; and during the thirteen years that have elapsed since that time, twelve new churches have been formed, ten new chapels have been erected, and others renovated, at a total cost of £23,000. There are now twenty-three preaching stations and sixty village stations, with Gospel Tent Services, open-air preaching, and distribution of the Scriptures. Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M. A., is the Chairman; our Brother Gilmore is about to become the Secretary; Dr. McLaren says, "The men and their work are worthy of all confidence;" and Mr. Spurgeon wrote, long ago, "Do help Ireland, I pray you." The Report for 1900, which can be obtained at 45, Harcourt Street, Dublin, gives many encouraging details concerning the work; but we are sorry to see, by the balance-sheet, that over £800 was due to the bankers at the close of last year. Some friends, who heard Mr. Boyd's statement, gave contributions for the Mission; but much more is needed to put the workers into a position in which they can efficiently discharge the heavy responsibilities that rest upon them. Any help that our readers can give will be heartily welcomed by the Treasurer, Mr. H. A. Gribbon, Holme Lea, Coleraine.

At the prayer-meeting, at which Mr. Boyd spoke, the Pastor mentioned that Mr. J. T. Dunn was again able to be present, although still weak after his long and serious illness; and Mr. William Olney presented a special supplication on behalf of Elder Stocks, whose dear wife had been "called home" after several years' illness, in which she had borne great suffering with the utmost patience and resignation. So long as health and strength permitted, she was an earnest worker

in connection with the Vinegar Ground Mission; and a large company of her fellow-labourers, as well as many personal friends of herself and her husband, expressed their esteem for her, and their sympathy with our bereaved brother, by attending the funeral at Range Park cemetery. We have been permitted to see a selection from the numerous letters that have been received by Mr. Stocks, all testifying to his wife's gracious character and useful life. In sending them, he says:—"She was always quick to discern, and ready to help, any poor souls in distress; and willing to go, at any sacrifice or any cost, if she could only do them good. She was a devoted wife, and a model of what a true woman should be; everyone loved her, and would do anything for her."

On *Monday evening, July 1*, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held at the Tabernacle under the presidency of Pastor C. B. Sawday, and proved to be a most successful gathering. A large number of friends met for tea, and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon was present to receive the gifts of clothing, some hundreds of garments being brought in for the poor pastors and their wives and families. Addresses were delivered by Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and J. W. Ewing, M. A., B. D., and by Mr. William Olney, and the Annual Report was read. From this it appeared that, during the year, 59 needy ministers had been supplied with parcels of the estimated value of £527 8s. 8d., the number of garments being 3,166,—each of the items being an increase upon the previous twelve months. Several pathetic and grateful letters from applicants and recipients are included in the Report, which can be obtained of the Honorary Secretary of the Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London; and Mrs. Goddard Clarke, the Treasurer, will be glad to receive, at the same address, contributions for the purchase of material for making up, and of blankets for enclosure in the parcels. New and partly-worn garments are also always welcome.

On *Wednesday evening, July 10*, a special meeting was held at the Pastors' College, under the auspices of the Young Christians' Missionary Union, for the purpose of aiding the NEW CENTURY ENTERPRISE for the support

of Mons. A. Blocher as assistant to Pasteur R. Saillens in Paris. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and the lower hall was well filled with a thoroughly sympathetic audience, largely consisting of young people. After prayer and a brief introductory speech by the Pastor, the greater part of the time was devoted to most interesting accounts of the work in Paris by Pastors Saillens and Blocher. The difficulties and encouragements of Evangelical mission services in the gay yet sad French capital were graphically depicted, and many touching details were given to show how the converts themselves became home missionaries bringing others to the Saviour. Friends visiting Paris are heartily invited to the chapel at 61, Rue Meslay, or to Haddon Hall, 141, Avenue Parmentier, in which Mr. William Olney and his friends take a deep interest.

The object of the NEW CENTURY ENTERPRISE is to raise 1901 shillings for M. Blocher's support. A special form of receipt has been prepared, bearing portraits of Pastors T. Spurgeon, R. Saillens, and A. Blocher, and a view of the Paris chapel. One of these, with Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon's autograph, is presented to each donor of a shilling; and she will be glad to receive applications for any number of them, either singly or in books of 20 receipts, at 14, Macaulay Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.

On *Monday, July 15*, Rev. John Spurgeon (the father of C. H. S. and J. A. S.) entered upon his ninety-second year, and made the day still further memorable by laying the corner-stone of the new portion of the Baptist Chapel, Holmesdale Road, South Norwood, which is to complete the building according to the original plan. Mr. John Spurgeon resides quite close to the chapel, and is a member of the church. While he was ninety years of age, he sent out a number of letters asking friends to give £90 to the Building Fund, and promising to add £10 to the amount he received. His appeal was so successful that he was able to pay to the Treasurer over £122. Previous to the stone-laying, he had received £13 more, and after the ceremony he sat in the chapel-porch, where a further considerable sum was handed to him for the Fund. Four of his daughters and several of his grand-

children were able to be with him on this notable occasion; and though he was necessarily feeling some of the feebleness inseparable from such great age, he was able once more to bear his testimony to the love and faithfulness of the gracious God who has so long watched over him, and blessed him and his household even to the fourth generation.

COLLEGE.—Mr. D. Russell Smith, who has been for two years and a half student-pastor at West Hendon, has now accepted full pastoral charge there.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. J. R. Cooper, from Helston, to Castle Donington; Mr. S. J. Jones, late of the East London Tabernacle, to Wellington, Somersetshire; Mr. F. J. Mathison, from Millom, to Harpole, Northamptonshire; and Mr. O. M. Owen, from Holywell, to Elim Chapel, Pen-y-darren, Merthyr.

The article by Brother Walton, in this month's Magazine, was posted at Cape Town. Our friend writes as follows concerning the services he had been able to hold on board the SS. *Persic*:—"Preaching every Sunday evening to a large audience. I have started the Persic Sunday-school, with 35 scholars, meeting at 2.30 p.m.; also Persic Christian Endeavour, on Friday evenings, of which I am president; also morning prayer in the reading-room (well attended), every day at 8.5. I read morning portion from 'The Cheque-Book of the Bank of Faith,' and sometimes from Miller's 'Come ye apart.' We have some gracious seasons, and I am much pleased at the way all denominations love the words of our dear glorified President."

We hope that, before this time, our friend and his wife and family have safely reached Tasmania.

COLPORTAGE.—A month of very dull sales has to be recorded, but testimonies as to spiritual results have been very encouraging. Mr. James Keddie has been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his work in the Maldon District, amid the loving congratulations of a multitude of friends. Assisted by his beloved wife, a soul-saving work has been carried on by him, during this long period, at the little chapel at Woodham Walter, and it was here that the "Silver Wedding" meetings were held under the presidency of "the Mayor of Maldon."

A further new Colportage District is about to be opened at North Newton, near Bridgwater, particulars of which it is hoped will be in next month's issue of the "Sword and Trowel." During the month, the Secretary visited Taunton, Ilminster, and Chard Districts, meeting with the colporteurs and their Superintendents, together with other friends of the work.

At the recent Stockwell Orphanage Festival, our Bible carriage was in charge of a colporteur on the grounds each day, enabling many visitors to go home laden with the works of C. H. Spurgeon and other writers, or with presents of Bibles, picture-books, wall-texts, etc.

One of the colporteurs tells the following personal story of answered prayer:—"I had arranged to go away, this week, for a much-needed rest. Last evening, I was at our chapel prayer-meeting when my Superintendent informed me that a gentleman,

who had seen much of my work, but who wished to remain unknown, had sent him a letter enclosing a cheque for £5 5s. to be given to me with the suggestion that I should take a fortnight's holiday. I have not the slightest idea who the donor may be, but his gift is a most direct answer to prayer. I have had much anxiety concerning some financial obligations which had been incurred through no fault of mine; and I had been earnestly asking the Lord to send help to me in His own time and way. Bless His Holy Name, this cheque was the gracious answer to my petition!"

It will be seen, by the cash lists, that the Colportage Funds are sadly scant, and friends are urgently asked to forward contributions to the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—July 4, ten.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Collection at Leytonstone Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. G. Scroggie	3	5	0	Contribution from West Hendon Baptist Church, per Student-Pastor D. R. Smith	2	4	6	
B. P. ...	2	0	0	Pastor E. A. Carter	2	2	0	
Mrs. D. Sharpe	0	5	0	Contribution from Stoke Green Church, Ipswich, per Pastor R. E. Willis	5	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Devenport	10	0	0	Pastor R. J. Peden	0	5	0	
Friends at Melbourne Hall, Leicester, per Pastor W. Y. Fullerton	10	10	0	Pastor G. Dunnett	0	10	0	
Contribution from Waterloo Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Adamson	1	5	0	Pastor W. W. Wilks	0	10	6	
Pastor F. C. Watts	0	2	6	Contributions from members and friends at Gosport, per Pastor G. Laws	3	5	6	
John and Ann Potts	1	0	0	Postal orders, Camberwell	1	10	0	
Miss E. Spliedt	2	0	0	Contributions from Byrom Hall Church, Liverpool, per Pastor F. G. West	1	10	0	
Miss E. A. T.	0	10	0	Contribution from Byrom Hall P.S.A., per Pastor F. G. West	1	10	0	
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis	1	0	0	Collection at Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, per Pastor S. J. Baker	1	13	6	
Mrs. Pierce	1	0	0	Pastor S. Pilling	0	6	0	
Pastor S. T. Williams	0	5	0	Pastor H. J. Preece	0	5	0	
Part collection at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor D. J. Hiley	6	10	8	Miss Halls	0	5	0	
Collection at Lansdown Baptist Chapel, Stroud, per Pastor L. Wilson-Haffenden	2	2	0	Contribution from Carr Crofts Baptist Church, Arndley, per Pastor W. Sumner	2	2	0	
Collection at Salem Baptist Chapel, Boston, Lincs., per Pastor W. Sexton	0	15	8	Pastor T. Murray	0	7	6	
Contribution from Castlehold Baptist Church, Newport, I.W., per Pastor A. E. Johns	0	16	0	Pastor R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6	
Contribution from Spring Hill Baptist Church, Birmingham, per Pastor T. E. Titmuss	1	1	0	Contribution from Worthing Baptist Tabernacle, per Pastor C. D. Crouch	5	5	0	
Pastor J. B. Marshall	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Savager	2	2	0	
Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0	Weekly offerings and collections, from June 15 to July 14	44	10	11	
Contribution from Wellington Street Church, Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor N. H. Patrick	7	9	3					
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	0	0					
					£	129	19	0

# Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss E. Spliedt ... ..	1	10	0	Collecting boxes:—			
Miss L. Smith ... ..	0	7	6	Mr. Percy ... ..	2	5	6
Collected at Baptist Sunday-school, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey ... ..	5	12	9	Late Miss L. Ross ... ..	0	3	1
H. McS. ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. Westbrook ... ..	0	5	9
Mrs. Charles ... ..	0	10	0	Miss Kirby ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. Sexton ... ..	0	5	0				
					£12	3	1

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 17th to July 15th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Richardson ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Boyles ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Phillips ... ..	2	10	0	Miss Lightbound ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Storey ... ..	2	0	0	Miss Little ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. D. Thomas ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Wakely ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. W. Bell ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. A. Webb ... ..	0	1	9
C. F. ... ..	0	2	0	Collected by Miss E. Hardwick ... ..	1	7	6
Mr. R. G. Hatton ... ..	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. F. Whittaker ... ..	0	12	0
Mrs. D. ... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Hart ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. S. W. Jarvis ... ..	1	10	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Blake ... ..	1	13	0
Mrs. F. E. Atkinson ... ..	0	6	0	Mr. J. Bird ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. Maylam ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sloan ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. O. Cadwaladr ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. J. J. Bracebridge ... ..	0	1	6
Scamps ... ..	0	1	6	Mr. B. Fielden ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. S. Cole ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. D. Sharpe ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. C. H. Thrower ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. W. E. Coysh ... ..	1	1	0
Misses K. and F. Pearson ... ..	0	8	0	Collected by Mr. W. E. Coysh ... ..	1	10	3
Mr. H. J. Barrett ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Scruby ... ..	0	10	6
B. H. Rumming ... ..	0	1	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson ... ..	0	11	0
Mr. J. D. Barrett ... ..	0	5	0	Miss S. M. Stedman ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. S. Stone ... ..	0	5	0
Miss F. Hall ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Sear ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Hewlett ... ..	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. E. Pavey ... ..	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Robins ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Kitch ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. F. C. Peel ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Miss I. England ... ..	0	12	0
Mr. C. Freeman ... ..	0	6	0	Collected by Messrs. Horn and Co. and employees ... ..	1	3	0
Collected by Miss Hillier (No. 2 Girls' House) ... ..	1	2	4	Collected by Miss F. Cook ... ..	0	9	4
Collected by Mr. Channer ... ..	0	16	6	Collected by Mrs. Blake ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wakefield ... ..	1	0	0	Postal order, Alverton ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Sandwell ... ..	1	10	0	Mr. M. Oliver ... ..	0	3	6
Mrs. E. Coulson ... ..	1	1	0	Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton ... ..	1	18	0
Mrs. E. Yallop ... ..	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Holder ... ..	1	5	6
Mr. I. J. Carter ... ..	1	1	0	Collected by Miss Ryder ... ..	0	12	6
Mrs. Rugg, sen. ... ..	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Robin ... ..	1	10	0
Mrs. Lane ... ..	2	0	0	Collected by Miss N. Teesdale ... ..	0	5	0
Misses Horton ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Jennings ... ..	0	17	8
Mr. T. Greening ... ..	1	6	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Fuller ... ..	0	6	0
Mrs. C. Dear ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Ville ... ..	0	7	10
Mr. A. Tessier ... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Wenham ... ..	0	12	0
Miss S. Cabban ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Farnfield ... ..	0	16	0
Miss M. M. Thomas ... ..	0	0	3	Collected by Miss Chapman ... ..	0	6	0
Mr. C. Boynton ... ..	0	2	0	Mr. J. Walker ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. G. Tolley ... ..	0	10	0	Postal order, Crediton ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Fairey ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Atfield ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. H. Thew ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Weekly ... ..	0	5	0
Miss J. Stewart ... ..	0	10	0	Rosebery Park Sunday-school, Bos- combe, per Mr. D. Banks ... ..	0	14	0
Rev. O. Heywood ... ..	0	10	6	Collected by Master A. E. Myhill ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. T. Wright ... ..	0	1	0	Mrs. J. Dickerson ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. E. A. Sale ... ..	0	5	0	Rev. W. Parry ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. Howard ... ..	0	10	0	Limefield U.F.C. Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. Cooper ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Stringer ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. Bishop ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. G. Bantick ... ..	0	5	0	Constance Dorothea Thorpe ... ..	0	2	6
Scamps ... ..	0	1	0	Mr. James Millard ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Patmore ... ..	0	2	0				
Mrs. S. Reed ... ..	0	5	0				

	£	s.	d.
J. C. ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. A. D. Jackman ... ..	0	5	0
Miss H. E. A. Jensen ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. A. Andrew ... ..	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Roberts ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. J. Chittenden ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Scarfe ... ..	0	1	0
Miss K. A. Legg ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Rose ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis, in memoriam ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. Geo. Buchanan ... ..	0	10	0
Miss M. Fraser ... ..	0	7	6
Mr. Jas. Campbell ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Campkin ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. C. F. Aldis ... ..	1	1	0
Miss S. Oakley ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Palmer and family ... ..	1	5	0
Mr. W. Wood ... ..	1	1	0
Christian Inasmuch Society, South Croydon, per Miss K. Taylor ... ..	3	7	8
John and Ann Potts ... ..	1	0	0
A. M. W. ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Greenwood ... ..	0	10	0
A friend ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. A. Smith ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. E. Frisby ... ..	2	0	3
Collected by Miss M. Frisby ... ..	2	19	3
Collected by Miss E. Wain ... ..	7	0	6
Mr. H. Tyler ... ..	0	15	0
Mr. D. Rippet ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. H. Taylor ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Winckworth ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Jones ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Maynard, in memoriam ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Newcombe ... ..	0	5	0
Miss E. A. T. ... ..	0	11	0
Collected by Miss E. Crompton ... ..	0	6	0
Miss Dransfield ... ..	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Morris ... ..	0	1	10
Collected by Miss Oldrieve ... ..	0	7	9
Collected by Miss Everett ... ..	1	12	3
Collected by Miss L. Staveley:—			
Mr. A. W. Staveley ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. F. Gardiner ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cockett ... ..	0	10	0
Pastor J. Campbell ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Staveley ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Edginton ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. M. Le Pla ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Gardiner ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Gardiner ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. W. Hewitt ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. A. Southwell ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Tyars ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Miss G. Clark ... ..	3	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Waterman ... ..	1	16	0
Collected by Miss E. E. Epps ... ..	0	6	0
Collected by Master W. Klein ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Zuber ... ..	0	3	6
Collected by Miss B. Cobby ... ..	0	15	0
Collected by Miss A. Allen ... ..	0	15	0
Collected by Miss E. I. Windsor ... ..	0	11	6
Collected by Miss E. Jenner ... ..	0	16	6
Collected by Mrs. M. A. Robinson ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Whyte ... ..	0	6	8
Collected by Mrs. Snape ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Miss H. Stephens ... ..	0	15	0
Mr. A. Clyde ... ..	0	2	6
Stamps, Chipping Sodbury ... ..	0	1	0
Miss Priestley ... ..	0	5	0
Miss A. M. Faith ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. F. Keeble ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. F. Gifford ... ..	0	5	6
Mrs. J. Everitt ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Leeks ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Ward, in memoriam ... ..	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. S. R. Young ... ..	0	3	5
Mr. and Mrs. Russell ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Rees ... ..	0	11	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. S. W. Brett ... ..	1	17	4
Mr. W. A. Weightman ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hughes ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Barker ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. E. T. Clark ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Wilcox ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	1	0
Miss C. Dumas ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Austin ... ..	0	10	0
Miss A. Baker ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Knowlman ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Alp ... ..	2	2	0
Collected by Master F. T. Gale ... ..	0	17	6
Collected by Mr. T. Powell ... ..	0	3	0
Collected by Miss M. Rayner ... ..	0	5	4
Collected by Miss D. Haselden ... ..	0	13	0
Collected by Mrs. Moody ... ..	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Lufford ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. E. Downing ... ..	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. F. H. Taylor ... ..	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Hazelton ... ..	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Luckhurst ... ..	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. G. S. Cowen ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Cowles ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry ... ..	0	6	2
Mrs. H. J. Williams ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Petter ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. A. Newberry ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Neve ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Brown ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Ray, sen. ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Stevenson ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Wynne ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. G. Rogers ... ..	0	10	0
Miss G. Cobley ... ..	0	5	3
Mr. H. Bell ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Patterson ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. M. A. Layzell ... ..	0	3	6
Mrs. Fairweather ... ..	0	7	6
Mrs. R. Gooding ... ..	0	4	0
Mr. E. Newman ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. Beard ... ..	0	8	0
Miss J. Allan ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. Bedford ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. M. J. Kirkley ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Benson ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Curtis ... ..	0	15	0
Collected by Miss B. Hunter ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Everest ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Biggs ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ward ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. E. Carey ... ..	1	10	0
Mrs. M. S. Roleston ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Mackie ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. Rendall ... ..	0	5	0
Two friends, per Mrs. R. E. Sears ... ..	0	3	6
Mr. A. Lauriston ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Howard ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Blake ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. F. A. Pearce ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. G. Baker ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Vincent ... ..	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. M. Larwill ... ..	1	14	0
Miss M. A. Howell ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. R. Bradley ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. F. G. Robinson ... ..	0	12	0
E. and M. A. W. ... ..	0	10	0
C. F. ... ..	0	5	0
Miss G. Freeman ... ..	1	10	0
Mrs. Watson ... ..	0	4	3
Mr. R. Stallwood ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. C. Ibberson ... ..	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. S. Cornish ... ..	0	2	6
Miss J. H. Mann ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Wright ... ..	0	3	9
Collected by Miss Gerbert ... ..	0	4	5

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss L. Hunt	0	0	10
Collected by Miss G. Boyce	0	13	2
Mrs. M. Bradbury	0	5	0
Miss L. Jacob	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Baldwin	0	5	0
H. M. F.	0	3	0
Mr. A. Lowe	0	2	6
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	7	0
Mr. J. Niblett	0	5	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	4	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Tingley	0	8	6
Miss H. Wren	0	1	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0
Mr. G. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Brixton Auxiliary Sunday-school			
Union Meeting, Jan. 23	0	4	7
Collected by Master L. Bigg	0	3	2
Mr. J. Thomas	0	10	0
E. L. Stamps	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Freestone	0	10	0
Mrs. Vowles	0	5	0
Mr. T. Steer	0	9	6
Mr. Geo. Wood	0	3	6
Postal order, Appleby	0	12	0
Collected by Miss F. Butcher	0	7	0
Townley Street Sunday-school, per			
Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	11	7
Mr. and Miss Bayley	3	0	0
Hornsey Rise Baptist Chapel, Mid-			
summer Flower Service, per Pastor			
J. E. Joyves	1	18	6
Campsbourne Dorcas Society, per			
Mrs. E. Musk	0	3	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0
Mr. J. Barber	0	2	6
Mary Campbell	0	2	0
Mr. H. Buckley	2	2	0
Miss E. Hughes	0	10	6
Mr. A. W. Anden	0	5	0
Miss N. Mizzen	0	2	6
Collected by Miss S. Hughes	0	7	0
A friend	5	0	0
S. and N.	3	3	0
D. D. B.	5	0	0
Miss Harding	0	1	6
Miss E. J. Thompson	0	5	0
Mrs. I. Maden	0	10	0
Per Mr. A. W. Lennie:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Lennie	0	2	0
Mr. D. McLean	0	1	0
Mr. W. Norman	0	1	0
Mr. J. Pearson	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Cross	0	5	0
Messrs. Cory Bros. and Co., Ltd.,			
half year's interest on £4,800 de-			
benture Bonds at 5 per cent, less			
tax	113	10	0
Mr. James Goodman	5	5	0
J. H. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Newbery	0	2	0
Mrs. F. W. Bourne	1	1	0
Mrs. Mason	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Tull	1	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Collected by Miss K. R. Smith	0	3	6
Mr. H. S. Jones	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Hinton	1	2	3
Mrs. Hinton	5	0	0
Miss Armistead	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Leader	1	5	0
Mr. W. Wright	0	10	6
Miss J. Bird	1	0	0
Miss E. Elven	0	5	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0
Mrs. C. Ballam	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
R. B.	0	7	6
Mr. G. Prince	0	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. T. F. Brook	5	0	0
Mrs. Baden	1	0	0
Mr. J. Jackson	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. R. Tiddy	2	18	0
Mr. J. B. Dixon	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Bray	0	10	0
S. M. P.	0	5	0
Miss Mathew	1	0	0
Sermon-readers, per Mr. and Mrs.			
Fryer	0	10	0
Mawnan	0	2	6
Mr. James F. Pullar, per Pastor T.			
Spurgeon	50	0	0
Mr. T. T. Nesbitt	0	10	0
Miss Standen	0	2	6
Postal order, Cardiff	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Pottinger	0	2	0
Mrs. J. Cresswell	0	2	6
T. B. L.	1	0	0
Mr. J. McIlroy	0	10	0
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0
F. G., New Mills	0	15	0
An American visitor, per Treasurer	1	0	0
Miss Gregg	0	1	6
Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Per Mr. W. Andrew:—			
Collected by Mr. P. Watson	0	10	9
Collected by Mr. D. Whitford	0	5	9
Collected by Miss A. Ireland	0	5	9
Collected by Mr. F. Andrew	0	3	5
Collected by Miss M. Andrew	0	6	6
Hirst S.S.C.	0	3	0
Mr. S. Belcher	1	9	2
Readers of the "Christian			
Herald," per the Editor:—			
H. B.	0	5	0
Paddington	0	3	0
Miss C. Sladen	0	8	0
Miss R. Daniells	0	5	0
A visitor at missionary garden party,			
July 6, per V. J. C.	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Elford	0	15	0
Mr. J. Macbeth	0	5	0
Townsend Street Sunday-schools, per			
Mr. Ballands	1	15	6
Readers of "The Christian," per			
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	6	14	6
Mr. and Mrs. Cattell	2	2	0
Friends, per Miss Livingstone	0	2	6
Mrs. O. Ellis	1	0	0
Miss Rudman	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0
Mr. Geo. Dobson	2	0	0
Miss M. J. Brittain	2	0	0
Mr. J. Mead	2	2	0
Mrs. C. Heffer	1	1	0
Miss Maxwell	1	1	0
Miss Hasler	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hiner	0	0	6
Mr. E. Edwards	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Knight	0	6	0
Mrs. Bickford	0	3	6
Miss Pearce	0	12	6
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. Begg	20	0	0
Mrs. C. L. Stephens	1	0	0
A friend, postal orders, Brixton Road	21	0	0
Mr. H. Emeny	0	10	6
Mr. J. J. Perfit	2	10	0
Mr. R. Giles' Sunday dinner-table			
box	0	17	2
Readers of the "Christian World,"			
per Messrs. James Clarke and Co.	0	3	6
Mr. Ll. Thomas	0	0	9



	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss S. M. Clubb	1	10	0
Mrs. H. Preston	1	0	0
Per Mr. J. F. Witham			
Bromley Friendly Society			
Bible-class	2	0	0
Mr. W. Green	2	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Mary Brown	50	0	0
The Misses Sadler	1	0	0
E. H.	0	10	0
FOUNDER'S DAY, JUNE 19TH:—			
M. Geo. Tingey	10	0	0
Mr. Ed. Rawlings	10	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
Mrs. L. M. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Crees	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	1	1	0
Mr. R. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. W. L. A. Gautier	1	0	0
Dr. W. J. Van Someren	5	5	0
Mrs. J. Stiff	2	2	0
Mrs. L. M. Mason	5	5	0
Mr. A. White	5	0	0
Mr. W. Mills	3	3	0
Mr. A. C. Trotman	0	10	0
Mr. A. Q. Tucker	10	0	0
Mr. G. N. Fisher	10	0	0
Mr. W. Mannington	5	0	0
Dr. A. McCaig	1	1	0
Mr. E. Pearce	3	3	0
Mr. S. Wotton	0	5	0
Mr. T. Round	0	10	0
Mrs. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	25	0	0
Mrs. Higgs	3	0	0
Miss A. H.	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Catterson	4	0	0
Mr. and Miss Spreadbury	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fromm	0	10	6
Mr. Morris	0	5	0
Miss Browning	1	0	0
Anonymous	2	0	0
Mrs. Zimmer	0	10	0
Mrs. Underwood	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Downing	2	2	0
Mr. R. Milne	0	10	0
Mr. G. H. Payne	0	5	0
Mr. A. E. Green	1	1	0
Mr. Stedman	1	1	0
Mr. A. Beebe	5	5	0
Mrs. Neil	1	1	0
Mrs. Devenport	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Jones	1	1	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
A friend	0	11	0
Mrs. Upton	5	5	0
Mr. Edwin Jones	26	5	0
Ticket sold	0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Veitch	5	5	0
Mrs. Freeman	1	1	0
Mr. C. Hull	3	0	0
Mr. D. J. Brooks	5	5	0
B. and Co.	10	0	0

RECEIVED AT ANNUAL FESTIVAL,

THURSDAY, JUNE 20TH:—

Collecting boxes:—

	£	s.	d.
Atkinson, Mrs. S.	0	4	2
Appleton, Miss	1	3	8
Aubrey, Miss	0	2	1
Allen, Miss	0	12	8
Austen, Miss	0	1	10
Ackland, Miss S. A.	0	1	8
Anthony, Mrs.	0	9	0
Andrews, Mrs.	0	6	6
Angus, Mrs.	0	12	0
Black, Miss	0	5	0
Baker, Mrs.	0	4	11

	£	s.	d.
Bingham, Mrs.	0	5	9
Brazier, Mrs.	2	2	5
Bartlett, Miss	0	8	3
Boot, Miss	1	11	1
Brooking, Mrs.	0	8	9
Branscombe, Master Percy	0	7	3
Baskett, Miss	0	10	4
Butler, Mrs.	0	10	6
Bone, Master F. H.	0	9	4
Bolton, Mrs.	0	6	6
Bowerman, Mrs.	0	6	4
Barnden, Mrs.	0	7	5
Best, Mrs.	0	8	11
Brett, Miss E.	0	5	11
Brice, Master	0	5	11
Bellini, Miss	0	5	0
Bellini, Miss	0	7	2
Bowerman, Miss	0	14	2
Barnard, Mrs.	0	13	11
Barrow, Mrs.	0	18	3
Bennett, Mrs.	0	9	8
Bennington, Miss	1	12	10
Bridle, Miss	0	1	9
Burden, Miss	0	2	11
Bullivent, Miss	0	12	8
Bowyer, Miss E.	0	1	3
Burman, Miss E.	0	3	7
Ball, Miss	0	3	2
Brook, Miss	0	2	2
Banks, Miss Elsie	0	8	9
Brown, Miss E.	0	1	3
Bell, Miss	0	4	6
Bedding, Miss	0	1	8
Bishop, Mrs.	0	1	6
Blake, Misses J. and L.	0	5	2
Boughton, Master J.	0	2	3
Barnes, Mrs.	1	2	0
Crow, Miss	0	3	4
Clow, Miss	1	8	2
Chamberlain, Miss G.	1	2	0
Chapman, Miss H. E.	1	0	9
Chase, Mrs.	0	7	0
Coxhill, Mrs.	0	2	10
Clark, Mrs.	0	5	7
Clegg, Mrs.	0	0	0
Cane, Miss	0	6	8
Cooke, Miss A. M.	0	8	2
Cuthbert, Miss	0	5	11
Conway, Miss	0	7	4
Culley, Miss F.	0	5	8
Cornish, Miss	0	3	5
Carse, Miss D.	0	1	10
Carter, Master L.	0	5	0
Chittock, Mrs.	0	7	5
Corry, Miss	0	19	1
Cracknell, Miss	0	2	3
Cobley, Miss E.	0	16	0
Dobson, Mr.	0	19	0
Dougharty, Mrs.	0	14	6
Durwin, Mrs.	0	9	2
Dobson, Miss	0	3	1
Davis, Mrs.	0	4	2
Diment, Miss D.	0	3	4
Darby, Miss	0	3	0
Ellis, Mrs.	0	2	7
English, Miss L.	0	2	0
Elliott, Miss	0	13	1
Forsdike, Mrs.	0	8	7
Firmin, Miss	0	5	4
Fuller, Master L.	0	7	1
Foster, Mrs.	0	5	6
Fuller, Miss E.	0	3	2
Firth, Miss	0	5	8
Fowler, Mrs.	0	1	5
French, Mrs.	0	5	5
Fairman, Mrs.	0	14	0
Frost, Miss	0	5	0
Forsdike, Mrs.	0	5	0
Godbold, Mrs.	0	19	11
Gurteen, Miss	0	3	9

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Grove, Master	0	2	0	Orton, Miss	0	6	5
Glead, Mrs.	0	3	3	Odell, Mrs.	0	3	1
Grove, Master	0	1	10	Payne, Miss	0	14	10
Goode, Mrs.	0	4	5	Prebble, Mr. W.	1	9	6
Garland, Mr.	1	2	1	Pearce, Miss C.	1	2	11
Goodwin, Miss	0	1	6	Powell, Mr.	0	12	1
Gosling, Master E.	0	1	2	Preston, Miss F.	0	3	2
Godfrey, Miss	0	4	0	Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	5	0
Harrington, Mrs.	0	1	3	Payne, A.	0	9	8
Huitt, Mrs.	0	7	1	Pinder, Miss E.	0	1	7
Harrald, Miss	1	14	8	Pearce, Misses J. and L.	1	4	8
Huitt, Mr.	0	7	4	Pearson, Master A.	0	1	6
Howell, Miss	0	15	1	Pitt, Mrs.	0	2	10
Hawgood, Mrs.	1	4	1	Peplow, Miss	0	1	6
Harris, Mr. Wm.	0	11	7	Plummer, Miss N.	0	10	0
Hadland, Master R.	0	1	3	Parker, Miss	0	7	11
Harmer, Master	0	2	10	Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	15	6
Howard, Miss	0	2	1	Panchaud, Miss	0	1	0
Hogsdon, Miss	0	5	6	Parsons, Miss	0	2	4
Hunt, Miss	0	10	8	Patrick, Mr. S.	0	6	2
Higham, Miss	0	2	3	Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett	0	5	7
Hart, Master	0	1	5	Randall, Miss	0	15	2
Hitchcock, Miss	0	4	0	Richardson, Miss	0	14	0
Horne, Miss	0	1	0	Rumsey, Mrs.	0	2	7
Horwood, Mrs.	0	4	4	Reading, Mr.	0	12	1
Hudgen, Master	0	1	6	Richardson, Mrs. E.	0	8	7
Havter, Miss	0	14	6	Rout, Mrs.	0	1	1
Haddock, Mrs.	0	5	6	Roberts, Mrs.	0	3	0
Hillier, Mrs.	0	6	0	Roberts, Master W.	0	3	9
Hoyles, Masters J. and C.	0	12	0	Russell, Mrs.	0	2	6
Ince, Mrs.	0	10	0	Roper, Mrs.	0	4	3
Isaac, Miss E. J.	0	5	1	Richmond, Miss M.	0	3	8
Jeal, Mrs.	0	5	0	Riddington, Miss	1	0	0
Jewhurst, Miss	0	6	7	Sheppard, Mrs.	1	8	9
Johnson, Miss S. A.	0	9	0	Slade, Miss	1	2	8
Jenkins, Miss	0	2	6	Seigneur, Mrs. Le	1	0	9
James, Mrs.	0	7	6	Spencer, Miss	0	3	11
Jenkins, Miss	0	8	4	Spaull, Miss	0	18	0
Jifkins, Mrs.	0	2	1	Smith, Mrs.	0	8	4
Jones, Mrs.	0	3	1	Speh, Miss	1	15	10
Jones, Miss E.	2	9	1	Soar, Mr. W. E.	1	9	6
Jones, Miss	0	3	8	Spiller, Mrs.	0	9	8
Jarvis, Mrs.	0	2	3	Skinner, Miss	0	1	2
Jifkins, Miss	0	6	2	Stiff, Miss	0	6	3
Johnston, Miss Elsie	0	8	9	Standing, Master	0	1	11
Jewell, Miss L.	0	2	8	Standing, Mrs.	0	7	11
Jones, Mrs.	0	10	0	Saunders, Mrs. M.	0	18	2
King, Miss	0	2	0	Smith, Mrs. G.	0	3	6
King, Miss	0	4	7	Samson, Mrs.	0	3	8
Kirby, Mrs.	0	5	10	Strong, Mrs. W.	0	9	2
Langley, Miss	0	5	0	Smith, Mrs. L. M.	0	1	4
Ling, Mrs.	1	8	4	Sullivan, Miss	0	1	6
Lansdale, Master	0	4	10	Shires, Miss B.	0	4	1
Lambourn, Mrs.	0	4	8	Spooner, Mr. G.	0	7	0
Lott, Master E.	0	2	4	Sherringham, Miss	0	2	4
Limebeer, Miss	0	16	0	Taylor, Miss	0	13	8
Lee, Mr. and Mrs.	0	5	6	Tuckey, Mrs.	0	7	0
Messent, Masters Percy and H.	0	1	5	Thomas, Mr.	0	5	10
Morris, Mr. S. W.	0	11	6	Thorn, Master R.	0	1	11
Manning, Misses	0	19	11	Trevillion, Mrs.	0	4	10
Morgan, Miss	0	3	0	Tungate, Mrs.	0	5	7
Moore, Miss E.	0	2	6	Taffs, Miss L.	0	1	9
Miller, Master S.	0	2	7	Underwood, Miss	0	2	7
Middleton, Mrs.	0	5	9	Vears, Mrs.	0	7	6
Mackey, Mrs.	0	10	4	Watson, Mr. W. S.	0	4	2
May, Miss	0	3	1	Wood, Miss	0	10	2
Morgan, Mrs.	0	7	4	Windsor, Mrs.	0	3	5
Marks, Miss L.	0	4	9	Whiting, Mrs.	0	5	6
Marshall, Mrs.	0	3	10	Williams, Miss A.	0	12	5
Marsh, Miss M.	0	9	5	Wiseman, Miss H.	0	5	8
McCombie, Mrs.	0	1	2	Wright, Mrs. E.	0	16	4
Metropolitan Tabernacle Mothers' Meeting, per Mrs. Bartlett	0	15	0	Wright, Miss	0	2	0
Nelson, Master	0	5	10	White, Mrs.	1	5	0
Norman, Mrs.	0	3	5	Watling, Mrs.	1	13	0
Newton, Mrs. E.	0	1	4	Winter, Miss	0	4	5
Noble, Mrs.	0	10	0	Willis, Miss D.	0	5	8
Osborne, Mr.	0	4	5	Wilkins, Mrs.	0	5	2
				Westbrook, Mrs.	0	19	0
				Watts, Miss L.	0	1	11

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Willis, Miss	...	0	2	6	Everett, Mr. J.	...	...	2	2	0	...	...	...	
Wicks, Miss	...	0	9	7	Harden, Mr.	...	...	1	0	0	...	...	...	
Woods, Miss	...	0	2	2	Hudson, E.	...	...	0	2	0	...	...	...	
Wheeler, Mrs.	...	0	5	7	Haslop, Mrs., per Miss	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
Waite, Mrs.	...	0	8	2	H. Bannington	...	...	2	0	0	...	...	...	
Wagstaff, Miss E.	...	0	6	11	Hammond, Miss	...	...	0	2	6	...	...	...	
Wilkes, Miss	...	0	2	3	Hackney, Rev. W., M.A.	...	...	1	1	0	...	...	...	
Wren, Mrs.	...	0	3	6	Jones, Miss M.	...	...	0	10	0	...	...	...	
Yewen, Miss	...	0	12	10	Jones, Miss S.	...	...	0	5	0	...	...	...	
Boxes under a shilling	...	0	7	2	Martin, Rev. G.	...	...	1	1	0	...	...	...	
Odd farthings and halfpence	...	0	3	1	Moore, Mrs. P.	...	...	0	10	6	...	...	...	
Collecting books:—	...	...	...	105	11	7	Neale, Mrs.	...	1	1	0	...	...	...
Allum, Mrs.	...	2	0	0	Newbery, Mrs.	...	...	0	17	0	...	...	...	
Brown, Miss J. H.	...	1	0	0	Olney, Mrs.	...	...	1	1	0	...	...	...	
Barrett, Mr. H.	...	1	15	0	Olney, Mr. W.	...	...	5	5	0	...	...	...	
Per Miss K. E. Buswell:—	...	...	...	...	Olney, Mr. H. K.	...	...	2	2	0	...	...	...	
J. J. S.	...	0	10	0	Olney, Miss S. K.	...	...	1	1	0	...	...	...	
Mr. E. J. Prebble	...	0	5	0	Olney, Miss A. K.	...	...	1	1	0	...	...	...	
J. B.	...	1	0	0	Pound, Mr. T.	...	...	1	10	0	...	...	...	
Mr. J. C. Bumsted	...	1	1	0	Parker, Mrs.	...	...	2	12	0	...	...	...	
Causton, Miss E.	...	2	16	0	Sheen, Miss	...	...	0	7	6	...	...	...	
Crawford, Mrs.	...	1	10	0	Spelman, Mrs.	...	...	2	2	0	...	...	...	
Cockshaw, Miss	...	1	3	0	Stewart, Mr. R.	...	...	0	5	0	...	...	...	
Cockshaw, Miss J.	...	0	14	6	Sawyer, Mr.	...	...	2	0	0	...	...	...	
Doyle, Miss	...	1	10	0	Speh, Miss	...	...	0	10	0	...	...	...	
Evans, Mr. W. J.	...	3	18	1	Skinner, Mr.	...	...	0	6	0	...	...	...	
Green, Miss J.	...	2	11	3	Stewart, Miss	...	...	1	0	0	...	...	...	
Gubbins, Mr. S. J.	...	1	10	0	Stewart, Mrs.	...	...	1	1	0	...	...	...	
Grove, Miss	...	1	14	2	Tudor, Mrs.	...	...	1	1	0	...	...	...	
Howes, Mr. C.	...	0	14	0	Turley, Mr. Jas.	...	...	1	10	0	...	...	...	
Honour, Mrs.	...	0	19	3	Warren, Mr.	...	...	1	0	0	...	...	...	
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	...	0	19	3	W. S.	...	...	0	2	6	...	...	...	
Laver, Mrs.	...	2	0	0	Wayre and Son, Messrs.	...	...	3	3	0	...	...	...	
Mann, Miss	...	3	5	0	Woodcock, Mrs.	...	...	2	2	0	...	...	...	
Per Mrs. Mott:—	...	...	...	...	Waters, Mr. Chas.	...	...	2	2	0	...	...	...	
Mrs. Davies	...	1	0	0	Ladies Stall, Sale of Needlework, etc.	...	...	86	11	6	...	...	...	
Miss C. Miller	...	1	0	0	Collections at Meetings	...	...	15	18	4	...	...	...	
Mr. and Mrs. James	...	1	10	0	SEASIDE HOME:—	...	...	20	11	3	...	...	...	
Miss Miller	...	0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Phillips	...	...	0	10	0	...	...	...	
Mott, Mrs., collected	...	2	7	0	Mr. Ed. Rawlings	...	...	5	5	0	...	...	...	
Phillips, Miss M.	...	6	7	0	Mrs. E. Sandwell	...	...	1	10	0	...	...	...	
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	...	0	10	3	Mr. J. Steynor	...	...	1	0	0	...	...	...	
Donations:—	...	...	...	38	18	6	Mr. G. Bantick	...	0	3	0	...	...	...
Allen, Mrs.	...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Clyde	...	...	0	2	6	...	...	...	
Ashman, A.	...	0	3	0	Mr. D. Davies	...	...	1	0	0	...	...	...	
Bown, Mr. H.	...	5	0	0	Mrs. J. T. Van Rijn	...	...	1	0	0	...	...	...	
Bailey, Mrs.	...	0	5	0	Mr. G. Phillips	...	...	0	5	0	...	...	...	
Belsey, Mr. F. F., J.P.	...	3	3	0	Miss G. Freeman	...	...	1	0	0	...	...	...	
Brazier, Mr. C.	...	0	4	0	Mr. R. Dawson	...	...	0	5	0	...	...	...	
Chivers, Mr. W.	...	25	0	0	Mr. W. Wright	...	...	0	10	6	...	...	...	
Cooper, Mr.	...	1	1	0	Miss Standen	...	...	0	2	6	...	...	...	
Chisholm, Mrs.	...	0	10	6	Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	...	...	0	5	0	...	...	...	
Collin, Mrs.	...	0	10	0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHoir:—	...	...	...	...	...				
Drayson, Mrs.	...	0	10	0	Y.W.C.A., Brixton	...	...	0	10	6	...	...	...	
Dykes, Mrs. W.	...	0	16	0	East London Tabernacle	...	...	3	3	0	...	...	...	
Ellwood, Mrs.	...	5	0	0	Pioneer Mission Annual Meeting	...	...	1	0	0	...	...	...	
Everett, Mrs., and son	...	0	8	0		...	...	£1,022	8	9	...	...	...	

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM JUNE 15TH TO JULY 14TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—A quantity of Sweets and Cakes, Miss E. C. Bolton; 2 bags Flour, Mr. C. Wagstaff; 1 Chicken, 2 Pigeons, postmark Thurso; 2 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 42 lbs. Beef, Messrs. Austen and Gunn; 3 lbs. Butter, Mrs. Graham; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—84 Articles, Reading Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers; 4 Holland Pinafores, Mrs. E. Giblin; 80 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 Bead Necklets, Mrs. L. Reynolds; 2 pairs Socks, Mrs. M. Everest; 3 Dressing Todies, Mrs. Austin; 4 Pinafores, Mrs. R. Oakley; 6 Articles, Mrs. S. Biggs; 43 Articles, Fleet Baptist Chapel Working Society, per Mrs. Aylett; 20 Articles, The Campsbourne Dorcas Society, per Mrs. E. Musk; 41 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 18 Articles, The Inasmuch Society, Tunbridge Wells Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. E. M. Usher; 24 Articles, Mrs. Wilson.

GENERAL:—Several Articles for Sale-room, Mrs. Blant; 13 Articles for Sale-room, Mrs. Wilmshurst; Box of Flowers, "Isle of Wight."

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1901.*

	£	s.	d.		
<b>DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—</b>				<b>AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—</b>	
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat, F.S.S. ....	10	0	0	Mrs. H. Windmill ... ..	£0 10 0
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—				<b>GENERAL FUND:—</b>	
Miss Thomas ... ..	1	1	0	Miss M. McEwing ... ..	£ s. d.
Mr. Hancock ... ..	0	5	0	Miss Haseltine ... ..	1 0 0
Collected by Miss Southee ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. H. Ernest Wood ... ..	0 2 6
	1	16	0	Mr. Joseph Everett ... ..	1 0 0
Cardiff, per Mr. John Cory, J.P. ...	11	5	0	Mr. F. Whittle ... ..	0 10 0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil ...	11	5	0	Mr. J. Gazard ... ..	1 1 0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood ...	10	0	0	Mr. R. Fifield ... ..	0 5 0
East Dereham, per Pastor H. Freeman ... ..	11	5	0	Mr. R. Fifield ... ..	0 9 0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds, J.P. ... ..	10	0	0	Collected at North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs ... ..	0 10 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons ... ..	10	0	0	Mr. E. Cox, per Mr. C. Gibbs ... ..	0 5 0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley ...	10	0	0	B. P. ... ..	2 0 0
Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James ...	7	5	0	Miss E. Spliedt ... ..	1 10 0
Cowling Hill, per Mr. F. J. Wilson ...	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis ... ..	1 0 0
	£102	16	0	Mr. Cochrane ... ..	0 4 0
				Mr. Priestley ... ..	0 4 0
				Miss Halls ... ..	0 5 0
					£10 5 6

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

*Statement of Receipts from June 17th to July 13th, 1901.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Logan ... ..	0	10	0	Lydia Smith ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. Calder ... ..	10	0	0		£16	10	6
Miss Susan Bevan ... ..	0	10	0				
<b>FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—</b>							
Mrs. Calder ... ..	5	0	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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.**

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**Trustees and Committee of Management:**

*President:*  
THOMAS SPURGEON.

*Vice-President:*  
CHARLES SPURGEON.

*Treasurer:*  
WILLIAM HIGGS.

CHARLES F. ALLISON.  
JAMES HALL.  
JAMES E. PASSMORE.  
WALTER MILLS.

FRANK THOMPSON.  
SAMUEL R. PEARCE.  
JOSEPH PASSMORE.  
JOSHUA J. COOK.

**Hon. Consulting Physicians:**

JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.  
JAMES FREDERIC GOODHART, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

**Hon. Consulting Surgeon:**

CHARTERS JAMES SYMONDS, Esq., M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., &c., &c.

**Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon:**

JOHN BOWRING LAWFORD, Esq., F.R.C.S., &c.

**Hon. Consulting Throat and Nasal Surgeon:**

A. H. TUBBY, Esq., M.S., M.B. Lon., F.R.C.S., &c.

**Hon. Surgeon Sea-side Home Branch.**

E. A. WHITE, Esq., M.A., M.D.

**Dentist:** W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

**Medical Officer:**

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., &c.

**Bankers:**

LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANKING COMPANY, LTD.,  
STOCKWELL BRANCH.

**Head Master:**  
VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

**Secretary:**  
FREDERICK G. LADDS.

1901.

THE  
STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

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**SUMMARY OF GUIDING PRINCIPLES:**

- 1.—The Institution receives **Fatherless Boys** between the ages of 6 and 10—**Girls** between the ages of 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.—**No Votes** are required! Candidates are selected by the Committee. By this arrangement the most **Needy** secure the benefits of the Institution.
  - 5.—**No Uniform** is permitted to be worn by the children.
  - 6.—The boys receive a thorough **Commercial Education**, and the girls are trained for the position in life they are likely to occupy.
  - 7.—The supreme aim of the **Managers** is 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!
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**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,

1900—1901.

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THE Director of a good work relying, like our own, upon voluntary contributions, tells me of how by a fluctuating balance he and his helpers have been kept dependent on God, and adds this testimony, "Our Invisible Patron has never failed us." This is our experience too. During a year which has been remarkable for its special claims and for its lessened resources, our exchequer has been regularly replenished. It has never been so full as to cause us to forget our dependence; it has never been so low as to cause grave anxiety; and the year ended, as our balance sheet proves, with "enough and to spare." For this we "feel like singing all the time," and while "Our Invisible Patron" has all the praise, we gratefully acknowledge the generous thought of helpers who have scarcely needed a reminder of our unceasing wants. The fact is that, in answer to prayer, the visible patrons have been prompted by the Invisible; and these visible and tangible gifts have reached us as need arose.

The hand of our God is upon us for good. We can have no doubt of that; and oh, how delightful is any labour on which His blessing manifestly rests! We have not, in consequence, been spared all sorrow. Three dear little ones have been summoned from us; and we sustained a very serious loss by the home-going of so faithful and capable a helper as Miss Good, the matron of our Seaside Home. Moreover, our Head Master, Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, has been laid aside, and is, though greatly better, still scarcely himself.

These and smaller clouds have crossed our sky, and while they were passing, the temperature was distinctly affected; nevertheless, our inmost heart kept warm with trust and love.

During the year, our family has increased by 32; that is to say, there have been only 83 dismissals as against 115 admissions. That our friends may have at least a faint idea of the nature of the cases that secure our sympathy, some typical cases are supplied on pages 444 and 445. It will be evident from these that the Committee entrusted with the very responsible task of making selection, is still animated by the desire—which has ever been a guiding principle of the Institution, "The greatest need has the loudest voice."

We believe that the 2,338 fatherless children who have by this time found refuge in this haven, were without exception in real jeopardy, ere we took them in tow, and brought them to their snug moorings at Stockwell. Moreover, our service to these enabled some "other little ships" to weather the storm.

I desire, as President, to make grateful mention of the ready help of the Vice-President and the members of the Board. These busy men count it their joy to give much time and thought (and substance too) to this good work. The Lord reward them! They, I am sure, unite with me in acknowledging the valuable services rendered by the Ladies' Committee in matters affecting domestic arrangements.

We have additional proof each year of the value of our Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds, and it has been especially manifest during the Head Master's absence through illness. Matrons, teachers, workers of every sort have all helped to secure the satisfactory results which this Report records, and I desire that our subscribers should know that their part in the matter is not forgotten. We are all working for Jesus, and longing that these dear boys and girls may love and serve the Saviour. We rejoiced to find some of them deciding for Christ during the Simultaneous Mission. May these lambs of the flock be ever kept from straying!

With such a "sweet Ebenezer" in review, we continue our God-given work with all joy and hope. It is at once a work of faith and a labour of love. The Trustees, the staff, and the Sunday Volunteers—on whom may great grace rest—so regard it. We herewith rekindle our love for the needy bairns, and renew our faith in "Our Invisible Patron" for yet another year.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

When need knocks at the door of the Stockwell Orphanage,—provided there is room,—creed, class, or locality proves no barrier to the admission of any orphan child. Here they come from all denominations, from the Church of England to the Salvation Army; from occupations as diversified as a licensed victualler's and a verger's. As the appended statistical tables show, the sphere of influence extends from Lennoxton to Penzance, and from Lynn to towns across the Irish Sea.

The following are some typical cases received during the year:—

V. M. S. and L. E. S., Portsmouth.—Two little girls from a family of eight. The eldest, twelve years. The father, a colour sergeant, was killed in action in South Africa. The widow receives a small allowance from the Royal Patriotic Fund.

W. A. O., Boscombe.—One of five children, ages, thirteen, eleven, nine, eight, and one. The father, a journeyman carpenter, left very little provision. A local minister writes: "No member of my church is more fully believed to be a real genuine Christian than the mother of this girl. Her father died rejoicing in Christ."

W. S., Forest Gate.—One of six young children under twelve. The father was a messenger in a well-known London Assurance



Office. The secretary of the Company writes: "The husband was for several years a messenger in this Office, where he was liked and trusted, and his sudden death has thrown a terribly heavy burden on his widow."

H. E. H. and H. C. H., Forest Hill.—A boy and girl from a family of nine little ones, eldest only thirteen. The father was a furniture dealer. Cause of death rapid consumption. The visitor writes: "The case appears to be more than usually distressing, and at the same time most deserving. Mrs. H. is making a brave struggle in the midst of adverse circumstances that might crush any woman. The painful problem now is what is to be attempted for the other seven children."

M. T. G., Bromley.—One of four children, ages nine, seven, three, and eighteen months. The father was an army telegraphist, and died on service in South Africa. Except for an Insurance of £50, no provision whatever for the family.

A. F. M., Saffron Walden.—One of three children, ages, thirteen, eight and three. The father, a painter, was killed by falling from a ladder whilst at work. The widow was left without any provision, as just prior to the husband's decease, he lost the savings of seven years in the collapse of a Building Society.

E. K. D., Harlesden.—One of a family of seven young children. The father, a baker and confectioner, died of cancer. A well-known Baptist minister writes: "A most respectable family, the continued illness of the husband led to reverses, and hence her great need."

W. G. G., Willesden Green.—One of six children, eldest sixteen, youngest three. The father was a railway carman, and was unable to leave any provision. The mother is subject to fits, and earns five to eight shillings per week at laundry work.

I. B. W., Sheerness. One of seven children, eldest sixteen. The father, an iron moulder, died of pneumonia without leaving any provision. The widow's brother, whose earnings (about nineteen shillings per week) are all devoted to keeping the family. If these are withdrawn, they have absolutely no means of support.

N. L., Willesden.—One of five children dependent on the exertions of the mother, who goes out charing. The father was a watchman, a lowly position in which it was scarcely possible to make any provision for wife and family.

M. L. M., Govilon.—One of ten children. The father, a stonemason, died of cancer. The visitor writes: "It is a most deserving case." One of the two ministers who first recommended the application, was formerly a boy in the Orphanage.

H. W. R., Highgate. A total orphan, dependent on an elder sister suffering from heart disease. She occupies one room, and supports herself by charing.

## TWO THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED &amp; THIRTY-EIGHT ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1901.

## PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics and Printing Trades... 568	Journalists ... .. 12
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ... 338	Solicitors ... .. 10
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen 316	Surgeons and Dentists ... .. 9
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ... 274	Cooks ... .. 5
Warehousemen and Clerks ... 261	Architects and Surveyors ... 4
Mariners and Watermen ... 83	Firemen ... .. 4
Farmers and Florists ... 73	Royal Engineers... .. 4
Ministers and Missionaries ... 67	Butlers ... .. 3
Oak Proprietors and Coachmen... 63	Auctioneers ... .. 2
Railway Employés ... .. 57	Photographers ... .. 2
Commercial Travellers ... .. 51	Inspectors... .. 2
Schoolmasters and Teachers ... 26	Bandsman ... .. 2
Police-men & Custom House Officers 24	Gentleman ... .. 1
Commission Agents ... .. 22	Vaccination Officer ... .. 1
Post Office Employés ... .. 21	Exhibition Proprietor ... .. 1
Accountants ... .. 17	Verger ... .. 1
Soldiers ... .. 13	Licensed Victualler ... .. 1
<b>TOTAL... .. 2,338</b>	

## RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England 927	Presbyterian ... 33	Moravian ... .. 2
Baptist ... .. 613	Brethren ... .. 23	Salvation Army ... 3
Congregational ... 235	Bible Christian ... 5	Lutheran ... .. 2
Wesleyan ... .. 182	Society of Friends 4	Not specified ... 295
	Roman Catholic ... 4	
<b>TOTAL... .. 2,338</b>		

NOTE.—These Tables show the inter-denominational character of the Institution.

## PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—

Balham ... .. 13	Hampstead ... .. 5	Pentonville ... .. 5
Barnsbury ... .. 4	Harlesden ... .. 4	Pimlico ... .. 8
Battersea ... .. 35	Harringay ... .. 1	Plaistow ... .. 3
Bayswater ... .. 9	Hatcham ... .. 1	Poplar ... .. 8
Bermondsey ... .. 110	Haverstock Hill ... 4	Rotherhithe ... .. 14
Bethnal Green ... 10	Herne Hill ... .. 3	Shadwell ... .. 2
Blackheath ... .. 1	Highbury ... .. 6	Shepherd's Bush ... 4
Bloomsbury ... .. 2	Highgate ... .. 2	Shoreditch ... .. 5
Borough ... .. 12	Holborn ... .. 10	Silvertown ... .. 1
Bow ... .. 25	Holloway ... .. 25	Soho ... .. 8
Brixton ... .. 56	Homerton ... .. 5	Southwark ... .. 42
Brockley ... .. 2	Honor Oak ... .. 2	Spitalfields ... .. 1
Bromley ... .. 5	Hornsey ... .. 13	Stepney ... .. 7
Brondebury... .. 3	Horselydown... .. 6	Strand ... .. 2
Camberwell ... .. 70	Hoxton ... .. 17	Stratford ... .. 15
Camden Town ... 14	Islington ... .. 44	Streatham ... .. 6
Canonbury ... .. 1	Kennington ... .. 21	Stockwell ... .. 15
Chelsea ... .. 16	Kensington ... .. 13	Stoke Newington ... 13
Clapham ... .. 30	Kentish Town ... 10	St. John's Wood ... 4
Clapton ... .. 15	Kilburn ... .. 17	St. Luke's ... .. 4
Clerkenwell ... .. 17	Kingsland ... .. 3	St. Pancras ... .. 9
Dalton ... .. 5	Lambeth ... .. 77	Sydenham ... .. 3
Deptford ... .. 9	Lewisham ... .. 10	Tottenham ... .. 17
Dalwich ... .. 17	Limehouse ... .. 6	Vauxhall ... .. 9
Edmonton ... .. 1	Marylebone ... .. 23	Waltham ... .. 72
Finsbury ... .. 5	Mile End ... .. 10	Wandsworth ... .. 31
Forest Gate ... .. 7	Newington ... .. 23	Westminster ... .. 13
Forest Hill ... .. 2	New Cross ... .. 20	Whitechapel ... .. 4
Fulham ... .. 14	Norwood ... .. 23	Willesden ... .. 7
Gospel Oak ... .. 1	Notting Hill ... .. 14	Wood Green ... .. 8
Hackney ... .. 27	Nunhead ... .. 7	
Haggerston ... .. 2	Paddington ... .. 11	
Hammer-smith ... 8	Peckham ... .. 70	
		<b>LONDON... TOTAL 1,394</b>

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	7	<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Weymouth	3	<i>Hampshire</i> , Freamantle	1
"    Leighton Buzzard	1	<i>Durham</i> , Darlington	1	"    Fleet	1
"    Luton	2	"    Durham	1	"    Farnborough	1
"    Tingrith	1	"    Middlesbrough	2	"    Gosport	3
<i>Berks.</i> , Ardington Wick	1	"    South Shields	2	"    Hayling Island	1
"    Chieveley	1	"    Stockton	4	"    Headbourne	-
"    Childrey	1	"    Wolsingham	1	"    Worthy	1
"    Faringdon	1	<i>Essex</i> , Ashdon	1	"    Landport	4
"    Maidenhead	2	"    Barking	2	"    Lymington	1
"    Newbury	5	"    Boxed	1	"    Newbridge, I.W.	1
"    Reading	35	"    Braintree	2	"    Newport, I.W.	3
"    Slough	2	"    Brentwood	1	"    Pokesdown	1
"    Twyford	1	"    Burnham	1	"    Portsmouth	7
"    Uffington	1	"    Chelmsford	2	"    Portsea	1
"    Wantage	2	"    Chingford	1	"    Ryde, I.W.	1
"    Wargrave	1	"    Coggeshall	1	"    Romsey	1
"    Windsor	1	"    Colchester	3	"    Sandown, I.W.	3
"    Wokingham	1	"    Dunmow	1	"    Southampton	10
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> ,		"    East Ham	3	"    Southsea	3
"    Olesham	1	"    Epping	2	"    Totton	1
"    High Wycombe	1	"    Grays	1	"    Waterlooville	1
"    Princes Risboro'	1	"    Great Bardfield	1	"    West Cowes, I.W.	2
"    Winslow	2	"    Great Braxted	1	"    Winchester	2
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		"    Halstead	1	<i>Hertfordshire</i> , Kingston	1
"    Cambridge	10	"    Harlow	2	"    Ledbury	1
"    Cottenham	1	"    Hatfield Heath	1	"    Michaelchurch	1
"    Histon	2	"    Ilford	3	"    Koss	1
"    Landbeach	1	"    Leyton	7	<i>Hertfordshire</i> ,	
"    Linton	1	"    Leytonstone	8	"    Berkhamstead	1
"    Newmarket	1	"    Little Ilford	2	"    Boxmoor	1
"    Soham	1	"    Loughton	1	"    Codicote	1
"    Waterbeach	1	"    Maldon	9	"    Dunstable	1
"    Wisbech	2	"    North Woolwich	2	"    Hemel Hempstead	2
<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	"    Ongar	1	"    Hertford	1
"    Chester	1	"    Paglesham	1	"    Hitchin	1
"    Hyde	1	"    Plastow	2	"    Hoddesdon	1
<i>Cornwall</i> , Falmouth	4	"    Rayleigh	1	"    Redbourne	1
"    Fowey	1	"    Romford	4	"    St. Albans	2
"    Penzance	3	"    Saffron Walden	1	"    Ware	1
"    Porthleven	2	"    Southend	3	"    Watford	1
"    St. Columb	1	"    Stanstead	1	<i>Huntingdonshire</i> ,	
"    Truro	2	"    Thorpe-le-Soken	1	"    Fenstanton	1
<i>Derbyshire</i> , Alfreton	1	"    Upminster	1	"    St. Neot's	1
"    Belper	1	"    Wakes-Colne	1	<i>Kent</i> , Ashford	4
"    Derby	5	"    Walthamstow	13	"    Belvedere	2
"    Matlock Bath	1	"    Wanstead	1	"    Bexley	3
"    Swadlincote	1	"    West Ham	3	"    Blackheath	2
"    West Hallam	1	"    Witham	2	"    Boughton	1
<i>Devonshire</i> , Appledore	1	"    Woodford	6	"    Broadstairs	1
"    Axminster	1	<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol	3	"    Bromley	6
"    Bidford	1	"    Cheltenham	3	"    Canterbury	2
"    Brixham	5	"    Cinderford	1	"    Charlton	3
"    Combe Martin	2	"    Cirencester	2	"    Chatham	6
"    Dartmouth	1	"    Fairford	2	"    Cranbrook	1
"    Devonport	3	"    Gloucester	2	"    Crayford	1
"    Exeter	3	"    Nailsworth	1	"    Dartford	1
"    Hatherleigh	1	"    Painswick	1	"    Deal	3
"    Newton Abbot	1	"    Stroud	2	"    Dover	3
"    Plymouth	5	"    Tewkesbury	1	"    Eastchurch	1
"    Stoke	1	"    Weirstone	1	"    Eltham	1
"    Torquay	4	"    Wotton	1	"    Erith	1
<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole	3	<i>Hampshire</i> , Aldershot	1	"    Eynsford	2
"    Lyme Regis	1	"    Basingstoke	1	"    Eythorne	1
"    Portland	2	"    Bournemouth	9	"    Folkestone	5
"    Swanage	1	"    Christchurch	1	"    Foot's Cray	1

<i>Kent</i> , Gravesend ...	5	<i>Middlesex</i> ,		<i>Surrey</i> , Addlestone ...	1
" Goudhurst ...	1	" Wombley ...	1	" Barnes ...	4
" Greenwich ...	17	" Whetstone ...	1	" Bletchingley ...	1
" Hollingbourne ...	1	<i>Monmouthshire</i> ,		" Buckland ...	1
" Lee ...	2	" Abergavenny ...	1	" Catford ...	1
" Maidstone ...	5	" Blaenavon ...	1	" Cranleigh ...	1
" Malling ...	1	" Maindee ...	1	" Croydon ...	30
" Margate ...	9	" Newport ...	10	" East Moulsey ...	1
" New Brompton ...	8	<i>Norfolk</i> , Attleborough ...	1	" Farnham ...	1
" Northfleet ...	2	" Dereham ...	1	" Godalming ...	2
" Orpington ...	3	" Holt ...	1	" Godstone ...	1
" Pembury ...	1	" Lynn... ...	3	" Guildford ...	1
" Plumstead ...	10	" Norwich ...	4	" Horley ...	1
" Ramsgate ...	3	" Yarmouth ...	1	" Kingston ...	4
" Rochester ...	3	<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,		" Leatherhead ...	1
" Sevenoaks ...	2	" Brackley ...	1	" Mortlake ...	1
" Sheerness ...	2	" Kettering ...	2	" Norbiton ...	1
" Sittingbourne ...	5	" Northampton ...	3	" Penge ...	5
" St. Mary Cray ...	1	" Oundle ...	3	" Putney ...	2
" Swanscombe ...	1	" Peterborough ...	3	" Red Hill ...	1
" Tonbridge ...	1	" Rushden ...	2	" Reigate ...	2
" Tunbridge Wells ...	5	" Thrapstone ...	2	" Richmond ...	2
" Westgate-on-Sea ...	1	" Walgrave ...	1	" Selhurst ...	1
" West Wickham ...	1	<i>Northumberland</i> ,		" Surbiton ...	2
" Whitstable ...	6	" Newcastle ...	1	" Sutton ...	6
" Woolwich ...	1	<i>Nottinghamshire</i> ,		" Thornton Heath ...	1
" Wrotham ...	1	" Bingham ...	1	" Tooting ...	4
<i>Lancashire</i> ,		" Nottingham ...	2	" Wallington... ..	1
" Ashton-under-Lyne ...	3	" Retford ...	1	" Wimbledon... ..	2
" Blackpool ...	1	" Sutton ...	1	" Woking ...	2
" Bolton ...	1	" Worksop ...	1	<i>Sussex</i> , Beeding ...	1
" Fleetwood ...	1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> , Banbury ...	2	" Brighton ...	13
" Liverpool ...	9	" Chinnor ...	1	" Burgess Hill ...	1
" Manchester ...	5	" Chipping Norton ...	3	" Buxted ...	1
" Morecambe ...	1	" Kidlington ...	1	" Chichester ...	4
" Rochdale ...	1	" New Headington ...	1	" Eastbourne ...	1
" St. Anne's-on-Sea ...	1	" Oxford ...	7	" Faygate ...	1
<i>Leicestershire</i> , Leicester ...	1	" Thame ...	1	" Hailsham ...	1
" Loughborough ...	1	" Witney ...	1	" Hastings ...	6
" Lutterworth ...	1	<i>Rutlandshire</i> ,		" Horsbam ...	2
<i>Lincolnshire</i> , Alford... ..	1	" Uppingham ...	1	" Lewes ...	2
" Boston ...	3	<i>Salop</i> , Aston-on-Clun ...	1	" Newhaven ...	1
" Grimsby ...	5	" West Felton ...	1	" Portslade ...	1
" Lincoln ...	5	<i>Somersetshire</i> , Bath ...	3	" 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 ...	3	" Weston ...	2	<i>Warwickshire</i> ,	
" Chiswick ...	4	" Yeovil ...	1	" Birmingham ...	8
" Cricklewood... ..	1	<i>Staffordshire</i> , Bilston ...	1	" Coventry ...	2
" Ealing ...	2	" Burton-on-Trent ...	2	" Leamington ...	1
" Edmonton ...	3	" Stourbridge ...	1	" Oxhill ...	1
" Enfield ...	1	" West Bromwich ...	1	" Quinton ...	1
" Finchley ...	1	" Wolverhampton ...	1	<i>Wiltshire</i> , Calne ...	1
" Hampton-Wick ...	1	<i>Suffolk</i> , Aldborough ...	2	" Chippenham ...	1
" Hanwell ...	1	" Bungay ...	1	" Devizes ...	2
" Harlington ...	1	" Bury St. Edmunds ...	2	" Downton ...	1
" Harrow ...	2	" Clare ...	1	" Pinton Stoke ...	1
" Hendon ...	3	" Fressingfield ...	1	" Salisbury ...	3
" Hounslow ...	2	" Halesworth ...	1	" Summerford ...	
" Isleworth ...	3	" Ipswich ...	9	" Magna ...	1
" Old Hampton ...	1	" Lowestoft ...	2	" Swindon ...	3
" Roxeth ...	1	" Southwold ...	1	" Trowbridge ...	1
" Southall ...	1	" Stanstead ...	1	" Warminster ...	1
" Teddington ...	2	" Stowmarket ...	4	" Westbury Leigh ...	1
" Wellham Green ...	3	" Woodbridge ...	1	" Wroughton ...	1

Worcestershire, Cradley	1	Wales, Aberystwyth	1	Wales, Hay ...	1
„ Evesham ...	1	„ Brecon ...	1	„ Holyhead ...	2
„ Hampton ...	1	„ Bridgend ...	3	„ Llanbister ...	1
„ Pershore ...	1	„ Builth ...	1	„ Llandudno ...	1
„ Tenbury ...	1	„ Cardiff ...	19	„ Llanelly ...	1
Yorkshire, Bedale ...	1	„ Carnarvon ...	1	„ Narberth ...	1
„ Burley ...	1	„ Cilgerran ...	2	„ Rhyl ...	1
„ Leeds ...	3	„ Dowlais ...	1	„ Swansea ...	4
„ Goole ...	1	„ Govilon ...	2		
„ Sheffield ...	2	„ Haverfordwest	3	WALES ... TOTAL	46
COUNTRY...TOTAL	892				

Scotland, Dunfermline	1	Scotland, Llenoxtown	1	Channel Islands, St. Heliers	1
„ Larbert ...	1	Ireland ...	2		

### ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31st, 1901.

#### FROM LONDON DISTRICTS:—

Balham ...	1	Gospel Oak ...	1	Soho ...	1
Battersea ...	2	Hackney ...	2	Southwark ...	2
Brixton ...	2	Harlesden ...	3	Stratford ...	1
Brockley ...	2	Highgate ...	1	Stockwell ...	3
Camberwell ...	4	Homerton ...	1	Stoke Newington	1
Cannden Town ...	2	Honor Oak ...	2	Tottenham ...	3
Chelsea ...	2	Hoxton ...	1	Walworth ...	2
Clapham ...	3	Islington ...	3	Wandsworth ...	3
Clapton ...	1	Kensington ...	1	Willesden ...	2
Dulwich ...	2	Lambeth ...	1	Wood Green ...	2
Forest Gate ...	3	New Cross ...	1		
Forest Hill ...	1	Rotherhithe ...	1	TOTAL ...	67
Fulham ...	2	Shepherd's Bush	2		

#### FROM COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES:—

Basingstoke ...	1	Eastbourne ...	1	Pershore ...	1	Westgate-on-Sea	1
Bournemouth	3	Enfield ...	1	Portsmouth ...	2	Weston-super-	
Brixham ...	1	Gosport ...	1	Reigate ...	1	mare ...	1
Bromley ...	1	Gravesend ...	1	Saffron Walden	1	WALES.	
Burgess Hill...	1	Hanwell ...	1	Salisbury ...	1	Govilon ...	2
Burton-on-Trent	1	Hastings ...	1	Sheerness ...	2	Holyhead ...	1
Canterbury ...	1	Ipswich ...	1	Sheffield ...	1	Swansea ...	1
Chatbam ...	1	Leeds... ...	1	Sittingbourne	1	CHANNEL ISLANDS.	
Chiswick ...	2	Leyton ...	2	Swindon ...	1	St. Heliers ...	1
Combe Martin	2	Northampton	1	Twyford ...	1		
Croydon ...	2	Pembury ...	1	Watford ...	1	TOTAL ...	48

#### TOTAL ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR, 115.

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, 48; Girls, 35. Total, 83.

#### SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London ...	1,394	Wales ...	46	Ireland ...	2
Country ...	892	Scotland ...	3	Channel Islands	1
TOTAL ...					2,338.

#### IN RESIDENCE AT THE TIME OF WRITING THE ANNUAL REPORT:—

Boys, 230; Girls, 221. Total, 451.

## OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Annual Meeting was held on February 6th, and after the necessary business and election of officers, a helpful and telling address was given by Rev. T. Currie, M.A., of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Clapham. This union of our Voluntary Teachers and the members of the Orphanage Staff is always greatly enjoyed, and cements the bond which unifies our devoted workers.

At the Quarterly Services held in the "C. H. S." Memorial Hall, addresses were given by Rev. A. T. Kinnings, (Queen's Road Wesleyan Church); H. T. Sayer, Esq., (Christ Church, Westminster Road); Rev. F. H. Benson, B.A. (Broomwood Road Wesleyan Church); and Rev. Walter Horne, M.A. (St. Saviour's, Brixton Hill).

The Sunday School Prizes, subscribed for by the Teachers and other friends, were distributed at a Special Meeting by James Goodman, Esq., Superintendent of Trinity Presbyterian Sunday School.

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SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, conducted by the Brixton Auxiliary of the Sunday School Union.

SUBJECT:—"Soenes in the Life of Jesus, at Bethany and Jerusalem."

Our Scholars secured 11 prizes; 36 first-class, and 91 second-class certificates.

### YOUNG CHRISTIANS' BAND.

Present Membership, Boys, 28; Girls, 36. Total 64.

### INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

Membership (including some former scholars), Boys, 210; Girls, 380. Total 590.

### BAND OF HOPE.

Members having signed the pledge with the consent of friends, 220.

Eighteen Meetings were held during the year, and several Lectures with Dissolving Views.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE COLLECTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission, North Africa ... ..	1	6	7
Baptist Missionary Society ... ..	6	9	5
Do, for the support of a boy and girl at Wathen Station	10	0	0
Indian Sunday School Mission ... ..	2	6	1
Continental do, ... ..	1	7	1
Ragged School Union Holiday Homes ... ..	1	2	6
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work ... ..	22	17	4
	£45	9	0

**MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.**

To the President and Members of the Board of Management.

Gentlemen,

I have the pleasure to submit my 32nd Annual Report for the year ending March 31st, 1901.

While our general bill of health compares most favourably with that of any similar Institution, I regret to record the fact that two deaths occurred during the year, one from Purpura and one from Meningitis. In each case there was a bad family history.

Cases of Pulmonary Affection have been less numerous than we might have expected, when it is borne in mind that early orphanhood is due in so many instances, to the death of parents from Consumption. The perfect sanitary condition of the Institution, and the splendid system of physical education adopted, secure to our children advantages of the utmost benefit to them, and greatly lighten my labours on their behalf.

Ordinary ailments, incidental to childhood, have not been in excess of those of former years, and while we have had to deal with numerous cases of Measles and Mumps, we have been spared the danger of a general epidemic.

The recovery of a boy and a girl from what appeared to be a hopeless condition calls for special mention, as, in both instances, the friends feared fatal termination.

My warmest thanks are due to the Members of the Honorary Consulting Staff, the Board of Managers and the Officers of the Institution for their cordial co-operation and support.

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 one common hall according to families; the girls in their respective houses; and boys and girls assist in all the domestic duties of the establishment. Family worship is conducted in each department morning and evening, and the children learn and repeat the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack.

In the Schools, our object is to impart a *thorough* ENGLISH education, and, by a complete system of physical training, to fit the boys for commercial pursuits.

In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. We are thankful to record that, as the boys attain the age for leaving, it is easy to find employers who will receive them. Many of 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 as domestics in Christian families, or in houses of business.

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 £881 6s. 8d. 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 £215 1s. 0d., 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 £159 7s. 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.

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. Patterns will gladly be sent upon application to the Secretary. 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.

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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.*

---

The hope is cherished that our friends, in the disposition of their estates, will not overlook the need and claims of the Orphanage, which must be regarded as a beautiful memorial of its Founder and first President, C. H. SPURGEON.

# Stockwell Orphanage.

## GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1901

	£	s.	d.
<b>To Maintenance and Education:—</b>			
Salaries and Wages ... ..	2,343	4	5
Provisions ... ..	3,898	1	8
Clothing ... ..	1,539	2	0
Laundry ... ..	519	0	7
Fuel, Gas, and Water ... ..	1,090	8	8
Books and School Requisites ... ..	169	5	2
Seaside Home, Margate, and Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses... ..	590	6	11
Excursions and Travelling ... ..	52	12	2
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c. ... ..	292	19	6
Gardening and Sundries ... ..	75	15	5
	10,570	16	6
„ Printing, Publications, Advertisements, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c. ... ..	1,033	19	1
„ Repairs and Alterations, &c. ... ..	982	3	1
„ Furniture, Fittings, Bedding, &c. ... ..	562	10	1
„ Poor and General Rates ... ..	151	17	0
	13,901	6	3
„ Transfer to Foundation Fund ... ..	1,000	0	0
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1901 ... ..	1,071	14	3
	15,373	0	6

	£	s.	d.
<b>By Donations and Subscriptions:—</b>			
General ... ..	4,629	2	6
Boxes and Books ... ..	831	6	6
Services of Song (less expenses) ... ..	138	1	6
„ Seaside Home ... ..	63	16	6
	5,712	7	4
„ Legacies ... ..	3,645	17	6
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates and Taxes, Insurance, &c.) ... ..	5,264	14	7
	14,622	19	7
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1900 ... ..	750	0	10
	15,373	0	6

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

Audited and found correct, this 23rd day of May, 1901.

F. WHITTLE, 42, Gaden Road, Clapham. }  
J. D. BETTS, 15, Fastcheap, E.C. } *Auditors.*

WILLIAM HIGGS, }  
                  *Treasurer,* } *Trustees.*  
JAMES E. PASSMORE, }  
FRANK THOMPSON, }

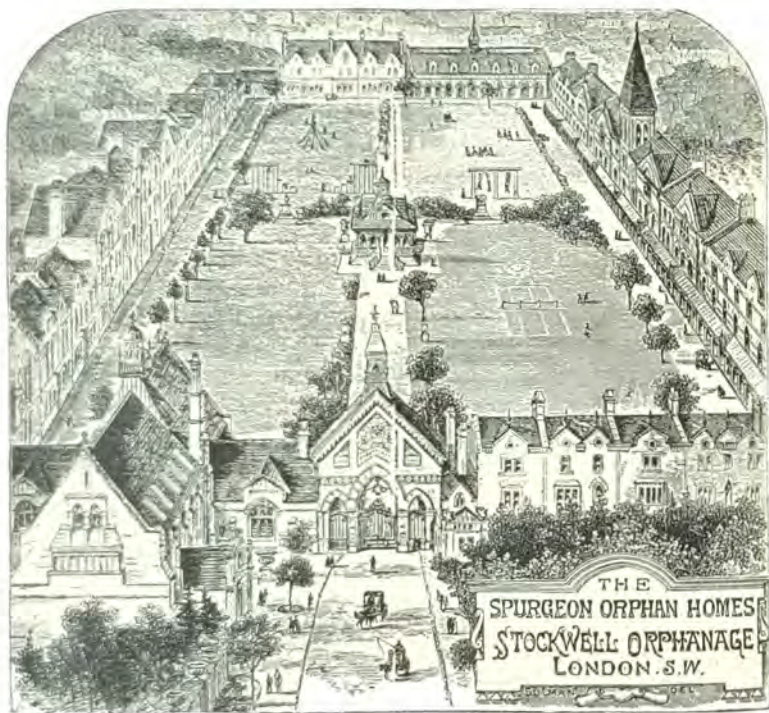
FREDERICK G. LADD, *Secretary.*

# The STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

A Home and School

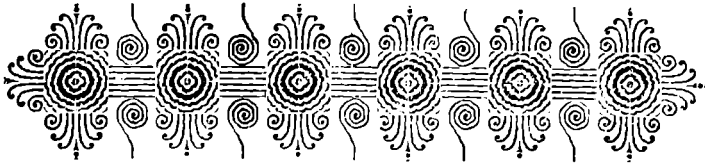
for Five Hundred Fatherless Boys and Girls.

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, 1901.

Fasting and Backsliding.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.



EAR FRIENDS, I asked you specially to pray, just now, for those who are backsliding, for those who are declining by little and little from the ways of God, that eternal mercy may stop them, and bring them to a better and happier condition.

You have noticed in the papers, lately, an account of a fasting man; and I am afraid there are some people who are doing spiritually what that foolish fellow is trying to do physically; he is seeking to find out how long he can fast; I think he is going to see whether he can live for forty days without eating. I do not recommend any of you to follow his example; and it strikes me that, if I did, you would not be likely to try it; there are not sufficient fools in the world to make such an experiment as that practicable on a very large scale. God has made it a law of our being that we should eat in order to live; but this stupid man means to ascertain how long he can violate that law, and still live. I have known some professing Christians who seemed to be trying to see how long they could live without eating spiritually. Prayer is neglected, the reading of the Scriptures is forgotten, attendance upon the means of grace is very much slackened; and as for coming out to a week-night service, that is given up altogether. If they are not quite going without all spiritual food, yet they are trying to find out on how little they can exist. If they try the experiment long enough, they will be like a valuable horse that a Frenchman had, which managed to live on next to nothing. He had at last brought the poor creature's allowance down to one straw a day, and then the experiment failed, for the animal died. Some professors have got down to one service on the Sunday as their

spiritual food for the whole week, and we have not been greatly surprised when their poor form of religion has died altogether. They tried how little their souls could live upon, and there is an awful risk in such an experiment as that.

Now, first of all, the man who tries to live without food *denies himself a natural pleasure*. Whatever may be said about eating for the nourishment of the body, this is certainly true concerning spiritual food; for, to feed upon the Word is a great delight to the heart, to feed upon Christ is a heavenly banquet. You felt it to be so once, did you not? Then, you must be out of health if you do not enjoy your spiritual food now. If you cannot eat, you take it as a sure token that there is something wrong with you. The psalmist speaks of "fools" whose "soul abhorreth all manner of meat;" and he significantly adds, "and they draw near unto the gates of death." God grant that we may not be such fools in a spiritual sense!

We are not surprised to learn that the fasting man is *gradually losing weight*. That might not be so great a calamity to anyone who is overburdened with flesh as I am, but it is a serious thing for most people to be losing weight; and if you do not have spiritual food, you will certainly lose weight in many ways. You will lose weight of moral character; you will lose weight of influence; you will lose the weight of solidity and restfulness of mind; you will lose power in prayer; you will lose force in every direction; and, if you do not actually die, you will get to be a living skeleton. I know some professors who, if they are Christians at all, are nothing but skeletons; they are bony kind of people, very bad to run against, for they bore holes in you. The moment you come into contact with them, they begin to bore you about modes of worship, or about the Second Advent, or about high Calvinism, or about low Arminianism, or anything else which is their special craze. They have lost weight, they have lost enjoyment, they have lost all pleasure in religion, and they become uncomfortable people to associate with, for they are very apt to make others as miserable as they are themselves.

That fasting man is *also losing strength*. He has no vigour, he could not run up a hill, he can do very little now; and, soon, he will not be able to do anything at all if his foolish experiment be continued. As for the man who does not feed spiritually, what can he do? What can be done by those professors who do not take spiritual food? Go and get a number of consumptives from Brompton Hospital, and say to them, "Come along, you poor weak-kneed creatures, we are going to make a railway cutting. Here are the planks, and the picks, and the shovels; so set to work, and get the cutting made as fast as you can." They stand still, or lie about on the ground, and you say to them, "Why do you not get to work?" They cannot do it, poor things! One of them tries to lift his pick, but it is as much as he can do simply to lift it; he could never use such a tool as that. Another takes hold of his spade, and puts his foot on it, but there is

no force in him; so we say to the whole lot of them, "You had better go back to the hospital." Now bring us a dozen stalwart navvies, tell them what you want done, give them the picks, and the shovels, and the planks; see there, they seem to walk through the hill, they have tunnelled it as if they had simply threaded a needle! So, let a man have spiritual force through feeding on the wondrous bread that Jesus Christ gives to our souls, and all things are possible to him; but let him go without his spiritual meat, and then what is there that he can accomplish?

## Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"*Thou art all fair, My love; there is no spot in thee.*"—Solomon's Song iv. 7.

"**A**H!" I hear some timid, trembling believer say, "such a text can have nothing to do with me; to my own apprehension, I am the very opposite of all that is fair and spotless. The eyes of my soul have seen sights within which I can never forget, and I loathe myself and my sin so much that, though I believe God has forgiven me for Christ's sake, I feel it impossible to take those precious words as addressed to one so erring and imperfect."

Yet, trembling soul, I would bid thee take courage, and look up. Christ's love for His Church is marvellously set forth in this Song of Songs; and if you are a believer in Him, you must be part of that Church,—as much His bride and spouse as the greatest saint, or most renowned disciple. The Master makes no difference between upper and lower servants in His household. The same price was paid to redeem the least lamb of the flock, as for the choicest sheep; the same precious blood was poured out to ransom the feeblest child of the great family, as for its strongest and most notable member.

Come, then, timid one, fear not to grasp the truth now put before thee; delay not to rejoice in the blessed fact that thou art indeed dear to the Lord; and when He says, "*Thou art all fair, My love,*" do not contradict him by lamenting thy blackness; but, rather, adoringly bow before Him in wonder at the miracle His love hath wrought in thee. It ill becomes the bride of Christ to ignore His comeliness which He has put upon her, and go about bemoaning the scars and blemishes which His great love overlooks and forgets.

Not but what it is quite true that, *in themselves*, believers are sorrowfully imperfect and sinful; but if the Lord Jesus, in His marvellous mercy, unrobes Himself to cover over their unrighteousness, they may well be content to be thus made "fair" in His sight. Do you ask, "Why should He do this?" Look at the succeeding words, "*My love.*" We cannot comprehend the mystery and sublimity of Divine love; but it is the sole and all-sufficient reason for the dear Lord's estimate of us; and when He uses such endearing language, our hearts

melt and are ravished by His condescension. Even as earthly affection is intensified and nourished by tender tones and words of special grace, so, (with reverence we say it,) when our dear Master deigns to address us in accents of love and admiration, our souls are thrilled with heavenly bliss, and we are uplifted beyond all the sorrows and vexations of this time-state into an atmosphere of spiritual joy that is unspeakable. To be "the beloved of the Lord," to "dwell in safety by Him," as our Husband and dearest Friend, is so high an attainment, and so glorious a privilege, that it must for ever be a marvel why we are so listless in seeking it, or so sinfully content without it.

"*My love.*" Oh, say it again, dear Master! Let the music of Thy voice touch and vibrate through the deepest chords of my nature, and awaken sweet responses in my soul! Thou art the fount and source of all love; oh, fill me, overwhelm me, plunge me in this sea of mercy and of grace! I would be swallowed up in it, knowing no other joy or bliss comparable to that of being able to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

"*There is no spot in thee.*" Can our loving Lord really mean this, and mean it of you and me, dear reader? He does, indeed, if only we have believed on His Name to the saving of our soul, and trusted in His precious blood to wash away all our sin. But is it not a love passing knowledge which can cause such a statement to be absolute truth? "*There is no spot in thee.*" "Where, then, are all my spots, dear Lord, for they were legion; and sin must have rendered me vile and loathsome in Thy pure sight?" The reply comes direct from the Lord's own Word: "When I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love; and I spread My skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness: yea, I sware unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest Mine."

"Ere He saved her, well He knew,  
What a heart like her's would do."

All the uncleanness,—past, present, and future.—all the deformity and blackness is put aside by love, cleansed away by blood, covered by Another's righteousness; and so completely is this done, that God Himself can find no remnant or stain of that which would have meant eternal death to an unwashed soul. Oh, the "riches of the glory of this mystery,"—this mighty power which lifts a poor sinner from the depths of sin to the heights of heavenly bliss! "What manner of love is this?" It is so Divine and incomprehensible that, in the contemplation of it, we are lost in wonder and amazement, and have to cry out, with the disciples of old, "Lord, increase our faith!"

"*There is no spot in thee.*" An old writer says:—"Now, if God sees no spot, why should you be prying after one? Poring over your misery, searching after your blackness and depravity, will be no help to you. It is only keeping your eye off Jesus, instead of up unto Jesus. You cannot look two ways at once. How did the poor serpent-bitten



Israelites in the wilderness get relief and healing? By looking to their sores, their wounds, their malady,—think you? Oh, no! it was by looking to the brazen serpent; and if you would get relief, it must be by a revelation of Jesus Christ.”

Now, my poor heart, wilt thou not accept thy Lord's own verdict concerning thee, and rejoice in His assurance that thou art comely with His comeliness which He hath put upon thee? That HE thinks thee to be “*all fair*” will make thee guard against any defilement, and keep aloof from anything which could sully thy purity;—that He should say, “*My love,*” will help thee to listen more eagerly for His sweet voice, waiting upon His lips lest one love-word should be lost;—and that He should declare, “*There is no spot in thee,*” will make thee so tenderly circumspect that thou wilt be enabled to “walk worthy of God” and of love so unspeakable and Divine.

Lord Jesus, what a glorious Saviour Thou art! How can Thy bride, Thy Church, tell forth her delight in *Thy* beauty? All the sin, which made her so black and vile, was laid upon Thee; yet it only made Thee “fairer than the children of men;” and the bearing of that awful burden does but immeasurably enhance the glory which was Thine with the Father before the world was created. How sorrowful it is that such love should be despised and rejected by thousands whom it could and would save from eternal death!

The question comes pertinently, “What think *ye* of Christ?” Bless the Lord, if we can make answer, “He is the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely.”

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## A Jewel in a Queer Setting.

FATHER WAKES was a faithful, plodding, and hard-working old servant in the Lord's house. Both he and his wife had a queerish strain in their mental and physical get-up; but both were entirely clean and homely. By the way his clothes hung upon him, it appeared most likely that his wife made them, and his square-cut hair was evidently the result of her skill, or want of it. Dear old Wakes had a pinched but kindly face, with a grised beard, and the light of a loving heart gleamed in his eyes. The children loved him. Every Sunday morning, I used to meet him on his way to school, leading by each hand the children who had waylaid him. On they went together right happily, he smiling, and with a quick half-limp, they, with rosy faces, and a short trot.

He had been in that Sunday-school for many years, and had outlasted dozens of other teachers. If he had known the poet's words, he would have said,—

“Men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.”

As it was, he pondered such words as these: “Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.” . . . “In the

morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand : for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Father Wakes had to work very hard during the week, and he might have excused himself as being "too tired" to do anything for Christ. One morning, whilst the preacher was preaching, do what he would, Father Wakes could not keep awake: he pinched himself, rubbed his eyes, moved in his seat, fixed a determined look on the minister, vowed that he would obey the Word which says, "Give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids;" but "or ever he was aware," his eyelids gently closed, and straightway he began to nod. The preacher thumped the desk; Father Wakes nodded assent. The preacher waxed more earnest; Father Wakes nodded more emphatically. "Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion,"—cried the preacher,—Father Wakes' nod became a violent jerk, and just as the word "devour" was being uttered, he awoke, and exclaimed, "Ah, bless him!" Like Peter, half-awake on the Mount of Transfiguration, "he wist not what he said." But he loved his Master; and though the devil was mentioned, the praise was meant for his Saviour, and his Lord knew it. Blessed be His Name!

It is not always the length of the sermon, nor the dulness of the preacher, that induces the "forty winks" into which some hearers are allured; but the wear and tear of these hard days must shoulder some of the blame.

Father Wakes might have excused himself from Christian service on many grounds. For instance, he was "no scholar." So he would not teach the bigger boys, because they "knew more than he did;" but he was quite willing to take the "easy lesson" class. He never apologized for his social position, and said he was "nobody," and so, like Saul the son of Kish, "hid himself among the stuff." Such stuff and nonsense he could not away with; but he would sing with all his lungs and heart,—

"Thou usest the wide sea,  
The little hidden lake,  
The pine upon the mountain-top,  
The lily in the brake.

"All things do serve Thee here,  
All things both great and small;  
Make use of me, of me, my God,  
The meanest of them all."

And he might also have excused himself from Christian work on the ground that he was "getting old," and that it was "time the young ones had a turn." No, he would die with his armour on, with his face to the foe. "It is better," he said, "to wear out than to rust out."

You never heard of Father Wakes quarrelling with anybody. Nobody said, with a sneer, "He is a Methodist." If they had done so, he would not have got angry. He would have mildly replied, "My friend, you are just as much a Methodist as I am. If I follow the method of salvation, you follow the method of damnation." He believed there were three ways of getting out of a scrape;—to write out, to back out, and to keep out;—and the last he considered the

best way, so he was never embroiled in unseemly squabbles; but, as he had opportunity, he did good unto all men, especially to those of the household of faith.

How one man, without knowing it, may influence another life! Little did this poor, uneducated, hard-handed son of toil think, as he passed the little short-jacketed lad on his way to Sunday-school, that he was being admired for his kindness to children, for his love to their souls, for his persistence in regular and punctual attendance at school, for that pertinacious force of will that never allowed his vigour and zest, his interest and hope for God's work to cease, even when others retired, discouraged, from the field, and slunk into the shades of self-indulgence when the burden and heat of the day were hard to bear.

Dear old Father Wakes, I understand better, because of thy life, the justice of those being first who, in the world's eyes, are last; and also the beauty and blessing of—

“ A habit of self-sacrifice,  
A tardy vision of rights personal,  
A way of stepping back from thrusting crowds,  
A loose, light hold of things material.”

The Lord send forth more labourers like Father Wakes into His harvest! “ His harvest ! ” Surely, we need no further incentive than the thought that it is our Father's harvest, to move us to enter it, if we are indeed His children. It is the fruit—the Divine result of His gracious work along the ages. It is the finished effect of His sowing in the lives of men,—the fulfilment of all the good which God has wrought for us with infinite wisdom and patience.

“ And he that reapeth receiveth wages.” What “ wages ” we cannot fully tell; but we know He will pay all that is best in joy, in peace, in sweet content, in perfect satisfaction, in life glorified, in capacity enlarged, in the luxury of doing good, in bestowed power and opportunity for love to express itself, and fulfil all its strong and pure desires.

This is the “ fruit ” we gather “ unto life eternal,”—the perfecting of life in all beauty, and felicity, and power to bless and be blessed; which, through rain and frost, and shadow and sunshine, has been brought to completeness by the grace of God, like the rich harvest of the fields.

Men, like dear old Father Wakes, whether rich or poor, develop qualities which prepare them for the crowned and blissful service of Heaven; they enter into the joy of their Lord; they “ gather fruit unto life eternal.” And—

“ This is the sublimest thought of all,  
We can never finish the noble task of life;  
We can never cease to work,—we can never cease to be.  
What men call death cannot break off this task, which is  
never-ending;  
No period is set to our being: we are eternal.”

J. E. WALTON.

## Pastor George Graham and his Work in Las Flores, Argentina.

BY ROBERT F. ELDER.

THERE are men, who never sat on Pastors' College benches, and never came under the direct influence of a Pastors' College Professor, who might, nevertheless, be styled "our own men." These are men whose lives and beliefs have been largely shaped by C. H. Spurgeon, and who, to-day, are one, heart and soul, with the great brotherhood of Pastors' College men. They are one with us, if not in the full sense of us. Such an one is PASTOR GEORGE GRAHAM, OF LAS FLORES, ARGENTINA.



He first saw the light of day at Glossom's End, Great Berkhamstead, and first saw the light of truth at Wandsworth. Until the age of eighteen years, his life was spent in the quiet little Hertfordshire town; for a few years after, he lived in the great rushing city of London. The seed-sowing of the Gospel was done by faithful teachers in the Baptist and Primitive Methodist Sunday-schools in the country town, the reaping was done by Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, in the old Wandsworth church. After two years of city life in London, our friend passed into eternal life in God's Kingdom. It was during a mission, in the church just mentioned, that the mysterious change took place, which gave the young man new desires and ambitions,

and an entirely new outlook on life. The experience of his own conversion has been a great factor in his faithful ministry to others.

As he did not assimilate "Church doctrine," but "Bible truth," he soon saw that, having believed, it was his duty to be baptized. So, in East Hill Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, he was "buried with Christ in baptism" by Rev. James Harcourt. He then became a member of that church, and God used Mr. Harcourt, his pastor, to be the encourager of a timid though promising Christian worker, and the discoverer of a good missionary. The Sunday-school, Mission-hall, open-air work, and prayer-meetings at East Hill, soon found an enthusiastic helper in the new member.

Like many another servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Graham speedily began to learn something of the extent and variety of his own ignorance,—the first step in real knowledge. This led him to the Saturday evening Training-class at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, then directed by Mr. Elvin, to whom our brother feels that he owes a deep debt of gratitude. His sphere of influence then became wider. During the year and a half that he attended the class, many a Sunday saw him off, as God's herald, to some country village, under the auspices of the Evangelists' Association.

Having somewhat tried and trained him in lowlier service, God now called him to loftier work. The great world of sighing souls was brought before his vision. He beheld their pitiful plight, and heard their moans and groans, and his heart was stirred within him. Millions he saw, without a hand to help them in their terrible need; and then he heard a voice Divine that said to him, "I have chosen thee to be a witness." Feeling that the Holy Ghost had separated him unto the work of a missionary, he consecrated his life to that service, not knowing whither his steps might be directed.

A sense of unfitness for the great task, and a belief that, though God confers gifts on a man, He means that man to develop them, led him to apply to Dr. H. Grattan Guinness to help him in his preparation for his life ministry. In 1885, he was admitted to Cliff College. After two all-too-short years there, a new call came to him. A mission field, unknown to most, unprayed for and unthought of by the majority, was brought before his notice, and attracted his attention. God caused him to feel the unspoken appeal of Argentina's people, so that he could not resist it.

In November, 1887, he said "Good-bye" to all his dear ones, and the dear homeland, and sailed for Argentina. He had no organization at his back, no promise of pecuniary assistance; he could look to nothing human to support him. Yet he did not falter. His faith was in God, so he moved on. He knew that the God who had called him would not fail him. Nor did He.

On arriving at Buenos Ayres, the young missionary did not sit down, and expect manna or money to fall from heaven. "Faith without works is dead," thought he; so, being offered a position as a teacher in a school, he at once accepted it, seeing in it God's provision for his needs. All the week, he taught in school to earn his living; and on Sundays, he commenced an English service, first in the city, then in Belgrano,—a suburb,—to try to win souls. He had hard uphill

work. The vastness of the city, and the scattered condition of the English people,—some living miles away from the Hall where the services were held,—made it difficult to get large congregations. Sometimes he seemed baffled, but God gave blessing to not a few through these services.

Four and a half years were spent in Buenos Ayres, and then he launched out into Spanish work. In the town of Las Flores, some 200 miles south of Buenos Ayres, lived one or two Christians, who sent for Mr. Graham to baptize them. This awakened an interest in Las Flores, and he persuaded another missionary to settle there. This brother did not remain long, and then a new call came to our friend. In June, 1892, he left the city of "Good Air," and established himself in the town of "The Flowers." To maintain himself, he commenced a school, by which means he has almost entirely supported himself ever since. He not only makes a show of work, he works. In fact, he is doing too much, he is spending himself; but God honours him for it. Asked if he knew Graham, of Las Flores, a business man of Buenos Ayres replied, "Yes, rather! He is a *real* missionary; he came here to do good, not to have a soft job."

Having been much helped in his own life and preaching by Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, this hard-working teacher-missionary felt that they might be a blessing to Spanish-speaking people, so he has found time to translate eight of them into Spanish, and some 18,000 copies have been distributed, through the generous gifts of readers of the "Sword and Trowel." During his time at Las Flores, God has used him to lead not a few out of the City of Destruction. The clear and joyous testimony of these converts is worth hearing. Some forty believers have been baptized. One of these, Senor Suarez, is now one of the most successful colporteurs of the American Bible Society.

Until a year and a half ago, Mr. Graham was not connected with any Society; now he and his excellent helpmeet have become affiliated with The "Regions Beyond" Missionary Union. The great drawback in his work has always been the difficulty of obtaining a suitable hall for his meetings and school. Hitherto, they have been held in the large front room of his dwelling-house. This is absolutely inadequate for the requirements. He has had to refuse new pupils admittance to his school, and sometimes his hearers have to stand outside the door to listen, there being neither sitting nor standing room inside. It has now been decided to make a forward movement, and build a hall that will serve both for services and school. The estimated cost is £700, and those whom God has blessed with the means will help one of the most deserving of men, and the most worthy of works, if they invest their money in the Las Flores Mission Hall. It is a good investment; perhaps it is a long-dated bill, but God pays high interest. It would surely not be to the credit of the Christians at home if a man who has worked as Mr. Graham has done, and is still doing, and who has all but spent himself that he might not be chargeable to the home church, should have to wait long for the needed £700. All contributions should be sent to the Secretary, R.B.M.U., Harley House, Bow Road, London, E., marked "For Las Flores Building Fund."

## God Reigneth.

A FEW LESSONS LEARNT FROM THE RECENT TROUBLES IN CHINA.

“*There is nothing too hard for Thee.*”—Jer. xxxii. 17.

“*Is there any thing too hard for Me?*”—Jer. xxxii. 27.

“**W**HAT miserable cowards some of us are, to have given way to doubt or fear, when we remember that God lives and reigns!” Such were the self-condemnatory words uttered by a friend, lately, as we talked over the China question. And now the war-clouds are somewhat dispersing, and workers are getting back to their inland stations, the lessons of the past are being gathered up by one and another, so it may be well to “pass on” what has been of help and cheer during these dark and desolate days.

The first thought which presses home rather closely is this,—that some, at any rate, have not sufficiently realized that Jehovah has been ruling and reigning right through these days of desolation and death. It certainly has looked as though the work of years had been for ever destroyed; and in some quarters,—such as Shansi and Manchuria,—(when viewed from the human side,) it almost seems impossible that a brighter outlook can ever be expected.

But, in the midst of all the horrible past, and the countless difficulties of the present, let us just remember the enquiry addressed to Jeremiah, “Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for Me?” Of course, we answer, “No, Lord; it cannot be that anything or anyone can hinder Thee;” and with Jeremiah we add, “Ah Lord God! behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee.” Now, beloved, let this great thought take possession of us, and never again let us, even for a single moment, doubt the Divine omnipotence.

In the next place, we learn that our God is *Conqueror*. At the back of all this past reign of terror stood Satan and his host. China was too great an empire for him to lose; the interest with which thousands were taking in the Truth of God, through the written and spoken message, caused the arch-enemy to make one tremendous effort to stop the advance of Christ Jesus, and for ever to make it impossible that there should be freedom of speech and action in the land of Sinim.

How has Satan triumphed? I scarcely need go into details; the massacre of so many devoted men and women (foreign and native), the burning or looting of hundreds and thousands of homes and churches, will be fresh in the memory of tens of thousands of the Lord’s interested people. Yet we cannot call that triumph, for we are face to face with other facts. Workers are getting back to their far-off stations,—many of them by special invitation from the officials. To-day, I heard that an official in Honan had sent to the Chinese Court in Si-an for permission to build up the destroyed C.I.M. premises in one place. Seventeen missionaries, and several active helpers have left Chefoo for inland stations in Shantung province, protection being guaranteed by the Viceroy himself.

This kind of thing is going on in many other parts. I myself had the privilege, some weeks ago, of addressing a party of missionaries, in I'Ch'ang, who were *en route* for the distant West of China. Praise God for this! More cheer of this description is to follow, because our God has mighty unfoldings of His plans to make known. He cannot be hampered. Satan and all his hellish train can never thwart the Divine will; so let us be full of faith in the one great and mighty Conqueror.

Another lesson we can learn is, that the temporary withdrawal of so many gifted workers from their stations and their service has proved to be a time of real soul growth. Money cannot purchase this blessing, and a great pressure of even Christian work cannot create it; but the enforced cessation from loved employment has been to not a few a season of spiritual uplifting. More time for prayer and the study of God's Word has deepened the life of the soul, and scores have to thank God for fresh revelations, that came to them with irresistible power during this period of privation and persecution.

Then, in conclusion, it may safely be said that the native Christians and helpers, who have, by God's grace, stood the test, are likely to become towers of strength in all future labour for the Lord. It is perfectly true that many, under severe pressure, have recanted; but many of these are truly repentant, and will doubtless be received back again after their confession of sin. As for the splendid circle of true hearts, it is wonderful how this time of intense trial has made them grow in grace. In the very thick of the awful troubles, they met in small companies, and exhorted each other to steadfastness. Preaching and teaching went on quietly in places where there was less persecution. I hear that, in one part of Honan, 70 to 80 met every two or three days. Away North, a friend of mine has had books and other valuables returned to him, some having been buried in the earth, and some pawned, until it was safe to get them to the coast where he was staying as a refugee. Yet another instance is notable; two mules, belonging to two missionary brethren, were sold, and the money banked until it could be safely handed over to its rightful owners. Surely, these are signs of "triumph." And if these things are properly understood, it will be easy to realize how much stronger the native churches will be after passing through this furnace of affliction.

Famines, persecutions, and even death itself, have been in old times the preludes to far greater outpourings of the almighty power in blessing; and so it must ever be. Do not let us dishonour God by doubting His ability to do yet greater things in the future than in the past. Be it ours to be more real in service, more resolute and expectant in prayer; and with deeper humility to abase self, that Christ may more and more live in us. God does reign; nothing is too hard for Him; therefore, in the words of the late beloved Charles Haddon Spurgeon, let me say to my own heart and to yours, "*Drive on!*"

JOHN A. STOOKE.

Chefoo, North China.



## The Bible Appreciated.

THE STORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

BY THE HONORARY SECRETARY.

THERE have been, of late, many reasons for anxiety in the religious world, and the difficulties have arisen rather from professed friends than from avowed enemies. We hear frequent laments that our churches are making very slow progress, and that small results appear to follow from the many forms of service that are in active operation. When, however, we consider that so many of those who are relied on as teachers of the truth have become propagators of doubt respecting the only authoritative basis of the Christian faith, what other result could be anticipated? "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" And with still greater emphasis it may be asked, "What shall they do who are seeking rest?"

We, who accept the Bible as the Word of God, cannot, however, have any doubt as to the ultimate victory of the Truth over the many forms of error, for "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever." And a gleam of hope may be seen in the fact that an organization for the promotion of daily Bible reading is increasing its membership at an average rate of 37,000 a year. That is the record of the International Bible Reading Association (familiarly known as "The I.B.R.A."), during the twenty years of its existence.

Some true lovers of the Scriptures are inclined to doubt the value of a set plan of Bible reading as being too mechanical. But even if the description were true, it is certainly better to read mechanically than not to read at all; for there may be a hope that, even with careless reading, some truth, illumined by the Holy Spirit, may reach the heart. There is reason to deplore the fact that, with the great mass of the people, there is a practical neglect of the Bible; and this was the case with a great many of those Bible readers, who now testify with gratitude to the help they have received, and acknowledge that, previous to joining the I.B.R.A., the Bible was to them a neglected book.

But, in truth, the plan of I.B.R.A. reading is not so formal or mechanical as it may appear, inasmuch as all the Bible portions for a week are in some way related to a special subject, and it becomes therefore a real Bible *study* on a "topical" plan. The portion of Scripture, which forms the "International Lesson" for the following Lord's-day, is taken as the subject for the week; and as Scripture is day by day brought to bear upon it, illustrating or enforcing its teaching, it will be easily understood that those who, as teachers or scholars, are interested in the Sunday-school, are gaining distinct advantage. This fact does not in any way make the study of less interest to others, and very many testimonies have been given that, by this plan of reading, the Bible has become "a new Book,"—that is, more interesting and better understood; and any plan which can produce this result is worthy of consideration and commendation.

As a means of securing regular daily study, the readers are formed

into Branches. Each Branch is connected with a Church, Sunday-school, Mission, or other organization, and an earnest Branch Secretary is the only machinery required to work it. The Secretary forms the connecting link between the central organization and the local members, issuing the cards of membership, and constantly seeking to enrol fresh adherents. In this way, some 8,000 diligent workers are engaged in a service which is, without doubt, a real missionary work, for they are, in truth, bringing many to the fountain of living water. With such a splendid band of labourers, it is no wonder that the I.B.R.A. flourishes and advances. Indeed, it is one gratifying feature of the work, that it has interested so many helpers in all parts of the world. Many of these are earnest workers in other ways; but some who, for various reasons, are unable to undertake more prominent service, find in this out-of-sight effort an agency by which they can bring their one talent into profitable use. Besides the Branch Secretaries, there are a number of District Secretaries—also honorary—who, in the larger centres, and in foreign countries and the colonies, act as intermediaries, and supply the local Branches with cards, etc. From these details, it will be gathered that the I.B.R.A. is, in fact, a great organization; and when it is stated that it reaches out to sixty different countries, and really girdles the globe, its far-reaching influence will be recognized.



A BAPTIST BRANCH IN TURK'S ISLANDS.

The Association not only provides a card of membership with a list of daily portions, but seeks to make the reading effective by supplying each member with a few words of comment on every day's portion, with the intent of fastening some truth on the memory. These brief

but pertinent "Hints" are much appreciated by the members, to whom they are supplied monthly by the Branch Secretaries. In addition to this, an illustrated "Circular Letter" is presented to each member quarterly. Every effort is thus made to secure and maintain the interest of members throughout the year. It is probable that, notwithstanding all these efforts, there may be some who lightly regard the obligation of membership; but that is a failing which, alas! is not unknown in other organizations,—even in our churches, and cannot be used as a valid argument against this or any other good work. Rather, we prefer to rejoice in the positive benefit which is certainly realized by the great majority of members, who are not only trained in the *habit* of daily Bible study, but really find help, encouragement, and guidance in daily life by this simple plan. And if some, who once were practical neglectors of God's Word, are, by this daily contact with its teachings, gradually brought to realize their own deep need, and Christ's great salvation, it is just what may be expected. Thank God! it is also just what is experienced.

It goes without saying that a work of this extent cannot be accomplished without considerable expense; but when it is known that the annual subscription from each Branch member is the small sum of one penny, it is not unnatural that there should be some surprise at the possibility of such a wide-spread organization being worked upon such a slender financial basis. It may be explained partly by the fact that, with the exception of purely clerical work, all service is voluntary, its only (and sufficient) reward being the satisfaction of following, in some humble measure, in the steps of the Master, who went about "doing good."

At present, there are close upon *three-quarters of a million* members, and the number is being increased every day. As before stated, the average annual increase has been 37,000; but the vitality of the movement is shown by the fact that, in the present year, the increase has been over 50,000,—a sufficient indication that interest is well maintained.

At the recital of these figures, one cannot help recognizing the great influence which (next to the Bible portions), the daily "Hints" must have. While ministers may address congregations of hundreds, or even thousands, two or three times a week, the I.B.R.A. speaks every day to an audience of nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand! What a vast sphere of influence! Who will not join in the prayer that members themselves are asked to offer,—that God will bless this great company of Bible readers?

Some further idea of the vastness of the work may be gained from the knowledge that, in the course of the year, over twelve millions of Cards, Hints, and Circular Letters will have been scattered over the wide world, like winged seeds; some, doubtless, falling in stony places; but many, certainly, on good ground, and bringing forth fruit to the glory of God.

Such messages as these—"Though not quite twelve yet, I am a member of the I.B.R.A., and it was through the I.B.R.A. that I gave my heart to Jesus;"—"I am fourteen years old; I thought I could not let the month pass without telling you that I have decided to

serve Christ; I was baptized on the last night of the year;”—“I am a member of the I.B.R.A., who wants to thank you for showing me the way to Jesus;”—are positive evidences that the work is indeed blessed of God, and that its conductors have every reason to be encouraged by the results.

If space were unlimited, it might be interesting to give testimonies showing how it has proved acceptable to Christians of nearly every name and creed,—how it has suited the little child and the veteran of a century,—how it has been found helpful in the home, the work-room, the factory, the mine, the soldiers' camp, the sailors' cabin,—how it has penetrated into remote corners of the earth,—how it has afforded comfort to the sorrowing and afflicted, companionship to the lonely dweller on the prairie, and the isolated missionary surrounded by heathen corruption.

But a word must be said on one other point of interest. Nearly all of the foregoing remarks relate to the English-speaking membership; but the Card has also been issued in ten other European and fifteen Indian languages, together with Kaffir, Arabic, and Samoan, thus binding together many nations and peoples in the helpful and blessed practice of daily Bible study.



I.B.R.A. MEMBERS AT BANGALORE.

It will be interesting to many readers to know that the largest English Branch is at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with nearly 900 members, and that the Stockwell Orphanage Branch numbers 580.

While so much has been already accomplished, there is still a wide field for future effort; and as a membership of a million is aimed at, there is room for many more workers who may share both the labour and the joy. The I.B.R.A. has no ring fence within the world's horizon, but is prepared to go anywhere, and to plant its standard on any shore, and, for that matter, on any *sea* where ships may sail. It fixes no limit of age or circumstances, but offers its help to all in the

confident assurance that no really faithful member will lack the blessing which comes to those who "search the Scriptures." The Central office is at 56, Old Bailey, London, and Mr. C. Waters, the Honorary Secretary, will gladly send fuller information, post free, to applicants anywhere at home or abroad.

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XCIII.—PASTOR W. H. MILLARD, CLYDEBANK, N.B.



THE title "Defender of the Faith," has been much more applicable to most of the men whose ministerial careers have been sketched in the "Sword and Trowel" than to those royal personages who have usually borne it; it rightly belongs to PASTOR W. H. MILLARD, who labours in the burgh of Clydebank, near Glasgow, so famed for its shipbuilding and its extensive sewing machine factory, and, alas! also for its very large number of publichouses.

Mr. Millard was born in the town of Blaenavon, Monmouthshire; and there, under the genial influence and tender care of intelligent and godly parents, he was brought, in his early childhood, into living contact with the Saviour. Indeed, he cannot remember the time when he did not love the Christ who had died for him. Like Timothy, from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus; and very early, he became a member of the Congregational church. When he was about sixteen years of age, having become, through study of the New Testament, convinced as to the unscripturalness of infant sprinkling, he was baptized upon the same day as his devoted mother.

His earliest ambition was to be a preacher of the Gospel; and he entered actively into Christian work, at the age above-mentioned, by preaching his first sermon from that precious passage, Matthew xi. 28, a text from which myriads of souls, weighed down with the burden of sin, as well as with the cares and crosses of life, have derived comfort and blessing. Mr. Millard afterwards preached in many of the chapels in the town and district; and, believing that the Lord had need of him in the stated ministry, he applied for admission into the Pastors' College, was accepted, and commenced his course as a student in August, 1890.

Having successfully pursued his studies in that Institution, he received an invitation to supply the pulpit of the Baptist Chapel, Wick; and thither he went at the beginning of May, 1893. After four months' probation, he was unanimously elected as pastor; and there, for rather more than five years, he laboured with unceasing activity in word and doctrine, his work being eminently blessed by God. While at Wick, he took the wise step of marrying a daughter of Mr. Grant, a much-esteemed member of the church. Mrs. Millard's winsome tenderness and sweetness of disposition have been both a comfort to her husband and a help to him in his work.

In June, 1898, Mr. Millard received a most hearty and pressing invitation to the pastorate of the church at Clydebank. After prayerful consideration, and much to the gratification of the friends there, it was accepted by him; and on the 14th of August, in the same year, he was inducted to his present charge by Rev. John McLean, of Glasgow, the "father" of the church. Mr. Millard's labours as pastor have given full proof that the Lord answered the church's prayer for guidance by sending him to be their leader. Though he is still comparatively young, he possesses the qualifications which are certain to result in true pastoral progress; and he is a firm believer in the old-fashioned theology which the dear glorified President, C. H. Spurgeon, prized so highly. Since his settlement in Clydebank, the church has grown much in Christian character and usefulness; the congregations also have been largely increased.

There may be, in the ministry, many more "pushful" and more noticeable men, who believe that, if religion can only make noise enough and show enough, then all that is needful is said and done; but we do not know one who possesses a more gracious, Christlike spirit than the subject of the present sketch. As a friend, none can be more true, sympathetic, and helpful; while, as a preacher, he is

earnest, thoughtful, and spiritual. He is well versed in all the doctrinal and experimental parts of the Gospel; and, like most Welsh Baptists, he is thoroughly conversant with Baptist History. His scholarship, which is extensive and accurate, distinguishes him in the pulpit; and, without flattery, we may apply to him the poet's description of a true minister of Jesus Christ,—

“ He is a shepherd, and no mercenary;  
And though he's holy, wise, and virtuous,  
He is to sinful men full piteous.”

The interest which Mr. Millard takes in the young men of the burgh, seeking to improve their condition, to shelter them from the temptations of the streets, and to bring them under Christian influences, is well known, and causes him to be endeared not only to his own church-members, but also to many friends outside the denomination. He is greatly interested also in Temperance work amongst the boys and girls, and is President of the Clydebank and District Band of Hope Union. The church, which is composed mostly of the working class, is of the “busy bee” nature. Its weekly prayer-meeting is the largest of any in the place, and has on more than one occasion been the subject of appreciative reference by ministers of other denominations who have much larger memberships. The church has connected with it a Sabbath-school, Band of Hope, C.E. Society, Pastor's Bible-class, Gospel Temperance work, and Young Men's Guild, in all of which the pastor takes an active part, having often as many as four services to address on the Sabbath. There is also a branch of the Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society, formed since Mr. Millard's coming; and there are open-air meetings, heartily supported by an earnest band of workers. The church is highly privileged in having as its treasurer a thorough business man, Provost F. Spite, J.P., who has proved to be a tower of strength to the cause. Long may God's blessing continue to rest upon both pastor and people, and may the Pastors' College be enabled to train and send forth many more such men to do valiant work for the Master!

Kilbowie.

JOHN FRASER.

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF “IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE,” ETC., ETC.

### IX.—WESLEY AND WHITEFIELD.

**I**T is the fall of the year 1744, and I am growing old. Mine eyes have seen much, and in my time the fortunes of kings and kingdoms have strangely ebbed and flowed. Nor even now has the turmoil ceased, for the air is full of clamour. The Stuarts are on the move again to recover their lost throne. I remember sitting in this very room, and looking out upon the City, bathed in July sun-haze, more than thirty years ago. The events that clustered around that time come back to me. I can recall the hopes and fears that filled men's

minds. Then, Queen Anne was on the throne, but dying; and the fate of the Protestant Succession hung in the balance. Now, though we have lost a battle or two in Flanders, whatever may be the charms of the young Pretender, he stands no chance of recovering the position whence his ancestors were deservedly expelled.

But I mind me that the time I go back to was full of peril for the cause of true religion. On that afternoon when I saw the spires fade and reappear through the strong sunlight, my thoughts were exercised over the recent sudden death of Mr. Matthew Henry, the eminent Puritan commentator. And that is thirty years ago. Then I bewailed the passing away of men who had, with all their learning, kept alive the Evangelical fervour which was the chief ornament of the preaching of the earlier Puritans. And I had good reason for my lament; for, after the decease of Matthew Henry, while the ranks of the clergy and Nonconformity contained men of high intellectual gift, and of extraordinary reasoning power, attempts to reach the common people with the simple, and, withal, glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour well-nigh ceased. Great controversies arose over the Deity of Christ, over the credibility of miracles, and the evidences of revealed religion. Into these controversies, the ministers of the churches threw most of their energies. They preached upon them till their sermons became learned essays; and, with notable exceptions, they forgot that the man of toil and trouble was ever crying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

These deep disputes may have done something in the way of definition and defence. There was the Salters' Hall Controversy, arising out of the supposed Arianism of Mr. Peirce, of Exeter. This dispute, which split the leading ministers into two bodies, also showed how widespread the Socinian error had become. Then there was the Bangorian Controversy, led by Bishop Hoadly, who posed in those days as a Church Reformer, and argued for the release of things spiritual from the control of the State. A little later there followed the great Deistical Controversy, when Mr. Thomas Woolston and Dr. Tindal argued that Nature and Reason were sufficient guides to God and duty. Bishop Butler then appeared as a doughty champion, together with Bishop Sherlock, Dr. Rogers, the Boyle lecturer, and Dr. James Foster, the General Baptist preacher. These topics engrossed the minds, pens, and pulpits of the leading divines. Perhaps this time may be called, in after years, the Augustan age of theological literature; but one misses the upbuilding teaching of John Howe, the sweetness of Sibbes, and the power and unction of Thomas Brooks. I do not decry the good done by these polemics. Pope, perhaps our greatest poet,—though I have my grave doubts,—has placed his hall-mark upon Dr. Foster's preaching,—

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel  
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well."

The Doctor has been called the Addison of the pulpit; and Bishop Butler, the finest reasoner in the Church. Both these eulogies are true, and each man has his sphere. What I have deplored, year after year, while these great tournaments of intellect have been taking place,



is that no one has seen it worth his while to go down into the market-place, to turn the people from sin to righteousness; that in this wilderness of stricken souls, there has been no Moses to uplift the God-appointed remedy. Even Dr. Isaac Watts has been careful to abjure the charge of "enthusiasm", and Bishop Butler has thought it necessary to issue an encyclical to his clergy to the same effect. All through the long years, from the death of gracious Matthew Henry to the time when my glad ears greeted the voice of Mr. George Whitefield, I prayed that someone might arise who would do more than write a clever and, withal, necessary book on a disputed point in theology; that preachers might appear who would do more than read essays, however finished in diction and devout in phrase they might be; and that again there might be heard all over the land the rousing cry, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

I do not care to libel the clergy of my generation, but how many of them have proved but idle shepherds of their flocks! Did the blessed revival which now, thank God, we witness, originate with the benefited incumbents? Nay, rather, was it not born of the Spirit in that little circle of earnest seekers who gathered together some years since in the "Holy Club" at Oxford?

Neither do I wish to cast aspersions on the Nonconformist teachers of my day. But is it not a fact that the doctrines of the great founders of Puritanism can now scarcely be heard in many pulpits? The influence of the churches upon the life of the nation had for years been declining, before these wonderful itinerants arose; and even now, "the Methodists," as they are called, seem to be receiving more co-operation from sympathizers in the Establishment than from the ranks of Nonconformists. Mr. Whitefield has found a staunch friend in Lady Huntingdon, who has some thought of opening her Chelsea mansion for the preaching of the Gospel.

Ah, I thank God for this movement! Though it has stirred up many adversaries, though its leaders have, many times, been in danger of death through the ill-usage of brutal mobs, it has reached all classes of society, bringing home to their consciences sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come. Notable men, such as Lords Chesterfield and Bolingbroke, and men of fashion, such as Mr. Horace Walpole, have been attracted by Mr. Whitefield's oratory, but they have heard truths, at the same time, which must have made the cheeks of such triflers burn. And, on the other hand, on Kennington Common, Moorfields, and on open spaces throughout the country, the gross, drinking, swearing crowd has been reached, and men possessed with a legion of devils have become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

I think, even as I write, of two occasions when I had the privilege of hearing Whitefield. The first was in the autumn of 1738. It was very early in the season, for the harvest was still about. I journeyed from Hampstead, and slept at a friend's in the City. Whitefield was to preach at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, at five in the morning. When we reached the street, we found streams of people going in the same direction as ourselves. We had risen long before dawn in order to be at the church in good time. But a like idea had occurred to many others, for those who had come longer distances carried lanterns.

When we reached the church, we found constables stationed at the doors to restrain the crowd. We had influential friends, who had taken care that we should be accommodated, but the heat and the multitude were almost too much for me. It would be difficult to convey any idea of the emotions of that morning. I wept tears of joy that the Lord had remembered His people, and sent a prophet among them at last. What were polished essays to burning words like these? The man was in earnest, his fervour was fed by a living flame of holy desire. He burst forth in warnings, and anon he wooed his audience with invitations and consolations. He seemed as if he saw God. It was far more than great natural gift; you felt that there was the "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Oh, how the people listened! How they were melted! How they drank in the Word, just as the earth, like a sponge, sucks up the rain after a long drought!

With a most thankful heart, I returned to my friend's house, for I felt that "the fountains of the deep" had been broken up, and "the windows of heaven opened." It was even so; for, within two months, Mr. John Wesley was preaching, all over London, "justification by faith in Jesus Christ." Oh, it seemed as if some of us must cry, "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."

But the Methodists have had to face killing frosts,—the frowns of magistrates, and the hostility of the clergy. A perfect hailstorm of persecution has beaten upon the almond blossoms of their hopes. But the sun of Divine favour has turned all their weather to April, and a great growing time has begun. In Wales, where the people were most degraded, a revival has broken out through the preaching of such men as Griffith Jones, Howell Harris, and Daniel Rowlands; and crowds come for miles, over the mountains, to listen to the Gospel as to a new thing. In Scotland, at Cambuslang, Mr. Whitefield preached three times, on the day of his arrival, to thousands of people. The services continued till eleven o'clock, and prayer and praise could be heard arising from the fields all night. Not long after, more than twenty thousand persons gathered for the celebration of the Lord's supper. Tents were set up for the administration of the ordinance, and over twenty ministers officiated. At nightfall, Mr. Whitefield preached to the gathered multitude, for an hour and a half, with extraordinary power. His own words concerning this time of visitation are, "The next morning, I preached again to near as many, but such an universal stir I never saw before. The motion fled swift as lightning from one end of the auditory to the other. You might have seen thousands bathed in tears, some at the same time wringing their hands, others almost swooning, and others crying out, and mourning over a pierced Saviour."

I have said that I listened to this great evangelist on another memorable occasion. I heard that he was to preach on Moorfields during the Whitsun holidays. At such a time, this open space is covered with booths and shows of all kinds. The amount of strong drink consumed, and the lewd scenes enacted, pass description. Again,

I put up at my friend's in the City, and about six in the evening we went on to the field. Mr. Whitefield, in the gown and bands of a cleric, stood in a rough pulpit. A number of his helpers from the Tabernacle were gathered around him. The crowd was immense, and composed largely of the roughs of London. We did not get very near, for fear of being crushed. All kinds of interruptions took place: in fact, it seemed at times as if the preacher and his little band would be swept away. Yet it was astonishing how every attempt to injure Whitefield, or to stop him, was brought to nought. A recruiting sergeant marched close under the pulpit, to the sound of drum and fife. "Make way for the king's officer," shouted Whitefield; and the sergeant and his ragged following passed through the opened ranks, which immediately closed round the preacher again in solid mass. Though we kept out of the thick of things, such was the force of the Word that many, as far away as we, were cut to the heart. The voice was like the voice of a trumpet; the message was, "Flee from the wrath to come;" and the refuge was the crucified Saviour exalted for evermore to give repentance and remission of sins.

Oh, how that man preached! Even where Satan's seat was, he came to enlist in Emmanuel's Name. If I were to live another hundred years, I should see nothing more impressive than the victory gained that night over the forces of evil. We went, after the field service, into the Tabernacle, and no less than a thousand requests for prayer were handed in from people who had been impressed that day. For, I may add, the service that we attended was not the only one. Mr. Whitefield had begun at six in the morning, when he told ten thousand persons on the moor that "for once, the preacher had got the start of the devil." He was out again at noon, and took for his text, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." I have heard since that over three hundred converts were added to the Tabernacle society as the result of that one day's work.

The clergy are terribly embittered against the evangelists, nor are the precise Dissenters a whit more friendly. "Mere excitement," they cry. The answer is that, through the length and breadth of the land, "the devil's castaways," as Whitefield calls them, have been gathered as precious souls to God.

There is one man in the forefront of this wonderful revival, who, I doubt not, will live long in history,—I mean, Mr. John Wesley. His eloquence may not have about it the burning splendour which lights up Whitefield's; but, for clearness of thought, for impressiveness, and for the logic which forces his conclusions home upon you, he stands without a rival. He has the power of organization in no ordinary degree, and this, together with his tremendous energy, has carried him already very far from the lines of ordinary church life. He, and his brother Charles, profess to be strict Churchmen, but very few of their brother-parsons consider them to be such. The apostle Paul laid great stress on being considered an orthodox Jew, but his countrymen would have none of him. Neither will the clergy let the Wesleys preach in their churches. At Epworth, their native place, being refused the

church, John Wesley preached to a mighty crowd from his father's tomb. In the Midland counties, and in the North, these scholarly clergymen have gathered their audiences around street corners, in market-places, in churchyards, and on the moors. They and their converts have been set on by mobs instigated by the clergy and young bloods. Their men have been stoned, and cast into prison; their women, thrown into rivers, and otherwise shamefully treated; their household goods have been smashed to pieces. Yet they have held on their way, and prospered. Now the land is studded with their "societies"; and, this last June, Mr. John Wesley called his "local preachers" and clergy around him, at his headquarters at the Foundry, to confer as to the future welfare and government of the ever-increasing flock. John Wesley is a clergyman with stern Church principles; but his very work, and the clerical opposition to it, will carry him far.

Such is England in this year 1744. There is great political excitement on the one hand, and a wonderful outbreak of religious interest on the other. The old Dissenters, with such exceptions as Dr. Watts, remain cold as to spiritual life, but stern as ever to uphold the doctrines of the Revolution. The Stuart, before such a front, has no chance. The Quakers have ceased to be persecuted, and have turned their energies to philanthropy. Some of the clergy remain non-jurors, among them that remarkable man, William Law, whose book, "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," has made such a stir. Others of the clergy have turned "Methodists", and are preaching a full salvation through the merits of Christ crucified. The many, however, both in Church and Dissent, are either opposed or indifferent to the great religious awakening going on around them. The revival will spread in spite of these, for the Spirit of the Living God inspires it.

And what is this new "Methodist" movement but the awakened spirit of Puritanism? The Wesleys come of a fine Puritan stock. Dr. Annesley, their maternal grandfather, was one of the "confessors" of Charles the Second's reign. Though the brothers have left the distinctive Calvinism of the Puritans, they preach the sole reliance of the sinner on the work of the Saviour. Charles Wesley's noble hymn, "Jesu, lover of my soul," sufficiently proves this. Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon have kept close to the Puritan theology, while the Puritan habit of sober thought and life characterizes both sections of this new body of Christians.

So we are passing into another epoch. The methods of the Lollards and early Reformers have been revived. The poor can again hear the Evangel in the open air. I am told, by one who has recently come from the North, that there is no more soul-inspiring sight than to see thousands of worshippers, gathered on the hillsides, rising to such a strain as Charles Wesley's new hymn,—

"Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad His wonderful Name."

For all this, and more, let us thank God, and take courage.

## “Semper Idem.”

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 408.)

(f) *The Books of the New Testament.*

But even outside and beyond the solemn and emphatic assertion of the Holy Ghost ministry in the authorship of the New Testament Scriptures, we find the writers of the Gospels and Epistles claiming, not only negatively, but positively by affirmation as well as implication, a direct and supernatural authority. Matthew most dogmatically states, some twenty-two times, that certain incidents recorded in his history of Christ were definite fulfilments of Old Testament prophecy (Matthew i. 22; ii. 5, 15, 17, 23; iii. 3; iv. 14; viii. 17; xi. 10; xii. 7, 17; xv. 7; xxi. 4, 13, 16, 42; xxvi. 24, 31, 54, 56; xxvii. 9, 35). Mark commences his narrative by the remarkable preface: “The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; as it is written in the prophets” (Mark i. 1, 2). Luke, as an eye-witness, claims “certainty” and “perfect understanding of all things”;—(“Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the Word; it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of these things, wherein thou hast been instructed” (Luke i. 1-4;—) makes seven distinct references to the Holy Ghost in his first two chapters (i. 15, 35, 41, 67; ii. 25, 26, 27); and again, in the Acts, resumes the history where he left off in “the former treatise” “of all that Jesus *began* both to do and teach” (Acts i. 1); while John’s magnificent opening is on its very surface Godlike and Divine: “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” “And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth” (John i. 1, 14).

Altogether, the assertions of fulfilled prophecy, quotations from and allusions to the Old Testament Scriptures, in the New Testament Pentateuch, amount to considerably more than one in each chapter; and the recitals of Christ’s wonderful miracles and Divine power force us up, however reluctantly, to the inevitable conclusion that, if the evangelists and apostles were not inspired men, these biographers were either the victims of well-nigh indescribable delusions, or else the perpetrators of the greatest fraud which was ever palmed off upon the credulity of the human race, since it is utterly impossible to entertain, for even a moment, the absurd contention that they were really *good* men, who loved and adored their earthly Leader so exceedingly as to cast round about Him the glamour of fiction, and the exaggerations of deceit; but *there is no shadowy suggestion of hysteria, sentimentalism run riot, or unbalanced imagination in their*

writings. Calmly, almost coldly, are miracles recorded, resurrection scenes depicted, incidents in their Lord's life, and, above all, the details of His tragic sufferings and death set down in terse, prosaic language. If ever four men were clear-headed and self-possessed, it was the quartette who wrote the memoirs of the Saviour; and, unquestionably, their claim is not only to declare Divine things, but to declare them after a Divine fashion; therefore, if the narratives of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John be poetical, imaginative, exaggerated, they were not inspired, and we have, in consequence, no authentic biography of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Then look again at the strange, mysterious beginnings and endings of these Books, so unlike all human memoirs, and ancient or modern historical records. Matthew—who, in his very first verse, "The Book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the son of Abraham." (Matthew i. 1), binds the Old and the New Testaments together in a strong and tender sympathy, commences with the birth of the *Babe* Jesus, and closes by leaving Him as the crucified but *risen* Conqueror, issuing His marching orders unto eleven men to evangelize the world! Mark, in his opening words, describes a baptized, tempted Preacher, who was afterwards "received up into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." Luke begins with an astounding account of angelic visitations to the households of Zacharias and Mary, details the birth of "the prophet of the Highest," and the miraculous conception of our Lord; and winds up with a Bible-reading, from the Old Testament Scriptures, to two ignorant and downcast men! John starts with the profoundest words ever penned: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not" (John i. 1-5); and ends with a commonplace description of how seven hungry fishermen were breakfasted one early Spring morning; while the Book of the Acts of the Apostles commences with an ascending Jesus and a descending Holy Ghost, and concludes with a picture of one aged, lonely prisoner teaching Jew and Gentile "out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets." Truly, we may well exclaim, as we compare these books with those of human origin, "And is this after the manner of man, O Lord?"

Nor dare any mortal man, except indeed a blasphemer of the first order, utter such authoritative *dicta* and Divine claims as those which proceeded from the lips of our Lord Jesus Christ, heralded in by John the Baptist, who said, "For He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him" (John iii. 34); since He (Christ), with a unique dogmatism in His teaching, professed to speak such words as were given Him of the Father, to expound "the mysteries of the Kingdom of God," to narrow and yet to broaden the practical application of the Mosaic law; and, finally, having wrought miracles of healing, and forgiven sins, to fulfil, in His own person, predictions concerning the suffering Messiah, and be crucified because He said, "I am the Son of God" (John viii. 28; xvii. 8; Matthew xiii. 11; Luke viii. 10; Matthew v.

17, 44; xii. 1, 13; Luke xiii. 10, 17; Matthew viii.; ix.; xxvi. 54; John xix. 28; v. 18; x. 33, 38; xix. 7).

Whereas, in the Old Testament Scriptures, we are continually confronted with the statement, "God said," "Thus saith the Lord," etc., in the Gospels, on the other hand, we find Jesus Christ actually taking His Father's place, and repeating no less than fourteen times, in the Sermon on the Mount, the significant and decisive utterance as a settlement of all controversy, "I say unto you" (Matthew v. 18, 20, 22, 26, 28, 32, 34, 39, 44; vi. 2, 5, 16, 25, 29);—a sentence repeated on fifty-two occasions by our Lord, as recorded in Matthew alone, and used some one hundred and thirteen times altogether in the Gospels, with such prefaces as "But," "Now," "Therefore," "Nevertheless," "Verily;"—to say nothing of such phrases as "He saith unto them," "He said unto him," etc.,—showing that *He*, "*God manifest in the flesh*," "*The Word*," had come down to earth, and spake with all the authority and dignity of *Jehovah* (1 Timothy iii. 16; John i. 1, 14). Warnings of impending judgment are pronounced by Christ upon "every one who heareth *these sayings* of Mine, and doeth them not," "and whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of *My words*," while those who receive, keep, and obey "*My words*" are signalled out by Him for distinguished blessing and particular favour (Matthew vii. 24—29; Luke vi. 46—49; Mark viii. 38; John viii. 31; xvii. 8; xiv. 21—24). Christ argues from special incidents, quotations, phrases, words, and even tenses, not only in the spirit of one who holds the clearest and simplest theory of Verbal Inspiration, but with a Divine dignity, as the Son of God, which contrasts strangely with the captious criticisms, petty trivialities, and shuffling formalism of Sadducees, scribes, and Pharisees (Matthew xxii. 23—46; John x. 34—38; Matthew xxi. 42—46; Mark vii. 1—13; Matthew vii. 29).

We quote a few passages, selected almost at random from one Gospel, to show what weight and importance our Lord attached, not only to His general teaching, commandments, and ideas, but even to His words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth *My word*, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in Himself; so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself; and hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of man" (John v. 24—27). "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: *the words* that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (vi. 63). "He that is of God heareth *God's words*: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God" (viii. 47). "And if any man hear *My words*, and believe him not, I judge him not: for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world. He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not *My words*, hath one that judgeth him: *the word* that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day" (xii. 47, 48). "Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love Me, he will keep *My words*: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him" (xiv. 23). "If ye abide in Me, and

*My words* abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (xv. 7). "I have given unto them *the words* which Thou gavest Me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send Me" (xvii. 8). As we read these utterances, with impulsive but true-hearted Peter, we cannot help exclaiming, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast *the words* of eternal life" (vi. 68); especially as, amid solemn predictions concerning the second advent and "the end of the world," we catch the ringing, triumphant, clarion sentence, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but *My words* shall not pass away" (Matthew xxiv. 35; Luke xxi. 33); and bow before Christ's words, and power, and person, with a reverence befitting puny mortals in the presence of the almighty and all-conquering God.

But this is not all, for Christ passed on His authority, in the most definite and positive fashion, to His apostles, *placing them, as God's mouthpieces, upon an exact level with Himself*. To say nothing of the promised Holy Ghost teaching already alluded to, we find, again and again, such sentences as these, "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear *your words*, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment, than for that city;" "He that receiveth *you* receiveth *Me*, and he that receiveth *Me* receiveth Him that sent *Me*" (Matthew x. 14, 15, 40);—"He that heareth *you* heareth *Me*; and he that despiseth *you* despiseth *Me*; and he that despiseth *Me* despiseth Him that sent *Me*" (Luke x. 16);—"Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted *Me*, they will also persecute *you*; if they have kept *My saying*, they will keep *yours* also" (John xv. 20);—"For I have given unto them *the words* which Thou gavest Me; and *they have received them*, and have known surely that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send Me . . . . As Thou hast sent *Me* into the world, even so have I also sent *them* into the world. . . . Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on *Me* through *their word*." (John xvii. 8, 18, 20.) See also Mark vi. 11; Luke ix. 5; x. 11, 12, 16; John xiii. 20; xx. 21—23; while our risen Lord's great farewell commission to the eleven runs, "All power (authority) is given unto *Me* in Heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach (disciple) all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things *whatsoever I have commanded you*: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matthew xxviii. 18—20); and Mark tells us, "So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and *confirming the Word with signs following*" (Mark xvi. 19, 20). (See also Acts i. 1;) the inauguration of which power took place on the day of Pentecost, as the descending promised Holy Ghost ushered in *His* dispensation by a *stupendous miracle of Verbal Inspiration*, when Peter and the rest of the eleven "spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance," and "every man heard them speak in his own



language." That the unlearned and ignorant apostles preached in various dialects is evident from an ordinary reading of the narrative; but even if the strained and fanciful interpretation of some were true, that the miracle was wrought upon the *ears* of the hearers rather than through the *lips* of the speakers, it was no less a miracle; indeed, rather more so, touching, as it must then have done, a wider constituency; and to account for the first Pentecostal blessing under any other theory than that of *Verbal Inspiration*, is manifestly impossible, any more than to explain the subsequent address of "Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost," and Stephen's irresistible eloquence by reason of "the wisdom of *the spirit* by which he spake" (Acts ii. 1—18; iv. 8—13; vi. 10; vii. 55).

In concluding this review of the claims of the New Testament Books to supernatural authority, we would present a few more positive affirmations of this fact from the writers of these Scriptures. PAUL says, "Since ye seek a proof of *Christ speaking in me*, which to you-ward is not weak, but is mighty in you" (2 Corinthians xiii. 3);—"For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye received the Word of God, which ye heard of us, ye received it *not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the Word of God*, which effectually worketh also in you that believe" (1 Thessalonians ii. 13);—(see also Romans xv. 19; xvi. 25, 26; 2 Corinthians xi. 17; 1 Thessalonians iv. 8; 2 Thessalonians ii. 15; 2 Timothy i. 13;—) and in giving definite directions about marriage, "female head-gear," the position and ministry of elders, brethren, and women in the Church, the provision for the needs of aged widows, and the Gospel ministry, the obligation resting upon Christians to pray for kings, and all sorts and conditions of men, he claims invariably, to "have the mind of Christ," and speaks in all things with an authority co-equal with that of his Master: "If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that I write unto you are *the commandments of the Lord*" (1 Corinthians xiv. 37). (See also 1 Corinthians ii. 13; xi. 1—16; xiv. 3; xvi. 1; 1 Timothy ii. 3; iii. 16; v. 20.)

Besides, when alluding to special and particular revelations received from God, and delivered by him concerning the solemn, gladsome truths of the Gospel, the mystery, the Lord's supper, the second coming, and the resurrection of the body, the apostle intersperses such startling statements as these, "But I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I *neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ*;"—"If ye have heard of the dispensation of the grace of God which is *given* me to you-ward: how that by *revelation* He made known unto me the mystery; (as I wrote afore in few words, whereby, when ye read, ye may understand my knowledge in the mystery of Christ) which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is *now revealed unto His holy apostles, and prophets by the Spirit*;"—"For I have *received* of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you;"—"For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also *received*;"—"For this we say unto you *by the Word of the Lord*" (Galatians i. 11, 12; Ephesians iii. 2—5; 1 Corinthians xi. 23—26; xv. 3, 4, etc.; 1 Thessalonians iv. 13, 18); and,

finally, when the time of his departure was at hand, writing his LAST Epistle to Timothy, his beloved son and lieutenant in the faith, he thus enjoins him, "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known *the Holy Scriptures*, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God*, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Timothy iii. 14—17\*); and in the Epistle to the Hebrews we find New Testament teaching put on even a higher level than the word spoken by angels, or even by Moses: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed Heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds" (Hebrews i. 1, 2); "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. For if the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him; God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to His own will?" (Hebrews ii. 1—4.) (See also Mark xvi. 20; Hebrews x. 28, 29.)

JAMES is not so emphatic as Paul; yet he, too, in his practical Epistle, speaks of "the *Word of truth*," "the engrafted *Word*, which is able to save your souls," "doers of the *Word*" (i. 18, 21, 22); but PETER, who, with John his brother-fisherman, was even *after* Pentecost "perceived to be unlearned and ignorant" (Acts iv. 13), in the most deliberate fashion, claims for the word of himself and all the apostles, Paul especially, an authority just as supreme and final as that of any Old Testament prophet: "WE have also a *more sure Word of prophecy*; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts: knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but *holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost*" (2 Peter i. 19—21);—"Be mindful of the words which were spoken before by *the holy prophets*, and of the *commandment of us the apostles of the Lord and Saviour*;"—"and account that the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation; even as our beloved brother Paul also according to *the wisdom given unto him* hath written unto you: as also in ALL his Epistles speaking in them of these things; in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned

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\* Even assuming, what we are not by any means prepared to admit, either from a Greek or English standpoint, that the Revised translation of this passage, "Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching," is more accurate, yet the preceding verse, where Paul speaks of the "HOLY Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation," necessarily governs and determines the scope and meaning of the following words; and thus, whichever rendering be adopted, the overwhelming argument for the Inspiration of "the sacred writings" remains unimpaired.

and unstable wrest, as they do also THE OTHER SCRIPTURES, unto their own destruction” (2 Peter iii. 2, 15, 16);—(see also 1 Peter i. 10—12, 25);—and JUDE exclaims, “But, beloved, remember ye the words which were spoken before of the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ” (verse 17);—while JOHN affirms, “That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you. . . . This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you” (1 John i. 3, 5): using the phrase “we know,” or “ye know,” thirty-nine times in the 105 verses of his first Epistle; while the preface to that strangely sweet yet mysterious Book of the Apocalypse, runs, “*The Revelation of Jesus Christ*, which God gave unto Him, to shew unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass; and He sent and signified it by His angel unto His servant John: who bare record of the Word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear *the words* of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand” (i. 1—3); and the apostle, who was “in the Spirit on the Lord’s day,” is commanded by the risen Lord, “write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter” (i. 10, 19).

Accordingly, each of the brief Epistles following to the seven churches, commences, “Unto the angel of the Church of Ephesus, etc., write;” and concludes, “he that hath an ear, let him hear what *the Spirit saith* unto the churches” (ii. 1, 7, 8, 11, 12, 17, 18, 29; iii. 1, 6, 7, 13, 14, 22); and John, in describing his successive visions and revelations, says, “I looked,” “I saw,” “I heard,” “I was in the Spirit,” “He saith unto me, Write;” “These are the true sayings of God,” etc. (iv. 1, 2; v. 1; vi. 1; vii. 1; viii. 2; ix. 1; x. 1; xii. 10; xiv. 1, 13; xv. 1; xvi. 1; xvii. 3; xviii. 1; xix. 1, 9; xx. 1; xxi. 1, 5, 10, etc., etc.); and finally closes his Volume with the words, “And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to shew unto His servants the things which must shortly be done. Behold, I come quickly; blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this Book” (xxii. 6, 7); WHILE THE VERY LAST SENTENCES OF THE BIBLE, except the responsive prayer, “Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus,” and the Benediction, ARE SPOKEN DIRECTLY FROM THE LIPS OF THE ASCENDED AND RETURNING LORD JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF, “For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this Book. If any man shall *add* unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this Book; and if any man shall *take away from the words* of the Book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this Book.” “HE *which testifieth these things saith*. Surely I come quickly” (xxii. 16—20); and, in startling harmony with the emphatic denunciation of Moses, the first great prophet, “Ye shall *not add unto the Word* which I command you, neither shall ye *diminish* ought from it” (Deuteronomy iv. 2), form a solemn peal of warning thunder from the gates of Eden, and the crags of Sinai, to the cross of Calvary, and the golden city, the New Jerusalem.

We contend, therefore, that the Bible claims, throughout, a thoroughgoing, full-orbed Verbal Inspiration, subject to such errors of transla-

tors and copyists as we have already alluded to, and that "the Book of the law of the Lord," "the oracles of God," "the Holy Scriptures," "the Word,"—(2 Chronicles xxxiv. 14; Romans iii. 2; 2 Timothy iii. 15; 1 Peter ii. 2) of the Old and New Testaments alike, as they originally came from the lips of the Eternal, are nothing less than the God-breathed utterances of the Holy Ghost.

END OF PART I.,—THE CLAIMS OF THE BIBLE.

PART II.,—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE,—will (D.V.) be commenced next month.

## The Prison Convert.

*"Was baptized, . . . and rejoiced, believing in God."*—Acts xvi. 33, 34.

WITHIN the prison walls  
The gospel's note was heard,  
The jailor's heart was touched by grace,  
And he believed the Word.

Believed, "and was baptized,"—  
God's sweetly-ordered plan;  
'Twas so our blest Redeemer willed,  
'Twas so His mandate ran.

He yielded, he obeyed,  
No compromise, delay;  
The test of true discipleship  
Is ever—to obey.

Then, peace and joy were known,—  
Seals of the Spirit given,—  
And, with this sweet companionship,  
He bent his steps for Heaven.

'Tis ever so with souls  
The Master's voice who hear,  
They bow, obedient to its claims,  
In holy reverent fear.

Lord Jesus, may Thy Word  
Be far and wide obeyed;  
And may Thy love, in all its power,  
Be mightily displayed!

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

## Ecce Agnus !

BY JAMES F. TAVINER, B.A., WITHINGTON.

THE long day of prophetic history closed with a glorious sunset. It had been a wonderful day from morn till eve. Having its dawn in the chill but shadow-sundering teaching of Amos, it had developed into the full morning splendour of Zephaniah, the noontide glory of Isaiah, the tear-tempest hour of Jeremiah, then softening into the calm of the post-exilic messengers, it crimsoned and purpled upon its horizon with the brief but lurid ministry of John Baptist. And He, who stood viewing its fading glories, bore witness and said, "Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he." The sunset hour had surpassed all previous hours in its wealth of colouring, its majesty and grandeur; but, still, it *was* the sunset hour; and another day was about to dawn, every moment of which should have more sunshine in it than the most brilliant of that which was going.

And why? I think we may find the answer in that great saying of John, "Behold the Lamb of God, which *taketh away* the sin of the world." The function of the Baptist, as of all his predecessors, had been, to bring sin up before the people; the function of Christ was to remove it. Their duty had been to make its presence manifest; His, to banish it. They had dragged it into the light; He had come to drive it before Him into outer darkness. And so, at the end of that magnificent ministry of his, in which, more signally and successfully than any of his predecessors, he had brought the consciousness of sin before the people, John most fittingly and beautifully ends his toil by pointing away to Him, whose shoelatchet, indeed, he was not worthy to unloose,—even Him who "*taketh away* the sin of the world."

In this great saying we have suggested to us three persons and their peculiar functions. There is, first, the prophet who uttered it, and whose function it was to bring sin before men; secondly, there is the Saviour, whose function it is to take away sin; and then there is the one suggested in the first word, the one for whom prophet and Saviour came, the sinner, whose function is described in the cry, "Behold."

I. First, there is THE PROPHET, as illustrated by the Baptist. He is the last of a line of brilliant men, who, in their time, served a very definite purpose in educating Israel and the world,—and who, in one respect, formed the most remarkable class of men that the world has ever known. We must be careful how we understand the term "prophet." It is generally understood that a prophet was one who foretold things to come; but that is only a small and incidental part of the prophet's work. Etymologically, the name comes from two words which may accurately be translated "out" and "speak"; and we should be quite correct, and nearer indeed to the true conception of the prophet's office if we translated his designation literally, as

that of "a man who speaks out." The prophets of old were men possessed of peculiar insight into the true spiritual condition of their time, men endowed by the Spirit with a special sensitiveness of conscience and clearness of moral vision; so that, while the mass of the people round them sat in darkness, and in the shadow of moral death, they perceived the sin and the danger of the situation, and "spoke out" concerning it; often, indeed, warning them of things to come unless conduct was reformed, and manners purified.

It was the peculiar characteristic of the Hebrew prophet,—a characteristic which has given him an absolutely unique position in the world's history,—that he should bring home to the consciousness of men the sense of guilt. We ought never to forget that we owe to the Jews, not only the knowledge of the Saviour, but also the knowledge of that sin from which He saves us. For sin, as we understand it, is essentially and peculiarly a Hebrew idea. The old nations of the world knew nothing of sin. To the people of Homeric days, might was the only right; to the Spartans, the only evil was cowardice; to the later Greeks, truth and beauty were the great ideals after which men strove. Locke reminds us that the Turkish "saints" knew absolutely nothing about chastity. It is difficult for us to realize, but it is nevertheless true, that among the ancient people, outside of Israel, purity and holiness, as we understand those terms, were unknown. But what bravery was to the Spartan, what truth and beauty were to the Greeks, what reverence is to the Confucian, absolute impassivity to the Buddhist, that was purity to the Jew. He held the idea of cleanliness of thought and life as something apart from all other peoples. It was the great idea which dawned upon him with the dawn of his history, and grew upon him with his growth. Out of the midst of every whirlwind of Israelitish history is heard the voice which makes for righteousness. Is there anything more touching in the world's literature than that wail of the fallen soul in the 51st Psalm? Yet who but a Jew could have written it? Who but Jews, or those who have learnt at their feet, could understand it? To the Greeks, it would have been foolishness; to the Romans, weakness; but to the Jew, this consciousness of guilt and aspiration after purity was the fibre of his being.

And not least among the agencies used of God to bring that great conception home to the hearts of the people was the prophet of Israel, and therefore is it that he stands forth as one of the most remarkable figures of the world's history. For the modern world—at least in the West—has taken the ideal of the Jew, and made that its own. Some there are who would fain reinstate amongst us old perished ideals; beauty is, in some quarters, exalted at the expense of purity; and, in others, the flag is preferred to the cross; but whatever temporary aberrations may occur, we know that humanity has sworn allegiance to purity as its supreme ideal for evermore; and, sooner or later, all who swerve from that allegiance must be put to shame.

The last of the line who did so much to bring home the sense of guilt to Israel was the preacher of the Jordan valley. Unflinching he told the people where they had wandered from the holy way, and exhorted them to repent, and confess their sins in baptism; and the

conscience of the Jew responded to that call. In multitudes they flocked to hear him, and in multitudes they fell before the winged arrows of his speech, and were baptized of him in Jordan. So the work of the prophet was complete; their sin had been brought up before them, and only one other thing remained, to point away to Him who should take that sin away.

II. And so we are brought face to face with the second Person suggested in the text; that is, *THE SAVIOUR*.

We all need the prophet before we feel our need of a Saviour. We must all thus have the sense of sin brought home to us; and that is no easy matter. What society supremely needs to-day is more prophets, for it seems to be sadly losing the sense of sin. "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets!" We need the prophet, but we need the Saviour even more. It were a sorry thing for us if God had done nothing more than bring our sin before us, to shame us, and trouble us with the sense of our guilt and danger; but He, who is rich in mercy, has done more than that; He has also sent His Son to *take away* the sin of the world, by bearing it in His own body on the tree, by burying it in His grave, and by ascending up on high to be the scarred but everlasting Witness that "He was wounded for our transgressions." The Jew, who rejects Him, must face the charge that his religion, without Christ, is of all religions the most delusive and intolerable; but we, who accept Him, see in it, not the greatest curse, but the greatest blessing of the race. God has revealed our disease to us, only to teach us of the cure; He has revealed the doom to which we were hastening, only that we might be turned into the way of life; He has shown us our sin, in order that we might seek to have it taken away. In the fulness of time, and in the fulness of His love, He sent the Lamb which should remove that sin which He had sent the prophets to reveal.

III. Thus we come to consider the third person suggested by the text; that is, *THE SINNER*. "Behold," said John, to those who stood about him, into whose hearts the knowledge of sin had come, and whose darkness as yet was unpierced by any star-gleam of hope,— "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin." No wonder that the two of his disciples, who heard him speak, glued their eyes on Christ, as though loth to lose sight of One who meant so much to their sin-sick souls. And when He turned, and asked them, "What seek ye?" they answered, "Master, where abidest Thou?" as though not only in the day would they watch Him, but even through the night they would keep a vigil at His door. And "they came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that night." That was more than they had hoped for. But it is like Him to give above all we have asked or thought. He let them see Him amid the evening shadows as well as in the light of day. They abode with Him that night, and they abode with Him for evermore.

"For, ah! the Master is so fair,  
His smile so sweet to banished men,  
That they who once have seen Him here,  
Can never rest on earth again."

In the morning, they went forth, crying, "We have found HIM at last,—the One of whom the prophets foretold,—the One who pardons, pacifies, and purifies, the One who takes away the sin, who reconciles the sinner to his God, who brings the lost sheep home, who turns the shadow of death into the light of the morning." "Behold!" It is the word for us all. Men who have fallen away from heavenly things, men who have wandered far into the dark, men whose lives are defiled, and whose consciences are burdened with the sense of guilt, behold the Lamb which taketh away the sin! It is not a laborious function; it is nothing like that of the prophet or the Christ; we have but to behold. I remember a medical student saying to me, "But how does He take it away; and where does He take it to? Till you explain these things, I cannot believe." "But," I answered, "if one of your patients were to say to you, 'Tell me how the disease is to be taken away, explain to me the way in which your drugs will operate, or else I will not trust you,' what would you reply? Would you not tell the man his duty was, not to enquire too closely, but to trust? And you would do your best to cure him if he did that, would you not? Just so is it with Christ. I may not understand all the deep mysteries of the cross in its relation to my soul; but I know that it is written, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

## Arabs in North Africa.



**I**N harvest time, these Bedouin send us few sick; they are too busy money-making. This affects our numbers; so only 600 visits have been recorded in May and June at the Soussa Medical Mission. But much time may be spent over *one* case; for, to "make the message plain" is no small difficulty. We have given away several thousands of "Wordless Books" in this effort; and now that our stock is finished, we should be grateful for some more.



Ignorant of all reading, a fresh religious idea is, to a country Arab, a wonderful difficulty. For example, I was speaking lately, to an intelligent youth, on Abraham being justified by faith. He listened well, and when I thought I was getting on, he remarked, "But you make a mistake; my name is Selim, *not* Abraham;" showing that, till then, he had taken in just nothing.

There is one language the Arabs understand readily; and that is, kindness. Said a patient, a day or two ago, "My friends wanted me to go to another doctor; but I said, 'No, I am going to that one; he is a good man, and *his wife is good, too.*'" Another man, staying in the baraka, after I had dressed his carbuncle, (an abscess the size of a cheese-plate,) volunteered the statement that he "was believing in Jesus *more* now;" and among old patients, of one or two years ago, who have lately returned, we have found the Gospel truths, then sown in their hearts, still alive and fresh, so that much the same feeling comes over us as when, in the garden, we break off a twig from some dry-looking plant or tree, and finding it green and moist within, we exclaim, "Ah! it is all right; it is *not* dead."

One has heard of the pastor who claimed a three-fold ordination,—the people ordained him by coming to hear him, the Lord by blessing him, and the devil by opposing him. This third kind of recognition has been coming to us lately in connection with our work at Mòknine. For a supposed offence, we have been accused before the police authorities, and told that, if we continue to go there, prosecution will follow. Accordingly, we have moved our dispensary to another market, where, close to our room, I have noticed "the street of the devil," so, dear readers, we shall need your prayers, for some people seem to share the opinion of the Roman Catholic priest in Morocco, who politely (!) said to me, "You! why, *you* are the *very* devil himself!"

Meanwhile, we rejoice in God, and go forward. In this place, Djemal, which we are now visiting, I call to mind a man who, about to shake hands with one of us, drew back, and said, "No; this hand of mine once touched the tomb of the prophet; it shall never touch the hand of an infidel." That action suited well the proud spirit of Islam, so different from that of HIM who "loved us" and "gave Himself for us," and who has bidden us welcome to Him the most unworthy.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Soussa, Tunisia, North Africa.

## Baptized after 25 Years' Delay.

ONE of the most interesting incidents, from a religious standpoint, in which I was ever concerned, was when, at Coromandel, New Zealand, I had the joy of baptizing (in a pool situated in a most romantic part of the farm of good Brother Elmslie) a believer, seventy years of age, who confessed that, twenty-five years before, he had been convinced as to his duty and privilege, and for a quarter of a century had been disobedient to the heavenly vision, and therefore sinning against light and knowledge. He had made application to the authorities at the Auckland Baptist Tabernacle to have the ordinance administered there; but whilst waiting for a sufficient number of candidates to come forward, he had been appointed to a position in his profession at Coromandel. On his arrival, he sought out the few Baptists there, and expressed to them his strong desire to follow the Master through the flood.

There was no resident minister; "but that," said our friend, "need not cause any more delay, if there is a brother amongst you willing to baptize me." The brethren and sisters requested me to comply with his request, and I was only too happy to do so. Well do I remember the journey as, on foot, each with a change of clothing under our arms, we trudged along the road to the appointed place. It was too wet for the friends to accompany us, so we had to dispense with the service we intended to hold. On arriving at Brother Elmslie's house, we asked if we might use the pool, and he was delighted to grant us permission, and accompanied us part of the way, telling us, in his broad Scottish accent, of his experiences with Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, whom he and his dear wife loved as a son. He seemed never to weary of speaking of him, treasuring his every word, and showing the picture of this New Zealand baptistery which appeared in the "Sword and Trowel" some years ago.



We had passed through the orchard, and some distance up stream, when Brother Elmslie said that he must go back to start the tunes for the children at the Sunday-school held in his house. He wished us the presence and blessing of God in what we were about to do, and we journeyed on until we reached the place. I have said that it was a romantic spot; I will try to give a faint idea of its beauty. Imagine a round pool, eight or ten feet across, fed by a creek of clear crystal water, and fairly nestling in the bosom of the bush, the banks on either side of

the stream fringed with shrubs and ferns. A little further back, majestic trees rose to a great height, alternating with others less lofty, but not less beautiful. Beneath the wide-spreading fronds of the charming tree ferns, lay the water which was to be the symbolic tomb in which my aged brother was to be "buried with Christ by baptism into death."

We had no earthly witnesses of our act, but doubted not that there were "angels hovering round." The overhanging branches of the trees were like the arms and hands of some aged patriarch about to invoke a benediction upon us. Before going down into the water, we each in turn sought the blessing of the Triune Jehovah. In the old man's prayer, uttered in a voice tremulous with age and emotion, he implored forgiveness for his twenty-five years of disobedience, and asked for the witness of the Holy Spirit to his confession of faith in Christ. Then, after singing a hymn, we entered the water, and I baptized him into the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. On coming up out of the pool, we stood on the bank, with bared heads, in the pouring rain, and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and we both felt the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

Like Philip of old, I was "caught away," as I was due in another place a mile and a half distant in twenty minutes, and like the Ethiopian eunuch, my aged friend "went on his way rejoicing." Since then, dear Brother Elmslie has been summoned by the white-wanded usher, Death, into the presence of the King of kings.

D. P. P.

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## The Bible Union.

### PROPOSED EXTENSION.

**T**HIS Institution was formed at Tonbridge, in 1895, and has been growing in membership and usefulness year by year. During the past few years, there has been a growing desire on the part of many of the members and friends to extend its operations, and the need has repeatedly been expressed for a similar Society from all parts of the country.

The objects aimed at in the Bible Union have been,—

1. A regular and systematic study of the Word of God.
2. The deepening of the spiritual life of its members.
3. The promotion of an aggressive spirit in Christian work.

A Yearly Handbook has been issued, containing a list of Subjects for each Lord's-day, with Daily Scripture Readings, as well as articles of a helpful character to Bible students and Christian workers.

If a branch could be formed, in every church in the kingdom, to prayerfully study and promote the objects aimed at by the Bible Union, it is confidently believed that the same blessing which has rested on it during the past in its place of origin will also be realized by other communities. The intention is to build up with the material we have at hand, and to use the power we already possess.

It is proposed to work the Bible Union side by side with the Christian Endeavour Societies, and the International Bible Reading Association, but it will be mainly a Bible Union for Baptists, and the instruction of our young people in the doctrines for which our denomination exists will be steadily kept in view.

A "Monthly Messenger" has also been issued, with the object of arousing believers to active service for the Lord, and arresting the attention of those who are indifferent to spiritual things. Much

blessing has rested on this part of the work, which it is proposed to still further develop, and thus make every member of the Union a message bearer to others, so that those who have not already attempted any work for God, will find a work ready at hand. Evangelistic messages are the need of the age; earnest, pointed Gospel appeals always ensure hearers and readers among the masses, as has already been abundantly proved.

It is proposed to make the minimum Subscription for membership ONE SHILLING per year. Each Subscriber will receive a copy of the Handbook free, and subscribers of two SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE per annum will also receive copies of the "Messenger" every month, post free. The work will be entirely voluntary, *no remuneration* being paid to anyone. Any profit which may accrue will be strictly devoted to evangelistic work.

Pastor William S. Wyle, Baptist Minister, Salcombe, S. Devon, who is anxious to promote the scheme, will gladly give any further information, or letters may be addressed to Mr. E. Tanton, "San Remo," Tonbridge, Kent.

## Where C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons Go.

IT would, perhaps, be more difficult to say where C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons do not go than to give a list of the countries to which they are regularly despatched. During the past month, the publishers received a letter, written at Jerusalem, asking for two volumes of the Sermons to be sent to Bethlehem. On hearing of this, we asked for the names of other places abroad from which orders for Sermons had recently come; and, in reply, received the following list:—Venezuela, New South Wales, Natal, British Guiana, United States, India, Canada, France, West Coast of Africa, Jamaica, New Zealand, Barbadoes, Liberia, Egypt, etc.

Beside these, Sermons are sent regularly to subscribers in France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Russia, Egypt, Cape Colony, Natal, Hong Kong, British Guiana, Argentina, United States, Canada, New Zealand, and all parts of Australia. (This list only refers to the Sermons ordered direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster; and does not include the many countries to which Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon sends her dear husband's Sermons, or in which foreign translations of them are being printed and circulated.)

In sending us this information, the publishers added some interesting items which we feel sure that our readers will be pleased to see.

"A man abroad, who wants to have all Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, is having two posted to him each week. He has now reached No. 130; but, at the present rate, it would take him twenty-five years to get up to the current week's issue, No. 2,740; and, by that time, many hundreds more would (D.V.) have been issued."

"From the commencement of the war in South Africa, a customer has sent Sermons regularly to the men of one of the crack regiments at the front, with the request marked on each copy, 'Please read, and pass on.'"

"Another customer buys a large number of Sermons in book form, and places them in various waiting-rooms."

"Many Sunday-school teachers write each week for Sermons bearing upon the International Lesson."

"People often come into the shop to purchase Sermons, or write for them, stating that they were converted by them. Sometimes, the Sermons required were preached forty years ago, or even longer than

that. Yesterday, we served a Hollander and an American with Sermons; they both came into the shop together."

No wonder Mr. Arthur Mee wrote, in *The Puritan*—"That shop is one of the marvels of London," and a writer in the *St. James's Gazette* still more recently said:—"The story of Spurgeon's Sermons is one of the romances of commerce. There is not a corner of the world into which they have not gone. They are the only Sermons which are never out of print. . . . Surely, there has never, in the history of the world, been a more remarkable tribute to the power of one man than this. All sorts and conditions of men still wait eagerly for the appearance of the weekly Sermon."

## 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.**

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have issued a new edition of the illustrated booklet, *Look! Look! Look! C. H. Spurgeon's Conversion, as Related by himself*. It is very useful for widespread distribution; its price is one halfpenny each, or 3s. 4d. per 100.

Readers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon, "Fountains of Repentant Tears," may be interested in knowing that it has been reprinted, in book form, at a penny, under the title of "*The Way Back*." This was done at the request of a gentleman who has had many thousands of the Sermons. The discourse is specially suitable for circulation among backsliders.

As long as Pædo-baptists support the Romish practice of infant sprinkling, Baptists must protest against it. We are glad, therefore, to see a twopenny pamphlet by "one of our own men," Pastor T. Whiteside, entitled, *Hear the Other Side: a Reply to Rev. R. M. McC. Gilmour's four Sermons on "Christian Baptism."* Our friend has most effectually overthrown the flimsy arguments and unscriptural theories of his Presbyterian neighbour. His booklet is published by Messrs. Wm. Erwin and Co., Church Street, Ballymena, Ireland; and will be helpful in spreading the truth about believers' baptism wherever it goes.

Mr. G. Stoneman, 39, Warwick Lane, E.C., has issued a sixpenny packet of *Scripture Text Puzzles for Children in School and Home*. They appear to be both ingenious and unobjectionable.

*An Address to Evangelists*, by JOHN WOOD, Honorary Secretary of the Evangelization Society, might be read with profit, not only by evangelists, but by pastors, teachers, and Christian workers generally. It is published at threepence at the office of the Society, 21, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.

*Harvest Joy and Questions*. By A. HEBBLETHWAITE, B.D. Arthur H. Stockwell.

A SEASONABLE sixpenny booklet about natural and spiritual sowing, reaping, gleaning, etc. The author has quoted very extensively, and, as a rule, appropriately, from the poets; but he has inserted one parody which is almost enough to make good Dr. Watts rise from the grave,—

"The whole creation join in one

To praise the holy name

Of Him Who sits upon the throne,  
Giving blessings to men."

Rhyme and rhythm are both sacrificed, and it is very nearly an infringement of the crown rights of the Redeemer to alter the doctor's final line,—

"And to adore the Lamb."

*The Bible for the Young. Genesis. St. Matthew.* By Rev. J. PATERSON SMYTH, B.D., LL.D. Sampson Low and Co.

In this age of Bible criticism, it is refreshing to have so many different aids furnished to us for the study of the Sacred Book. We welcome "The Bible for the Young;" and, so far as we have been able to search into it, find nothing with which we cannot cordially agree. Results of modern study are not overlooked, but the vagaries of the day are not treated as proved facts. Teachers will find here abundance of stimulus and help.

*The Century Bible. St. John.* By Rev. J. A. McCLYMONT, D.D. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

THE more we handle these hand-books, the better we are pleased with them. It fell to our lot to examine the Gospel of John on a railway journey, and the convenience of the arrangement was thus brought strongly home to us. If we want the Authorized Version, it is here; or the Revised Version, it also is here; here, too, are brief comments, generally reliable, sometimes illuminating, always noteworthy. The Introduction to this volume is not, perhaps, quite so brilliant as the Introduction to Luke, but it carries conviction that the author of this Gospel was none other than the apostle who lay on Jesu's bosom. Again it is our pleasant duty to congratulate both Editors.

*A New Translation of Isaiah.* By Rev. E. FLECKER, M.A. Elliot Stock.

As we used the paper-knife on this book, we got a prejudice against it, the quality of the paper is so poor; and when we opened the volume, the Introduction, especially at the beginning, is so awkwardly expressed, that our prejudice was deepened. The imagination of the author runs riot in his sketch of the early life of Isaiah; a possibility is first suggested, and then,

in the next page, it is calmly taken as a proved fact. The latter part of his biography is much more satisfactory.

Mr. Flecker divides the writings of Isaiah into four books. This is very suggestive, and we are glad to see that he is not at all troubled with the thought of a second Isaiah, for he begins Book IV. with chapter xxxix., which he conceives to be its preface. Our prejudice was dissipated before we had gone half through the volume, and we put it on our shelves as a valuable book of reference for the future.

*Searching the Bible Mine.* By H. HANKINSON. Children's Special Service Mission.

A LITTLE book upon Bible study. The author is Secretary of the Children's Special Service Mission, and what he says will be very valuable to young students. He recommends the Geographical, Geological, Comparative, Meditative, and Microscopical methods of Bible reading, and is evidently himself a keen student of the Word of God.

*The Crusade of 1900.* By JEREMIAH. Bagster and Sons.

WE do not understand the title of this book, but we cannot adversely criticize its contents, seeing that it is a compilation of texts of Scripture. We notice that some passages are used more than once; and though the arrangement is sometimes suggestive, we are still without a clue to the origin or meaning of the volume.

*The Need of the Age, Ecclesiastical and Otherwise.* By DAVID MULLAN, B.A. Dublin: Eason and Son. London: Morgan and Scott.

IN this pamphlet, Mr. Mullan expounds the meaning of Pentecost, and suggests an extension of the work of the Evangelical Alliance. We agree with him in the emphasis which he places upon the work of the Holy Ghost, but we scarcely

see wherein his practical suggestions differ from the methods of the Church at the present moment.

*How to Pray the Lord's Prayer.*

By the Ven. G. ROBERT WYNNE,  
D.D. Jarrold and Sons.

THIS is a curious little treatise, part of the object of which seems to be to excuse the frequent recurrence of "the Lord's prayer" in the service of the Anglican Church, a form of worship which appears to us to come perilously near the "vain repetitions" our Lord condemned.

We remember, on one occasion, being in a country church when "the Lord's prayer" was repeated five times in the service, and the clergyman immediately afterwards announced the hymn, "Art thou weary?—Art thou languid?" A subdued murmur of the word "very," from our next neighbour, quite expressed our own sentiments.

Still, we agree with Archdeacon Wynne, that the elements of all prayer are in the wonderful model which Jesus Christ gave to His disciples; and there are certainly suggestive thoughts in this little treatise.

*Studies in Christian Character, Work, and Experience.* By Rev.

W. L. WATKINSON. First and Second Series. C. H. Kelly.

MR. WATKINSON is far and away the finest sermon-maker the Methodist Church has produced for many years. And these specimens of his preaching are simply delightful in their freshness, their charm of literary allusion, their fine penetration of mind, and lofty spirit of godliness.

We rejoice, as those who find great spoil, in these altogether fascinating little volumes. How we wish every pastor might have a copy to read, and revel in! The people would soon benefit from these dewy, invigorating, and suggestive homilies.

In his remarkable sermon on "Uncaged Birds," Mr. Watkinson

makes this kind reference, which will be specially interesting to our readers:—

"*The Book Fund and its Work*, by Mrs. Spurgeon, shows that widely-extended good is achieved by this delicate lady through her generous distribution of her late husband's books. How much instruction, comfort, impulse they bring into many a needy pastor's study, intellectual and spiritual treasure in turn to be communicated to the congregation! A poor pastor's meagre library is a pathetic sight, what little there is on the scanty shelves having been secured by real sacrifice. The loving beneficence which scatters the goodly volumes of the great preacher reminds us of the kindly naturalist irradiating the dim woods with golden and scarlet birds. Some bookcases are like cages in which winged captives are seen drooping behind the bars. Very grateful and helpful to many is the gift or loan of a well-selected book; yet people who have more literature than they know what to do with forget this form of generosity."

*A Dynamic Faith.* By R. M. JONES, M.A. Headley Brothers.

WITH much of this treatise, or rather, series of kindred papers, we agree, believing it to be true; but with some of it, we utterly disagree, as denying that which it has already asserted. That all truth is in a state of flux, may be a theory which suits the mental condition of a professor of philosophy; but there are too many "we knows" in the letters of the apostle John, not to mention other parts of the Scripture, to commend such a theory to those who have turned experiment into experience. Why will modern religionists imitate Aaron, in his folly, by gathering the showy jewellery of mushroom theologians, flinging it into their own precious crucible, and then saying to us, "There came out *this calf*; fall down, and worship it"?

*Terra Firma; the Earth not a Planet.* By Rev. D. W. SCOTT. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

OF the author's courage and piety, we have no question; for he champions a cause that is utterly unpopular, and does it in the name of "Scripture, Reason, and Fact." And yet, after reading his laboured volume, we are still of the opinion that the earth is a globe, and not a plane, and that it revolves round the sun, and not the sun round the earth.

Mr. Scott's scorn of Sir Isaac Newton, and his use of him to point a moral against unsanctified science, is too funny, except for a book of American humour; and this, the volume before us scarcely professes to be.

We cannot help feeling that the labour and ability, here manifest, have been sorely misapplied, and so, wasted; and we leave the volume fully convinced that Mr. Scott is unscientific. Still, if anyone desires to "hear the other side," he cannot do better than read this able and strenuous book.

*Sermon Seed. Fifty-two Studies for Sermons.* By Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Nisbet and Co.

A SERIES of helpful studies that will find a welcome place upon a busy preacher's bookshelf. In each sketch there is the germ thought of the text, with a collection of expository and illustrative material from a wide field of literature, the whole finishing with "suggestions for working out sermons." The volume must have taken much time and labour to produce, and it should be of service to preachers with limited libraries.

*The Full Reward.* By Rev. HUGH J. HUGHES. Elliot Stock.

WE can quite understand that Mr. Hughes, of Merthyr Tydvil, is a very useful preacher; but we wish the sermons in this volume were a little more definite, and somewhat

fuller. They seem to leave off just when we might expect a forceful application, or an appeal founded on what has gone before. We do not put these discourses in the first rank, but they will, no doubt, be appreciated by many readers.

*Topical Teaching for Teachers and Scholars.* By W. H. STANES. Morgan and Scott.

THERE are many ways of reaching the child-mind and heart, and the picture or object lesson is among the most effective. Where teachers will take the pains needed, and make all the teaching converge on Gospel truth, such a volume as this will be worth its weight in gold to them. It has our unreserved approval and commendation, and is excellent change for sixpence.

*Ministry of Divine Helpfulness.* By THOMAS PAYNE, D.D. Marshall Brothers.

THE author of this treatise, while giving examples of the healing of bodily disease in answer to the prayer of faith, insists that the Spirit's help in our infirmities is as real a grace as the removal of those infirmities. In this, we are heartily at one with him, though his book may be open to criticism on some other points. Still, there are good things here.

*A God of Deliverances.* By ALEXANDER R. SAUNDERS. Morgan and Scott.

ANOTHER of the touching stories, with which we are becoming painfully familiar, of the awful sufferings and almost miraculous deliverances of a party of missionaries in China during the Boxer outbreak. Some of the little company perished under the terrible treatment they received; the marvel is, that any survived to tell the tale.

*Yestère.* By "VARTENIE." T. Fisher Unwin.

A BOOK that ought to be read, and yet that is almost too dreadful



*because it is so true.* It is a story of some of the Armenian massacres which might have been prevented if our nation had acted worthily of that better Britain which, one day, may reappear. The writer is herself half Armenian, and her *nom de plume* means, in that language, "a rose tree." There is not much fragrance in this "Romance of a Life;" rather, we see the rose tree cut and bleeding to death.

*Souls of Passage.* By AMELIA E. BARR. T. Fisher Unwin.

A NOVEL, largely in the dialect of the Highlands, and written, apparently, to advocate the ancient heresy of the re-incarnation of souls. There are some exciting love-stories in it; but we do not think the

volume is one for which our readers will care.

*Master and Slave.* By A. T. STORY. R. Brimley Johnson.

A CLEVERLY-WRITTEN story, showing the terrible serfdom of the average agricultural labourer. It ought to rouse public opinion in favour of some kind of freedom and hope for a class now sadly crushed. The whole question of village housing, and of a living wage for the slaves of the fields, will some day come up; and there will be a severe reckoning then for the political leaders who are too absorbed in wars abroad to care for the degraded and down-trodden of our own land. May this lurid and able little story help to hasten this consummation!

## Notes.

The translation and monthly publication of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in SPANISH has been undertaken by Mr. A. I. Blanco, the evangelist in charge of the North Africa Mission Spanish work at Tangier. The Sermons are issued in a neat form, at 15 centimos (about a penny) each; or, if 10 or more are taken, at 10 centimos each; postage extra. Friends who are working among Spaniards, or Spanish-speaking people, will do well to order a regular supply from Don Angel I. Blanco, Beach Road, Tangier, Morocco, North Africa; and all Christians are asked to pray for the Lord's blessing upon His dear servant's Sermons in this and all the other languages into which they have been translated.

The verses in the present number of the Magazine, from the pen of Mr. ALBERT MIDLANE, will serve to remind our readers of the worthy man whose hymns have helped to enrich both "Our Own Hymn Book" and the "Supplement," and who is now, in his advanced age, in need of immediate pecuniary assistance. Any amounts sent to the Editor will be forwarded to our friend.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. A. J. Johnson, from Southport, to Studley, Warwickshire; Mr. W. J.

Juniper, late of Rangoon, to Bures, Suffolk; Mr. C. S. Rose, from Charters Towers, Queensland, to Burton Street Tabernacle, Sydney, New South Wales; and Mr. W. D. Ross, B.Sc., from Foot's Cray, to Christ Church Road, Worthing.

On Tuesday, August 13, the brethren re-assembled at the College after their Midsummer vacation. Eight fresh students were received, bringing up the total now in the Institution to about sixty.

When the time came for making up the Magazine, we had not heard of the arrival of Brother Walton at his destination, and we had not received the next article for his series on "Bush Life in Tasmania." Before he sailed, however, he thoughtfully prepared another manuscript to be used in case the one on its way to us did not come in time. Accordingly, we print, this month, "A Jewel in a Queer Setting."

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—In sending us the manuscript for the article upon Pastor George Graham and his work, which appears in the present number of the Magazine, Brother Elder writes:—

"I am in splendid health. At present, I am supplying, for a few months, the morning service of the American Episcopal Church, during the absence of the pastor in the United States. About two months ago, I made a start at

giving short addresses in Spanish. It is far from easy, but God helps much. Ere long, I hope to be able to launch out into a regular Spanish work of my own."

**COLPORTAGE.**—Dull sales still prevail in every District, and many of the brethren have been taking the opportunity to enjoy a few days' well-earned holiday. In some cases, it is interesting to note that the occasion is used for special evangelistic or mission work. One brother has been much blessed in preaching at his native town in Radnorshire; another fulfils an engagement in Leicestershire.

The new District near Bridgwater, to which reference was made last month, has been started; and Mr. Henry Young, of Cinderford, enters upon the labour with hopeful prospects. Although fresh to actual Colportage work, he has been long engaged in Christian service, and we ask for earnest prayer that he may prove a great blessing in the locality in which he is placed.

It is quite hoped that, next month, the opening of two more new Districts will be announced. The opening of fresh fields for Colportage work is a source of encouragement, and there is

evidence that the Lord is laying this service upon the hearts of His people.

The Secretary has been busy making brief visits to Districts; since the last report, he has been to Poole, North Cheam, Earl's Colne, Orpington, and Monks Eleigh; in some cases, conducting Sunday services on behalf of the Funds. The brethren are well spoken of in all localities visited, and evidence a zeal to be used as the means of winning souls by any means within their power.

One of the colporteurs writes:—"I am thankful to tell you that the Lord has blessed and encouraged me very much in my work during July; and among other efforts, I have been permitted to hold a number of open-air meetings with great success." Many such cheering testimonies have been received, and there is a widespread desire for "showers of blessing."

The need for considerable increase to the General Fund necessitates a renewed appeal for further financial help. Contributions will be gladly welcomed by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—August 1, nine.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1901.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Moncroft ...	15 0 0	Collection at Princes Risborough Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. H. Markham ...	1 1 0
Collection at Lordship Lane Baptist Chapel, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman ...	4 2 6	"Hymen," per T. S. ...	0 10 0
Contribution from Fulham Baptist Church, per Pastor J. H. Grant ...	1 1 0	Mr. John Mead ...	1 1 0
Collection at Shooter's Hill Baptist Chapel, Blackheath, per Pastor W. L. Mackenzie ...	2 10 0	Mr. Geo. Gregory ...	0 10 0
Mr. S. Rogers ...	1 1 0	Collected by children of Almshouses Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Cook ...	2 5 0
Mr. W. Pitcher ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Helen Wells ...	1 0 0
Executor of estate, late Mrs. Ann Jones ...	77 1 10	Part collection at Harris Street Baptist Chapel, Peterborough, per Pastor G. W. Elliott ...	0 15 0
Mr. W. R. Fox ...	5 0 0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff ...	0 2 6
Pastor G. W. Linnecar ...	0 12 6	Weekly offerings and collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle from July 15 to August 14 ...	46 7 5
Pastor W. Willis ...	0 5 0		£166 15 9
Contribution from Willesden Green Baptist Church, per Pastor W. J. Sears ...	0 10 0		
Mrs. Smith ...	5 0 0		

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

*Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1901.*

	£ s. d.
Mr. W. H. Richardson ...	0 5 0
For Christ's sake ...	0 10 0
	£0 15 0

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th to August 14th, 1901.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. C. H. Price, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1 1 0	Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore and Sons	3 3 0
Kind Action League, per Pastor J. Davis	0 3 0	Mr. H. E. Hubble	5 0 0
Sympathy	0 10 0	Mrs. J. Le Feuvre	0 10 0
Mrs. H. Browne	5 0 0	Mrs. W. Wilson	0 5 0
Mrs. Morley Phillips, F.A.I.	1 1 0	Ivanhoe Aston, per Miss Craggy	0 6 0
Mr. F. Flanders	1 0 0	Mrs. Renshaw	1 0 0
Mr. F. Hallett	0 5 0	Mrs. C. Stopford	3 0 0
Mrs. E. E. Heatley	0 3 0	Mr. C. Ibberson	0 3 0
Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0 5 0	Miss G. Gunner	0 5 0
Mr. T. Field	0 5 0	Mrs. G. Shaw	1 0 0
Mr. J. Aubrey	0 3 0	Mrs. H. Wells	1 0 0
Mrs. Garrood	0 2 0	Fines for spots on table cloths, per Miss A. Sillitoe	0 14 6
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2 0 0	Postal Orders, Chesterfield	0 5 0
Mrs. Latta	1 10 0	Mr. J. Riley	0 1 0
Mr. J. Rowlands	0 2 0	Mrs. Eaton	0 5 0
Mr. W. A. Nathan	0 10 0	Mr. P. Geeson's Bible-class	0 6 0
Collected by Miss Firmin	0 3 0	Collected by Miss E. M. Perrin	0 4 0
Mr. S. Popplestone	1 0 0	Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 0
J. B. Strathaven	1 0 0	D., Aberdeen	0 5 0
Rosneath	5 0 0	Mrs. Banbury	1 1 0
Mr. F. Burton, Senr.	5 0 0	Mr. W. H. Hipkiss	2 10 0
Miss Hine	1 0 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
Mrs. G. Webb	1 0 0	Madame van Gogh	1 0 0
Miss A. M. Hughes	0 5 0	Rev. A. Corbet's Bible-class, Lansdowne Baptist Chapel, Bourne-mouth	1 0 0
Mr. A. Lawes	0 5 0	Mr. G. Colyer	0 10 0
Postal order, Aberdeen	0 1 0	Mrs. Evans	5 0 0
Mr. H. Bell	0 5 0	Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P.	5 5 0
Miss L. Perratt	0 10 0	Mr. T. Lawrence	0 2 6
Mrs. Jefferis	2 0 0	Miss A. Collins	0 5 0
Sympathy, Forthleven	0 10 0	Mrs. Duckinfield	1 0 0
Mrs. S. Carveley	0 12 6	Mr. R. Bilton	0 7 6
Mrs. Hannah Quigley, per Mr. J. Irwin	42 17 1	H. F. F., Leytonstone	0 10 0
Mr. W. H. Cliften	10 0 0	Mr. W. Squibb	1 0 0
Mrs. G. Holt Skinner, in loving memory of Mr. G. Holt Skinner (toward the maintenance of an orphan for a year)	20 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Moncroft	10 0 0
Mrs. Caudle	0 2 6	Mr. Elsbury	0 2 0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Bullman	0 16 0	A. and M.	1 0 0
S. B. S.	2 2 0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0
Collected by Mrs. Sharpe	0 10 6	Boxes at Metropolitan Tabernacle gates	1 8 9
Mr. Marshall	1 2 0	Box at S.O. gates and office box	1 5 2
Bank of England Note, Liverpool	5 0 0	Executor of the late Mrs. S. James	1 0 0
E. P. W.	0 10 6	Executors of the late Mr. Jas. Staples, dividends on Consols	12 1 0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0 2 0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Miss Frost	1 0 0	Garden Party, "Craig Gowan"	2 6 0
Mr. W. Watkins	5 0 0	Garden Party, Broadlands	1 5 0
Miss L. M. Pittman	1 1 0	Mrs. E. Tritton	2 2 0
Miss S. E. Rude	2 10 0	SEASIDE HOME:—	
Bessels Green Baptist and Mission Sunday-schools, per Mr. E. Greenway	2 2 3	Miss E. Plowman	0 5 0
A widow, Thorpe	0 2 6	A Friend, per Miss A. Jeffrey	1 0 0
Mr. F. Gills	0 2 0	Mr. and Miss McKelvie	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox (toward the support of an orphan for a year)	20 0 0	Miss Owen	0 10 0
Mr. A. J. Robbins	5 0 0	Mr. S. K. Hullett	0 10 0
Mrs. A. Horner	0 10 0		
Mr. A. H. West	0 5 0		
Mrs. W. H. Beeman	2 2 0		

£30 9 3

Executors of the late Mr. James Staples, £30 10s. New Consols.

## LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM JULY 16TH TO AUGUST 16TH, 1901:—

PROVISIONS:—Box of Gooseberries, Mr. E. Tebbutt; 4 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Hastam; 1 Cake, Miss Sargeant.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—35 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 Holland Pinafores, Miss E. Walker; 12 Pinafores, the Junior Working Party, South Street Baptist Church, per Mrs. C. Spurgeon; 12 Articles, Baptist Tabernacle, Brentwood, per Mr. J. Davies; 39 Articles, Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Mrs. Cunningham; 5 Aprons, from Staines; 3 Articles, from Shepherd's Bush; 2 Articles, Mrs. Melhuish.

GENERAL:—24 Copies "Advice to 20th Century Juniors," Phi. Rho. Chi.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1901.*

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£	s.	d.
Bridgwater, per Pastor Levi Palmer	...	11	5	0
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	...	11	5	0
Sellindge, per Mr. C. Walter	...	3	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—				
Mr. W. G. Tester	...	6	0	0
A friend	...	1	0	0
Mr. W. E. Pledge	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Swinnard	...	0	10	0
		8	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	...	70	0	0
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny	...	11	5	0
Home Counties Baptist Association	...	30	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	...	1	5	0
Taunton, per Mr. A. A. Chapman	...	11	5	0
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	...	10	0	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones	...	11	5	0
Harden, per Mr. J. Snowden	...	11	5	0
Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James	...	5	5	0
Penrhawceiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	...	11	5	0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	...	11	5	0
Cardiff, per Mr. John Cory, J.P.	...	12	5	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	...	5	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	...	8	15	0
Monksleigh, per Rev. W. F. Durant	...	10	0	0
Fritcham, per Mr. R. W. Griffith	...	11	5	0
		£264	5	0

AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Rawlings	...	5	5	0
Mr. C. Garrett	...	0	2	6
		£5	7	6
GENERAL FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Richard Rodgett, per Secretary	...	2	10	0
Collections after services by Mr. W. Lloyd at Knighton, per Mr. David Davies	...	1	6	0
Mrs. Wellman, per Secretary	...	0	5	0
Mr. A. S. Tatnell	...	2	0	0
Mr. E. Rawlings	...	5	5	0
Miss Florrie Jenkins (Collecting box)	...	0	11	8
Mr. S. Pewtress	...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Field	...	0	12	0
Mrs. Rennard	...	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	...	2	0	0
Tickets, M. L.	...	0	5	0
Miss Hooper	...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Mead	...	1	1	0
Y. Z.	...	0	0	0
Mr. E. Garrett	...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. S. Hockey (Collecting box)	...	0	10	0
Collections after services by Secretary, at Marks Tey, per Mr. W. H. Collier	...	1	16	0
Mrs. Scandrett	...	0	2	0
Mr. F. Collier	...	0	2	2
		£23	11	10

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

*Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1901.*

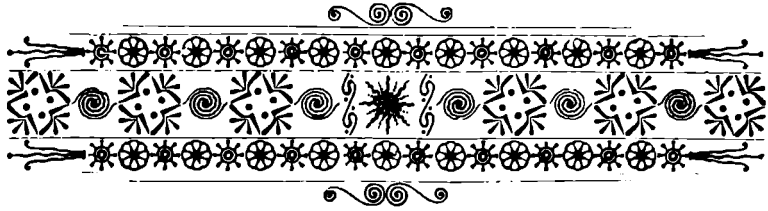
PASTOR D. LAANSMAN'S CHILDREN'S		£	s.	d.	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—		£	s.	d.
Bible-class	...	1	17	1	Grateful	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Richards	...	1	0	0	A. and C. Padley	...	1	0	0
Mr. Opie Rodway	...	0	15	0			£15	12	1
Mrs. H. Keevil	...	10	0	0					
Miss H. Winter	...	0	5	0					
Miss Susan Bevan	...	0	5	0					

*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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.

OCTOBER, 1901.

“We have Seen the Lord.”

A SERMON, PREACHED AT BRIGHTON, NEARLY 40 YEARS AGO,  
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“*The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord.*”  
—John xx. 25.

**W**E may generally form a correct estimate of the tone of a man's religion from that which is its leading thought; and if the leading thought of a man's religion be Christ, we shall not be very far from the mark if we say that his religion will be truthful, and healthy, and sound, and, we hope, vigorous.

There are some good people, (we would not judge them severely,) whose main thought in religion is doctrine. With them, “contending earnestly for the faith” seems to be their most prominent employment; and they have so exaggerated the apostle's words, that they “contend” bitterly and ferociously, “for the faith,” till I have known some of them, who seem to carry out, to the full, the reverse of the text, “See that ye love one another,” for they “hate one another with a pure heart fervently;”—as “fervent” as you can suppose hatred to be, will these theologians make it. You will see that, while it is a good thing to love the truth, and to fight for it, there is always the danger of acquiring a narrow spirit, and getting bitter and bigoted, if doctrine becomes the main thought.

Others, I have known, make experience the main thing about which they talk. Frames and feelings,—their depravity,—their enjoyments,—they look to these things, rather than to Christ. Now, it is a good thing to be looking to the work within, for, if there be no spiritual

work within, we certainly have "no part nor lot" in the great work which was performed upon the cross. But those who make this the leading thought of their spiritual life, will become conceited, and will set up their own feelings as the standard by which all others must be tested; and they will generally be a very miserable sort of people; for, since their frames and feelings will always be changing, so will their enjoyments; their feelings will sometimes rise to the very clouds, and then go down again to the very depths.

But there is another class of very excellent people, who look at religion only in a practical light. They have their virtues, and they do much good; but there is a tendency in them to go off into legalism, and to put "works" in the stead of Christ; or else to estimate themselves by their "works" rather than by the "faith which is in Christ Jesus." These are usually shallow in their knowledge of Divine doctrine, and are "babes in grace."

But, dear friends, he who makes Christ the leading thought of his piety—who puts Christ above everything else—will have the excellences of all these three without their faults. He will be sound in doctrine; for how could he be otherwise when he has learned to sit at the feet of Jesus? He will be ripe in experience; for how could he be otherwise when he knows Christ, who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life"? He is sure to be excellent enough in practice, for who can be with Christ without being holy? Who can learn to adore, and commune with Him, without being transformed into His image, as by the Spirit of the Lord? And all this while we shall miss—by making Christ the leading thought—the vices which either doctrine, or experience, or practice, if exaggerated, would have been sure to bring upon us. Let us be content to lift up the Lord Jesus Christ on the throne of our souls; and let us never be satisfied if anything, though it be never so good, should have taken that higher seat.

I will venture here upon yet another remark. You may know the depth and strength of a man's piety by the way in which he looks at Christ. Granted that Christ is the leading thought,—in what way will the soundest-hearted man look at Jesus? Now we may say it, without being censorious, that there are thousands of professors to whom Christ is only a thought,—not quite a fiction; but still a mere historical personage. They would not say, perhaps, exactly as the old woman said to her minister, after he had told her about the sufferings of Christ.—of His bitter passion, and death on the cross, "Well, well, you see, sir, it was a long way off, and a long time ago;—let us hope it isn't true!" They would not speak thus; but, in the spirit of it, I believe they think so. The Scripture narrative itself never comes home to them as a matter of fact, which they ought to feel, and in which they ought to rejoice. It has come, in the highest degree, to him to whom Christ is as real a person as himself, and as present a person as his own friend and child. He can sing of Christ as Kent did,—

"A man there was, a real man,  
Who once on Calvary died;  
And streams of blood and water ran  
Down from His wounded side."

That same blessed man, exalted, sits high on His Father's throne. To have a Christ with whom one can walk and talk, who shall be the companion of our sorrowing nights, and share the joys of our glad-some days,—to know Him, as one with whom we have been brought up, whose Name is familiar to us as a household word, and whose very person has become familiar, too,—this is to say, in the words of the apostles used in our text, "We have seen the Lord!"

Oh, it will be a grand day for the Church of Christ when she gets to know Christ, once more, as a real Person! For, after all, it is always a person who stirs the enthusiasm of men. What made the French soldiers so victorious in battle, but the presence of "the Little Corporal" in their midst? They no sooner saw him, with his calm face, and heard his voice, ordering them to charge in battle, than every man became a hero,—their leader had excited them all to the utmost bravery. And so, our great Captain, Christ, has come into the midst of His people; and they must feel Him to be real and true,—not to be thought of merely, but to be touched and handled: and then will come back those old, brave days, when the earth was made to tremble before the prowess of the Church, and she went forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

Thus much, then, by way of preface. Let us now, first, for a little while, *think of the Being whom these disciples saw*; then, secondly, *consider how we may see the same Person*; and then, thirdly, *note what will certainly be the effect if we shall "see the Lord."*

I. First, then, LET US THINK A LITTLE ON WHAT THESE DISCIPLES SAW: "We have seen the Lord."

You must remember that they saw Christ in a somewhat different aspect from that in which they had been accustomed to see Him; for now, in the first place, they saw Him, on that memorable night, *as the complete and finished Saviour*. They had seen Him when, as a man, "He went about doing good,"—toiling and working, that He might weave a robe of righteousness. They saw Him also when He sweat as it were great drops of blood in the garden of Gethsemane. They stood afar off, and beheld Him, while He did hang upon the tree; but they had never seen Him as having accomplished the work. In the strong throes of His agony, they had gazed upon Him; but they had never beheld Him as one who had finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. It must have been a joy to them to see Christ, and to know that His work was done. Beloved, have we seen Christ thus? If so, this is a joy indeed.

You ask many young believers, and they will say they "hope Christ will save them;" when they have grown in grace, they will say, "Christ has saved us," for—

**"The moment a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His pardon at once he receives,  
Redemption in full through His blood."**

Christ does not, when we believe in Him, put us into a position where we may be saved; but He saves us out of hand. It is done; it is finished; it is completed. But I think I hear someone say, "I never

thought of that. I sometimes hope, when I die, I may be saved." I wonder not that yours is a miserable life, and that you have to look to the world for comfort. Oh, how happy would you be if you could say, "I am saved,"—not partly saved, but wholly saved! Oh, that you could now say, "Against me no sin remaineth, for Christ has blotted it out with His precious blood. No debt stands now recorded against me, for Christ has paid it all.

"With His spotless vesture on,  
Holy as the Holy One,—"

"I stand accepted in Him." And yet, mark you, this is what every child of God should say, and we do not live up to our privileges unless we are able to rejoice in a salvation that is finished. I know, of a surety, that I have no need to lift my finger to save my soul. I know that all was done for me before I was born. Upon the cross, where Jesus poured out His life, He did everything. He made the garment to cover me; and there is not a stitch to be added to it. All that might be added would be a work of supererogation; and would but spoil the robe. He paid the debt I owed to God; and never again can it be demanded, for He has paid it once for all. Splendid is the faith that can sing with Hart,—

"Now, freed from sin, I walk at large,  
The Saviour's blood 's my full discharge;  
At His dear feet my soul I'd lay,  
A sinner saved,—and homage pay."

To have a thought of being only half saved, is a miserable thing; to have merely a hope of being saved, is not a happy thing; but to be sure of being wholly saved, fully forgiven, so that Heaven might sooner fall than our spirit perish,—this is Heaven begun below. God give each of you to see the finished salvation of Christ! Mark, my dear hearers, if Christ has not finished it, you never can; if you are not wholly saved in Christ, you certainly can never save yourself, for "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags;" and who would add our "filthy rags" to Christ's perfect robe of righteousness? You must trust in Christ altogether and alone, or not trust in Christ at all; and if you trust Him, you must trust Him to save you there and then, fully and completely.

Still I hear some say, "We are to do much." I answer, "No, not to save ourselves." There is no greater fallacy than that verse which some people sing,—

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky."

If that were our charge, it never would be fulfilled. What a Christian has to do is this,—being saved, and having no selfish motive for which to live, since his salvation is finished for him, he now says, "Out of gratitude to God, I will do a thousand times more than another man would do to save himself. The love of Christ constraineth me,



because I thus judge that, if He hath died and given Himself for me, then I am not my own, but I am 'bought with a price;' and this love, or g<sup>o</sup> attitude, produces higher deeds of heroism than your slavish fears can ever produce. The man who seeks to save himself by good deeds, cannot perform good deeds, because his deeds are all selfish; they are tinged and tainted with a desire to save himself, and therefore God cannot accept them. It is only the man who is saved, who is capable of virtue. No other man can look virtue in the face; all that any other does is vicious; for, though it may be virtuous in itself, it is stained with the selfish thought of saving himself. No, saved by Christ first, then we work, and live, and do, and are prepared to die for Him, who has presented to us a finished salvation.

This is the first sight that the disciples saw. By reference to the chapter, we perceive that they also saw Christ in another light to that which, doubtless, they had seen Him before,—*they saw Him as God*. "The doors were shut;" then how could He enter? Only as God. Suspending the laws of matter, He passed into the room, for there was no aperture through which He might enter; and they saw Him standing, manifestly revealed as God. Now I am not going into the controversy about Christ being God. I can understand the consistency of the person who says, "Christ was an impostor;" but I cannot understand the man who says that He was a good man, but not God: for, if He was not God, He certainly was a deceiver, and therefore could not have been a good man. If Christ was not God, He made His disciples think He was; and there are millions of us who believe Him to be so at this day; and we do not remember a single passage, in which He charged us not to worship Him; and that were not consistent with the character of a good man to let His followers adore Him. That he did; therefore we say He is God and man. If He were not God, it were utterly inconsistent to say He was a good man. We all believe He was God,—that is a doctrine about which we have no hesitancy; but I hope, Christian, you have seen Him as God. I hope you have a grip of the thought that He is Jehovah-Jesus,—Jehovah-tsidkenu, "The Lord our Righteousness." Why those doubts, my sister? Would you have them, if you leaned upon the strong arm of Christ? Why those fears, my brother? Would you have them, if you knew that the eternal, invisible God hath sworn to bring you safely to His right hand? No, our doubts and fears come from our not worshipping Christ,—thinking too little of Him: if we estimated Him at greater value, we need have no great trouble, but rejoice in casting all our care upon Him since He careth for us.

On the eve of a great battle, a certain commander went round the camp to the tents of his soldiers. Stopping at one tent, he heard them talking together somewhat in this strain,—one who was evidently of a desponding spirit said, "Well, we are in great difficulties now. Our leader has brought us into a dangerous place. There are so many thousands of the enemy's cavalry,—so many regiments of the line,—such a force of infantry. They will thoroughly overcome us." And then he began to count up the forces on his side; when his commander, drawing aside the curtain, said, "How many do you count me for?" As though he would say, "Having fought so many battles, and won so

many victories, do you not think I can overcome these foes?" Surely, our Lord and Master, when we are doubting, might say to us, "And how many do you count me for?" for if you would estimate Christ at His proper value, you will say, "More are they that are for us, than all that be against us." You will see the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about His people, when once you have had, by faith, a true view of Jesus Christ as God.

But, further, we notice, in the chapter, that *they had seen the Lord as the great Peacemaker*. They were all sitting very quietly in the room, hardly daring to talk, for fear the Jews should hear them, and break through the doors. On a sudden, a man appears in their midst; they were frightened, but He put out that well-known hand, and said to them, "Peace be unto you!" I hope that is no strange sight and sound to your eyes and ears. Do you remember the first time Jesus spake "peace" to your soul? I know I am talking riddles to some here; but I see they are simplicities to others of you. Dost thou remember, friend, the spot of ground where Jesus first met with thee? Some of us could point to that hallowed place where, burdened with sin, and full of woes, we saw One hanging on a tree, who turned His languid eyes on us, and said, "I bore thy sins, and carried thine iniquities;" and we were glad, and our soul enjoyed perfect peace. Dark was that night, and terrible, when all our sins were let loose against us; and, like a sea in a storm, we had no sort of quiet, and Jesus came, and walked the waters, and said to our sins, "Peace, be still!" and there was a calm, so profound, that it was an earnest of "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

Since that time, you and I have had many troubles, we have been cast into the depths again and again; we have "done business in great waters;" but, whenever Christ has come, we have had peace. No matter if we have had enemies in our own household, and conflicts in our own nature, and little else to rest on but God; when earthly props were dashed from under us, we found His Name enough to give us solace, His presence enough in the darkest night to give us sunlight, Himself enough to fill us to the brim, even where everything beside was emptied. O Christian, never seek peace anywhere but in thy Lord; and may it be thy happy privilege to say, "I have seen the Lord"!

I see the Christian now. The tear is in his eye, and his heart is palpitating. He has had a great loss, and he is expecting another. A sharp trial has unexpectedly fallen upon him. Go up to thy chamber, brother! He is up there for a little season, and when he cometh down, his face is smiling, his step elastic, his heart is glad; and I say to him, "My brother, what change is this that has come over thee?" He answers, "I have 'seen the Lord.' I have been up yonder in prayer; I have told Him all my griefs, and I have thought to myself,—

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine;  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?"—

"and here I am strengthened, because 'I have seen the Lord.'"

And yet further, not to linger long upon any one of these points, these disciples saw the Lord as very few Christians have ever seen

Him,—*they saw Him as the great Sender-out of His people into the world to do good*, for He said to them, "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." Did it ever strike you what a little the Church of God is doing in these days? Twelve fishermen, within a century, had filled the armies of Cæsar with Christians,—had traversed every land,—had proclaimed the Gospel in every tongue,—till, at the end of a century, the Christians seemed to outnumber the heathen population of the world; and yet, with, I was about to say, millions of church-members, (and I suppose we have not less than that,) what are we doing? Hardly anything. We keep up our churches and our chapels; and, sometimes, there are some who have to be pressed hard to do even that; but how few we have, comparatively, who feel a Divine mission within,—who feel consecrated to Christ,—dedicated to His service, sent out to the world to be as much saviours, though after another sort, as ever Christ was sent to be a Saviour.

I know, in some of our Baptist churches, (and I suppose that things are quite as bad in others,) there are people who, when they take a seat, attend regularly, and listen to the sermon attentively, and come out a certain number of times in the week to attend service, think that they have done quite enough. If they are asked to assist in religious movements, they always excuse themselves, saying, "We have so many calls upon us,"—though I do not believe they ever listen to them. If they are asked whether they preach,—*"The thought never entered their heart;"*—whether they would go out among the poor of some neighbouring district,—whether they would teach in a Ragged School,—*"Not they, indeed!"* They think they are too respectable to do anything for Christ! It does not come into their minds to do anything for Him.

See some of the young men who join our churches;—if they join a rifle corps, they are active, fine fellows; but the moment they get into our churches, they have nothing to do with their arms and hands. Their names get on our books; but that is all. They are seen as attendants; but are doing nothing for Christ. If any other captain had such a do-nothing race of soldiers, as our great Captain, Jesus Christ, I am sure he would soon discharge them, and send them about their business.

Give us men who have felt that they have nothing to care about but Christ,—that He has delivered them from death, and sin, and guilt, and wrath; and that they have now joy, and life, and grace, and glory. Such men would become a power in the world. They would carve their names upon the tablets of history; and these names would be gazed upon by angels, when emperors and kings shall be forgotten.

That missionary yonder, who, with his life in his hand, lands on the barbarian shore, to teach the savage how to pray,—that man, surely, must have seen the Lord. That humble woman, leaving all the quietude and retirement of the fireside, and going out, spending her day among the poor and worthless, that she may lift them from degradation, and teach them to know Christ,—surely, she must have seen the Lord. That merchant, who goeth out to make wealth, but only that the wealth should be Christ's,—who trades for Christ,—that man, surely, must have seen the Lord.

We want members who will work for Christ. We want people like the old saint, who was wont to say, that he did eat and drink and sleep eternal life;—he had become so thoroughly consecrated that he trusted he did nothing except for Jesus. Everything for Jesus, is a Divine motto, though often sadly misused. God help us to devote ourselves to Christ, and to make that motto ours!

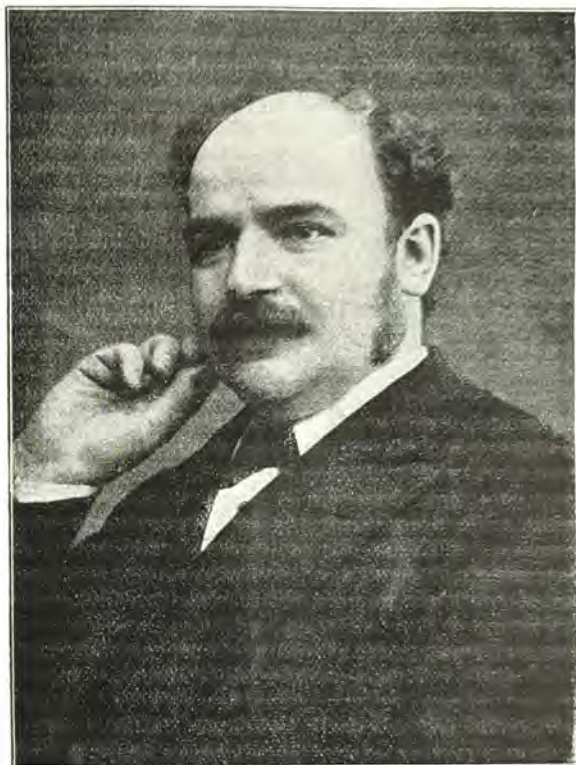
But if we were to preach this doctrine to the members of some of our churches, they would call us very legal names. Some even in our Baptist churches do not understand this working for Christ. Many of them remind us of that passage in the Book of Job, where it is written, "The oxen were ploughing, and the asses feeding beside them." There is no small proportion of that latter class in the Church at present, who are well content to be continually feeding; but, as to doing any of the work of the Church, they will sit still, leaving God to do it, or other men to do it; but they will not so much as touch it themselves. These men—what shall they do in the coming of the Son of man, when Christ cometh to gather together His people, when the tree shall be known by its fruit, when He shall come, "whose fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire"? What shall these "unprofitable servants" do then? What shall become of these, who have hidden their talent in the earth, and kept their Lord's money? What shall these do, whose crown, if they had one, would be without a star; who are never spiritual progenitors in Israel, but barren and unfruitful,—these selfish ones,—ice-bound and frost-bound in the nakedness of their own little spirits? Oh, may the Lord have mercy upon them now! May they "see the Lord" as sending them out, even as Christ was sent out by His Father!

And I ought to say, before leaving this point, that *these disciples saw the Lord as giving them the Holy Ghost*. It would be sad to hear Christ commanding us to go forth without giving us strength to obey the commandment. To know my mission, without having the power to fulfil it, were miserable indeed. But seeing the Lord giving us all the power we need, preaching is a glorious work. Dear friends, I know not how many of you have "seen the Lord" in this last sense; but I must say that, when a man has once felt the influence of the Holy Ghost, he is lifted up above the common race of mankind, the level of ordinary humanity. Other men deliberate, and are afraid; but he dashes onward. When others labour in their own strength, there is not the effect in their service that rests on his work. True Christians are not like the men mentioned in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," who steered the ships, and held the ropes, but were dead men still; but the man with the Holy Ghost in him is mighty because he has been quickened into newness of life. Heaven yields to him; earth is plastic in his hands, like clay in the hands of the potter; and men tremble before him, for he is mighty when God fills him with His Spirit.

(To be concluded next month.)

## “Our Own Men” and their Work.

XCIV.—PASTOR C. D. GOODING, BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, ESSEX.



**I**F the brother, whose portrait appears this month, is not among the number of “Our Own Men” who have taken the highest positions in the denomination, he has, by his consistent life, abundant labours, and earnest preaching of the Gospel, brought glory to God, honour to the College, and proved himself to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. That he has served the church at Burnham-on-Crouch for a quarter of a century, with increasing acceptance, and the manifest blessing of God, is no mean reason why a brief sketch of his career should find a place in the pages of this Magazine.

Mr. Gooding was born, in London, on the 20th of March, 1853. Like many more of our ministers, he did not come from a Baptist family. But his parents were Christians; and, through their gracious influence and faithful training, he grew up with a longing desire to be a Christian, and a worker for the Lord Jesus Christ. At the age of fifteen, he was under deep conviction of sin, but for many months could not find peace. One Sabbath afternoon, however, he was led

to hear Pastor Archibald G. Brown, whose text, on that occasion, consisted of but one word; but what a word, "Calvary"! Some of the divisions of that sermon are still remembered by our brother,— "Calvary's Wonder," "Calvary's Witness," and "Calvary's Invitation;" but it was when the preacher touched upon "Calvary's Love" that the heart of his youthful hearer was melted, his doubts were banished, and he was able to say,—

" Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down,  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Immediately after his conversion, Mr. Gooding became a Sunday-school teacher, began to conduct children's services, and it was not long before he was called to preach in the chapels and mission-halls in the district. After careful study, he was convinced of the Scripturalness of believers' baptism, was baptized, on March 16, 1871, by Mr. Brown, in Stepney Green Tabernacle, and became a member of the church there, thus having the great privilege of listening week by week to the beloved Pastor, and receiving a training in expository preaching which is, no doubt, the secret of his success, throughout his own ministry, in that much-to-be-desired style of preaching.

Mr. Gooding was urged to apply for admittance to the Pastors' College; but, fearing to take so important a step at that time, he continued in business, undertaking, at the same time, the leadership of the East London Tabernacle Mission Chapel, Darling Row. Among the many who were brought to the Lord during his term of service there, two are especially remembered, a child of tender years, and a man who had passed his hundredth birthday. Oh, wonderful Gospel of God's grace, that can woo and win the little child, and pierce the heart of the most aged sinner! Among our brother's most cherished possessions, is a very handsome inkstand, which was presented to him by the workers at this Mission.

With such signs following his preaching, he could no longer doubt his call to the ministry; and, in the Spring of the year 1875, an application for admission to the Pastors' College, signed by Pastor A. G. Brown and the deacons of the East London Tabernacle Church, was forwarded to the ever-to-be-revered President. The answer to this was, "Come in at once;" and though it was the middle of the session, Mr. Gooding immediately commenced his studies.

On the second Sabbath in February, 1876, our friend supplied the pulpit at Burnham-on-Crouch, little thinking that it was the beginning of more than twenty-five years' work for the Master in that place. He preached there regularly until January, 1877, when an invitation was given him to become the pastor. After due consideration, this was accepted, though he continued to reside in London until the end of his College course. During the whole of this long pastorate, Mr. Gooding has continued to retain the affections of his people, has won the love of the pastors and members of the other churches in the district, both of his own and other denominations, and gained the esteem of all with whom he has been associated in municipal work.

Much blessing has rested upon his labours in his own church, where, besides the preaching services, successful Bible and Mutual Improvement Classes have been conducted to the acknowledged help of the young people of the place. Not content with seeking the salvation of those who gather in the chapel, Mr. Gooding has conducted, for several years, a preaching service on the quay, after the usual Sunday evening meeting. Large crowds gather to hear the Word, and eternity only will reveal all the good that has been done.

The Mission Church at Althorne has also prospered; the services are well attended, there is a good Sunday-school, and a successful Band of Hope, while the £100 mortgage has been paid off the building. During the year 1891, Mr. Gooding was President of the Essex Baptist Union, thus receiving the highest honour his brethren in the county could give him; and as a proof of the esteem of the churches in the district, he was, in 1898, elected President of the Maldon and District Free Church Council.

Feeling that he might be of use to the people generally, Mr. Gooding has given a good deal of time to municipal work, and he is at present the senior representative of the parish on the Board of Guardians, Chairman of the School Attendance Committee, Vice-chairman of the Rural District Council, and a member of the School Board. It is not too much to say that he is most highly respected by all who are associated with him in these various works, not merely for the sake of his ability, but because of his sterling Christian character.

Mr. Gooding was married, on April 14th, 1879, to Miss Sarah Ann Taylor, of Burnham; she was converted under his ministry, and baptized by him, and has been a true helper in all his work. There have been many changes in Burnham during the twenty-five years of Mr. Gooding's pastorate. The little oyster-fishing village has become quite a town, and the building, in which the church has worshipped for many years, is now not only too small, but it has become positively unsafe. The church must, therefore, arise and build.



A plan has been prepared for a new chapel, schoolroom, class-rooms, vestries, etc., the estimated cost of which is £1,800. The people have given right nobly, some even out of their very poverty, and in promises and in cash £600 has already been raised; but substantial help is needed from friends outside, as it is certainly deserved. Will not many of the Lord's stewards send donations for the Building Fund to Pastor C. D. Gooding, Western Villas, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex; and thus help the church, which has stood for those principles which we hold most dear for at least 228 years, and from which some of the most honoured and leading men of the denomination have come? They will help thus to make this "silver wedding" to be full of "golden" joy for both pastor and people.

Hornchurch, Essex.

F. C. MORRIS.

## Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"*Sir, we would see Jesus.*"—John xii. 21.

MOST probably, the "certain Greeks" here mentioned, who expressed the desire to see the Lord, were proselytes to the Jewish faith, for they had come to Jerusalem "to worship." Perhaps they had heard, in their own land, of the wonderful Man who claimed to be "the Messiah"; and it may be that some feeling, deeper than that of mere curiosity, stirred their hearts to seek His presence. However that may be, we make their request our own this morning, and very earnestly would we plead that a sight of the Lord Jesus, in His many endearing relations to us, may be vouchsafed to our waiting souls. "Let me see the King's face," is a prayer that can never be overlooked or disregarded at the court of the Majesty on High.

What is it to "*see*" Thee, blessed Master? We cannot look upon Thee with our natural eyes, as these long-ago seekers expected to do; but if Thou wilt open the eyes of our soul, and give us the vision of faith, we shall spiritually discern Thee, and behold something of the heavenly beauty and grace of "Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." And even if Thou wilt but give to us a partial and half-concealed view of Thyself, as Thou didst to Thy spouse, the Church, when she said, "He looketh forth at the windows, shewing Himself through the lattice," yet this will be inexpressibly precious; for, to see Thee, is to love Thee; and to love Thee, is to know that Thou hast first loved us; and to know this, is Life Eternal!

Lord, I would see Thee as Thou wast when incarnate on this sin-stricken earth,—meek, lowly, suffering, "acquainted with grief," veiling Thine own glory by being made "in fashion as a man," that Thou mightest raise poor fallen men to the high estate of "heirs together" with Thee in Thy Kingdom. I would see Thee as Thou didst walk, with weary footstep, along that sad and gloomy valley of humiliation which ended in the cruel cross, Thy precious death, Thy glorious



resurrection and ascension; and, as I gaze on all these wondrous mysteries and revelations of Thy love, my faith overcomes all fear, and I cry out, "My Lord, and my God,"—all this for *me!*"

Lord, I would see Thee as Thou art now, in glory at the Father's right hand, waiting till "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." Till that blessed day shall dawn, Thou art watching over and interceding for Thine own, comforting, strengthening, delivering them;—caring for every item of their daily experience, keeping them abiding in Thyself, and preparing them for the inheritance which Thy great love has secured to them through faith in Thy Name.

But, Lord, it is here and now that I desire most of all to see Thee; Thy visits are so precious, Thy fellowship most exceeding sweet. How the shadows flee away at Thy approach, and the darkest night is lightened if Thou dost but appear to me! One glimpse of Thy countenance, one love-whisper from Thy lips, ravishes my heart with a foretaste of Heaven's blessedness.

Lord, I would see Thee in all my *joys*, not only receiving them as gifts from Thy bountiful hand, but feeling that Thou dost share them with me, thus sanctifying and exalting them; and I would see Thee in every *sorrow*, when only Thy voice can comfort, and Thy sympathy reach to the depths of my suffering. I would see Thee when perplexed and anxious concerning either heavenly or earthly things, for Thou art "the wisdom of God," and I cannot go wrong, or do amiss, so long as I follow closely after Thee, and keep Thy commandments. I would see Thee, Thou blessed One, in Thy wondrous relation to me as my Redeemer, and my Husband! I would often look upon Thee as the Purchaser of my soul by Thine own precious blood, and realize that the absolute surrender of myself, and my will, is but the natural sequence of such an unparalleled sacrifice as Thine.

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As these are "personal" notes, I may be pardoned for introducing a personal experience in illustration of my subject. A glimpse of the Lord Jesus was given me, just lately, under stress of temptation, in this wise. It was a fair and lovely Sabbath morning when I awaked from sleep much depressed in spirit, and with a sense of coming evil heavy upon me. Presently, I felt the ominous warnings of an ague-fit, and feared I might again have to wrestle with the strong agitation which it produces. I had looked forward to a day of enjoyment and success with my small service for the Master; but my hopes were at once crushed, as I knew well the weakness and weariness, the loss of all physical and mental energy, which these painful attacks leave behind them.

The enemy of souls immediately availed himself of the opportunity to molest and trouble me. Into my heart he threw wicked doubts of God's love and care, suggesting cruel and ungrateful thoughts of Him who is all tenderness and pity to His children. "God doesn't care," he hissed, "else He would not have permitted this pain and discomfort to come upon you at the very moment when you were

anticipating a joyful day of rest. Is it likely that He thinks about *you*, and remembers your need, when He has the whole universe to support and control? You are very fond of saying, 'God never makes a mistake;' but are you quite sure there is a God at all? Do not all things happen by chance; or, at least, according to the ordinary course of nature?"

Many more cruel and fiery darts he hurled at me; but, in a few moments, the blessed Spirit revealed the Lord Jesus to me as the Vanquisher of Satan, and the Deliverer of His people, and I was enabled to "resist the devil," and set him and his vile insinuations at defiance. I *saw Jesus*, by faith, as my faithful, unchangeable Saviour, "a very present help in trouble;" I put my case into His hands, and He rebuked my enemy, liberated my soul, and caused me to triumph in Him alone.

Oh, to be thus helped and comforted always! It is possible to those who look, and wait, and watch, for He is infinitely willing to reveal Himself to the soul which, "like a hart for water-brooks," pants after His presence, and thirsts to be refreshed by a draught of His love and grace. Surely, if we have ever known anything of the joy of seeing Jesus, we shall not rest content when He is absent, or close our eyes in wilful indifference when He is passing by.

And yet, alas! this is just what we often do, causing Him to withdraw Himself, or make His visits rare, and thus both grieving Him and wickedly sinning against our own souls. For, how desolate we are without Him! There is no real joy, no happiness, no satisfaction to be found except in Him. My life is as a vine stripped of its fruit, a fire extinguished and dead, a sky without a star, and a landscape without the sun, if Jesus be not with me.

And if this be really so, what cause have I for deep thanksgiving and gratitude, for if I missed Thee not, dear Lord, when Thou art gone away, I might well doubt if ever Thy presence had been manifested to me. A soul, once feasted on the dainties of Thy love, can never again enjoy the coarse and unclean fare provided by the world. One thing I know, blessed Master, I would now sooner starve than feed upon earthly delights; I would rather always mourn after Thee, than be content without Thee; I would choose to pass my life in seeking and sighing for Thee, rather than be one of those poor blind mortals who can say, "There is no beauty that we should desire Him."

May our eyes be constantly looking up for the sweet vision, and our prayer be continually, "Lord, that I may receive my sight!" For, many a time, I doubt not, we might have seen Him but for eyes blurred with tears of self-pity, or aching with the windblown dust of the world's pleasures or pains, or dim with the long-cherished doubt and sadness which becloud our upward glances. Oh, for the day when we shall "see His face" without a veil between, and gaze unhindered upon the glorious loveliness of Him who loved us even unto death!

I never look with satisfaction or emotion on any pictured semblance of the Saviour. They all seem so far, far below the ideal which is in my heart that they utterly fail to set forth either the grief

or the hidden glory which must have dwelt in His blessed countenance. But this does not matter if I see Him by faith. If I "endure as seeing Him who is invisible," I can then be content to wait till He meets me in the Homeland, and I see Him as He is.

## "Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 488.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(a) *The Testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ.*

The pledge and prophecy of our blessed Redeemer that "the Paraclete" should come and recall, reveal, and foretell all truth, cast Christ's endorsement *forwards* over "the Acts" and Epistles of the apostles, whom, by His life statements, and farewell words, He had lifted, as we have already seen, into a position of commanding authority equal to His own, as the verbally-inspired mouthpieces of the eternal Jehovah; and thus, *anticipatively*, the Lord binds Himself to the as yet unwritten utterances of the Holy Ghost through them: "He shall bring all things to your remembrance;" "He will guide you into all truth: . . . He will shew you things to come" (John xiv. 26; xvi. 13); since, indeed, clearer and more emphatic words could scarcely be spoken; while, *retrospectively*, He stands by *the very words* of the apocalyptic vision as "signified unto His servant John" (Revelation i. 1; xxii. 18, 19); and, with the solemn sanctions of this final statement, I cannot help thinking by the whole Canon of both the Old and New Testament Scriptures.

Then, again, as regards the Gospels, though, on the first blush, it may seem merely arguing in a circle to make the authenticity of these memoirs depend largely upon the witness of Him whose life-claims and character they alone narrate, yet is the reasoning not vicious, at any rate to those who profess to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Lord; since, as we may and do dare to stake our belief in the Divinity of Jesus by the magnificent exposition of the Godhead in His inimitably pure and spotless humanity, so do we accept the Gospels because they, in revealing a supernatural life, do so by a manifestly supernatural agency; and, indeed, to all others this simple challenge may suffice. Let some critic write a fifth biography worthy of a place beside these four, or let the centuries evolve another Jesus Christ; and if the boasted progress of two millenniums cannot accomplish this, we need not bandy idle words in combating the arrogant claims of those development theories which have lived long enough to falsify themselves.

It is, however, pre-eminently in connection with the authenticity and Inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures, as the Canon was jealously preserved and unreservedly accepted by the Jewish nation, that we cite the evidence and testimony of our Lord and Saviour. In language of the strongest literalism, He never fails to express un-

staggering belief in the strangest and most unlikely of Old Testament incidents, cleaves to the Verbal Inspiration of the Law in its minutest details, wins controversies by the tense of a verb, hangs arguments on single words, and defends His Godhead by quotations from somewhat obscure and mysterious utterances of David (Matthew xii. 40; Luke xvii. 32; xvi. 17; John x. 34; Matthew xxii. 32—45); in short, Christ accepts in the simplest fashion, and reasons from, as in every point final and conclusive, "all things which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms;" speaks with a most humble and holy reverence concerning the very "jots and tittles" of those Sacred Scriptures which he affirms "cannot be broken" (Luke xxiv. 44; Matthew v. 18; John x. 35); and, in the most thoroughgoing and emphatic manner, endorses by lip and life the supernatural, prophetic, Verbal Inspiration of the Old Testament writings; and, indeed, so palpable is this fact, that the highest of higher critics can only evade the inevitable consequences of the tremendous issue by attributing "accommodation" and "limitation" theories to the speech and knowledge of our blessed Lord, unbecoming and discreditable alike to His integrity and His Godhead.

We should ever remember that, even beyond and above the deep self-sacrificing desire of our beloved Redeemer "to seek and to save that which was lost," His most supreme ambition was in all things to please and honour the Father, glorifying Him with a whole heart in the observance of the Law, and the redemption of fallen man. Thus, Christ's first recorded utterance, at twelve years of age, was, "Wist ye not that I must be about My *Father's* business?" while His last words were, "*Father*, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit;" so also the baptismal preface to His public ministry, "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness;"—the proclamation of the Father's love to rebel men, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten *Son*,"—the burning indignation wherewith the vendors of sheep and doves were rebuked, "Take these things hence; make not My *Father's* house a house of merchandise;"—the startling pronouncement, "The *Father* hath not let Me alone; for I do always those things which please Him;"—and the final prayer on the threshold of Gethsemane, "*Father*, . . . I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do" (Luke ii. 49; xxiii. 46; Matthew iii. 15; John iii. 16; ii. 15—17; viii. 28, 29; xvii. 1, 4); were but the revealings of how completely Christ carried through His dogmatic statement, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work" (John iv. 34); and this necessarily involved a working out of the Divine purposes by our Saviour's complete fulfilment, in His life and death, of those Old Testament writings of the Holy Ghost, through "Moses and all the prophets," which predicted "the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow;" so that, with the rare unselfishness which is always beautifully characteristic of the work of each Person of the Sacred Trinity, our Lord lived pre-eminently to magnify the will of the Father and to fulfil the predictions of the eternal Spirit (Luke xxiv. 25, 27, 44—46; 1 Peter i. 11; Hebrews ix. 14; x. 9; see also Matthew iv. 14—16; viii. 17;

xi. 25—27; xii. 17; xxvi. 54—56; John i. 18; v. 19; vi. 37—40; ix. 4; xii. 14, 27, 28; xix. 28—30;—quotations, not from those Gospels which mirror Christ rather in the aspect of the obedient servant [Mark], and the Son of man [Luke], but from these which manifest His highest dignity as King [Matthew], and Son of God [John]; and thus, with not only the testimony of the lip, but the most exquisite sufferings of His life and death, Christ bound up in the same bundle of being His own earth-history and character with the prophetic utterances of Moses, the psalmist, and all the prophets.

Now, these multiplied testimonies and endorsements of our Divine Lord are of such vital importance that, even at the risk of seeming redundancy, we would trace some of them more or less in detail. When, on the threshold of the Saviour's life-ministry, He was assailed fiercely by the tempter, the only defensive and offensive weapon which our blessed Redeemer condescended to use was “the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God” (Ephesians vi. 17). Thrice craftily attacked, He on each occasion routed the adversary by the simple yet sublime retort, “It is written,” all the quotations being from the much-hated and belittled Book of Deuteronomy; which line of defence proved so effective that Satan actually endeavoured to defeat the Lord by imitating His tactics, and—*placing himself with the mildest, least offensive, but most dangerous school of higher critics, who contend that the Bible CONTAINS, but is not the Word of God,*—argued from the 91st Psalm, omitting, however, from two verses of thirty-two words, the seven pregnant monosyllables, “To keep thee in all thy ways,” upon which the entire force and argument of the promise turn; and receiving, in consequence, the trenchant rebuke, “Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God” (Matthew iv. 4, 6, 7, 10). Again, at Nazareth, when our Saviour entered the synagogue, and delivered His first-recorded Sermon, and so much depended, humanly-speaking, upon His favourable reception, reading from the Book of the prophet Esaias, (and that, too, from a chapter *subsequent* to the 40th!) “He began to say unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears” (Luke iv. 21); and quoting from the historical Books of Kings, endorsed the miraculous incidents concerning Elijah and the widow of Sarepta, and Elisha and Naaman, the leprous Syrian, proving His position by a largely negative argument based upon the *silence* of these sacred narratives. We may well ask, with a measure of pardonable sarcasm, how or in what sense did our Lord “accommodate” Himself to the traditional theories of His congregation when, “filled with wrath,” “they rose up” to “cast Him down headlong” from “the hill” (Luke iv. 16—30).

Further on, in supporting and amplifying the teachings of the Law as given through Moses, we find the Saviour uttering this very remarkable and unequivocal statement, “Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, *Till Heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled*” (Matthew v. 17, 18);—“jot” or “yod” being the smallest letter of the Hebrew

alphabet. and a "tittle" one of the slightest strokes or projections of these letters;—the English parlance for these expressions practically being, "not the particle of a syllable, or a letter;" and the Latin, "not an iota;"—and if words have any meaning, we challenge contradiction in affirming that language could scarcely be conceived more emphatic and thoroughgoing in its maintenance of Verbal Inspiration.

But more, this assertion is deliberately repeated as conclusive in no less important a connection than that of the marriage relation: "it is easier for Heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail" (Luke xvi. 17, 18); and, in another passage, the Lord, as though He would for ever settle all controversy concerning *the Scriptural GENESIS of events PRIOR TO THE FALL*, stretches away back, and speaking on the sanctity of the same "bonds", says to the quibbling, hair-splitting, tempting Pharisees, "*Have ye not read*, that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh?" (Matthew xix. 4—6; see also Mark x. 6—9;) while, on the other hand, when alluding to John the Baptist, Christ claims a fulfilment from *the very LAST Book* of the Old Testament Canon: "This is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee" (Luke vii. 27).

And so, ever and anon, in all the life-ministry of our beloved Redeemer, we find such familiar phrases as "It is written," "Have ye never read?" etc. (Matthew xxi. 13, 16, 42; Mark ii. 25; xii. 10; Luke x. 26; xix. 46; etc.); as from historical incidents, vague prophecies, and distinct allusions alike, our Lord supports His arguments, and lays down the foundations of His teaching. If it be in interpreting the Divine conception and object of "the Sabbath", Christ quotes thrice successively from the *historical* Book of Samuel, the *law* of Moses, and the *prophet* Hosea: "Have ye not read what David did, when he was an hungred, and they that were with him? . . . Or have ye not read in the law, how that on the Sabbath days the priests in the temple profane the Sabbath, and are blameless? . . . But if ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless" (Matthew xii. 3—8; ix. 13; Mark ii. 25; Luke vi. 3). If it be in denouncing old-time Bazaars, our Saviour appeals to *Isaiah*: "It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves" (Matthew xxi. 13; Mark xi. 17; Luke xix. 46). If it be in predicting solemn judgments against the rejectors of His love, the Lord produces His testimony from *the Psalms*: "Did ye never read in *the Scriptures*, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes" (Matthew xxi. 42; Mark xii. 10, 11; Luke xx. 17)?

And, indeed, when the humble subservience (I use this expression with great reverence,) of our Divine Lord to "the Holy Scriptures" of the Old Testament as God-breathed, all-authoritative, conclusive, and final, is contrasted with the present attitude of the majority at least of the so-called higher critics towards "the Sacred Writings", one

yearns for a revival of the day when none but the *highest* criticism shall be revered and acknowledged, even "the Word of God," which "is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner (*kritikos*) of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Hebrews iv. 12);—when men, however saintly and erudite, shall bow unreservedly and instantly to the decisions of Scripture, and not bring the Word of the living God to the tribunal of their fallible wisdom, fallen judgment, and errant consciences. Till then, at any rate, we shall rest content with the sublime yet childlike endorsements and sanctions of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Assuredly, *He* at least spoke with no bated breath or subdued reticence concerning the personality, character, teachings, words, and writings of the mighty Moses; and, in His omniscient wisdom, knew nothing of Ezra's hand in Leviticus, nor of Deuteronomy being written in or about the time of King Josiah. "Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer the gift *that Moses commanded*, for a testimony unto them" (Matthew viii. 4). "For *Moses said*, Honour thy father and thy mother; and, Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death: but *ye say*, If a man shall say to his father or mother, It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me, he shall be free. And ye suffer him no more to do ought for his father or his mother; *making the Word of God of none effect through your tradition*, which ye have delivered: and many such like things do ye" (Mark vii. 10—13). "And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead" (Luke xvi. 31). "Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father: there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust. For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me; for HE WROTE OF ME. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe My Words?" (John v. 45—47; see also vii. 19—23, etc.)

Thus, to Jesus Christ, the words and commandments of *the Pentateuch* were unquestionably those of Moses, the prophet, friend, and mouthpiece of the almighty and eternal Jehovah; while, concerning *the Psalms*, we find the Son of God saying, "For *David himself said by the HOLY GHOST*, The Lord said to my Lord, Sit Thou on My right hand, till I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (Mark xii. 35—37; Matthew xxii. 43—45; Luke xx. 42—44); and quoting from an obscure verse in the 82nd Psalm as "the Word of God," Christ founds His tremendous and intricate argument on this deliberate assertion, "*the Scripture cannot be broken*" (John x. 34, 35). Our blessed Lord also bears special witness to the predictions and writings of *Isaiah*: "Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, and honoureth Me with their lips; but their heart is far from Me. But in vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matthew xv. 7—9; xiii. 14; Mark vii. 6, 7); and nowhere does He indicate any knowledge or acceptance of the supposed dual authority of *Isaiah* (see Luke iv. 17—21; John xii. 38—41);—a gratuitous assumption which, we

shall hereafter see, was unconsciously but emphatically repudiated by the apostles, Matthew, John, and Paul;—and finally, as if anticipating the latest attacks of modern criticism on the Book of *Daniel*, our Lord Jesus most deliberately accepts the utterances of that Book, and its writer, in the words, "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand :) then let them which be in Judæa flee into the mountains" (Matthew xxiv. 15, 16; Mark xiii. 14).

But this is not all. *Our Divine Lord appears to have gone out of His way to emphasize and endorse nearly every old-time incident which is now derided as legendary lore, poetic fiction, or historic falsehood.* While many leaders, even of our Evangelical schools, to-day speak timidly and with bated breath concerning "Jonah and the great fish," "Lot's wife," "Noah's flood," and the destruction of "the cities of the plain," Christ unhesitatingly and unreservedly sets the seal and sanction of His authority and character as perfect God and perfect man to all these so-called Jewish fables (Matthew xii. 40; xvi. 4; Luke xi. 29—32; xvii. 26—32; Matthew xi. 23, 24; xxiv. 37—39; Mark vi. 11; Luke x. 12). Nay, further, the Lord pronounces His uncompromising convictions concerning the origin of humanity, "God made them male and female,"—the blood of martyred Abel,—the personal identity and existence of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—the incident of Moses and the burning bush,—the lifting up of the brazen serpent,—the feeding of the multitude with manna from heaven,—the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon, and the repentance of the Ninevites (Matthew xix. 4; Mark x. 6; Matthew xxiii. 35; Luke xi. 51; Matthew xxii. 31, 32; Mark xii. 26, 27; Luke xx. 37, 38; John viii. 37—40, 56—58; iii. 14; vi. 31, 49; Matthew xii. 41, 42; Luke xi. 31, 32);—while Elijah's marvellous ministry to the widow of Sarepta, his closing for three and a half years the windows of heaven, and calling down fire upon his enemies, and Elisha's miraculous healing of Naaman, all stand as facts believed in by our blessed Saviour (Luke iv. 25, 26; ix. 54; iv. 27), who, on the transfiguration mount, interviewed that selfsame Elijah, and his old friend Moses, "who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem" (Luke ix. 30, 31; Matthew xvii. 3; Mark ix. 4).

Let higher critics face these inexorable issues! To our Divine Lord, "My friend Abraham" was no mere hero of Jewish mythology, but a real personality. Moses was not discredited as the writer of the Pentateuch,—David regarded as a dreamy sentimentalist,—Isaiah shorn of half his individuality,—Jonah thrown overboard as allegorical,—and Daniel voted a creation of subsequent generations; *therefore, either the higher criticism is on these points ignorant, blatant, false; or else—terrible conclusion,—Jesus of Nazareth was a Jesuit or an ignoramus!* I blush to pen this impious sentence; but on the higher critics be the penalty; since, in thus discrediting our Lord, they have brought, and will bring, shame, confusion, and condemnation on their own heads from all those who love, and trust, and worship, our Divine and holy Saviour.

(To be continued next month.)



## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

### X.—THE EVANGELICAL CLERGY.

THE hills are farther away than they used to be; and there comes, at times, a mist across nearer things. I cannot walk as in the days of old, neither have I the upright bearing as when I sat my charger at Blenheim. The years have told; and where once there were but stray grey hairs, now 'twould be hard to find a black one. How reluctant an active man is to admit that he is growing old! It is only by failures, which surprise and distress him, that he at last confesses that the meridian of his strength has passed away, never to return. Happy is he who, when that discovery comes, can meet the inevitable, however humiliating may be its increasing helplessness, with calm confidence in the Lord Jehovah, in whom is "everlasting strength." Happy he who, daily anticipating the destruction of the "earthly house of this tabernacle," can look forward to that "building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I have been turning over the earlier pages of this Diary, begun when I returned from the wars, and dating from the year when I married Margery. Dear Margery! time has dealt gently with thee. The beauteous hair, sheeny with the golden sunlight, on which I gazed when young, hearing as in a dream thine uncle's Ironside yarns, still suggests its former glory, as passing from shade to shine, along the garden way, the rays of the day fall on thy sainted head. For thou art a saint, canonized by this countryside for thy good living, and known most of all as such by those with whom thou dwellest. And I have heard it said that household sainthood is the hardest to attain, and the highest when achieved.

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I have dropped into the style of long ago. Many a time, in the reign of Queen Anne, have I heard my honoured friend, Thomas Ellwood, use the "thee" and "thou." Ah, me! how far away that time seems! In the graveyard of "Jordans"—not far hence,—he lies at rest among the faithful.

Among the faithful! But, thank God, there are faithful ones to-day. It looked, when Ellwood died, as if men of faith and evangelic fervour would soon cease to be. But He, who heareth the cry of His people, had still mercy in store for this dear land. In the parsonage of Epworth, under the care of that remarkable woman, Mrs. Susanna Wesley, two boys were growing up, who have since preached, from one end of England to another, the Reformation doctrine of justification by faith alone. "Be steady," said the dying father of the Wesleys, as his children gathered around him at the last, "the Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you will see it, though I shall not." That forecast has indeed been fulfilled. In the very same year when Mr. Thomas Bradbury deplored to Bishop Burnet the passing of the Schism Act, there was born, at Gloucester, a boy who, in the Providence of God, was to lead multitudes to the Saviour's feet; I mean, that "burning and shining light," George Whitefield. The very same

year that was marked with the deaths of Matthew Henry and Thomas Ellwood, saw also the birth of Whitefield. Nor was this all. A little band of consecrated clergy has of late become known as gatherers of the same great harvest as Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon. Of these names, known to many a rejoicing heart to-day, Mr. James Hervey, the author of "Theron and Aspasio," Grimshaw, of Haworth, John Berridge, Daniel Rowlands, Romaine, Henry Venn, and Walker, of Truro, all were born in that dark time comprehended in the first twenty years of the century.

But there is one man living in retirement at King's Cliffe, in Northamptonshire, much the senior of the Methodist leaders, who may be said to have influenced most of them. This is William Law, a non-juring clergyman, and author of the book which has attracted the notice and admiration of so many minds during the past thirty years,—“A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.” At the beginning of this remarkable work, Law defines the devout man as one “who lives no longer to his own will, or the way and spirit of the world, but to the sole will of God; who considers God in everything; who makes all the parts of his common life, parts of piety, by doing everything in the Name of God, and under such rules as are conformable to His glory.” It was beneath the spell of these sentiments that “the Holy Club” flourished at Oxford; but, at that time, neither the Wesleys, Whitefield, Ingham, nor Hervey knew the saving doctrine of the imputation of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ to the individual soul. Full of a yearning for a devout life, these seekers, and others, read the “Serious Call,” and felt it to be a serious call to them to come out of the deadness around them, and live to God. But, for a time, they went about to establish their own righteousness. Since that day, Mr. Wesley has charged Law with neglecting to point out the efficacy of the atonement,—a charge which the recluse of King's Cliffe has strongly repudiated, referring John Wesley to their common teacher, Thomas à Kempis, “an author that, of all others, leads us to a living faith in Jesus Christ.”

It has since come to my knowledge—for I have interested myself greatly in the origins of the gracious time through which we are passing,—it has since become known to me, I say, that no sooner did Whitefield come fully to rest on the merits of Christ than he used strenuous efforts to bring Mr. Hervey to the same blessed ground. Letter after letter was sent, but no answer came. At last, Hervey broke the silence with the news that “God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into my heart, and given me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” The joy of Whitefield was very great, for well he knew what a talented recruit was won. He who was preaching to thousands could find time to write for particulars. Mr. Hervey's reply, by kind favour, I have seen. There are precious passages in it, and I can well recall the drift of them. “You are pleased to ask how the Holy Ghost convinced me of self-righteousness, and drove me out of my false rest.” So the letter begins. Further on, he says, “your journals, dear sir, and sermons, especially that sweet sermon on the text, ‘What think ye of Christ?’ were a means of bringing me to a knowledge of

the truth." "I trusted," Hervey declares, "I knew not what, while I trusted in some imaginary good deeds of my own. If I had the meekness of Moses and the patience of Job, the zeal of Paul and the love of John, I durst not advance the least plea to eternal life on this footing. As for my own beggarly performances, wretched righteousness,—gracious Emmanuel! I am ashamed, I am grieved, that I should ever have thrust them into the place of Thy Divine, Thine inconceivably precious obedience!" So wrote Hervey in the light of "the Dayspring from on high." And Whitefield, amid his many labours, rejoiced exceedingly that his friend was saved.

So, one by one, this band of men, whom God had sent into the world, at a special time, to do a special work together in England, came into the full knowledge of the way of salvation, and their ministries became "as rivers of water in a dry place."

A well-known name in these parts; indeed, throughout Beds., Bucks., Herts., and Huntingdon, is that of Master John Berridge, the vicar of Everton. He is a great itinerant, preaching wherever he can find an audience, in barns, churchyards, at cross-roads, and in cottages. He has a hymn in manuscript which, I hope, some day may see the light; the first verse of which greatly struck me. It shall stand here, if nowhere else,—

"Soon as faith the Lord can see  
Bleeding on a cross for me,  
Quick my idols all depart,  
Jesus gets and fills my heart."

The last line is the substance of the ministry of the vicar of Everton. Mr. Berridge has taken services in this vicinity; and, one night, I had the honour of entertaining him. He is a most witty man, and tells with gusto how he got the better of his bishop. He has not been very long at Everton, but long enough for idle incumbents round to complain of his zeal. These men accused him to the bishop.

"Well, Berridge," said his lordship, "they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish."

"It is true, my lord, I was one day at E——n, and there were a few poor people assembled together, and I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls; and I remember seeing five or six clergymen, that day, my lord, all out of their parishes, on E——n *bowling green*."

"Poh!" said the bishop; "you will be very likely sent to Huntingdon gaol."

"As to that, my lord," said Berridge, "I have no greater liking to Huntingdon gaol than other people have; but I had rather go thither, with a good conscience, than live at my liberty without one."

Mr. Berridge has not yet known the inside of Huntingdon gaol. His staunchness, however, is a welcome revival of the spirit which prevailed in Lollard and Puritan times, and that in a part of the country which produced so many confessors.

When I heard my worthy friend, for so I may now proudly call him, he discoursed something in this wise:—"Once I went to Jesus as a coxcomb, and gave myself fine airs, fancying, if He were some-

thing, so was I ; if He had merit, so had I. I used Him as a healthy man will use a walking-staff,—lean an ounce upon it, and vapour with it in the air. But, now, He is my whole crutch ; no foot can stir a step without Him. He is my all, as He ought to be if He will become my Saviour, and bid me cast all my care on Him.”

Oh, how different is this preaching from the balderdash of Sacheverell ! In my earlier days, the cry was, “The Church is in danger.” It was, for there were firebrands everywhere. The cry has not ceased ; for, now, drowsy, discontented parsons call out against the evangelists. Yet these are the men whom God hath raised up, whose zeal is as a wind to dry the mildew clinging to the walls of Zion.

\* \* \* \*

But I must pause, for a dear friend, who wishes to visit the graves of Ellwood and Penn, has arrived.

### The Yielding Heart.

“*I turned to see the voice.*”—Revelation i. 12.

“**I** TURNED to see the voice that spake ;—  
And being turned, I saw ;”

Thus, yielding hearts obtain the prize,  
And ere the beauteous vision flies,  
Rich draughts of comfort draw.

How oft “the Voice” which speaks in love,  
Fails to arrest the soul,  
Swayed by a trifling, worldly thought,  
Which to the spirit yieldeth nought,  
Yet will not brook control !

The loved disciple heard “the Voice,”  
And turning, thus surveyed  
The wondrous sights of heavenly birth,  
The mysteries of Heaven and earth,  
In majesty portrayed.

Lord, give my soul a hearing thirst,  
When Thou the Word dost speak,—  
That, turning, I may yield to Thee,—  
My soul, from earthly yearnings free,  
May but Thy glory seek !

To hear, to heed, to understand,  
Led on by grace Divine,  
With yielding heart which ever seeks  
And listens to “the Voice” which speaks,—  
Such heart, O Lord, be mine !

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

## C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XXXII.—BY F. HIBBERD, ASHFIELD, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.\*

I AM not expected to give a historical sketch of Mr. Spurgeon's life and ministry, but such of my reminiscences of him as will illustrate his personal excellences and ministerial qualities.

The effort to recall those instances, and arrange them in order, has led me over some very pleasant places in life's journey, and renewed my sense of my great indebtedness to Mr. Spurgeon, whose ministry was so helpful to me in my early Christian career. My recollections of him date back to the time when he first came into public notoriety. I remember that portrait of him which appeared in "The Baptist Messenger," with uplifted arm, and finger pointing to Heaven. A slender, youthful-looking preacher he was then, with a smiling countenance, revealing to me the fact that preaching the Gospel was the delightful work of his life. The notice of the young preacher's public utterances was so cordial and appreciative as to excite a great desire on the part of many of us to hear him for ourselves.

His first visit to Salisbury, my native city, was a life-event to me. The Sermons he preached, on that occasion, are not in any of the published volumes. Indeed, they were delivered before he began to publish his Sermons. Those services made their mark upon me for time and eternity.

It needs no effort to recall the scene, the crowded building, the eager congregation, the youthful preacher, the emphatic reading of the hymns verse by verse, the clear enunciation of the words of Scripture, the apt exposition, the rich experimental prayer, and then the Sermon, which was so clearly thought out, so adapted to the capacity of the hearers, so practical in its tendency, and delivered with that melodious voice which we can never forget. The afternoon Sermon, from Matthew i. 21, "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," was a gem of the first quality. How fully and beautifully he set forth Christ's work in His people! Not salvation *IN* sin, but *FROM* sin was a great point. In one part of the Sermon, the preacher was carried along by his admiration for the Name Jesus, and with thrilling eloquence said, "Jesus, 'tis a pearl dissolved, 'tis a sonnet rolled into a word, 'tis a great oratorio in five letters, 'tis the essence of music condensed in five syllables."

His evening Sermon, on that occasion, based on the words, "Go again seven times," was a marvellous discourse on successful prayer, whose chief qualities were suggested by James as effectual and fervent, but which Mr. Spurgeon freely expounded as *INWROUGHT* and *RED HOT*. He had evidently visited an iron foundry, and watched the pouring out of the molten metal, for that was his illustration of fervent prayer.

These services are dear to my heart now because of the light they gave me on a subject which caused me much mental and heart trouble.

\* A friend has sent us a copy of "The New South Wales Baptist," containing our Brother Hibberd's reminiscences; and we are glad to include them in our "Striking Sermons" series. The Sermon that he mentions, on Matthew i. 21, was delivered at many places; it was published in the "Sword and Trowel" for July and August, 1899.—ED.

I had commenced doing a little thinking on doctrinal matters, and was fairly bewildered over Divine Sovereignty and human responsibility. How they were to be reconciled, was a problem I could not solve. Mr. Spurgeon had a wonderful power of realizing the mental difficulties of his auditors and a very effectual way of meeting them. During the day's services, he raised the question of the apparent conflict between Divine Sovereignty and human responsibility, and met it very dexterously by showing that experience often solves a difficulty which a reasoning process has no power to remove. His illustration, at that time, was a steam bridge. You could see its chains on this side of the stream and on the other side, but the links between were hidden from sight; but when the bridge steamed into the middle of the stream, you FELT it was resting on the unseen chains. So with these truths; you might not be able to see how they harmonized, but you felt their bearing in your life. That teaching, enforced by an illustration which was quite familiar, gave me mental repose on that point which has never been disturbed.

On another occasion, we had a visit from the popular preacher, and having learnt the need of greater accommodation on his first visit, we arranged for him to preach at Old Sarum, near the site of the ancient Roman city. From ten to twelve thousand persons gathered on the open green sward, and listened with delighted interest to the fine Evangelical Sermon he preached from Isaiah lv. 1, "Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Mr. Spurgeon's mastery over large audiences was manifest during the delivery of this memorable Sermon. It was in every respect a typical one. The brief introduction was in keeping with the characteristic advice he once gave me: "Do not go creeping into your subject, first to the ankles, and then to the knees, as some preachers do, but plunge into it at once over head and ears; that's the way to get the attention of the people. Don't spar at them, but hit out straight from the shoulder." I seem to hear that fine voice as he led off like this, "When a man has anything to sell, he usually shows his article, describes its nature, and dwells upon its excellent qualities. Then he next endeavours to bring the people UP to his price, but my business will be to bring you DOWN to mine;" and with a few more words about his intentions to persuade them to take what he had to offer on his terms, he began preaching the Gospel under the figures of wine and milk, and by the aid of them brought out some of its most attractive features. His definition of the substance of the Gospel was very felicitous, "the preaching of a full, free, present, everlasting pardon to sinners through Jesus Christ's atoning blood." Would-be buyers of the Gospel viands were represented as approaching to negotiate terms; the Romanist with his abundant good works, the punctilious Churchman who had gone through his ecclesiastical routine of duty, the man of wealth who pleaded his charities, and the Calvinist who valued his rich experience. Other phases of this desire to bring something to Christ were dealt with, and all such terms were disallowed; and then such a pleading, as only a soul aglow with zeal for Christ and love for souls could employ, to take Christ as a free, satisfying gift. It was a novel kind of preaching, but it told wonderfully on his audiences. The Word, as

Mr. Spurgeon preached it, was a two-edged sword, dividing asunder soul and spirit, and discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart. From such discourses I formed my judgment of the breadth of his ministry, and was able to understand the secret of his power as a preacher.

Still later, but before I entered the Pastors' College, Mr. Spurgeon paid a visit to the old cathedral city of Winchester, and delivered a powerful Sermon on the words, "This is the true grace of God wherein ye stand." Orthodoxy, organization, morality, frames and feelings, and other dependences of man were tested and shown to give him no ground on which to stand, and then the Christian was brought face to face with the grace of God, and established there in very deed. Life-lessons for me:—distrust frames, and rely only on Christ; religion of feeling surrendered, and a religion of principle established in its place.

Mr. Spurgeon's visits to the rural districts were gala days for the residents. All work would be suspended, or very largely so. People would come from many miles round to hear. I remember two such occasions in Cambridgeshire, at which I was present, one at Melbourn, about nine miles from Cambridge, and the other at Landbeach, about two miles from Waterbeach, the scene of Mr. Spurgeon's first pastorate. In the latter place, he preached in a capacious barn with a cow-crib for his pulpit, but he seemed quite as much at home as in a well-ordered church. No matter where he exercised his functions as a minister, whether in the cultured city or rural village, in the open air or the comfortable sanctuary, in the stuffy, sound-killing barn, or the well-ventilated Tabernacle, with its almost perfect acoustics, he was the master of assemblies. His zeal for his Master's glory, his delight in proclaiming the truth, his desire to win souls, lifted him above adverse circumstances; his mind and heart were absorbed by his spiritual work, and he had no thought for anything else.

How well he could adapt himself to the different classes to whom he ministered! Amongst villagers, his illustrations had the smell of the field which the Lord has blessed; in the city, he often pointed a moral by reference to some local custom, industry, or peculiarity. He was all things to all men, that he might gain the more.

During his early ministry, he did a prodigious amount of work in the cities, towns, and villages of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and so rendered aid to the whole Christian Church on a large scale. Applications poured in till they could not be entertained, and such onerous labours began to tell on his vigorous system; and, by degrees, they had to be discontinued. But it was a test of his power as a preacher that, wherever he went, the multitudes gathered around him, and "heard him gladly." Mr. Spurgeon never seemed to be straining after effect. It never gave him a moment's anxiety that he was not a great thinker, as the phrase goes.

I remember his taking the students to the Crystal Palace for a day's recreation; and as I was about to leave for Sydney shortly, he singled me out, and had a long talk on a variety of subjects. Such conversations with Mr. Spurgeon were times of enjoyment and rich profit. I remember one such occasion after the day's services at Landbeach.

He was sitting in the open air, in the quiet of the evening, and he began talking to me about doctrinal matters, and revealed such wide knowledge. such discriminating power, such a perfect mastery of theology as sufficed to convince me that his mind was richly furnished. One had an opportunity, at such times, of asking all sorts of knotty questions, which were answered in a straightforward and conclusive manner; but it was done in a spirit which indicated love and a sound mind.

The Crystal Palace visit, referred to above, reminds me of another incident by which we may learn how Mr. Spurgeon got his wonderful power. As we were walking up the main aisle of the Palace, pointing to the gallery almost opposite to the great orchestra, he said, "I remember preaching from that place." Well he might, for he had to face 24,000 souls. It was the National Fast observed during the Indian Mutiny, and Mr. Spurgeon had been requested to preach in the Palace on behalf of the Indian Relief Fund; the collection, with two special donations added, amounted to £700. The solemnity of the day, the greatness of the occasion, the vast audience expected, and the intense desire to be a faithful witness for God, so affected Mr. Spurgeon that he was fearfully depressed, weakened, and disconcerted. It was a significant fact that, the Sunday prior to the memorable service in the Palace, he preached from the words, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." He avowed, in his opening remarks, that his endeavour was to encourage himself as well as others, for tornadoes and hurricanes had been sweeping over his life, his soul was cast down, he longed for death, his spirit flagged, and his courage broke down at the thought of what was to come. "Man's weakness a preparation for service,—reliance on the promise bringing strength, fear dissipated,"—these were the points of the discourse. They were revelations of his inward life, his profound sense of weakness, his yearning to obtain Divine help, his victory, a courageous spirit. The fruit of all this soul-travail came out in the service at the Palace.

Were I dealing with Mr. Spurgeon's history, I could find evidence of some of his most splendid qualities in the record of that service. His loyalty to the monarch and throne of England, and his intense patriotism, shine like stars of the first magnitude in it. No heart ever beat truer towards Queen Victoria, or longed more earnestly for the real welfare of Britain than did Charles Haddon Spurgeon's. In every fibre of his nature, he was a loyal Englishman.

But my remarks have to do with the preacher, who evidently came forth with the burden of the Lord resting upon him. His text was, "Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it." The Indian Mutiny was the rod. The picture of the horrors and abominations of that bloody revolt must have taxed Mr. Spurgeon's sympathetic nature to the utmost, and roused every soul in that great audience. But the old prophetic fire and faithfulness appeared as he enumerated and denounced the sins of the nation, of rulers, of capitalists, of merchants, of labourers, of the Church. Oh, the daring courage, the intense truthfulness. the convicting power of those fiery utterances, followed, however, by a plea into which he put his whole soul, to repent and forsake



these sins, and by faith in Christ secure abundant pardon for all of them.

While I was associated with the Pastors' College, an incident took place which serves to show how much Mr. Spurgeon's heart was in his work. He had passed through a week of exhaustive toil, and had vainly tried till a late hour on Saturday night to open the text upon which his heart was set. Thus unsuccessful, he retired to rest. During the night, and while fast asleep, he announced a text, and went through a Sermon in a most methodical way. Rising betimes, he mentioned to Mrs. Spurgeon how utterly he had failed to make anything of the text which he felt he must take. "What text was it?" she asked; and when told, she replied, "Oh! I heard you preach a Sermon on that text during the night, and I think I could tell you the substance of it." She did so, Mr. Spurgeon acting as amanuensis, and the Sermon was delivered that morning in the Tabernacle\* with special effect.

Most of those Sermons, which were peculiarly fruitful in conversions, were preceded by seasons of deep concern and fervent prayer. The ministry was far from a profession with Mr. Spurgeon; it was a burden which, at times, was almost insupportable. Sometimes, his sense of responsibility was so great, so awful, he seemed like one beside himself, and his officers dared not leave him alone; but, by their presence, and fervent prayers, lifted him up till the moment came to enter the platform. When face to face with his work, he acquitted himself as one who was strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. During the Great Exhibition of 1862, when London was crowded with visitors, the Metropolitan Tabernacle was densely thronged at every service; and, at the request of Mr. Spurgeon, regular seat-holders gave up their pews in the evening to strangers, so that those who desired to hear the Gospel might have an opportunity.

My last recollections of Mr. Spurgeon date back to 1874, when I was visiting England in quest of health. During a pleasant interview with him in his study, he enquired about the work of Jesus Christ amongst us with great interest. As we were parting, that day, he said, "Ah, Hibberd! you will come back to the old land some day, and find me gone." We met twice afterwards at the Tabernacle. At the first meeting, he insisted upon giving me a parting gift as a token of his affection,—three volumes of "The Treasury of David," and the current volume of his Sermons. In the first volume of "The Treasury of David," I delight to read this inscription:—"To my beloved brother, Frederick Hibberd. May the Lord be with him evermore!" I had embarked on the "Jason" for my homeward voyage, but the ship took fire while we were anchored off Dungeness, and I escaped with the clothing I wore, and with my friend, Pastor W. Burton, paid a visit to the Tabernacle, and found Mr. Spurgeon in conclave with some of the leading students preparing for the next Conference. He generously offered to make up my loss, and called upon the men present to assist; but as graciously as I could, I declined the proffered help. Few men

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\* Mr. Hibberd has made a mistake as to the date of this discourse, which is No. 47 in the "New Park Street Pulpit." The incident is fully described by Mrs. Spurgeon in Vol. II. of "C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography," in the second chapter on "Early Wedded Life."—Ed.

were so full of the spirit of benevolence as Mr. Spurgeon. He indeed believed it was "more blessed to give than to receive," and he had a large share of such blessedness.

## Paul on the Tramp.

BY JOHN HORNE, SPRINGBURN, GLASGOW.

*"And we went before to ship, and sailed unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul: for so had he appointed, minding himself to go afoot."—Acts xx. 13.*

WE come on this passage with the thrill of one who makes a discovery. We are familiar with the Paul who preaches to agitated crowds, who storms the consciences of judges and governors, who dispels the silence of the prison with hearty song, who plays the orator at Mars' Hill, and who is the hero of Mediterranean storms. But do we know this Paul,—who chooses a twenty-mile quiet walk, who declines to have a companion, and who sets out to revel in the trees and birds and brooks of the wayside, and to hold communion with himself?

It is to be noted that he deliberately elected to take this course. The ship is bound for Assos; Paul and his companions are going there, but he declines to sail, and refuses to have a companion. His mind, it is clear, is made up for a quiet walk. His desire to go alone is not a little singular, seeing there were so many of his friends at hand; and yet we somehow appreciate his decision. Oh, that walk, how he must have enjoyed it!

We ourselves know with what delight we leave the noisy city during the holidays, and speed to country scenes or to the open sea-shore, there to bathe our brows in sunlight undiluted, to freshen our memories with the pictures of God's pure world, and in peace and quiet to unhinge our thoughts from work and worry. With equal eagerness and delight, would this hero and worker enter on his long (and, as we know,) beautiful walk. To find himself at last alone, after excitement, and trial, and imprisonment,—alone in quiet valleys, beside hills which swept up to the heavens; walking leisurely through picturesque meadows, and beside bright-coloured corn-fields; his ears entranced by the music of the birds and trees, and his great soul girded in association with the unmoved, primeval mountains! From the confines of a dungeon to the liberty of a landscape,—from the company of scoffers to the melodious birds,—from the noise of multitudes to the silence of the hills,—how delightful must have been the change to one so thoughtful and contemplative, yet withal so harassed, as the apostle Paul was!

It is not good for man always to be alone,—he loses sympathy with mankind; nor is it good for him never to be alone,—he loses touch with God. Man was made for solitude as well as for society,—the one gives the other its true place and enjoyment. When solitude is denied,—as in the densest portions of big cities,—degrading consequences follow. Great men acquire their greatness, and good men their goodness, in secret; their public life and action are but the

expression of what solitude has shaped. Retirement is needed to whet the soul and to re-set its aspirations; it is needed to commit the soul to the felt presence of God. No man can advance or grow who does not, sometimes, keep company with himself and God.

Now, what purpose had the apostle in thus wishing loneliness and retirement? As he steps along the way, what thoughts sweep into his mind? It would be difficult to say; but the intentions he aimed at by his retirement we may perhaps guess.

First, *it was to afford himself opportunity of preparation for labours still awaiting him.* It is the fancy of immature minds that chance works much in a man's success; but for one case where what is called "chance" turns the tide, there are a thousand where careful cultivation does it. And this ability is only found, fashioned, and directed in retirement. The seed hides in the ground ere it can bloom into tree or flower. Nature retires into Winter, that it may come forth again luxuriantly in Spring and Summer-time. Our bodies need the quiet oblivion of sleep to reinvigorate them; and the mind of man is subject to the same law: without being fed in solitude, it will run dry, and lose vitality. The preacher or teacher, who makes no secret preparation for his work, but trusts to what he may happen to say at the moment of speaking, is a sorry spectacle to men and angels. Solid, lasting work is not done in this fashion.

You must accustom yourself to be alone, for preparation, for the reception of new visions and revelations of truth. Abraham was alone at the door of his tent when God appeared to him. Jacob was alone when he saw the angels ascend and descend the dreamlit ladder. Moses was alone when, out of the flaming bush, God called to him to be the deliverer of Israel, and alone on the hill-top when he received the commandments. Peter was alone on the house-top when that marvellous vision opened his narrow soul to the universality of the Gospel. Alone in Patmos, too, John looked through the opened gates of Heaven, and saw the sea of glass and the very throne of God. Our Lord was much in solitude. Alone in the desert, He successfully contended with all the temptations which try the heart of man; and alone in the garden, He fought His great fight, and won the victory.

Again, *Paul would no doubt wish to be alone that he might review his past service;*—look closer into his speeches and actions. It is only after his sermon is delivered that the preacher finds out how much better it might have been. So far as the instinct is concerned, the hero can be trusted to act nobly in every circumstance; but it is only when the stress of the occasion has passed, and his mind is cool, that he perceives how much more wisely he might have performed his part. Thus it is with the Christian worker. Much of our failure is due to the fact that we do not reflect; we pass unthinkingly to our engagements, do what comes handiest, and go away. Is it any wonder that we are weak, and that our flaws remain uncured? We ought to review our successes and failures alike,—to maintain the one, and avoid repetition of the other. In such work as ours, where the enemy is so watchful, and where we need to strengthen every position won by the addition of another, it is only pure fact to say that every

victory not followed by an act of reflection leads to a defeat. I counsel you, then, if you would know wherein your past plans have failed, wherein your endeavours have been thwarted, to form the habit of retiring for reflection.

Lastly, I think that *Paul was anxious to reassure himself of his individual position and responsibility*. When you are part of a crowd, you are apt to lose yourself; you think and act with others, your personal influence and aims are swallowed up. To regain possession and command of yourself, you must escape for a time from the multitude. In the crowd, your mind loses its personal cast, and your thoughts are widened beyond yourself. This is so far good; but, unfortunately, it is attended by a loss of responsibility and directness of purpose. If you will retire for a season to assure yourself of your motives, to feel your *personal* connections with God and His work, then you may safely touch the crowd again, and help to guide it. Every Christian is responsible for the furtherance of God's Kingdom; but, by our habit of trusting all to meetings and ministers, and neglecting to cross-examine ourselves in secret, we lose the knowledge of our personal relationship and responsibility to the work of God. No man ever prayed much in private who did not evidence it by activity in public; and he, whose public influence is unfelt, who makes no effort to be the means of blessing to others, thereby declares that he neglects the educative experience of being sometimes alone with God,—to re-carve his aims, re-sharpen his motives, and feel his *personal* value to the uplifting of the world.

If you would recognize the true meaning of life, if you would be conscious of your sins and flaws, if you would find out how little you think, if you would know your real self, if you would learn to face death so as not to fear it,—then you must sometimes be alone. Truly does Beattie sing,—

“ O Solitude, the man who thee forgets,  
When lucre lures him or ambition stings,  
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs !”

## Some Illustrations from the Queensland Scrub.

BY PASTOR WILLIAM HIGLETT, ALBION, BRISBANE.

I THINK I may claim to be a lover of Nature, though having such a scanty knowledge of botany that I am unable to scientifically describe what I see. Whenever business or pleasure takes me into “Scrub” country, I love to take a walk through the dense undergrowth,—frequently, so dense that one cannot leave the narrow track which the settlers have cut. Here, indeed, we verify Shakespeare's words,—

“ And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees.”

Using one of the homely illustrations thus gathered, a “bush” lad, who happened to be present that morning, afterwards remarked, “He

has been there." This was at once a compliment, and a proof of the power of illustrations to arrest the attention; and, let us hope, to carry a lesson to the heart.

#### VINES THAT STRANGLE.

The climbing vines form a remarkable feature of the Queensland scrub. There, for instance, is a vine reaching up that stout tree. It is no thicker than my finger, and it winds round and round until it surmounts the topmost branch of the young tree, say, fifty feet in height. "It will kill that tree," remarks my companion; and, presently, other cases confirm the statement. Yonder is a fine tree quite dead, and around the lifeless trunk winds the scrub vine, as thick as a man's arm, and bearing the only green foliage on the tree. First it clung to the tree for support, a small delicate thing no thicker than a garden convolvulus; but it grew rapidly, and the tree was young, and could not expand. In a few years, it withered and died, literally strangled by the vine which first clung to it for support.

What a lesson there is in this! We have seen a young man, so stately and vigorous as to raise the highest hopes concerning his future usefulness; but, presently, some bad habit began to lay hold of him. It was such a little thing at first,—indeed, like the graceful vine, it seemed to add a charm to the young man. Perhaps it was a fondness for the pleasures of the world, or a liking for a glass of wine, or a quiet game of cards. He declared that he could break off the habit at any time; but, silently, slowly, yet oh, so surely, it grew stronger and stronger until it gripped him like a vice; then he could not shake it off, and at last all the fair promise of his life was strangled, he was a victim to the growing power of a little sin.

Let us turn to a happier lesson from the same scrub.

#### REACHING DOWN FROM ABOVE.

Many of these vines, like the Indian banyan tree, send forth remarkable roots from above. Here is one which climbs nearly a hundred feet high. Some forty or fifty feet up, it sends forth roots which make direct for Mother Earth. How straight and slender is this one! It is no thicker than grocers' twine, and it looks remarkably like a piece of string as it falls perfectly straight, and without branch, or leaf, or joint of any sort. Examine the end of it. There you see the same formation that you would find at the tip of a garden root, only this is in mid-air instead of below the soil. The wind sways it about freely, a passing bird or animal would easily turn it aside. Presently, it touches the earth, and at once the delicate point takes root in the rich soil. Then it begins to grow thicker and stronger. Yonder are some as thick as one's wrist; and how tough and strong they are! Rooted below, and attached above, one the size of my finger would bear the weight of a grown man. These are what the aborigines use for climbing the giant tree-trunks.

But what is the lesson from them for us? Like the vine which first went from the earth, Jesus has ascended on high. From Heaven,

He sends down to earth again an influence or power to man. It is a little slender thing at first. You can easily brush it aside; the fowls of the air can divert it, the wind can sway it freely; but just allow it to enter your heart, and it will take root there, and at once there will be a connection established between your heart and Heaven. Small and trembling at first, it will grow rapidly, and as the years go by, it will increase in strength till no earthly force can break it. It will endure any strain; for, blessed be His Name, nothing shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.

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## Getting into Debt.

BY A DEBT-COLLECTOR.

THERE are several giant evils stalking abroad in our land at the present time, and causing much sorrow and misery to vast numbers of the people. One of these—strong drink—is, thank God, being boldly confronted in many directions; yet others are allowed to go on, almost unheeded and unchecked.

The evil to which I would specially refer now, is that of *getting into debt*, living beyond one's means, obtaining goods, and, in many cases, not paying for them. It is really shocking when we consider how this pernicious practice is spreading, and what facilities and temptations there are to encourage its further development. Hence, the Church as well as the world is being drawn into the vortex, and there is a sad want of sterling principle and backbone honesty even in many professed Christians. Churches and chapels are built on credit, to be paid for, in part, by future generations; houses are furnished on the hire system, and food and clothing are obtained when the money is not forthcoming to pay for them. Oh, this wretched make-believe way of living,—this studying of appearances, and coveting things which are not our own!

Nor is that all; what a fearful amount of falsehood it leads to! Truthfulness is at a discount, and the constant resort to deception is truly awful. Surely, it might be well for preachers of the Gospel to be outspoken on these matters sometimes, and faithfully to warn their hearers against the terrible sin of lying, and of the fearful judgment which must necessarily follow it.

It would seem hard for us to go back again to the days of John Howard, when debtors were, indiscriminately, thrust into foul dungeons, and incarcerated there until their debts were paid; yet the law ought, most certainly, to be brought to bear much more heavily upon impostors and unprincipled persons than it does at the present time. If that cannot be, let us, who have the law of God in our hearts, arise, and shake ourselves from all complicity in these pernicious practices, and be just and honest in all our dealings, and "owe no man anything, but to love one another," thus, giving no occasion of offence, that the Name of Christ be not dishonoured, nor the progress of His Gospel be hindered. If any of us have sinned in this respect, let us repent of our wrong-doing, and resolve to live honestly for the future.

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## The Converted Bottles.

### THE CONVERTED BOTTLES



AMONG Arabs, bottles are few and poor. Those which they brought to the Sousse Medical Mission were often broken, generally oily, and mostly *very* dirty. What *was* to be done? To use such things, would be to spoil the medicines entirely. The Tabernacle friends—foremost amongst them dear Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon,—gathered up medicine bottles, washed them even with their own hands, and packing them in old linen, sent them out to our help. This loving personal service is much and constantly appreciated; yet what are they among so many?

Then, patients coming perhaps a hundred miles need more medicine than an ordinary sized doctor's bottle will hold. Hence it was that we began to buy up old wine and spirit bottles till our back yard had an appearance very unbecoming to a missionary. Having cleansed them thoroughly, we thought it a pity that they should not bear the Name of their new Master as they had formerly borne the name of their old masters. Accord-

ingly, a friend prepared a label which has on it in Arabic the following words:—

There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all;—for the Saviour His own self bare our sins in His own body upon the tree, that we, having died unto sin, might live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed.

We have not kept an exact account of numbers; but, roughly, we are within the mark when we say that at least *ten thousand of these black*

and white Gospel messengers have now gone forth into almost every nook and corner of this land; and we have many proofs that the texts are read and understood.

As the people pay for each of the bottles, and value them much, especially for carrying their olive oil, these words of Gospel truth remain daily before their eyes for a long time. Will you, dear reader, join us in watering this good seed with your prayers that the tens of thousands of poor, dark Mohammedans, who see the Word of God on these "converted" bottles, may, by grace Divine, be made to look to Jesus Christ, and live?

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## Fables for the Faithful.

BY JAMES F. TAVINER, B.A., WITHINGTON, MANCHESTER.

### I.—THE GREAT ASS.

**I**N all the farmyard, there was no creature so important as the ass. For, although the cows gave the milk, and the hens laid the eggs, and the kitchen-garden yielded the vegetables, it was always the ass who carried them to market for the farmer's wife, and who came in for a good feed when the things were sold. Certainly, the ass was a very useful animal, and greatly valued by the mistress, who looked upon it as a kind of partner in the concern.

But it came to pass, in process of time, that the other creatures in the farmyard multiplied and overran the place, so that the ass, who was allowed to roam where it pleased, could scarcely discover a corner of the meadow where the cows had not browsed, or draw near to the pond without finding it thronged with a fiercely quacking host of ducks, or stroll across the yard without being annoyed by a scurrying flock of poultry.

Therefore the ass began to be greatly troubled; and, arguing according to the logic of an ass, it said within itself, "Surely, this place will soon become too strait for me. By-and-by my mistress will say, 'There is no room for the ass; come, let us rid ourselves of him, and make the other creatures carry their own produce to the market.'" And since he was very proud, as indeed are all the asses, he could not endure the thought of such humiliation. Had he not been an ass, he might have seen that, the more the farmyard grew, the better it would be for him. But so it was he reasoned, and he bethought himself what he would do.

Now it so happened that, not far from the farm, there dwelt a horse of famous breed. He drew a carriage in which there often sat men of high degree, and ladies who were passing fair. He also wore harness which glistened as he moved, and as he ran, his step was as the gait of one polluted by contact with the road. Often, when this imperious creature passed the farmyard, the cows looked over the hedge with an exasperating expression of indifference; if they happened to be wandering along the road, they would stand in the middle of it, so that the proud horse had to draw on one side in order to get by. Moreover, the hens and the ducks, although they could not so effectually bar the way, derided him as he passed, and clamoured at him in disdain until he was out of hearing.

But the ass had looked over the gate, and yearned within himself to be even as this horse. And he said, "This will I do, I will practise to be like the horse, and then I will join myself to him in the carriage, and show my contempt for the farmyard and its inmates as we drive past."



So, from that day, the ass began to run round the meadow, and the yard, tossing his head and lifting up his feet just as he had seen the proud horse do. And the other animals looked on in amazement, but some derided. For it was a most ungainly sight, after all. Sorrow, moreover, took hold upon them, for they really liked the ass, albeit they were somewhat jealous because the mistress unfairly favoured him on market days. Then, when they saw that he persevered in his grotesque and unnatural antics, they were wroth and disgusted, and the cows bellowed at him, and the fowls pecked at his heels. But the ass, because he was an ass, thought it was only a fresh proof of their jealousy, and flung his head about like an air-ball tied to a string, and lifted up his legs like a man in the dark who thinks there is a step when there is not.

And it came to pass, on a day, that the ass, deeming himself now proficient, went to visit the horse. He found him rubbing himself against a tree, for the flies were troublesome, and even a carriage-horse is flesh and blood. But the ass, overlooking the unromantic character of his occupation, drew near to him, and said, "O horse, who of long time, in copy-books, hath been known as a noble creature, hear the confession of an ass! Of old time, our ancestors were one; but Nature, with rude and vulgar Vandalism, rent us asunder, leaving you in possession of the carriage, and turning me away to carry eggs and milk to the market. Behold, mine eyes are now opened, and I loathe such menial service. My heart cries out for a share with thee in thy noble toil. I desire to dazzle the eyes of all creatures with burnished harness, even as thou dost; and to step with thine high-born disdain for the common ways of earth. See, now, O horse, how I have trained myself to this end!"

And so saying, the ass began to swing his head, and endeavour to kick it with his knees. For some time, the horse watched him in amazement; then, snorting, "You are really only a very great ass," he kicked him with his hind leg, where the baskets usually hung, and galloped to the far end of the orchard.

After a while, the ass, who might have been a philosopher if he had not been an ass, pulled himself together, and, wandering homewards, said, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." I will practise that kick on the other animals in the farmyard."

MORAL.—*The Ritualism, pitied by its Evangelical neighbours, is re-  
pudiated by its Papal idol.*

## 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.

In our July number, we gave a portrait of BROTHER T. L. JOHNSON, with an account of the efforts that are being made to provide for his maintenance now that he is able only occasionally to conduct the evangelistic missions in which the Lord has so greatly blessed him for many years. One way in which friends can help him, and do good to others at the same time, is by ordering a supply of his

booklets, leaflets, music, &c., and circulating them as widely as possible. There are too many for us to give a list of all of them; some of the most special ones are the booklet, *Out of Darkness into Light; or, When and How Jesus Found me* (1d. each, or 7s. per 100); the leaflets, *God Never Makes a Mistake*, and *God Knows All about it* (1s. per 100, or on cards, 8 inches by 10, 1s. 6d. per dozen); and "*The*

*Beautiful Home*," words by Mrs. Pennefather, music and chorus by Mr. Johnson. If any of our readers write to our friend at "Liberia," Boscombe, Bournemouth, enclosing any amount that they can spare for this purpose, we have no doubt that he will gratefully send them full value for their money.

*The Westminster Helps* for teachers and scholars, edited by Dr. J. R. MILLER, continue to be admirably adapted to the various classes of readers for whom they are intended. They can be obtained of the Presbyterian Publication Committee, 14, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

The 27th Annual Report of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association contains the names of 1,853 abstaining Baptist ministers and missionaries,—an increase of 483 during the past ten years; and it also gives the interesting information that, in the nine Denominational Colleges making returns, the whole of the 201 students are total abstainers. Thus, the proportion of abstaining ministers is likely to be still further increased in the future, though there are still many notable names that we are sorry to miss from the list. We wonder what the relative numbers would be if we could obtain complete statistics of the abstaining and non-abstaining officers and members of our churches; we fear that it would be shown that there is need of a Twentieth Century Crusade in the church, as well as in the world, in order to induce every one of them to endorse Paul's great principle, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

*The Tongue of the Trees.* By HENRY J. SWALLOW. Elliot Stock.

FOURTEEN brief but instructive chapters upon the trees of Scripture, and tree lore and legends in general. Some curious fancies are

blended with the facts, and we are sorry to see, in the Preface, an unworthy sneer at the "'pious' President" of the Boers.

*History of Florence.* By Professor PASQUALE VILLARI. T. Fisher Unwin.

WE are inclined to write an article, rather than merely to give a short notice of this able review of the first two centuries of Florentine History, and we would do so if the subject was suitable for our pages. Professor Villari seeks to disentangle the early facts concerning Florence from the mass of myth and legend that has grown up round about them. No city, except perhaps Venice, has had a more remarkable career than that which lies like a pearl threaded on the Arno. Certainly, no city has produced so many remarkable men. These facts alone make its history of surpassing interest; and who that has, from the heights of San Miniato or Fiesole, looked down upon it in all its beauty, but desires to know what were its fortunes in the past?

The task before Signor Villari was an exceedingly difficult one, and only by long years of earnest research can he have been enabled to produce such a living narrative as this volume contains. He only leads us, of course, as far as Dante, the later history being more familiar. We almost wish that he would give us another volume, setting forth, in his lucid style, the more recent movements in the city. The author has solved the puzzle, how it was possible for Florence to be so prosperous in trade and yet so constantly involved in struggle. His answer is that, amidst all the rivalries of Guelphs and Ghibellines, of kings and popes, the real power in Florence belonged to the trade guilds, of which there were seven; and we note, with admiration, that these guilds insisted both on the good quality and the exact measure of all Florentine fabrics.

The struggles of the Florentines against Pisa, which barred their way to the sea, and Sienna, which

stood between them and Rome, are dramatically recounted by the Professor; and the translator (is it Madame Villari?) has a very remarkable command of literary English. How many English authors, we wonder, for instance, would have used such a word as "reprinted"? We put this book on our shelves both as a reference and as an authority.

*A Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman Period.* By Rev. R. L. OTTLEY. Cambridge University Press.

THIS is one of the most thorough-going specimens of the "Higher Criticism" school in the sphere of Old Testament History. Coolly assuming that the theories of that destructive teaching are true, the writer proceeds to take away everything that makes the Bible a Bible to us. Its sublime facts and incidents are reduced to legend, tradition, and Jewish folk-lore, and all trace of the supernatural is explained away.

Under these circumstances, we cannot but regard all the ability here displayed as sadly misused, and would urge our readers to leave the book severely alone.

*The Society of Friends: its Faith and Practice.* By JOHN S. ROWNTREE. Headley Brothers.

A MOST interesting statement concerning a most interesting people, by one well able to make it. Though the Quakers are few, they never have been feeble; and their recent pronouncement on "Christianity and War" proves that they have still as their heritage the sturdiness of principle which characterized the days of Joseph Sturge and John Bright. If the Christian Church has not come over to the extreme position held by the Friends, it is certain that Protestantism of late years, and the realm of religious thought altogether, have been much more deeply influenced than many are aware of by the distinctive doctrines held by the followers of George Fox. Mr. Rowntree's book shows that the

methods of the Friends are not stationary. The volume, which contains less than a hundred pages in all, should be read by those who would know the faith and usages of this little understood people.

Of course, we do not agree with the teaching of the Quakers concerning the ordinances of believers' baptism and the Lord's supper,—here mis-called "sacraments",—and we are rather surprised to read that the periods of silence in the Friends' gatherings "are often known to possess sacramental efficacy." What can be the meaning of such an expression?

*Quakerism in England: its Present Position.* By EDWARD GRUBB, M.A. Headley Brothers.

THIS pamphlet is a reprint from *The London Quarterly Review*. It is so clear in its style, and so absorbing in its interest, that it deserves a wide circulation in this separate form. The price is sixpence. Mr. Grubb divides modern Quakerism into three leading elements,—the "Conservative," the "Evangelical," and the "Intellectual." What he has to say on each of these streams of life among the Friends of to-day is most thoughtful and suggestive. A section of the pamphlet is devoted to the Adult School movement, and to Quaker attitude towards education.

*Anselm and his Work.* By Rev. A. C. WELCH, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

AN admirable sketch of the personal character and religious influences of a notable prelate and theologian. Quite worthy of companionship with the best volumes in this strangely-mixed series of "The World's Epoch-makers." It is learned, fair, sympathetic, and gives a vivid picture of the great statesman-divine. If only it should make some readers acquainted with Anselm's classic volume on "Why God became Man," it will have done much service; but we believe it will do a great deal more than this. We could wish that all the volumes

in this series were as able and helpful as this one; and we recommend its purchase and study to all who would learn the history of early religion in England.

*The Dawn of the Reformation.* By Rev. H. B. WORKMAN, M.A. Vol. 1. The Age of Wiclif. C. H. Kelly.

"RELIABLE history made delightful to read and study," would be our careful verdict on this excellent volume. The author has a perfect genius for seizing on the salient incident, and setting it forth in clear, gleaming language, that not only instructs, but intensely interests as well. The curse of dulness never comes within a hundred miles of his living mind and graphic pen; and so, all he has to utter is full of vivid charm for the reader. Some of the chapters, notably those on Avignon, and the English Lollards, are to our mind as near perfection for historical writing as we know. This volume should sell by thousands; it is absurdly cheap at the half-crown charged for it, and will assuredly set us all longing for Volume II.

Well done, Mr. Workman, of whom none of us are ashamed!

*The Development of Doctrine from the Early Middle Ages to the Reformation.* By J. S. BANKS. C. H. Kelly.

A SMALL book on a very large theme; and, necessarily, somewhat sketchy and meagre. The author struggles to be fair to all the great religious leaders of whom he treats, but scarcely succeeds, we think, in at least the case of Calvin. The splendid theologian who put God in His proper place in our creeds, and man in his proper place when he reformed Geneva, is scarcely estimated at his right value and spiritual force. All that has made bone—and, above all, backbone—in the religious life of Europe, and pre-eminently of Scotland, is due to the clear, incontrovertible, Scripture teaching of Calvin; yet few religious teachers of to-day seem to know it, or care to

confess it. But when the sugary sentiment, that is so popular in certain quarters, has palled and cloyed on the taste of Christian men and women, as it soon will, they will turn gratefully to the robust teachings of the master theologian of Geneva, and scorn the petty nicknacks that have weakened their stamina of soul.

The rest of this slight volume is passably correct and harmless.

*Thoughts for Sundays of the Year.* By Rev. H. C. MOULE, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

SELDOM has an appointment to a bishopric commanded so heartily the approval of Christ-lovers in all denominations as the selection of Dr. Moule for Durham. We rejoice unfeignedly therein, and congratulate the whole Church to which he first belongs, on the honour that has thereby come to it. For many years, he has been its finest Evangelical scholar, and most devout expositor of God's Word; and this volume is just a splendid specimen of how all his gifts are laid under tribute for the glory of his Master. The keen insight of the born expounder, and the experience that turns all to practical and experimental help, are seen on every page. It is one of the choicest books of devotional writing we have ever reviewed. A mine of gems; a garden of beauty; a mountain top of heavenly vision and inspiring teaching.

*Morning Thoughts.* By JOHN ROBERTS. Glasgow: R. L. Allan and Son.

A SERIES of meditations for each morning of the year, with suggested reading for the day; not very brilliant, but good, and likely to prove helpful. The author's range is limited, but his Gospel is perfectly clear.

The inevitable printer's error occurs on page 48,—

"My all is on the *alter*;"

and there are figures at the top of each page which we fail to understand.

*The Century Bible. Romans.* By Rev. A. E. GARVIE, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

THE same high standard of excellence, that distinguishes previous volumes of this series, is maintained in the present issue. We will not put this volume in the place of our Haldane or Mcule, but we gladly add it to them. Mr. Garvie's Introduction is a capital piece of work, showing much insight. His divisions of the contents of the Epistle are suggestive, and the comments are sufficient and forceful.

*A Key to Unlock the Bible.* By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THIS volume is, we believe, the first of the "Bible Keys" Series. Dr. Beet is a scholar whose word is worthy of attention. Here, he takes nothing for granted, but seeks to tell us the real truth about the Bible. His old affection for the Epistle to the Romans is manifest in his frequent references to it. We think he allows a little too much margin to the critical spirit of the day; but, on the whole, this volume will certainly prove a key in the hands of many students of the Scriptures. We quite agree with Dr. Beet when he says that a devout student will understand a version much better than one less devout will understand the original. The spirit in which the Bible is treated is, after all, the main thing in its comprehension.

This is a good key to the Bible; but there is a better one, of which we sometimes sing,—

"Unlock the truth, THYSELF the key,  
Unseal the sacred Book."

Has the printer played a prank on page 156, where we read, "In this sense, we may *except* 1 Cor. xv. 22"?

*Holidays for Jesus.* By J. C. SMITH. Dundee: James P. Mathew and Co.

IN Dundee, Mr. Smith is known and esteemed as a man of prayer, and his book will be read with much interest

by all his friends. It is a narrative of a journey in America, and is simple almost to quaintness. What with personal details, extracts from books, quotations from Psalms, paraphrases, and hymns, and spiritual reflections, we have a remarkable but interesting volume. We should, however, advise Mr. Smith to look up, in his dictionary, the meaning of the word "nice."

*The Mystery of Godliness.* A Poem. By H. S. JUNL. Partridge and Co.

THE life, death, and resurrection of our Lord put into verse, in which there is much of reverent devotion, some of beautiful description, but, we fear, little of true poetic inspiration. Should this admirably-printed little book sell, we shall be most agreeably surprised, for poetry, even of the highest quality, is a very precarious pecuniary speculation.

"*On Pilgrimage.*" By EDWARD CARR. E. Wilmshurst.

WE are always interested in the writings of our "Strict" Calvinistic friends, of which this book, containing twenty-four sermons or papers, by the minister of Providence Chapel, Bath, is a very good example. On one page, the author describes himself as "the most insignificant member;" but we should be inclined to rate him somewhat higher. We wish our friends were not quite so introspective, though we cannot but rejoice in the truth they preach, and we echo a sentence from one of the chapters in this book, "Oh, dear reader, beware, beware of a frothy, foolish, fanciful, frivolous profession!"

*Socialism and the Sermon on the Mount.* By D. M. PANTON. London: Alfred Holness. Glasgow: R. L. Allan and Son.

THERE is more in this pamphlet of 63 pages than in many a heavy tome. The author has an elevated style, and adequate knowledge of his subject. We do not accept his position that Christ forbids His disciples to share in the government

of their country; but, with that exception, we have nothing but praise for this trenchant exposition and criticism. Take these sentences as examples of the style:—"Socialism is a clever device by which the sins of the individual are cast on the shoulders of society." "The Socialist, for aught of sin he sees, seems to have come fresh from Paradise." "Liberalism is the freedom to do good or evil without infringing the rights of others: Socialism is the freedom to do that only which is directly profitable to all: Anarchism is the freedom of each to do his own will absolutely: Christian faith is the freedom which chooses to do the will of God." Could anything be better?

*Heather's Mistress.* By AMY LE FEUVRE. Religious Tract Society.

THE exquisite delineator of child-character is rapidly proving that she is able to describe "the grown-ups" just as graphically. This is a charming story of twin-sisters, safely guarded in a lonely country home, first by a Quaker grandmother, and, after her death, by a faithful but over-stern Quakeress housekeeper. What happened to them amid the whirl of London fashionable life, and the changing scenes that followed, must be gathered from the volume itself, which is sure to be a great favourite as the time for Christmas presents approaches. (It is published at 3s. 6d., and the two books next noticed are issued at the same price.)

*The Awakening of Anthony Weir.*  
By SILAS K. HOCKING. Religious Tract Society.

A STRIKING story of the worldly minister of a worldly church, whose "awakening" is effected by a series of startling events. The one that leads to his downfall is dramatically described, but it is not likely ever to have happened. A popular minister, in the position Anthony Weir was supposed to have attained, could easily have proved an *alibi* when he was

personated by a music-hall actor, and made to appear as drunk in the presence of some of his deacons. It was all overruled for good; but we hope the number of ministers of his stamp is very limited. There are other characters in the book that we admire far more; for instance, Paul Vincent and Rachel Luke, and Hugh Colvin and Phillis Day, and we are glad to read that those two couples were happily married, while the fortune-hunter had to be content with being "wedded to his work."

*The Gold that Perisheth.* By DAVID LYALL. Religious Tract Society.

A THRILLING tale of the evil effects of Stock Exchange gambling and company-promoting frauds. It opens with the suicide of one of the victims, describes the tragical yet peaceful death of the millionaire who had been the cause of his ruin, and finishes with three weddings in the orthodox story-telling fashion. There is, in this volume, much of the literary charm for which "David Lyall" is rightly esteemed, but we are amazed at the carelessness as to details on the part of a writer who has deservedly won such a high reputation. For instance, one of the characters says, "I don't smoke myself;" but a few pages further on, he exclaims, "Won't you come in, and smoke a cigar with me? I always have one the last thing." Then, two clerks are represented as walking from Old Broad Street to Liverpool Street, in order to catch the *train* which will take them to Camberwell Grove and Streatham Common! We are sure "David Lyall" never travelled on that (unmade) line. When the millionaire is arrested, and taken to the Guildhall, he is said to be "remanded to come up for trial at the next sessions at the Old Bailey." Anyone acquainted with magisterial proceedings would have known that, in a case of such gravity, there would be several remands, and then the accused would be "committed for trial." The world-renowned air, "O rest in the

Lord!" is altered to "Trust in the Lord;" and there are many other mistakes, which cause annoyance to the reader, and which would have been avoided by a careful writer.

*By the Rivers of Africa, from Cape Town to Uganda.* By ANNIE R. BUTLER. Religious Tract Society.

A HALF-CROWN volume, abundantly illustrated, giving a brightly-written summary of the various missionary operations carried on in the vast region mentioned in the title. The map shows that no less than forty-four different societies or agencies have been engaged in service for the Saviour on the Dark Continent,

and it also reveals the sad fact that there is very much land there yet to be possessed for Christ. No one will accuse the writer of being a pro-Boer; to some people, that will be a recommendation for her book.

*Religion for the Heart, and other Readings.* Religious Tract Society.

A SHILLING book of short stories, with many illustrations, intended to set forth, in plain and simple language, the way of salvation, and to encourage and help those who have begun to walk in it. The volume cannot be too highly commended.

## Notes.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon was greatly cheered by the receipt of a letter telling how her books had been blessed to a lady, who had been bereaved of both husband and son, and whose grief had caused her, for a while, to lose all spiritual joy and hope. She writes:—

"I cannot speak of that time of awful sorrow; but, one day, a friend left me your book, *Ten Years After!* I began to read of the noble way you bore your bereavement; it touched a chord in my heart, and the tears came as never before. Then I got '*A Cluster of Camphire.*' I cannot tell you how that little book comforted my poor lonely heart, and brought me to the feet of Jesus. Then my friend brought me your sweet book, *A Carillon of Bells.* So, I got, one by one, all your precious books, and I seem to know you so well now.

"With better health, came the desire to take up the broken threads of my life, and, with your help, to consecrate myself to the service of my dear Lord. With your little book in my hand, I began to visit the Infirmary and Workhouse; they are always open to me now. Then, our church appointed me District Visitor. Soon came a call to take a Bible-class, and I am in many other ways kept quite busy; I need not tell you what joy and comfort that has brought to me. I am sure you will pardon me for mentioning

any work I am found worthy to undertake; I only do so just to thank you for your help. Your books and your dear husband's Sermons are never far from my hand."

Madeira is one of the many places to which Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons are regularly sent in connection with the Book Fund, and Mrs. Spurgeon has recently received the following pleasing testimony concerning the welcome accorded to them there:—"I am sure you would be greatly rejoiced to see the eager reception of your revered husband's Sermons by all classes and conditions of men. Captain and cabin boy, engineer, 'donkey man,' and stoker, first-class passenger and poor emigrant, all respond heartily to the offer of a 'Spurgeon's Sermon.' On two occasions, before leaving Madeira, opportunities occurred of visiting some of the well-known hospital ships. My only regret was, that so few Sermons were available; but what we had were scattered from table to table in the mess as loan copies to be passed from one to the other. When I tell you that a large number of these men were Irish Roman Catholics, and just weary for something to read, you will understand what a Gospel opportunity it proved.

"On another occasion, a huge transport came in to coal, carrying a most cosmopolitan crowd of 'undesirables' from South Africa. Most of that

strange four hundred knew something of our language, and came surging around one, more like hungry wolves than human beings, and clamouring for something to read.

"A letter to hand, this week, tells of the annual visit of American training-ships. Occasions like these demand a reserve stock of literature being kept."

Accordingly, the monthly grant has been doubled; but even that increased number will probably be inadequate, at least while the present condition of affairs continues.

H. A. M. is gratefully thanked for her letter, and her attention is specially called to the series of "Fables for the Faithful" commenced in the present number of the Magazine. Other readers will also, we trust, be pleased and profited by them.

Year by year, the church and congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle have celebrated the anniversary of the Pastor's birthday by presenting to him special thankofferings to be divided at his discretion among the various institutions committed to his charge. In the circular, reminding friends of this happy custom, the deacons wrote:—

"The new Tabernacle has now been opened for twelve months, and we have very much to thank God for in the recollection of the blessings which He has given to the church since the opening. We are grateful to Him for the Pastor's remarkably sustained health and strength; for the attendances, especially upon the Sabbath, which have been so well maintained; for the uninterrupted peace and unity in the membership; for those who have been coming forward, month by month, to testify their faith in Jesus, and their desire to publicly profess His Name; for God's blessing still resting upon the Pastors' College, the Stockwell Orphanage, and the Colportage Association, and for spiritual results granted to the many missions and schools in connection with the church. What a very loud call all these matters combine to make, to those of us to whom the cause at the Metropolitan Tabernacle is dear, to return to our most gracious Heavenly Father some special token of our loving gratitude!"

Unhappily, just at the time that friends would have been starting for the birthday reception, on September 20, London and its suburbs were

visited by a deluge of rain, which continued, at intervals, through the afternoon and evening, and necessarily reduced the numbers present, and the amount brought in on the day. Those who did venture, however, contributed between £300 and £400; and the additional gifts, afterwards received, swelled the total, up to the night of Sept. 22, to over £400. If any of our readers desire to add thereto, their donations will be very gratefully accepted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S E.

COLLEGE.—Mr. B. J. Wicks has completed his course, and settled at Swadlincote.

Mr. W. Bonser, formerly of St. Helier, has gone to Oakengates, Shropshire. Mr. E. H. Ellis has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church at the East London Tabernacle, where we trust his ministry will be greatly blessed. He is probably just now nearing Adelaide, where he will (D.V.) stay for a few weeks, to finish his Australian work, arriving in England again, all being well, about the beginning of the year.

Mr. C. W. Townsend, one of the orphan boys who afterwards passed through the Pastors' College, and who has done good service for the Lord, for many years, both in England and Canada, has returned to the home country in the hope that the Master has a sphere for him to fill here. Prominent officials in the Dominion bear high testimony to our brother's worth and work. Communications can be sent to him either at the College or the Orphanage.

We are glad to note that, among the missionaries returning to China, are Brother J. J. Turner, who has been in England for several years, and the son of Brother T. W. Medhurst, who was obliged to leave during the troublous period last year. After all that has happened in the sadly-misnamed Celestial Empire, the brethren and sisters who are going back to their former spheres of service there, or those proceeding to China for the first time, need to be more than ever remembered in prayer.

Up to the time of making up the Magazine, we had not received the next article from Brother Walton on "Bush Life in Tasmania;" but we are glad to have the Antipodes represented



in the articles by Brethren Hibberd and Higlett.

ORPHANAGE.—The new number of *Within our Gates* contains an admirable full-page illustration, entitled "Our Family at the Sea-side Home," and an intimation that the anniversary of the Sea-side Branch will be held at Margate on Wednesday, October 16th. Friends unable to be present are asked to send contributions to swell the receipts for the day.

The next collectors' meeting will (D.V.) be held at the Orphanage on Tuesday, November 19th. The chair will be taken by Samuel Barrow, junr., Esq., and an illustrated lecture will be delivered by Mr. Thomas Brown, of Leicester, on his travels in the East. Collecting cards and boxes can always be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

COLPORTEAGE.—Arrangements are complete for a new District, to be opened in October, in connection with villages around Bishop's Stortford. The friends in that locality look forward with hopefulness to a most successful work, and a colporteur is being placed there who gives promise both of good business abilities and of gifts as an evangelist which, it is hoped, may be largely owned of God to the salvation of souls.

A colporteur in Suffolk thoughtfully planned a gathering of villagers at the close of harvest, to assemble at a farm, and take tea together. Several farmers and friends assisted most cordially, and about eighty persons met, and enjoyed a bountiful meal, after which a series of Gospel addresses were given, the character of Colportage

work explained, and a thanksgiving offering taken on behalf of the funds of the Association.

One of the brethren has spent his holiday in the Isle of Man assisting a band of workers from the Open Air Mission. He reports:—"We have had a time of much blessing; large gatherings assembled on the sands, and elsewhere, to hear 'the old, old story,' and many precious souls were won for the Saviour. Altogether, we held 38 services in the open air, and 10 indoor prayer-meetings."

From one of the Districts, a colporteur writes:—"A person, who was recently converted in connection with our chapel, was first awakened by hearing his next-door neighbour's prayers. He overheard sounds, and fancied the prayer was concerning him; curiosity prompted him to bore a hole through the wall, and listen. He became so concerned that he came to our chapel, and afterwards to a cottage meeting, where, weeping bitterly, he listened as I pointed him to Jesus. Later on, he was found kneeling by the hedge seeking for mercy. He found peace at last, and evidenced afterwards, by his life, that he was a changed man."

The colporteurs are now selling a new edition of "Precious Truths for Everyone" at threepence. This soul-saving book should be scattered broadcast; the edition in question is neatly bound in cloth boards, and makes a most useful present. Christians would do well to supply themselves with copies to place freely in the hands of unconverted friends, servants, and neighbours.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—August 29, thirteen.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Wadland	...	...	...	Collection at Kirby Muxloe Church,	...	...	...
A. A.	...	...	1 0 0	per Pastor J. C. Forth	...	2 11 7	
Mrs. Edwards	...	...	1 1 0	Mrs. Edwards	...	2 0 0	
Mr. John Hosie	...	...	30 0 0	Rev. H. T. Peach (Natal)	...	5 0 0	
Part collection at Goldhill Baptist	...	...	0 10 0	Mr. H. E. Leader	...	1 0 0	
Chapel, per Pastor T. Davies	...	...	1 6 6	Mrs. H. Keevil	...	10 0 0	
Mr. Barker Fielden	...	...	0 3 6	Contribution from Church at Potter's	...	...	...
Mr. T. H. Woodeson	...	...	2 0 0	Bar, per Pastor H. S. Smith	...	0 10 0	
Mr. W. Pitcher	...	...	1 0 0	Collection at Claremont Chapel, Bol-	...	...	...
Rev. F. W. Jarry (India)	...	...	1 0 0	ton, per Pastor C. Cole	...	5 13 5	
Mr. Jas. R. Bayley	...	...	1 0 0	Executor of estate of the late Mr.	...	...	...
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	...	...	0 2 6	T. Elake, Ross	...	10 0 0	

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Weekly offerings and collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle from August 15th to September 14th	...	37	1	1	Ordinance collection at Bridgwater Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H.	...	1	16	2
Mr. W. Pitcher	...	1	0	0	Trotman	...	...	...	...
Pastor W. G. Silke	...	5	0	0					
							£120	15	9

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1901.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mrs. Edwards	...	2	10	0	For Christ's sake	...	0	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Union	...	105	0	0			£107	15	0

## The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 16th, 1901.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. G. W. Selby	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Anderson	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hallam	...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	...	0	17	0
Mrs. E. L. Simpson	...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Sizeland	...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Hosie	...	1	0	0	Mr. N. McVicar	...	2	0	0
Mr. F. Flanders	...	2	0	0	Mr. James Wilson	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	...	0	4	0	Nauticus	...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Malin	...	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Williams	...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Sutherland	...	0	2	0	Mr. A. Collins	...	0	5	10
Mrs. S. White	...	0	5	0	Mr. J. E. Greener	...	0	6	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	...	5	0	0	Widow Adlem	...	0	5	0
Miss Thomson	...	0	10	0	J. B. C.	...	1	0	0
Sergt. A. Prentice	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Edwards, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Windmill	...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss K. Sivers	...	0	3	8
C. C.	...	1	0	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Pearson	...	1	0	0	From an old friend, H. S.	...	0	4	0
Mrs. Gray	...	2	2	0	Mrs. Ewart	...	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson	...	3	0	0	J. M. G.	...	0	5	0
Mr. H. White	...	1	1	0	Mrs. B. Mings	...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Todd	...	0	5	0	God's Tenth	...	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Perraton	...	1	0	0	Royal Engineers' Charitable Fund, per Mr. T. W. Pearson	...	10	0	0
Mr. E. R. Hills	...	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Keevil	...	10	0	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes	...	0	5	0	Mrs. R. Perkins	...	0	3	0
A. B.	...	0	2	6	A. P. B.	...	1	1	0
Mr. L. C. Barson	...	0	5	0	A. S. D., Postal orders, Lombard Street, E.C.	...	5	0	0
Sympathy	...	0	5	0	Mr. G. E. Arundel	...	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. Patterson	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Curtis	...	0	5	0
Miss Mackereth	...	0	2	6	Mr. G. H. Holt	...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Robertson	...	0	8	5	Miss Wynne	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. W. Flint	...	1	18	6	The Misses Davis	...	1	1	0
Chatsworth Road Baptist Sunday-school, Clapton, per Mr. J. Cooper	...	1	1	0	C. H., Liskeard	...	0	2	0
Mr. H. Bell	...	0	10	0	New Becton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. C. Dunn	...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Garrett	...	0	2	6	Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—				
Mr. J. Cullingham	...	0	10	0	Mr. M. J. Sutton	...	3	3	0
"Feed My Lambs," Beeston, Notts	...	10	0	0	Mr. Leonard Sutton	...	3	3	0
Mrs. Walter	...	10	0	0	Mr. J. H. Fuller	...	2	2	0
"In memoriam"	...	200	0	0	Mrs. Deane	...	0	2	6
Miss L. Tinsley and Mr. H. J. P. Oakley	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Cox	...	0	2	6
Stamps, Canterbury	...	0	0	5	Mrs. J. Davis	...	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Legassick	...	2	0	0					
Collected by Mrs. Cole	...	0	16	0	Collected by Master R. F. Adgie	...	0	7	0
R. M., Clapham	...	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mrs. E. A. Willis	...	92	2	0
Stamps, Berwick, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	0	4	0	Executors of the late Mrs. E. S. W. Best	...	5	0	0
Mr. J. D. Barrett	...	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mr. Thos. Blake	...	10	0	0
A Christian worker	...	0	10	0	Orphan Boys' collecting cards (as per list)	...	61	18	8
Mr. G. H. Creek	...	1	1	0					
St. James' Sabbath-school, Yetholm, per Rev. A. C. Hogg	...	0	6	9					
Lord and Messrs. A. and L. de Rothschild	...	2	2	0					

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Orphan Girls' collecting cards (as per list) ...	47 14 2	SEASIDE HOME:— Mrs. Hutchison ...	0 10 0
MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLES WORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—			
Woolwich Tabernacle ...	10 0 5		£538 8 4

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS.—Aspden, G., 3s; Adams, W. J., 11s; Beazley, H., 10s 8d; Boots, F. S., 15s; Brand, A., £1 4s 6d; Balderston, L., 6s 4d; Bothamley, J., 8s 4d; Barnard, P., 10s; Bridgman, H., 4s; Bingham, A., 2s 6d; Boddy, W., 8s 4d; Barlow, H., 12s; Bray, S., 3s 6d; Burgess, J., 12s; Baldwin, S., 12s; Baggaley, J., 12s; Barrett, F., £1 1s 3d; Bowers, C., £1 1s; Chapman, G., 5s 3d; Castle, J., 17s 6d; Camden, W. T., 8d; Cooper, B., 6s 4d; Carey, A., 3s; Cander, G., 10s; Clayton, T., 6s 2d; Dunster, C., 8s 6d; Day, W., 2s 6d; Darby, R., 4s; Durrant, H., 8s; Davies, W., 5s 6d; Daniells, M., 5s; Dutton, G., 7s; Dolittle, J., 6s 6d; Evans, G., £1 1s; Edwards, C., 7s; Edwards, P., 6s 3d; Elliott, W. M., 2s 6d; French, S., 4s 6d; Fuller, W. J., 8s; Geere, M., 17s 4d; Golds, W. H., 10s 6d; Green, G., 2s 8d; Goodyear, P., 4s; Gaylor, W., 4s 4d; Griffin, W., £1 1s; Harcourt, A., 1s 3d; Hughes, S., 1s; Heritage, W., 5s 6d; Huggett, F., 9s; Hyne, H., 3s 4d; Horton, G., 12s 3d; Halsall, J. W., 5s; Harris, L., £1 5s; Hayes, H., 6s 2d; Hunt, E., 14s 3d; Howard, H., £1 1s; Hollobone, H., 4s 6d; Harris, H., £1 1s; Hards, P., 1s 9d; Haddock, B., £1 1s; Johnson, A. S., 2s 7d; Jeffreys, P., 2s; Jones, T., 7s 9d; Jago, S., 14s 10d; Jilkins, W., 3s; Knight, C., 12s; Knight, J., 10s 6d; Kimber, R., 2s 6d; Kirby, M., 8s 2d; Kimber, T. H., £1 2s; Locke, T., 5s 2d; Lowe, H., 5s; Miller, F., £1 1s; Myerson, H., £1 1s; M'Mechan, O. D., 3s 2d; Musto, J., 2s 6d; Moss, G., £1 1s; Manley, G., 6d; Maisey, H., £1 1s; Milligan, J., £1 8s; Mapleston, E., 12s 1d; Morgan, H., £1 1s; Neat, W., 18s; Northcott, P., £1 1s; Patient, T., 1s 5d; Pearson, B., 14s 6d; Page, H., 11s 6d; Payne, L., 2s; Pearce, L., 4s 6d; Pateman, R., 7s 4d; Prichard, D., 8s 3d; Parsons, F., 10s 6d; Preston, V., £1 1s; Partridge, G., 4s 1d; Rooksby, F., 3s 2d; Ribbons, H., 6s; Robinson, H., 8s 4d; Rooke, B., 10s 6d; Royal, J., 7s 6d; Smith, J. W., 5s 6d; Shurley, E. W., 15s; Smart, H., 10s; Strachan, B., 18s 2d; Shearer, H., 3s 3d; Stradwick, F., 4s 3d; Swain, F., 12s; Swan, A., 7s; Standen, E., 5s 9d; Sharp, L., 6s 6d; Tovey, W., 9s 3d; Thornton, A., 9s; Talbot, H., 7s 6d; Thomas, L., 4s; Thomas, M., 4s; Tarrant, H., 14s; Temple, A., 4s; Upton, W., 2s 9d; Vercoe, H. G., 8s; Witchlow, G., 2s 6d; Wilmot, J., 5s 6d; Weller, H., 1s 3d; Weller, F., 1s 9d; Willmore, H., 6d; Wells, F., £1 1s; Wakeling, H., 3s 9d; Williamson, A., 8s; Whatley, T. J., 8s; Withey, N. M., 15s; Wilby, E., 11s 9d; Watson, J., 1s; Wells, E., £1 1s; Williams, A., 10s; Wood, R., £1 1s; White, F., 5s.—Total, £61 18s 8d.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS.—Abblitt, M., £1 1s; Alying, A., 2s; Addis, E., 4s 9d; Ayres, E., 16s; Batchelor, R., 7s; Brock, A., 2s 3d; Bilson, J., 7s 6d; Birch, K., 1s; Boxall, S., 6d; Brooking, F., 10s; Bennett, N., 1s 6d; Barter, A., £1; Brayley, M., 1s; Briggs, A., 4s; Belton, M., 10d; Cole, E., 3s 6d; Cavalier, M., 3s 8d; Cole, A., 6s 6d; Clark, W., 11s; Cunningham, E., 5s; Choat, R., 7s; Cutting, E., 5s; Civil, J., 10s 5d; Coombe, C., 5s 9d; Care, M., 3d; Chappell, C., 6s. 3d; Court, B., 2s; Clue, G., 3s 6d; Campbell, A., £1 1s; Dawson, E., £1 1s; Downing, L., 7s 6d; Day, P., £1 1s; Davis, A., 9s; Dines, E., 15s; Ensom, E., 4s; Fields, M., 3s; Friend, M., 10s; Fernley, O., 3d; Gosling, E., 1s; Green, E., 1s 2d; Goddard, K., 3s 1d; Gaylor, C., 6s; Gouyn, A., 4s; Gibson, B., 6d; Greene, D., 5s 6d; Heagerty, K., 10d; Hutchinson, F., 18s; Hopson, B., 3s 5d; Hearden, E., 4s; Hopkins, D., 5s; Hiscocks, B., 9d; Howard, H., 6d; Hammond, M., 4s; Harris, M., 3s; Hinksman, E., 6s; Haylock, F., 1s; Henton, A., 8s; Jervis, L., 3s 4d; Jeffries, L., 4s 4d; Jackson, W. and N., 10s; Kent, M., £1 1s; Knowles, E., 1s 6d; Kendall, E., 13s 6d; Lockett, F., £1 1s; Lambourne, E., 6s; Marshall, A., 1s 8d; Maytum, G., 3d; Morgan, I. and L., 12s 6d; Myers, F., 3s 7d; Martin, M., 3s; Munday, J., 2s 3d; Marlow, L., 13s; Montford, G., 1s; Maidment, A., 5s; Milligan, E., £1 8s; Mohan, M., 2s 6d; Mounthfield, G., £1 1s; Mitchell, J., 2s 6d; Marrett, E., 1s; Nicholls, M., 8s; Needs, E., 12s 4d; Osmond, W., 16s; Oliver, B., 1s; Pauldin, R., 8s; Porter, I., 8s 2d; Perks, L., £1 1s; Pain, E., 1s 1d; Plowright, G., 4s; Peterson, L., 10s 6d; Page, M., 2s 4d; Peake, K., 1s; Prior, M., 3s 6d; Price, V., 3s 6d; Peerless, F., 1s 9d; Plumley, W., £1 6s 9d; Platt, O., 1s 6d; Rawlings, A., 5s; Roynance, M., 11s; Riley, H., 10s; Rawle, E., 6s 5d; Roseblad, R., 3s 3d; Stalker, A., 3s; Sadler, M., 4s; Stokes, M., 1s 7d; Steed, E., 6d; Smith, Connie, £1 1s; Seaman, D., 18s. 2d; Spurgling, G., 1s 6d; Salmon, G., 3s; Stanley, D., 5s; Scouse, M., 3s; Surrey, K., 7s; Smith, W., 14s; Smith, R., 6d; Siggins, M., 6s; Smith, L., 3s 6d; Scarlett, E., £1 1s; Smith, C., 3s 6d; Simmons, K., £1 1s; Thrower, M., 1s 3d; Thomas, L., 2s; Taylor, M., 3s 8d; Taylor, N., 7s 1d; Upton, S., 1s 6d; Vince, V., 1s 6d; Vaughan, N., £1 1s; Wetton, D., 3s; Wetton, L., 1s 9d; White, M., 5s; Winfield, L., 2s 6d; Williamson, R., 1s 2d; Williamson, M., 3s; Warr, M., 6s 1d; Woolley, A., 2d; Wilson, W., 2s; Wilkes, D., 5s; Wood, F., 5d; Warell, N., 1s; Weir, I., 3s; Waldron, N., 3s; Worsley, F., 5s; Walter, M., 5s 6d; Westcott, L., £1; Whitnall, A., 2s; Wallis, E., 8s 8d.—Total, £47 14s 2d.

## LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM AUGUST 14TH TO SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—2 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Searle Haslam; 1 Box of Apples, Mr. W. Jones; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—8 Holland Pinafores, Miss Burningham; 1 Dress, Miss E. Povevin; 5 Holland Pinafores, Mrs. Wells; 9 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Holland Pinafores, Miss Walker; a Quantity of Calico, Plannelette, and Tape, 3 Shirts, The Rock Party, per Mrs. Davies; 14 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), Wynne Road Baptist Church Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. Down.

GENERAL:—77 Books, Mr. Smith.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1901.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£	s.	d.
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat	...	10	0	0
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	...	10	0	0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	...	10	0	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	...	10	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	...	11	5	0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	...	7	10	0
		<u>£58</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>0</u>
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Lewis, per Mr. H. Mears	...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Samuel	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Edwards	...	2	10	0
Mrs. Morton	...	0	7	6
Mr. R. Kelly	...	0	1	0
		<u>£3</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>6</u>
GENERAL FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	...	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Cowan	...	2	0	0
Miss J. Cook	...	0	1	0
Mr. G. Samuel	...	0	1	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	...	1	1	0
Master Stanley Watts (collecting box)	...	0	5	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co., Liu.	...	2	2	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	...	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Donaldson	...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Acock	...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Harris	...	0	2	6
"Rien sans Dieu"	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Edwards	...	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	...	1	0	0
Miss Annie N. Price	...	0	10	6
The Misses Buswell	...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Howell	...	1	1	0
Mr. George Virgo, sen.	...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Raybould	...	1	0	0
Miss Janet Wood	...	0	6	0
Mr. W. C. Edwards	...	1	8	6
Miss Bunn	...	0	12	0
Mrs. A. Shearman	...	1	0	0
A. H.	...	5	0	0
Miss Gunner (collecting box)	...	0	6	4
		<u>£27</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>4</u>

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

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Williams	1	0	0	Mrs. Williams	1	0	0
Mrs. D. Laasma	1	0	0				
Postal orders from Seaton	3	0	0				
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0				
					<u>£7</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

The Secretary of The "Regions Beyond" Missionary Union gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £1, from "a well-wisher," towards the Las Flores Building Fund.

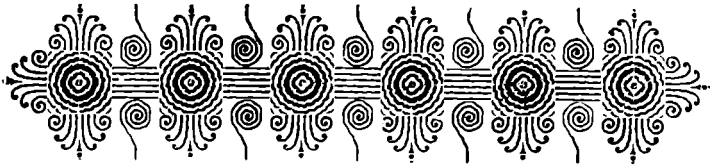
Received, with heartiest thanks, for Mr. Albert Midlane:—Mr. and Mrs. Allmey, 10s; Eastgate Baptist Sunday-school, Lewes, per Mr. J. P. Morris, 13s.; Master Allen Moore, 2s. 6d.; E. Pullim, 10s.

*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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.

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NOVEMBER, 1901.

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## “We have Seen the Lord.”

A SERMON, PREACHED AT BRIGHTON, NEARLY 40 YEARS AGO,  
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“*The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord.*”  
—John xx. 25.

(Concluded from page 512.)

II. **N**OW I come to the second part of my subject, on which I can only speak briefly. That is, HOW MAY WE SEE THE LORD? Not, I should say, in visions and dreams. Some people talk a great deal about what they see when they are asleep; I would much rather know what they do when they are awake. I do not think it matters much what we dream about, when our disordered brains go on working while we sleep. We must have something more solid to depend on than those flights of fancy, and those flimsy, distorted imaginations.

How can we see the Lord? *In Scripture.* As Augustine said, “The Scriptures are the swaddling-bands of the holy Child Jesus;” and here, as we unwind the Scriptures, we behold Him. “He feedeth among the lilies;” and these Books of the Bible are the beds of lilies and of sweet spices, where He repositeth. Often have we found Christ in the Old Testament types,—in the Psalms,—in the Gospels,—in the Epistles. The Holy Scriptures are like a looking-glass. If we look up to Heaven, we cannot see Christ yonder; but if we cast our eyes down upon this glass, then He looketh down from Heaven into the glass. and, “as in a glass, darkly,” we see Him mirrored, and are content to wait for the time to come when we shall see Him face to face, in His own eternal Kingdom.

Then we see Christ, also, *in the Word preached*; at least, that

preaching is not worth much that has not Christ in it. A sermon without Christ! If you hear one such discourse, it is your misfortune; if you hear two such, it is your sin. Never give a man the opportunity to preach two sermons to you without Christ in them; such a preacher is far too clever. If some baker has made one loaf of bread without using any flour, never trust him a second time;—he will murder you one of these days! If a man is clever enough to preach a sermon, and to keep Christ out of it, do not go to hear him. You had better listen to some illiterate, blundering brother, who can only utter his words in rough disorder, rather than to a preacher of the other description, who is so clever, and such a polished orator, that he can do without his Master. A minister should ever be like Moses, who "lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," that men might "look and live."

Then, *in the ordinances*, as well as in the Word preached and read, we may see Christ. "Buried with Him by baptism into death," "planted together in the likeness of His death," "that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." The believer, when he is baptized, is not saved by baptism; he knows better than that, for he knows he has no right to be baptized until he is saved; but, being saved, he sees in the baptismal stream a figure of the tomb of Christ; and he is there "buried with Christ," and riseth again in Him.

So, in the Lord's supper, what a reminder we have of Jesus! I hope, dear friends, your communing times are times of peace and joy to you. To the souls of God's people, that are in a healthy state, they are, for, as they eat the bread, and drink the wine,—though not superstitiously, or in any Popish way,—they eat Christ's flesh, and drink His blood, after a spiritual fashion. Dear to every child of God must be those solemn meetings, when we have said, with Paul, "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?"

And so, too, we may say, "We have seen the Lord" *in private, in solitary communings*. I am ashamed to say it, yet I must, that communion is what we are not often engaged in. We are so much occupied in travelling by railway speed, leaving the time of anchorites and hermits far behind. I care not for making monks and hermits; but I wish we had more communion with Christ. I think we might serve God all the better if we had more time for quietude and musing on Him. Think not I dream when I say,—There are times when Christ is very near to us, in solitude, when we can see Him, though not with these eyes; and when we can talk of the things which "our hands have handled, of the Word of life." Sweetly do we sing, sometimes, with the spouse in the Canticles, "His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me." The walk to Emmaus we also have had; and our hearts have burned within us, while He has talked with us by the way. He has shown to us His hands and His side; and our souls have been made "like the chariots of Ammi-nadib." Remember these seasons, ye who have known them; recall them into your mind; and let the thought of them be reviving to your spirit. Snatch from the altars of yesterday blazing torches, to kindle the

almost expiring embers of to-day. Again draw near to God, come close to Christ, for so only can you say, “Yes, we have seen the Lord.”

I must make just one more remark here, and then close this point. I think, dear friends, we have often seen the Lord *in positions of life where the Holy Ghost has touched our eyes with spiritual eye-salve*. You may have noticed that all the saints who have ever beheld Christ, saw Him as like themselves. Abraham was a stranger and a foreigner, sitting under the tree at Mamre; he saw Christ,—but how? As “a wayfaring man,” a stranger passing by. Moses, much tried, and feeling himself like “a burning bush,” “saw the Lord,”—but how? As “a burning bush,” yet “unconsumed.” Jacob was about to wrestle with his brother Esau, he was alone at Jabbok; and he saw Christ,—but how? “There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.” Joshua was about to march upon Jericho, and, sword in hand, was gazing at its walls, he saw Christ,—but how? “He lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a Man over against him with His sword drawn in His hand,” who said, in answer to Joshua’s challenge, “Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?” “Nay; but as Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come.” Then there were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego,—how did they see Christ? As one walking with them in the burning fiery furnace.

We must take different points of view, and see Christ first in this way, and then in the other; and, perhaps, in the darkest hour we ever shall have, we shall see Christ the best; and in the worst affliction that shall ever come to us, sweeping over our heads, like big waves threatening to destroy us, perhaps that will be the very time when we shall behold Christ more clearly than we have ever beheld Him, or shall behold Him, till we arrive in Heaven. Happy is the trial that enables us the better to say, “We have seen the Lord.”

III. And now, in the last place, WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT IF WE HAVE SEEN THE LORD?

We learn from the text that, if we have seen the Lord, *we shall tell other people*. These disciples went and told Thomas that they had seen the Lord, and I want to stir up those, who have had a vision of Christ’s face, to go and tell Thomas about it. I know you will try to excuse yourself, and say, “I love retirement. I could not speak, I am so bashful.” No doubt, modesty is a great virtue; but it is not the greatest virtue that a soldier can exhibit; and you are a soldier of Christ, remember, by profession. We do not generally think that soldiers ought to be so modest as to be ashamed to show their faces in the day of battle. There are a good many people who are modest in this way; but I beg you to shake off just so much of your retiring habits as may be necessary to your usefulness, and dare to say something for Christ. No doubt you will say, “I never did tell anyone what I have felt,” but that is the very reason why you should begin to do so now.

I remember once riding on a coach, when the coachman observed to me that he knew a certain minister (I will not say of what church), who, for the last six months, had been in the habit of riding up and down on the box of his coach with him; “and,” said he, “he is a good sort

of man, sir, the sort of man that I like." "Well, what sort of a man is he?" I asked. "Well, you see, sir," he replied, "he is a minister; and I like him because he never intrudes his religion, sir. I never heard him say a word that would make me believe him to be a religious man the whole six months he has ridden with me, sir!" I am afraid there are plenty of Christians of that sort; but their religion is not worth much. They never intrude their religion; and I think the reason it is so unobtrusive is, that they have not any to intrude; for true godliness is one of the most intrusive things in the world. It is fire; and if you put fire down in your study, and give it most earnest admonition never to burn, you will find, while you are administering your sage advice, that a conflagration has commenced.

"Oh!" says one, "I think we can have true religion, and not show it." Do you, indeed? Christ thought differently, for He said, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

"Well," says another, "but I have no gifts; I hope I know about these things, but I could not tell others about them." You have no gifts! If I had said that, you would have been offended. "But I can do nothing." Again I am glad I have not insulted you by saying so. There is not a spider in the corner of the churchyard, there is not a nettle growing on the most neglected heath, that has not some virtue. God has not made a single thing without a purpose; and I cannot think He has made you, given you enjoyment, given Christ to save you, and yet intends you to do nothing for Him. I cannot believe you, my friend, my brother, my sister; there must be something for you to do, so find it out, and do it. There must be some person to whom you can tell what you know about the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Well," asks one, "to whom can I tell it,—if I must tell it?" To whom? Tell it to your nearest kinsman, your dearest acquaintance; or, if not, tell it to anyone, for it is good news which should be published upon the very housetops. I generally advise the members of my congregation, if they have felt anything of the power of God in their own hearts, to tell it to the first stranger who may happen to come into view; and many have been the conversions I have seen wrought by speaking to those who had no serious thought; talking to them in a solemn manner, they have been impressed. How do you think the religion of Christ is to be spread in this world, if all of you are to be silent about it? "By the ministers," say you. Oh, the ministers! But are we to do it all? God forbid! I would sooner lay down my ministry than undertake your responsibilities. You have your work to do, and we have ours. You cannot do ours, and we cannot do yours. Indeed, this were priestcraft with all its evil, and none of its good, supposing the work of saving souls to be left to the ministry. Nay, the whole Church of God is to be the winner of souls; and every saved soul should seek to bring another, by telling what God has done for his soul.

Possibly, someone says, "I will try; but I am sure I shall stammer."



So much the better; this stammering will have all the force of eloquence. If you cannot tell what you feel, it will have all the greater power. I think this is just the preaching that is now required,—that of private persons talking of Jesus; for men say of us ministers, “It is his business to talk about these things.” But great good will attend the speaking privately to men. The Countess of Huntingdon,—what a preacher for Christ she was, though she was never in a pulpit! Lady Ann Erskine,—what a bishop was she in the Church,—though she never came forth to put the mitre on her brow! Persons of humble life, undistinguished among the common multitude, putting in here a word, and there a sentence, and above all savouring the whole with a godly, gracious, and loving spirit. O friends, these are they that shall “shine as the stars for ever and ever,” when Christ cometh to divide the portions to His people!

You do not know, some of you, what good you would get in your own heart, if you tried to do good to others. The devil knows that the only way to keep his people quiet, is to give them work to do; and the Lord knows there is no way of keeping Christians happy, but that of keeping them hard at work for Him. We must be labouring for Jesus, if we would be happy. Did you ever have the satisfaction of hearing the cry of penitence, from a heart that you were the instrument of breaking? Did you ever see the beaming countenance of one, whom you had pointed to Christ? It is a bliss worth worlds. Martyrdom were a cheap price to buy it,—the bliss of being a spiritual father in Christ Jesus. Labour for it. You may have it; you cannot be put into a sphere where usefulness is out of your way. If you have seen the Lord, I charge you, by the sufferings He endured for you,—by the agony of that face, “more marred than that of any man,”—by all those tears and drops of blood,—by that scourge, and shoulders torn until the white wounds start out from a sea of crimson,—by the five wounds, by the sponge, the vinegar, the nails, the cry, “I thirst,” the shriek of “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani,”—by the bowing of the head, and the descent into the grave,—I conjure you, if ever you have not lived for Him, serve Him now. Fly onward to “the mark of your high calling,” like arrows shot from the bow of His love,—turn neither to the right hand nor to the left,—but yonder go, speeding your life-giving course, until you be lost in the splendour of His ineffable glory, and for ever behold His face, and circle His throne rejoicing, with songs of carolling symphony for ever and ever.

I have done. Only there are some here who have never seen the Lord at all. What shall I say to them? I preach the Gospel to them. “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.” To believe Christ, is to trust in Him. Whoever trusts his soul to Christ is saved; however black his sin may have been, the moment he trusts Christ, he is saved; his sin is gone, the Holy Spirit enters into him, he becomes an heir of immortality, and he shall see the face of Christ, in glory everlasting. May the Lord add now His blessing, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.

## Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

“Put me in remembrance: let us plead together.”—Isaiah xliii. 26.

WHAT pathetic tenderness, what infinite compassion do these words reveal! The Lord had been expostulating with Israel on their want of heartiness in His service, their forgetfulness, their indifference to His law and ordinances; and He does, as it were, open His heart in this most affecting interview, showing how deeply it had been wounded by their unthankful and scornful behaviour. Yet, grieving as He was under such unjust and cruel treatment, He nevertheless is the first to seek reconciliation; the injured God is more ready to pardon than the guilty sinners are to acknowledge their offence; the mighty Creator of the universe deigns to plead with the creatures He has formed, and makes overtures of peace to them.

As we read the touching words of complaint on His part, our hearts burn with indignation against His ancient people; but, alas! we ourselves are no better than they. He can say of us that we have not “called upon” Him, that we have been “weary” of Him, that we have kept back the service and offerings which are his due, and that we have made Him “to serve with our sins.” But both the Israelites of old, and we, the Gentile children of more favoured days, have a God as merciful as He is mighty; and, “because His compassions fail not,” He heaps on our offending heads the “coals of fire” which should consume all our enmity, indifference, and carelessness.

May He help us, this morning, to hear with holy reverence His tender pleadings! May He attune our ears to perceive those rich harmonies of Divine grace which can be heard only by those to whom He has whispered, “Ephphatha;” and give us the sweet meltings of heart which “love so amazing, so Divine,” should beget in us!

\* \* \* \*

“Put Me in remembrance.” Permit us, then, dear Lord, to remind Thee of Thy “covenant”, made from everlasting with Thy people, “ordered in all things, and sure,” of which Thou hast declared, through the psalmist, that Thou wilt “ever be mindful” of it. Again and again didst Thou renew it, and, as the world’s ages rolled on, Thou wast faithful to every word of it, though Thou wert ever dealing with a stiffnecked and rebellious generation. And when the old compact of “Do this, and ye shall live,” was broken by the failure of Thy people to keep it, Thou didst make “a new covenant” with them, in which the “I will” of the faithful God was linked to a “thou shalt” which blessedly bound the feeble sinner.

But, as if this were not enough to show Thy compassion and love to men, Thou didst provide a “Surety”, who undertook Himself to perform our part, and so for ever to secure to us the blessing our sins had forfeited. How can we sufficiently bless Thee for such a “covenant” of mercy as this, which satisfies Thy justice, glorifies Thy love, and enables Thee to be “the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus”? With sacred joy, we “put Thee in remembrance” of this,

for Thou art a covenant-keeping God, and both the old and the new charters are now yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.

*"Put Me in remembrance."* Yes, gracious Lord, vile and disobedient as we are, we would recall to Thee the fact that "Thy mercy endureth for ever." Thou mayest hide Thy face for a moment; but, oh! how ready Thou art to pardon, and take Thy banished ones back to Thine embrace! It has ever been thus with Thee, Lord; Thou hast been saying, "Return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee," to all Thy wandering children since those typical wilderness days when Israel continually provoked Thee, and grieved Thee in the desert. What forbearance hast Thou shown to sinners, what tenderness to weaklings, what love and mercy to all who have put their trust in Thee!

Lord, putting *Thee* in remembrance of all this, makes us keenly feel our own ingratitude and indifference, our own unmindfulness of the deep responsibility which such love lays upon us. When we contrast Thy mercy with our murmurings, Thy forbearance with our presumption, Thy love with our coldness, Thy pleadings with our stubbornness, we are amazed at Thy longsuffering, and are deservedly rebuked when Thou sayest, "Be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel." It is because we are thus ashamed and confounded, dear Lord, that we now "put Thee in remembrance" of Thy mercy, which "is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, . . . to such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them."

*"Put Me in remembrance."* Truly, Lord, here is a marvel of mercy, that Thou hast allowed us also to remind Thee of Thy *justice!* What! shall sinners dare to appeal to this awful attribute of Jehovah when they come before His throne? Yea, verily, for, *because* He is a just God, He is bound, for Christ's sake, to pardon and receive all those who put their trust in Him. He Himself has found the Ransom, and stands pledged to accept it. It "pleased the Lord" to bruise and put to grief the "Surety" who bore our iniquities; and He would not be the *just* God He certainly is, were He to refuse to justify the vilest transgressor who pleads the Name and death of His dear Son.

"Payment God cannot twice demand,  
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine."

Oh, the wonder of it all! God satisfies His own justice, magnifies His own mercy, indulges His own sovereign love, and glorifies His own Holy Name by exhibiting to the universe the unparalleled spectacle of the Lord of the whole earth beseeching guilty, ruined men to receive the free gift of pardon and eternal life!

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*"Let us plead together."* Ah, dear Lord! if Thou wert to plead *against* me, Thy law would make short work of my guilty spirit. I have not a word to say in my own defence; I stand before Thee as a convinced and convicted sinner, worthy of death, but delivered from it by Thine own hand. What, then, dost Thou mean by saying, "Let

us plead *together*”? Thou art both Judge and Advocate, Thou art Counsel on both sides, and Thy love has prepared the plea by providing the Substitute!

It just comes to this, dear Lord, that, when a poor soul ventures into Thy presence to *put Thee in remembrance* of Thy justice, love, and mercy, all centred and summed up in the gift of Thine only-begotten Son, Thou art so blessedly ready to welcome the returning one that the pleading of his lips, and the yearning of Thy heart, mingle in a sacred unison of unutterable love, and the forgiven sinner can only fall at Thy feet in adoration, and “weep to the praise of the mercy he’s found.”

O my loving Father, when Thou openest mine eyes but a little way to see the magnitude of Thy marvellous grace, I am overcome by the light of Thy countenance, and consumed by the intensity of my joy! Lord, if this be “pleading together,” give me still more often such blessed times of love. Satisfy my soul with such goodness, that I may come forth uplifted and ennobled, yet with the yoke of Christ so firmly fixed upon my heart and life that putting Thee in remembrance will be my constant delight as well as my daily duty!

Lord, I believe this is the “pleading together” which Thy loving heart desires,—an absolute and grateful *reception* by me of all the wondrous pardon and healing promised by Thee, and then a humble dependence on Thee for grace and strength to enable me to live in continuous touch with my great Advocate and Saviour, “Jesus Christ the righteous.”

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## C. H. Spurgeon on Christians and War.

**I**N the year 1880, after our country had safely passed through a crisis in some respects similar to the present one, Mr. Spurgeon thus addressed the ministers and students assembled at their Annual Conference:—

“We have come back to a condition in which there will be a respect for righteousness, justice, and truth, rather than for self-assertion, and national gain, and conquest. We shall, I trust, no longer be steered by a false idea of British interests, and the policy which comes of it; but by the great principles of right, justice, and humanity. This is all I want to see: parties, as such, are nothing to us; nor individual statesmen, except so far as they represent right principles. We are for those who are on the side of justice, peace, and love. And now, instead of lying still year after year, and making no progress,—no laws amended, no home legislation attended to, but time wasted upon glittering foreign adventures,—something will be done. . . .

“We are up to the hilt advocates of peace, and we earnestly war against war. I wish that Christian men would insist more and more on the unrighteousness of war, believing that Christianity means no sword, no cannon, no bloodshed, and that, if a nation is driven to fight in its own defence, Christianity stands by to weep and to intervene as soon as possible, and not to join in the cruel shouts which celebrate an enemy’s slaughter.”

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## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"IT IS STILL PERFECTLY TRUE."



"THE GOSPEL DONKEY." "THE LORD HATH NEED OF HIM."

"ONE of the cheapest and most effective means of scattering Gospel light in the darkest places." So wrote C. H. Spurgeon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, long years ago. No one doubts that this witness *was* true. That it is still correct, is the fact that I desire to demonstrate. Someone said, "It is still perfectly true." I want all my readers to say so, too.

Dark places, unfortunately, still remain. The "darkest places" are not necessarily in heathen lands. The deepest shadows are in close proximity to the brightest light. How dark some of the corners in Old England are, almost passes belief. False lights are worse than none. If the light that is in them be darkness, how great is that darkness!

Whereas there is much of charm in village life, it is mostly of the outward appearance. The artist or the photographer finds a lovely "bit" at almost every bend of the lane, but God's camera would produce some very different pictures; His faithful brush would be more concerned with sombre hues than with glowing colours.

Ignorance lingers there though the schoolmaster is abroad. He will enlighten the rising generation, but he has come too late to influence their parents. They, poor souls, must keep toiling on in other fields than those of knowledge. Ignorance of spiritual matters is saddest of all; it affects both young and old, and the schoolmaster must not trespass there.

The very religion of the people is all too often a mixture of super-

stition and formalism, ceremony and hypocrisy. Loaves and fishes still prove a great attraction. The baneful shadow of Ritualism has settled down in many a parish without a protest, for the *sturdy* Protestants are sleeping soundly. Squiredom and Parsondom still have it all their own way.

Indifference is one of the great enemies of the Gospel in our towns. It is not less so—though its guise is different,—in our hamlets. Careless and callous, aimless and ambitionless, the day of grace is lounged away by the inhabitants. And in the centre of all this gloom is the deeper darkness of drunkenness and vice,—more prevalent than they suppose who rush in trains through “such lovely country,” or cycle to “the charming old-world villages.” The familiar couplet,—

“Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile,”—

has come in for many a sneer, in these days, when “the divinity of man” is so much belauded; but it is true for all that,—as true of our rural districts as of the sunny climes of which it was originally written.

We are agreed, surely, that no light save that of the Gospel can scatter this darkness. Well,—who shall be the light-bearer? I answer by urging that the colporteur shall have a fuller trial. I add my own conviction that he will do better than any other agent. I know whereof I affirm. I have studied his tactics, and watched his work, and rejoiced in his sheaves.

He is himself a man of God. His eye is single, and his whole body is, therefore, full of light. He knows one thing,—that, whereas he was blind, he can now see. His face beams with joy, and his heart glows with enthusiasm. He is not so ignorant and unlearned as some suppose, for he has been with Jesus. He knows, at all events, that the way to Heaven is not *viâ* crosses and crucifixes, but by *the* Cross and the Crucified. He has a way of coaxing folk to the place of worship which the clanging in the turret cannot cope with; and because he is so genial and so winsome, he can the better, when need demands, speak solemn words of warning to the blameworthy. He can beam—



“I HAVE STUDIED HIS TACTICS.”

“Like a little candle burning in the night,”—

or he can blaze like an electric torch whose searchlight pierces the silent secret shadows.

He has been hereabouts, I'm sure! He has left a shining track behind him. Those texts on the walls are from his pack, I'll be bound. Walls have had ears, I suppose, in all ages. Thank God, they have lately come to have mouths that speak of pardon, peace, power, and Paradise. Yonder substantial bookcase—a store of light,—has been charged at intervals by the colporteur. Those volumes are

not "light literature" in the usual acceptance of that term; but they deserve the title in its best sense, for they are full of Christ, "the Light of the world."

God's Word lies there,—not in the front window with an antimacassar over it; but on a handy shelf, alongside the arm-chair, for use when the work is done. And there are picture-books for the bairns, and hymn-books, too. Listen! . . . why, that's one of Sankey's latest; when did the dear child learn that? Why,—the colporteur has been gone only a quarter of an hour, and he had Katie on his knee, and taught her that hymn and tune, and now she is humming it out at the back.

But the colporteur is more, much more than a bookseller and house-to-house visitor. He carries a big flare sometimes. Hear him on the village green in the summer-time, or in the little chapel during the winter. Note his rugged eloquence, his intense earnestness, his "great plainness of speech," his frequent references to the atoning sacrifice and the precious blood. The light is streaming forth as from a lighthouse.

The good brother is equally at home in the Sunday-school, the C.E. Society, and the Temperance meeting. He believes in the prayer-meetings, too. He does, indeed, though they are sadly out of fashion nowadays. Talk of "effective means", I know none to beat this.



"WELCOMED AT SICK-BEDS."

This good man gets into the homes and workshops. He is welcomed at sick-beds and death-beds. He reaches the young, and he touches the old. He finds access where all others are excluded, and he does his work for God in a business-like, straightforward, unprofessional way that wins the heart for Heaven. Would God we could send forth such light-bearers into every dark place!

And why not? Simply because, though this is as *cheap* a method as it is *effective*, funds are available for only a limited application of the plan. But is it cheap? You shall judge for yourselves.

To any district, an all-round worker and evangelist, such as I have tried to describe, can be appointed for £45 per annum! Is that exorbitant? *Thirty friends, subscribing one penny per day, would meet the outlay.* What a golden opportunity for the Christian Endeavourers of the town nearest to the needy village! Free Church Councils, please copy!

"Cheap indeed!" says one, "but you do not mean to say you expect these worthy men to tramp the roads, and sell books, and preach, and teach, and do I know not what besides, for £45 per annum?" Oh, dear no! We are not sweaters. They get more than that, though not as much more as they deserve. The Association furnishes the balance; but whence does the Association get it? Partly, of course, from the sale of the books; but not wholly so. How then? Ah, now we are coming to the point! From *you*, dear reader, if you think that the work is worthy.



"AN ALL-ROUND WORKER AND EVANGELIST."

Let me further state that the expenses of the staff and office are so minimized that, beyond the local guarantee, and the profit made by sales, the amount required from the Christian public, for the General Fund, is only about £15 per annum for each colporteur, including everything. Is not this a good investment for the cause of truth and righteousness? I should like to know a better.

Very earnestly I ask the Lord's stewards to give me and my helpers their liberal and regular support in this matter. We have opened new Districts recently in Hants., Herts., Somerset, and Suffolk. I want £500 before the close of the year for the General Fund; and the Aged Colporteurs' Fund is still open, for the 500 guineas already raised will not go very far.

I have tried to help you, dear reader, to understand somewhat of the emphasis with which C. H. Spurgeon stated that the Colportage Association provides "one of the cheapest and most effective means of scattering Gospel light in the darkest places." Say, with me, "It is still perfectly true;" and then think over and pray about some way by which you can help thus to send forth God's light and truth. Perhaps some young friends, who cannot personally give much, will assist us by taking collecting boxes, as those here represented have done.



"YOUNG FRIENDS."

Please send contributions and enquiries to the secretary, Mr. S. Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.



## The Old Sanctuary.

AN APPRECIATION AND A NARRATIVE.

*written in 1901*

IT is a sanctuary no longer, though I believe it is still destined for ecclesiastical purposes. In the centre of a Northern town it stands in a square of its own; and when I passed it, a few weeks ago, it seemed like a bare and solitary island, upon which beat on all sides the busy life of the day. Blackened by years of smoke, and shut in by its locked gates, it appeared cold and solitary; the grass-grown paths untrodden by worshipping feet. In architecture, it is a miniature Parthenon, with trees growing on three sides; and behind it are the schoolroom, the minister's manse, and the cottage of the caretaker.

To me, it is a very sacred spot. There, I found Jesus Christ as my Saviour; and there, for fifteen years, amidst Presbyterian folk, I worshipped God. Almost in infancy, I was led within its walls by my mother's hand, and I remember how elated I was when I heard her say to someone that she would be a proud woman when she was able to come to church on her son's arm; I grew instantly taller that day, for I was the only son of my mother, and she was a widow. Ah, old sanctuary, how I loved thy courts! How often was I glad when they said to me, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord"!

The church was famous in the land,—a centre of light and leading; and its ministers were famous, too. In all its history it had but two leaders: it was built for the first; and before the ministry of the second ended, the congregation had determined to erect a new house of prayer in a rising suburb. Its first minister was an ideal pastor; its second was just as ideal an evangelist; so the old sanctuary has had a perfect history.

We used to sit in the corner pew on the front row of the gallery, hard by the side of the pulpit; and from my exalted niche I took a weekly survey of all that went on around and below. I recollect the ministers; but my first and greatest memory is the sexton,—I remember his name even to this day. Perhaps I am wrong in calling him sexton; he was the church-officer. We never got as far as naming him beadle or verger; he was the church-officer. It may be that, through my boyish eyes, he was glorified; but I have never seen his equal since. Dressed in shiny black clothes, with a spotless white cravat, a little man, with a noiseless tread, it was something to see him, three minutes before service time, ascend the pulpit stairs with "the books", and place them lovingly on the pulpit cushion; then he looked round on the congregation, to see that everybody was in his place, stroking the tassels meanwhile: the people were as gratified as he appeared to be. That preliminary ritual was the event of the day to me when I first began to go to church. Everything else was in the nature of an anti-climax.

The first minister was a little man with a big heart. <sup>*but a man a b.*</sup> From the dim recesses of memory, I call up his figure:—grey-headed, somewhat bent, with the collar of his undercoat an inch above the collar of his top-coat, and his black-rimmed spectacles, bought in Smithfield at eightpence per pair. He always said that these eightpenny ones were

better for his sight than any others. He was noted for his knowledge of his people; he knew not only the names of all his congregation, but the details of their history. He would meet the children, and, laying his hand on their heads in benediction, would call them "John," or "Mary," or what not, and win their hearts for ever.

To be absent on a Sunday, was to have a visit from him during the week; and when he came to a house, it was a very solemn and notable day. I remember how he was once shown up into our house when the children of the home were in a very merry, romping mood. Great was their consternation when they found the good man standing at the door with eyes wide open in wonder. I am afraid I do not remember much of his ministrations during his visits. The only thing I clearly recall is that he said he had been able to retain his voice unimpaired by the simple means of bathing his throat in water every morning, and rubbing it vigorously with his hand. I made a mental note of that at the time,—though then I never expected to be a preacher,—and have found it ever since a most efficacious method of preserving the voice. Little did the good man think that that was the chief benefit which I was to receive from his visit.

As to his pulpit ministry, he was not an orator. His voice and manner were *couthy*, if English readers know what that means. I can scarcely believe that there was much originality in his sermons. On my desk, as I write, there is a large volume, his "Commentary on the First Epistle of John," published by Clark, of Edinburgh, in which there does not seem to be a glimmer of genius, though it is all very devout and good. It is inscribed to my mother, "with a Pastor's prayers;" and I expect it was more by his prayers than by his preaching that he gained such a deep influence over such a wide area. On Sunday mornings, we would wait for some sentences that were never missing when he led the people to the throne of grace: he never forgot to pray for "the widow and orphan, the stranger and the fatherless, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the soldier and the sailor,"—a very comprehensive utterance, to which the hearts of his people made a yearning response. He very frequently talked of good men, "who caused the widow's heart to sing for joy," and in saying the words he almost glided into what the Welsh call *Hwyl*; and of bad men that he "hated with a perfect hatred," the diminutive preacher looking almost fierce as he uttered the words. He seldom got excited in the pulpit, but the subject that roused him most was that of foreign missions. His church used to give the largest collection in the country; and as he raised his little red hands, and pounded on the pulpit, his people used to nod approvingly, and say, (not during the service, of course, but at the first convenient opportunity,) "Ah! the Doctor knows how to get the money out of us."

When I was young, he was an old man; and he had the good sense to know when his powers were failing, and to urge the congregation to secure a colleague and successor.

In due time, his colleague came to us from Aberdeen,—a giant physically and spiritually,—a great burly man, in perfect contrast to the old minister; with a certain affectation of speech which at length had become natural to him, and a mincing of words which was oddly

at variance with the presence of the man who used them. The cherubim were always to him the "kerubim." Psalm was always "Sam." It was worth while coming to the sanctuary to see him as he sailed into the church and up the steps in his pulpit robes; he seemed like a king ascending his throne. ~~He came to us with the reputation of a revivalist; he had been a member of "The Huntly Band," a league of stalwarts amongst whom were Brownlow North, Duncan Matheson, and others, whose efforts were heartily seconded by the late Duchess of Gordon;—men who, amongst the fishermen and fairs of Aberdeenshire, had been instant and earnest in service for Christ. I think Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, could tell some stirring stories of those early days with our evangelist-minister. The late Dr. Mackay, of Hull, looked to him as his spiritual father; and my friend, Rev. John More, Chaplain of Woolwich, has him in his heart.~~

When he came to the old sanctuary, some of the congregation left at once; others of them stayed for the sake of "the old Doctor"; and one of the leading men indignantly remarked, "The Doctor preaches to us as if we were all saints, but this man preaches to us as if we were all sinners." He knew as little of the families of his people as the old pastor knew of eloquence; but he knew much of God and the Gospel;—not a weak, twaddling gospel, but the deep, strong, magnificent Evangel of the great God. ~~"Nobody can convict people of their sins like our man," it was said of him; "he can actually skin them alive." His sermons were full of hooks; he was a great fisher of men; and he caught many people alive because he was wise to win souls. I was amongst the number; during the first year of his ministry, my heart opened to the Lord, and gratefully I own my eternal indebtedness to this friend of my youth.~~

I do not think he found preaching easy. In later years, he often spoke of the burden of preparing sermons for the same people. He had the greatest contempt for anecdotes and little bits of poetry; why, I do not know. In his grand church, he always seemed under restraint; and though he preached well, the congregation did not increase. It was a town church, of course; and people were moving to the outskirts; but that was not the whole reason. He was too uncompromising for most people, too straight, too aloof, too spiritual. Those who loved him loved him vehemently, and those who heard him most found it very difficult to listen to anybody else. He never published anything worthy of his name, but he was a mighty man in the Scriptures. His week-night expositions of Galatians will long be remembered by the little company that gathered to hear them. And when he got down to his mission-hall, and spoke of Christ as the Door, or of the Valley of dry bones, he was at his best. In many another town than his own, when there was a moving of the waters, the first thought of the people was to send for him; and when he went to them, he went as a veritable apostle of Jesus Christ.

Those who knew him will recognize the man behind my mist of words. In my mind, no doubt he is idealized; but the real man was, in every sense, head and shoulders above his fellows. Like his predecessor, he had the honour of being Moderator of the

Assembly; and, like him, had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him; and, at length, full of years, and, alas! also full of sorrows, he fell asleep.

Which of the two men—the pastor or the evangelist—did the greater work, it would be difficult to say. Under one, the old sanctuary almost filled; and under the other, it almost emptied; and yet, perhaps it was circumstances rather than the man that emptied and filled the place. Both men were true ministers of Jesus Christ. They approached people from opposite sides, and probably the one was as necessary as the other to the growth of God's Kingdom. The head cannot say to the feet, "I have no need of you;" and—may I add?—the feet cannot say to the head, "I have no need of you."

From my perch in the gallery, shut in, not only by the pew door, but also by a seat descending in front of it, I looked out on the congregation. My nearest neighbour was a man with silvery hair, who, when I got to know him better, was to me the embodiment of saint-hood; he was not successful in this life, but he left behind him a name untarnished and a memory revered. City merchants used to stride up the aisles, and solemnly take their places;—three bachelor brothers in particular are in my mind's eye, their name known over the world, who, not one minute late, and not one minute early, with unfailing regularity took their seat every Sunday morning. Grand dames, retired ministers, and common folk completed the congregation, with some deaf and dumb children who, like Timotheus, "sat on high" at the end of the gallery.

We sang the Scotch version of the Psalms of David,—archaic and sonorous.—for the most part. Often, we had Paraphrases; but there were some members of the congregation, belonging to the old Covenanting stock, who felt it incumbent upon them to keep their seats if a Paraphrase was sung. As for hymns,—well, we had some at the end of our Bible, as all good Presbyterian people know. They were five in number; and, on the very infrequent occasions when one of these was announced, despair would sit on the faces of our protesting friends, and I think their sentiments would have been best conveyed in the opening lines of the last hymn,—

"The hour of my departure's come."

Of course, there was a choir. With what eagerness the boy in the gallery used to note all the actions of these singers. The leader I first remember seemed to me, and yet seems, to be the very model of what a leader should be. I think I still see his thin lips pursing up as he guided the choir more by joining them than leading them. He was our precentor; but the powers that were did not view him with such satisfaction as I did. I nearly broke my heart when he was dismissed. After him, and one after the other, came two musical geniuses, who had led the party of disaffection, and who volunteered to conduct the choir themselves. What searchings of heart there were as these men, hidden skilfully behind the minister's high chair, introduced innovations;—first a *bâton*, then a tuning-fork, and, finally,—were we not on the high road to Rome?—a little musical instrument, half concertina, half harmonium; not to *accompany* the singing, remember; that would

never have been <sup>tolerated</sup> ~~tolerated~~; but to give the pitch note. It was about this time that, in the General Assembly, the immortal debates on organs were held; and, amongst much other wisdom, it was gravely told of a precentor, in a Western congregation, who had been unfortunate enough to lose his teeth; and when he returned to lead the church singing, with a set of false ones, he was informed that it could not be tolerated, because the people did not believe in instrumental music!

The question of the collection was a much-debated point. I have always a sneaking affection for the method of my earliest boyhood, when the stately elder (for elders were always stately in those days; what a change in these times!) came to the end of the pew, holding in his hand the copper dish, fixed to a long pole, reminding one of nothing so much as a warming-pan; and, indeed, it *was* a warming-pan if you had forgotten your penny. He would pass this in front of the people to the end of the pew, and draw it gradually back again, receiving the coins of the faithful. But amongst the changes the new minister introduced, this ancient and picturesque method disappeared. Instead of it, we had pedestals in the vestibule, and the aforesaid stately elders took their place beside these pedestals on which the collecting plate was mounted over a red cloth, and the worshippers deposited their offerings as they entered the sanctuary. But, alas! the last time I visited the church, I found that they had actually reverted to the seat-to-seat collection, without the long-handled ladles. For *auld lang syne*, I dropped in half-a-crown. I heard of it afterwards, as it was the only coin of that magnitude that day. But that fact has not prevented the people building a twenty thousand pound church in the suburbs.

The communion service of my boyhood was a most solemn and picturesque occasion. It only occurred, I think, twice in the year, and preparatory meetings were held during the previous week. I am afraid superstition sometimes mingled with the ceremony, but I am sure there was no flippancy; and I have often wished since, when I have seen the Lord's supper more frequently observed, that the same solemn spirit might be upon the communicants. It was at one of these preparatory services that my mother—long a communicant,—was led to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. When we came to church on communion morning, narrow tables, covered with spotless linen, had been placed down the three aisles; and after the usual order of service, the tables were "fenced", and then the first contingent of communicants came out of their pews, and took their places at the tables. I am not sure, but I think there were generally three contingents; the lead tokens, which had been distributed by the elders, were collected, and then the symbols of our Lord's dying love were, with prayer and praise, and further address, distributed to the people. Not common bread, but shortbread was used on these occasions. Long before I was a communicant, I hungered for that shortbread; but, alas! when I joined the church, it had disappeared, to give place to bread of which there is no shortness. Happily, the old crusted port has also disappeared, to give place to wine of a non-intoxicating character. That picturesque method of observing the Lord's supper was one of the things that after-

wards was displaced amidst the changes of time. It was cumbrous and slow, no doubt; but it induced a reverence of spirit which one would be glad to see restored.

The remembrance of these early days is, doubtless, more interesting to me than the account of them will be to my readers; but I place on record the facts of the past, let them be worth little or much. It is something to get young people so interested in their church-life that they will enter into every detail of it, and think lovingly of it as I do of this old sanctuary. It was to me one of the greatest events of my young life when "the Session" decreed that the church was to be renovated; the plaster ceiling to give way to a wooden one, the beautiful moulding on it to disappear, and the old pulpit to be broadened out into a platform. How scandalized we were that the Doctor's pulpit should be removed! The idea of such a thing seemed almost sacrilege. And then the windows on each side of the pulpit—windows of stained glass, fearfully and wonderfully compounded of the crudest colours, vivid yellows, and greens, and blues, the wonder and pride of my boyhood,—wonders which I thought no church could equal, and I now hope none could; though, having experience of some village chapels, I am not sure;—these were to go in deference to the dictates of modern taste. Well, it seemed as if the day of doom was about to break; but when we assembled in the church again, after our *conversazione*, (you must remember that we never had *soirées* or tea-meetings,) we looked around, and saw the beautiful wooden ceiling, the improved pulpit, and the chastened windows, and our hearts at length were reconciled.

Some notable discourses, heard in my youth, come to mind. I remember Narayan Sheshadri, the Brahmin of Bombay, with his white turban and native dress, as he held us spellbound; and Father Gavazzi, of Rome, as he thundered against the Papacy. Almost the day after Professor Tyndall delivered his address at the British Association, challenging our Christian faith, and specially our faith in prayer, I remember how Dr. Watts held forth to a crowded congregation upon the text, "Certain philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoics, encountered him." Epicureans and Tyndallites were demolished for ever as far as I was concerned. Dr. J. L. Porter, formerly missionary at Damascus, was a well-known figure; and when he preached, we used to listen for the sentence that, somehow, he always managed to drag into his sermons; and, despite our reverence for the meeting-house, we used to nudge each other as he said, it seemed to us for the seventieth time, "When I rode my horse up the slopes of Olivet." As children, we often wondered if he would never get to the top. Pastor Bost, of La Force, too, pleaded there for his Orphan Homes in France. Dr. Barnardo preached there about the cities of refuge. Henry Grattan Guinness pleaded for missions; and when Moody came, his first Sunday morning drew to the old sanctuary an overwhelming crowd, to whom he discoursed on the love of God, touching my life, and doubtless many others, into new enthusiasm. Many other notable preachers have "wagged their pow" in that pulpit. It would be tedious to mention them even if I remembered them, which I do not; but I do recall a young student, whose widowed mother—herself a minister's

wife,—was a member of the church. When he preached his first sermon in the place where he had so often been a worshipper, the ladies admired the new suit of black broadcloth that shone upon his back, and the men prophesied for him great things; but, at the end of his University career, he refused to sign the Confession of Faith, and drifted further and further from the church of his fathers, until now, I believe, he is at the head of some Socialistic Brotherhood near London.

The last time I visited the old church, with my family, there was a dread array of empty benches. True, it was holiday time. I thought my children would be impressed with what had impressed me as a boy; but,—woe for the degeneracy of the present age!—the thing that struck them most was the Northern Irish pronouncement of a word and text. The preacher was talking about John the Baptist, and several times he quoted John's word to Herod as if he had said, "Thou shalt not *halve* thy brother's wife;" upon which the young people afterwards remarked that they thought it was the last thing Herod would want to do.

And so, amid tears and smiles, I took farewell of the old sanctuary.

~~W. V. F.~~

## Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

### I.—A WINTER BAPTISM.

LAST winter was the most severe known in Canada for many years. Those people who are always longing for what they term "old-fashioned weather" were more than satisfied. The cold was intense, the storms were frequent and furious,—so that, in the roads and streets, there were snow-drifts fifteen and twenty feet high. Local railway traffic was disorganized for weeks together, and travelling on foot or in sleigh was largely obstructed. Notwithstanding these things, the work of God went on with unabated zeal. Of course, at times, congregations were decreased, and now and again a service had to be abandoned; but, on the whole, much was done for the extension of Christ's Kingdom; and though the thermometer was often far below zero, abundant spiritual harvests were reaped.

John Bunyan says:—"If a man were in a mountain of ice, and the Sun of righteousness did rise upon him, his frozen heart would feel a thaw." So we found it in New Brunswick. There were many tidings of sinners saved and believers baptized. Let it be remembered that the baptisms, in most cases, took place outdoors. The majority of the meeting-houses there, in rural districts, have no baptistery; and recourse is had to the lakes, rivers, and streams with which the land abounds. Often, the ice has to be literally broken in order that the disciple may obey and follow his Lord. It is well for some objectors to take note of this. There are those who contend that our mode (in reality, the *only one*) of baptism is impracticable in some countries and

certain climes. Some places are too hot, and others too cold! In some parts, there is too little water, and in others too much ice!

We wish to bear our testimony concerning the administration of this ordinance in a cold region, and at the coldest season of the year. One fact is worth more than a thousand theories. We will not trouble ourselves with abstract arguments, but simply narrate an actual experience. It was our privilege to baptize, out of doors, both on the last Sabbath of 1900 and the first Sabbath of 1901. We were not protected by waterproof garments, and had to change our clothes after the ceremony on each occasion.

We will just describe the baptism which took place on the first Sabbath of the present year; truly, an auspicious time for such a service; the beginning of a new year and a new century! To those who then confessed Christ, it was, indeed, the beginning of days when God Himself said to them, "From this day will I bless you." It was the opening of a new year of the Lord, and the ushering in of a golden age of grace.

The spot chosen for the observance of the solemn and lovely ordinance was most suitable. On the outskirts of the village where our chapel is situated, and lying a little way from the main road, it is both secluded and accessible. It is here that a pleasant brook widens and deepens into a pool that forms an admirable natural baptistery. Around it are grouped friends of the candidates, and other members of the church. The air is keen, and the water cold; but the hearts of God's people are warm with love Divine; and that love burns and shines in all its first freshness in the souls of the two young maidens who are about to witness a good confession; its radiance lights up their faces with more than earthly beauty. One of them has recently professed conversion during some special meetings; the other, away at boarding-school, without solicitation from minister or evangelist, has come to a decision to accept Christ, and, on returning home for the holidays, seeks the first opportunity to make known her faith. Thus, as in the early days of Christianity, are believers led in various ways to the sin-atoning Lamb.

The preliminary service is necessarily brief; a word or two of exhortation, followed by prayer. And then we go down into the water, having a delightful consciousness of the presence of God. Some who are with us declare that they have never witnessed a more beautiful baptism. The hardship, as certain people would deem it, of obeying Christ under such circumstances, enhances the blessedness of conformity to His will.

After the ordinance, one of the candidates is driven fully a mile to her home before she changes her wet clothes. The other repairs to the house of a friend a few hundred yards away. Thither also the Pastor wends his way, walking across snow-covered fields in his damp and clinging raiment. Neither he nor those baptized by him have suffered any ill effects from an exposure which so many would regard as reckless in the extreme.

The present writer has met scores of people in Canada, advanced in years, and still hale and hearty, who in their youth underwent a similar experience. Indeed, there are many veteran ministers, with vigour



yet unimpaired, who have baptized hundreds of persons in the winter-time. It is thus demonstrated, beyond all cavil, that the principles of our holy faith can exist and survive in the coldest climate. Should the North Pole ever be colonized by human beings, we do not despair of hearing that a Baptist church has been founded there; and should such a church have a difficulty in securing a minister, we hereby undertake (provided we are still on this side of Heaven,) to respond to a call to its pulpit. We would desire no greater distinction than to be known as "Pastor of the First Baptist Church at the North Pole."

The Baptists of Canada are more consistent and thorough-going than many of their spiritual kin in England; and to the uncompromising attitude taken by them, and their brethren in the United States, is due the much more rapid growth of the denomination on the other side of the Atlantic. If those, who profess to be Baptists, make little of that ordinance which distinguishes them as a body of Christians, they must not be surprised if others totally neglect it. When we give it its due place in the programme of Christianity, we may expect men to respect it, and submit to it.

Some so-called Baptists remind us of the American dude, who, like others of his senseless class, aped everything English. Upon his return from England, on one occasion, he was asked if he had seen the Prince of Wales.

"Oh, yaas!" he replied.

"And what did you say to his royal highness?"

"The first thing I did was to apologize for the Amewican wevolution."

His politeness strangled his patriotism, and his sycophancy killed his nationality. There are some, who claim to be Baptists, who are equally obliging, and who part with their blood-bought birthright for a little of the world's favour.

Some time since, when proposals were being mooted for an amalgamation of Congregationalists and Baptists, "The British Weekly," in an editorial note said, in effect, "We fear it will be a long time before the Baptists will allow immersion to occupy a subordinate place." What "The British Weekly" fears is what many of us hope and believe. We devoutly pray that we may never give baptism any lower or less prominent place than that given to it by the Founder of our faith; that is, in the very forefront of the Gospel Propaganda. When our Lord Jesus gave the great commission, "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," He intended it to be fulfilled literally. The work of teaching and baptizing was to be prosecuted in all parts of the habitable globe. Wherever faith was generated in a human heart, it was to be avowed in compliance with the Divinely-ordained ordinance of baptism. No provision was made for a modification either of the Gospel or of the visible sign of its acceptance. Both were to be maintained everywhere, and at all times, in their pristine integrity. Alas! carnal teachers have substituted the traditions of men for the commandments of God. Such we will not countenance for a moment; but will say in this, as in all other points of doctrine, "Let God be true, and every man a liar."

## “Our Own Men” and their Work.

XCV.—PASTOR MARTIN ASHBY, OF HERTFORD.

THE county of Bunyan, “the immortal dreamer,” though the smallest but three of all our English counties, is for ever big with the memory and spirit of the great Puritan. The impress of that godly life, and the influence of his mighty ministry, are linked alike with scenes and people there. “Bunyan’s Dell,” a sylvan retreat well sheltered by hills and trees, mid-way between Luton and Hitchin, is still shown as the spot where, when the Five Mile Act was passed, believers gathered to worship God, and to listen to His servant. Families are still resident whose ancestors sheltered the preacher, and whose quaint old houses gave him hospitality. Times are so changed that Bunyan Meeting House, Bedford, is now a stately sanctuary, whose minister is the revered and genial scholar, Dr. John Brown. There, too, in the county town, stands a splendid monument, erected by a recent Duke of Bedford, to the memory of the man who was born so near, and who was persecuted, harassed, hunted, and imprisoned, hard by in his lifetime.

In the atmosphere of such a county, in the village of Clifton, North Beds., was born of godly parents, on the 10th of March, 1861, the subject of our sketch. Belonging to the Particular Baptist Church there, the years ran smoothly on, till the old folks said “Good-bye” to their boy at the age of sixteen, as he went to Luton to commence business life. Here, the lad was led to the Congregational Chapel, of which the Rev. Robert Berry was minister. One Sunday evening, our friend entered the building quite indifferent, and to this day without remembrance of the text or anything particular that the sermon contained. But the effect on the young listener was to produce the conviction that Eternity was an intense reality; and that, without Christ, he was quite unprepared to meet it. He never knew how he left the place;—all faded before that burning thought of Eternity! The word rang in his ears, and his heart trembled, as he now first realized that, without Christ, he would be lost for ever. Nearly the whole of that night was spent in prayer for his soul’s salvation. Then followed three weeks of self-effort to fit himself for the great future,—ending, necessarily, in failure and bitter disappointment. His conversion was as strange as his conviction was sure.

Downcast and weary, on a bright Summer morning, the young man was at the service. The pastor was from home, and a stranger filled his place, to the deep regret of the youthful hearer. The preacher was a Frenchman of the dandy type, in black kid gloves, causing prejudice in the young man’s mind. Yet he was God’s messenger that morning. Preaching on Naaman, he showed how he was ready, even eager, to do some great thing to secure cleansing, yet stumbled at the simple command to go and wash in Jordan. No sooner was his own wisdom laid aside, and God’s message obeyed, than, lo! the leper became clean as a little child. The youth saw it all, renounced his self-struggles, accepted Christ, and almost ere he knew it, the peace which words cannot describe filled his heart.

Considering next the questions of baptism and church-fellowship, home training and subsequent Bible study led him to the conviction there was “one baptism.” Then that must be the rite observed by our Lord Himself, at thirty years of age, in Jordan’s flowing waters. He dared not substitute the wisdom of man for the plain command of God, so he was baptized, with several others, on November 27th, 1881, by Pastor T. L. Edwards, now of Glasgow; and the following month he was received as a church-member at Wellington Street, Luton. It is interesting to note that, among the candidates was Miss Elizabeth Moody, who afterwards became Mrs. Ashby, her husband’s true helpmeet in every good work.

The young Baptist, with Mr. Edwards’ keen but kindly aid, soon became a local preacher and a soul-winner. In the Spring of 1889, the Baptist Church at Breachwood Green,—founded as the outcome of Bunyan’s preaching in the penal days,—was without a pastor. Mr. Feltham, who had succeeded Mr. Edwards at Wellington Street, recommended Mr. Ashby; who, after taking services there, was invited to the pastorate. At first declined, the invitation became so urgent as to seem to be God’s call; and, in August, 1889, began eleven years of happy and successful ministry there. Other villages and hamlets were evangelized, tent missions were organized, real pastoral care and visitation were exercised, with the result that the old chapel in that little village had crowded congregations, an earnest church, and a splendid character. Our brother was beloved far and near.

In 1891, he was received by Mr. Spurgeon into the Pastors’ College, but continued working his church. On leaving College, at the close of 1895, he confessed his obligation, beyond all measure, to the man of God, the prince of preachers, the beloved President, C. H. Spurgeon.

In April, 1900, the call came to Hertford. It was a great wrench to leave a people so devoted and faithful; but a brave and faithful successor appeared, and the cloud led so clearly, that he could not but follow. He had maintained an old cause; now he was to nurse and build up a new one. So, with many proofs of love, he said farewell to Breachwood.

In April, 1897, some seventeen Baptists had been formed into a church at Hertford. A small Assembly-room behind the Liberal Club was their first scene of worship. Students from the Pastors’ College and others preached till, early in 1899, the place was full, and the church had increased to forty members. Just then, God sent a servant of His, large of heart and wise in judgment, to the little cause; and, mainly through his help, a site at the foot of Port Hill was secured, and a School Chapel to seat 300 erected, at a total cost of £1,060. On Easter Sunday, 1900, Mr. Ashby began his stated ministry there, and signs of blessing have abounded. The church-roll has risen to 69. The Sunday-school, which began with 14, in 1897, now numbers 151, besides Bible-classes for Young Men and Women, Christian Endeavour Society, and other forms of Christian service. Some £660 has been paid off the debt, leaving £400 still to be raised.

The way God blesses faithful service is to lead to more. His blessing on the work at Hertford has filled the School Chapel, and a larger one is now imperatively needed. Plans for a building to seat from 550 to 600 have been prepared, the estimated cost of which will be another £3,000. How can this feeble folk raise £3,400? Rather, how can God? The little church is full of hope and zeal. The Gospel preached is in the Spirit's power, and wet with Heaven's dew. Those of us who know the work, its history, its brave and faithful pastor, his cheery, ardent spirit, are persuaded it is all of God. John Marnham, Esq., of Boxmoor, kindly promises £500 towards the effort. Are there not other "Great-hearts" among us who will share this work of God, that princely gift and widow's mite, the pounds of the rich and the pence of the poor, may soon provide a place, worthy of the county town, of the denomination, and of the dear Lord so truly loved and served there?



All help will be gratefully welcomed by Pastor Martin Ashby,  
Breachwood House, Bengoe, Hertford.

G. D. HOOPER.

Bournemouth West.

## “ Perfect through Suffering.”

“ PERFECT through suffering.” Late the Master taught me  
 That cross and crown go ever side by side.  
 O'er pathways rough, the gentle Shepherd sought me,  
 And for my sin suffered, and bled, and died.

And I,—if ever I would follow surely  
 Along the path His wounded feet have trod,—  
 Must tread the weary way that lies before me,  
 Knowing that, through the dark, it leads to God ; —

Must be prepared to serve Him in the shadow,  
 To tread the path of sorrow for His sake ;  
 Aye sure that, some time, in His own hereafter,  
 The shadows yet shall pass,—the clouds will break.

And then,—ah ! then, with life made pure through suffering,  
 With heart submissive to His all-wise will,  
 Shall see that, when my life-task seemed the hardest,  
 He was the nearest, and He loved me still.

Yes, loved me,—for 'twas love that sent the burden  
 That bent the shoulders, bowed the heart with care ;  
 When in my helplessness, I turned to Jesus,  
 Forsaking self, sought help, and solace there.

And swift to heal, the Master stood beside me,  
 Nor turned me from the refuge of His breast ;  
 But bade me stay for ever in His presence,  
 And in His helpfulness find perfect rest.

“ Perfect through suffering.”—joy through tribulation,—  
 Sunshine of gladness through a mist of tears ;  
 The gath'ring homewards from the far-off country,  
 The full fruition of the troubled years.

Rich is the harvest that the past hath brought me,  
 Sweet are the gathered sheaves of golden grain ;  
 Glad are the lessons sorrow's school hath taught me,  
 Ere to the Father's house I turned again.

I learned my wilfulness, and saw His mercy ;  
 My sinfulness,—His pardon from above ;  
 My weakness, and the Master's power to aid me ;  
 My poverty,—the wealth of Jesu's love.

And so I turn from self unto the Master ;  
 From weakness, to the Saviour's power Divine ;  
 From poverty to wealth,—from care to trusting ;  
 To His salvation, from this sin of mine.

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

### XI.—CONFESSORS OF THE CHILTERNs.

I NEVER tire of this part, nor of its people. To me, its reaches of hill and dell become a veritable land of promise, for hereabout dwelt the fathers of the faith; and here they lie, after the struggle, till the great day of the resurrection of the just. New men have arisen, new times, and altered ways; but the principles for which the confessors stood have been somewhat conceded, their sons are possessing the land, therefore do I not misname it when I call it a land of promise.

But few survive, to this day of Evangelic revival, who went to gaol for conscience' sake. Some yet live who heard the story of the persecution from lips that had moved in prayer in fetid cells. To have looked upon those who bore the strain of days, we hope never to be repeated, is a memory to be kept fresh while life shall last. As the Free Churches of this land grow in numbers and influence, in their prosperity may they never forget the men who became poor that they might be rich;—men who died in prison or at the stake;—men who lay behind stone walls while English hedgerows blossomed into May, and the scents of June roses stole over the fields;—men and women who lay there still when the snows came, and the Christmas bells were supposed to ring in unison with the angels' song! May their memory ever be held sacred,—may the story of their deeds be a tale told from sire to son, and from sire to son again, as long as English hearts hold freedom of conscience dear;—the men who, at last, drew the fangs of bigotry, and left it but its growl;—the men and women who, by active or passive resistance to bad laws, made the administration of them odious to honest minds!

So, in these days, and in others, when I first came down this way, even from the time when my Ironside mentor fired my imagination, I have wandered over these hills and vales thinking of the names of those who have made the Chilterns distinguished in the fight for liberty to worship God according to the light in a man's soul. And as I have pondered, the very years have seemed to come back. At such seasons, I have reconstructed the ruined past, and peopled again manor, grange, parsonage, and cottage, with the forms of bygone days. In these moods, I have lived through the Lollard times, and seen "the just-fast men" snatched from their homes by the Misbourne stream, and taken to St. Giles's Fields, or to their own hills, to die. They had read a Book which, for the next 250 years, was to be the binding code upon the consciences of the best Englishmen of the time. Ah! that resurrection of the two Witnesses, the Old and New Testaments, what a cloud of other witnesses did they bring around them! What searchings of heart in the old plaster and timber vicarages! What unwilling journeys to London made by the priests of Chesham and Hedgerley! There they were forced to adjure their so-called heresies, or suffer the ordeal of the fire. What wonder if the flesh were weak. I listen, in my dreaming, to one of them, Geoffrey Symeon by name, as he places

his hand to this recantation:—"I have dogmatized that Bysshopes should goo on foote with xii. prestis clothed as the shep beareth all in white, teaching the people the treu cristen faith." Poor Symeon; a very rash dogmatism, for which thou didst suffer! It will not be safe, in England, for parish priests to "travel," as my Methodist friends call itinerating preaching, for the next 300 years. Good John Berridge, who knows the Chilterns, can tell us that. Poor Symeon, thou wast too early a Methodist to be tolerated! It will be many a day before the Ploughman's Prayer, that was in vogue in thy time, is taken as gospel. A strange appeal, known all over England, carried from house to house, everywhere learned and treasured, was that prayer. "Lorde," it ran, "our hope is that Thou go not out of a poor man's soul that travaileth for his livelode with his hands. For, Lorde, our believe is, that Thine house is man's soule that Thou madest after Thine own likeness. But, Lorde God, men maketh now great stonen houses, full of glassen windows, and clepeth thilke Thine houses and churches." When George Fox visited these parts, ages after the poor men, who chaunted the rhymes of Piers Ploughman, had been hanged or burnt, he said much the same things, and found that they led, as of old, to gaol. It is hardly to be supposed that they will ever be palatable sentiments in certain quarters.

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But I dream on. Who is this eagle-eyed man, wearing a skull cap and Genevan bands, preaching with such fervour in Amersham Church? He knows higher hills than the Chilterns, and more perilous audiences than he will get at Amersham. His name is John Knox, and he will be known to Mary Queen of Scots to her discomfort. But that day is in the future; and now, in the closing years of King Edward VI.'s reign,—that bright Protestant dawn so soon to be beclouded,—I see the great Scotch Reformer in the pulpit of Amersham. He shall go far, that stern man in earnest; he shall go, in the strength of God, till he shall have utterly destroyed the power of Rome in his native land, and built up, instead, a church, full of spiritual vitality, based upon discipline, courage, and the adhesion of the people; and, though lacking, for long years, the element of toleration, moral enough and Biblical enough to create and stimulate a great nation. This is the man whom I see, in King Edward's dying year, visiting and preaching in the country which had already produced scores of confessors, and which, in the next hundred years, was to play no mean part in the struggle for political and religious liberty.

\* \* \* \*

Again, in Autumn days, I linger in the lanes where the lance-leaved loose-strife blossoms. Above me meet branches of beech and chestnut, arms of the noble trees nurtured by the virile soil. In the copses round, pale-heather flowers are showing, and brown hares hurry across green ways into the deep bracken. The corn is falling to the sickle. As I stand where the land spreads out before me, I think of a Summer Sabbath-day, when the cornfields of Chalgrove were filled with armed men. The corn was green on that sunny June day when Rupert's troopers charged Hampden's horse, and the great patriot rode in

mortal agony out of the obscure skirmish. As I seem to see that man of men ride from the field ere the action ended, with his head swaying, and his hands resting on the neck of his horse, I notice that he turns not to his ancestral home, but to Pyrton, from whence, twenty years before, he had taken his bride. How mercifully the future is hidden from the eye of suffering men! Little did he think when, as the young squire of Hampden, he took the fair Elizabeth Symeon home from her father's house, that there would come a day,—a Summer's day,—when he would write her epitaph, and another Summer's day when he would ride, wounded unto death, in the direction of her former home. He never reached it, but turned aside to Thame to die. So clear becomes the scene as I thus muse, that I seem to hear the dying prayer of one of England's noblest sons. "O Lord God of hosts!" said he, "great is Thy mercy, just and holy are Thy dealings unto us sinful men. Save me, O Lord, if it be Thy good will, from the jaws of death! Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country! Have these realms in Thy special keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty, and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. . . . Lord Jesus, receive my soul. . . . O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to . . . ." So passed away another of the confessors of the Chilterns. They carried the dead patriot back to his ancestral home, up the fine avenue made long years before, and along which Queen Elizabeth rode in her splendour, and which is called to this day, "Queen's Gap." Up this way they bore John Hampden, when the trees were heavy with June leaves, and the air was redolent with the fragrance of Summer flowers, and the blue dome of the sky arched overhead in such an envelopment of lovingkindness as to make the havoc of civil strife more awful by the contrast. Yet had the patriot said that, "had he twenty lives, all should go this way rather than the Gospel of our salvation should be trampled under foot."

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Fifteen years have passed away. Winters have swept over the Chilterns, filling the hollows with snow. Springs have come and gone; primroses, violets, and the bluebell's faint perfume. Autumns have turned the bracken russet, and the beech woods brown; and, in the meantime, the monarchy has disappeared, and Oliver, the great Protector, rules the land. But he, too, shall soon pass away.

In these August days of 1658, there rides up to Chalfont Grange a man who, only a day or two before, had seen Cromwell, at the head of his guards, near Hampton Court, and had "felt a waft of death go forth against him." It is George Fox, founder of the new sect of the Quakers, who descends from his horse, and greets Isaac Penington, the master of Chalfont Grange. It is not the first time that this preacher of the inward light—that old doctrine of the Lollards—had visited the Chilterns. Two years before, he had held many meetings; and a large number, sick of the strife of the times, had gathered to him. But this is the first visit of this strange man—eccentric, enthusiastic, prophetic,—to Chalfont Grange. Within, he will find Friends gathered from far, and he will leave on record that "the Lord's truth and power



were precious manifested among us." He will preach the doctrine of passive resistance, and he and others like him will do as much for liberty by going persistently to gaol as troops of horse would do by going persistently to battle. A strange people, whom magistrates and judges can neither bend nor break,—such are gathered, in these years of the Commonwealth and Restoration, in the vales which once saw the coming and going of the Wycliffe preachers and the Lollard witnesses.

Isaac Penington, son of the man who presented the famous "Root and Branch" petition for the abolition of bishops, is destined to spend more time in prison than out of it. He lives here, by the sufferance of his father, who is a militant Presbyterian, and hates the peaceable tenets of his son. But the old man will die in the Tower as a ragicide, and Chalfont Grange will be confiscated. Then will be proved the noble character of Mary Penington, the wife of Isaac, who, in the fear of the Lord, and with womanly tact and patience, will arise and build Woodside, another dwelling, where she will receive her sweet-souled husband after his *sixth* imprisonment. It is here that he will be visited by George Fox, in 1678; and here he will die, worn out by persecution, but remaining serenely at peace in the love of God through it all. And it is in this house, built for him while in unjust, vile, infamous imprisonment, that his gifted wife will at last pen the words, "Ah, me! he is gone! he that none exceeded in tenderness, in love inexpressible to the relation of a wife. Next to the love of Christ Jesus to my soul, was his love precious and delightful to me. My bosom one! my guide and counsellor! my pleasant companion! my tender sympathizing friend! . . . Yes, this great help and benefit is gone; and I, a poor worm, a very little one to him, compassed about with many infirmities, through mercy was enabled to let him go without an unadvised word of discontent or inordinate grief."

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I see all these changes as I dream about the lanes; but a nearer memory, as of yesterday, rounds off the history. An aged man of eighty-four passes out from the gate of Stone Dean House in the year 1749. He stands by the graves in the Friends' "God's acre" at Jordans. Very tenderly does he linger. There is dust there that is very precious to him. His name is Edward Penington, the youngest son of Isaac and Mary, and he has come across the great sea from Pennsylvania!

Pennsylvania! What echoes follow! Hark! Do you not hear their young voices as they ride by? This is Guili Springett and her gentleman usher, Thomas Ellwood. Thomas is not such a non-resistance man as Guili's step-father, Penington, for broad-shouldered Thomas roundly threatens a pretentious fellow who intrudes himself on Guili as they journey. A potent Friend is Thomas Ellwood; but he does not presume, whatever be his thoughts. He will be content with honest Mary Ellis by-and-by.

But hark again! Who is that, who enters the cottage of the blind poet, radiant with youth and beauty, clothed in the glory of the evening sunset? It is Guili Springett. Listen! She plays upon the lute, and Milton's strained face relaxes into peace. And who is this quietly-robed damsel, about to be married, on an April morning, in a farmhouse? It is Guili still. And who is the happy man? It is William

Penn, already known to King Charles the Second as a man who thinks all men equal before God. At which, the king takes off his hat while William keeps his on. Topsy-turvy times! This bridegroom knows already both Newgate and Whitehall. He will cross the seas, and found the City of Brotherly Love; and, at last, after many tossings, sleep in death beside his Guili in the graveyard at Jordans. But, on this April morning, Gulielma Springett pledges herself in marriage to him, and the playmate of her girlhood, Thomas Ellwood, witnesseth, in solemn Quaker fashion. He is a good man, and knows not envy; so doth he have peace of heart that day.

Now all these confessors rest from their labours;—Wycliffe's disciples, though burned and hanged; Harding, of Chesham, and the rest of the Chiltern band; Hampden, Bunyan, and the Baptists of Amersham in their obscure graveyard,—dour folk they in their time;—and away under the overhanging elms, in the quiet of the hollow of Jordans, William Penn, Guili his wife, Isaac and Mary Penington, and Thomas and Mary Ellwood, and many another who, in dark days, feared God, and wrought righteousness;—there they lie while I stand, bare-headed in reverence of their memory,—and write this last word,—“Their works follow them.”

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## Facts about Books.

BY REV. J. D. KILBURN, ST. PETERSBURG.

THE books men read do much to decide the thoughts they think, and the lives they live.

He who induces a man to read a good book starts an influence in the world which will never die.

To place a good book in some home, is to increase for ever the helpful influence of that home.

He who gives, or lends, a good book to a pastor may change the whole results of his ministry.

Better eat bad food when you might eat good, or sow bad seed when you might sow good, than read a bad book when you might read a good one.

Everyone who buys a good book encourages its author and its publisher to write and to issue similar books.

Everyone who buys a bad book increases the probability of other such books being issued.

He who lets a good book lie idle, when he might lend it, buries a talent when he might use it.

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## “Tempus Fugit.”

**A**ROUND the church clock in Sandgate Road, Folkestone, the following words are engraved so that all who pass by may read them,—

“Trifle not, thy time is short.”

That clock is a silent preacher to all, *young and old, saved and unsaved*. As the writer passed that way, his attention was arrested by it; he paused and pondered over the words, and a voice seemed to say, “Trifle not with *souls*, trifle not with *thy work*, trifle not with *the Gospel*, be in earnest, seize opportunities of doing good, for *thy time is short*.”

It is a solemn fact, our time is short, and yet how few apparently realize it! May God “teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom”!

Life itself teaches us the same truth. How rapidly our days are gliding by! It seems but yesterday that we were in our childhood, and now grey hairs are beginning to mark advancing years with some of us. Often we say to one another, “How time flies!” True, and we are flying with it. Life is hastening to a close, and Eternity is daily drawing nearer.

“Our wasting lives grow shorter still, as days and months increase,  
And every beating pulse we tell, leaves but the number less.”

“*The time is short*,” then we cannot afford to waste it.

“’Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,  
And sin is here.  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours,  
All should be earnest in a world like ours.”

All *should be earnest*; but, alas, how few are! Men are earnest about time, but listless concerning Eternity. Their personal interests, political changes, a wicked war, pleasure-seeking and money-making absorb all their time and energies, while the salvation of their souls is neglected.

“Infinite joy, or endless woe, attends on every breath,  
And yet, how unconcerned men go, upon the brink of death!”

A party of young men went boating on the Niagara, above the famous Falls. They foolishly determined to see how near they could go to the Falls without being swept over; so they shipped their oars, and let themselves gently float with the current. A friendly voice hailed them from the river’s bank, and warned them of venturing too far. They only laughed at the warning, and glided on. Farther down the river, another voice urged them to stop, and turn back; but they only replied, as they foolishly thought, “There’s no danger yet,” and the current swept them faster on their way. A third warning was given, earnest voices besought them to turn, but still they persisted in their folly. At length, the swiftness of motion, and the deafening roar of the mighty Falls, were warnings that could not be disregarded. They seized their oars, and pulled with all their might; but it was too late, the current was too strong; and, victims of their own folly, they were swept down to an awful death.

Unsaved reader, with friendly voice we, too, would urge you to halt, and turn from sin to God. Your course is towards destruction, and it will end in death. You are gliding along on the pleasures of sin; and, like those young men, regardless of your danger. Stop! Stop! Stop! Death and hell are before you, "Why will ye die?" May God awaken you to see your danger before it be too late!

"Time enough yet." So said a gay young man, when warned of his danger by an earnest Christian. "It will be time enough, by-and-by; when I'm on a sick bed, and going to die, I'll seek the Lord, but not now." "Ah, my friend!" said the other, "do not trifle with God. You may not have the opportunity, when death comes, to think on these things." He went for a drive, his horse became restive, and while in the act of swearing, he was thrown on his head, and killed. Beware of procrastination, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

"The time is short," and it is *the only preparation time we have for the future*. If we neglect to prepare, regrets will be useless. Many a man has said, "Oh, that I could live my days over again!" But that is impossible. Opportunities lost are lost for ever. Then, "seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

And, while time is thus short, remember, *its end is sure*. Unless the Lord comes first, we shall all die. When, where, and how, is known only to God. All *we* know is that "it is appointed unto men *ouce* to die," and "when a few years are come, then we shall go the way whence we shall not return." Ah! and perhaps when a few *months*, or even *weeks* are come, some of us may be called hence; and if unprepared, how terrible will be the result! No more warnings then; no more Sabbath opportunities; no loving lips will beseech you, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God.

"Fixed will be your eternal state,  
Could you repent, 'twill be *too late*."

Thank God, it is not too late now; and if you seek Him with all your heart, He will be found of you! "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."—*From the Bible Union Monthly Messenger*.

## The Y. C. M. U., and the Deepening of Spiritual Life.

I N connection with the Young Christians' Missionary Union, a Convention for the deepening of spiritual life was held in the Pastors' College Conference Hall on October 1st and 2nd. There were meetings for prayer, in the mornings from 7 to 8, simultaneously in North and South London, and mid-day gatherings in the City. The Monday night prayer-meeting, in the lecture-hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was made special as a preparatory gathering in connection with the Convention. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and Pastor W. Fuller Gooch spoke on the duty devolving upon young Christians to follow in the footsteps of the young Christ, and seek to be about the things of their Father. Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., said that two points were necessary for deepening the channels of spiritual life and service; viz., the continual use of the dredging-machine of repentance, and the

ever-increasing yielding in consecration to the inflow of the river of the Spirit of Life.

Mr. James E. Mathieson took for the subject of his Bible-reading, on the Tuesday afternoon, "What a Christian Festival should be,"—Ephesians v. 18—21, contrasting the world's wine, songs, and hero-worship, at a pagan feast, with the filling of the Holy Spirit, spiritual hymns, and the praise and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the evening, Rev. David Baron dealt with the teaching of the Word of God concerning consecration in the Jewish feasts, emphasizing the necessity for the purging out of the leaven of error in beliefs, and of evil in practice, before the fulness of rest and joy in the Lord could be experienced. Rev. W. Houghton then asked those present no longer to live in conflict with the will of God, and therefore without the unbroken peace of God in their hearts; and a number of those present openly manifested their desire to be fully surrendered to Christ.

On Wednesday morning, at the prayer-meeting in the Pastors' College, Pastor C. B. Sawday gave a most helpful talk on 2 Peter i. 3, 4; and, in the afternoon, Dr. McKilliam took for the theme of his Bible-reading 1 Thessalonians v. 23, 24: "The God of peace sanctify you through and through; and I pray God your spirit, soul, and body be preserved whole and without blame unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do it." In the evening, he spoke again, his subject being, "Enoch walked with God;" dedicated to Him, disciplined by Him, he had the companionship of God from morning till night all the year through,—a type of what should be the experience of all Christians especially in view of the speedy advent of our Saviour. Rev. R. Wright Hay, the chairman of the Convention, then gave the closing address, in which he urged his hearers to deny self that Christ might live out His life fully in them; and said, "God finds us at our very worst, and offers us His very best. Before we can walk with God, we must be willing to go God's way, viz., to walk in the Spirit, having heart, mind, conscience, will, and our whole bodies, swayed by Him."

A. W. PAYNE.

## Fables for the Faithful.

BY JAMES F. TAVINER, B.A., WITHINGTON, MANCHESTER.

### II.—THE YOUNG MAN AND THE OLD FOGEY.

ONCE upon a time, a Young Man and an Old Fogey were going to cross a river to a certain spot on the opposite bank. Just as they were entering the boat, a Poet and a Man of Culture, who were standing by, said that they would like to go with them, providing they would not be expected to row, and would be allowed to sit as they pleased. The Old Fogey demurred, and asked what use they would be in the boat; but the Young Man said they would give tone to the party, and was quite anxious to have them. At last he prevailed, and the Poet and the Man of Culture came into the boat.

For some time, the Young Man and the Old Fogey pulled hard at the oars; but the current was strong, and they made but little progress. The Old Fogey did not mind, for he had been used to it all his days; but the Young Man had soft hands, and was delicately nurtured. So he soon grew tired of pulling, and murmured at his toil.

"Do you not see the reason?" cried the Poet; "there is a strong current running. Instead of making straight across, why not turn her bows down stream, and let her drift? With very little difficulty, you will then be able to make your way across gradually."

"But how then shall we land at the spot we intended to make for?" objected the Old Fogey.

"What matters it?" answered the Man of Culture; "the shore is long, and you need not narrow it down to your particular destination."

"But in my early days," protested the Old Fogey, "we did not give way to the stream, but fought it."

"Yes," cried the Poet, triumphantly, "it may be so; but you must remember that was long ago, and now you are old, and we are young."

As the Old Fogey certainly could not deny either of these assertions, he said no more.

Now the Poet's hair was long, and the Man of Culture was faultlessly attired, whereas the Old Fogey disdained to wear collars, and had not shaved for two days. As the Young Man looked from one to another, he was fascinated by the Poet's hair, and the Man of Culture's raiment, and in his heart he despised the Old Fogey; and because of this, and also because his hands were now blistered, he listened to the voices of the others, and turned the head of the boat down stream.

Then the Old Fogey, when he saw that he prevailed not, said he would go to sleep if no one objected. Which no one did; so he went.

Soon after, the Poet put his legs over the gunwale, and dangled them in the water. As the boat was thereby tilted, the Young Man grew nervous, and said he must not do it. But the Poet reminded him that he was not to be interfered with; and, as the Young Man could not now turn him out, he simply besought him to be cautious.

The Man of Culture had the helm, which he was swaying to and fro in a most strange fashion; but as he was all the while talking of things of which the Young Man knew nothing, the latter took it for granted that he must necessarily know how to steer.

Now the river had several cataracts in its course; and, gradually, without noticing it, they drew near to one of them, and were swept over it. Of course, the boat was overturned, and they were all thrown into the river.

When the Old Fogey rose to the surface, and clutched the boat, he found the Young Man already doing the same.

"Dear me," gasped the Old Fogey, for he was not yet fully awake; "is not the boat overturned, and are we not all in the water?"

"Yes," cried the Young Man, "and it is all your fault. If you had only worn a collar, and shaved this morning, I might have listened to you instead of to them."

And he wept bitterly, for the water felt very cold.

Strange to say, the Poet and the Man of Culture did not seem to mind it much.

*MORAL.*—All is worthless to the Church which does not help it to fight the opposing currents, and to reach its true destination.

## 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.**

It will be a pleasant surprise to our readers to learn that MRS. C. H. SPURGEON has now been able to write so many of her "Personal Notes on a Text" that Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster expect to publish a new volume of them, in time for the Christmas sales, uniform with *A Carillon of Bells* and

*"A Cluster of Camphire,"* and at the same price (1s. 6d). As most of the chapters have been written during summertime, it is entitled *"A Basket of Summer Fruit,"* and it is hoped that its contents will prove to be what a poet has called "The summer fruit of the great Summer Land."

MR. SPURGEON had, long ago, intended to gather into a volume a selection of his *Addresses at the Metropolitan Tabernacle and other Prayer-meetings*, but the opportunity of doing so was never permitted to him. His talks on those occasions were upon such varied topics, and of such permanent interest, that his idea has been carried out; and Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will shortly issue the volume, under the title, "*Only a Prayer-meeting!*"—the title of the first of the 40 Addresses included in the book, which will be uniform with Mr. SPURGEON'S other works entitled "*Till He Come*," *The Soul-Winner*, and *An All-round Ministry*, and will be the same price as those volumes (3s. 6d.). It will be most helpful to conductors of Prayer-meetings, and to all who desire to increase the number and efficiency of such gatherings.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster desire us to call our readers' very special attention to a new series of little volumes, of which the first is about to be published. They will be similar in size to the *Words of Wisdom Series*, but will be issued at 1s. 6d. each. They will be entitled *Central Truths' Series*, and the first will be called "*Good Tidings of Great Joy*." *Christ's Incarnation the Foundation of Christianity*. By C. H. SPURGEON. The various aspects of the doctrine of the Incarnation of Christ are dealt with, in a devotional spirit, and in a popular, simple style, which makes the book suitable for widespread circulation, especially amongst those who are perplexed by the great "mystery of godliness," God manifest in the flesh.

The *Book and Sheet Almanacks* for 1902 are almost ready for publication. It is another evidence of the vitality of MR. SPURGEON'S literary labours that, ten years after his home-going, so much of the products of his pen or voice appears in the two Almanacks, and so helps to give them continued

acceptance among his large constituency. MRS. C. H. SPURGEON has again selected the texts for meditation during the whole year, and she has also written her annual letter to her readers, and one of the short illustrated articles in the little book. The great central picture on the Sheet Almanack is of special interest, for it is a representation of "Hay-making at Westwood," while the four corner illustrations set forth various forms of work-day life and Christian service. There is a special article by "John Ploughman" on the broadsheet, and his proverbs still largely predominate over all others. For these reasons, it is believed that both the new Almanacks will be as warmly welcomed as were the many that preceded them.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have published six more sets of their Twelve Sermons' Series, by C. H. SPURGEON, on the following subjects:—Grace Abounding, The Atonement, Decision, Sanctification, Obedience, and To Young Men. There are now 48 different sets of Sermons issued in this handy form at 1s. each, or post free for 1s. 2d. Friends should send for a specimen copy, with list of the whole, as they are exceedingly useful for presents to all sorts and conditions of persons under all manner of circumstances.

*John Ploughman's Talk*, by C. H. SPURGEON, will soon be on sale in paper covers at sixpence. No other book by MR. SPURGEON has had such a large circulation as this one; and at this low price it ought to reach a still wider constituency, to whom its homely, proverbial advice, instruction, and warning should be as acceptable and as helpful as they have been in the past.

We are very pleased to see that Messrs. Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C., are issuing a complete edition of their most timely and valuable work, *Peace or War in South Africa*, at 3d. net. 100 copies will be supplied at 2½d.

each, or 500 at 2½d. each. We hope someone will put this book into the hands of those ministers and delegates of the London Baptist Association who refused even to discuss a resolution in favour of peace. One would have thought that the bitter cry of the thousands of little children who are being so ruthlessly murdered in the prison camps would have touched the hearts of all Christian people; but evidently it is not so, for both Baptist and Congregational Unions have joined in "the conspiracy of silence,"—a clear proof of how far they have both gone on the "Down-grade." And, alas! there is no C. H. Spurgeon with us now to protest against the present terrible condition of affairs; though happily, some of his weighty words (as on page 560,) can still be read.

*The Hate of Hate.* By FRANCES S. HALLOWES. Headley Brothers.

A REAL love-story of the highest type, for it is written in advocacy of the Gospel of love, and in opposition to the hatred and revenge that are still so popular even in the nominal Christian Church. There is also a very pathetic literal love-story interwoven into the narrative, the hero of which is a Colonial, driven out of Pretoria at the beginning of the war, blinded by a British soldier although he was helping to defend Ladysmith, and engaged to a Boer lady who sacrificed her own life by nursing the English fever-sticken soldiers. Her last letter to her lover describes one of the infamous farm-burnings for which our army in South Africa is still paying the penalty. Any of our readers who desire to help to extend the principles of the Peace Society should circulate this half-crown book as widely as possible. The Secretary of that admirable Society contributes a Preface to this volume, in which he briefly narrates the progress that has been made during the eighty-five years in which it has sought "to show that war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and the true interests of mankind."

The Sixty-ninth Annual Report of the LONDON CITY MISSION gives abundant evidence of the great work still being done for the Lord among the millions of the metropolis and its suburbs, and it also indicates something of the enormous evils with which the missionaries have to cope. The list of "some of the results" during the past year ought to move many to subscribe for the continuation and extension of this Christlike service. The Secretaries' address is 3, Bridewell Place, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

Miss Beckwith, 8, Milner Square, London, N., the lady who issued Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in Braille type for the blind, has prepared two embossed *Motto cards for the New Year*, containing a choice and suitable selection of Scripture passages upon "Looking unto Jesus," and "Christ in you, the hope of glory." They can be obtained, at the above address, at 1s. per dozen, or 8s. per 100.

The first of the *Annuals* to arrive—and one of the best of them—is the annual volume of "The Herald of Mercy" and "The Revival." It is published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott, at a shilling, under the title, *Strayed from Home, and other Readings*. Its object is to oppose Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, Romanism, and Ritualism, by proclaiming the glorious Gospel of Christ in simple stories and striking narratives abundantly and appropriately illustrated. The volumes cannot be too widely circulated.

The four large *Annuals*, published by the Religious Tract Society,—*The Sunday at Home*, *The Girl's Own Paper*, *The Leisure Hour*, and *The Boy's Own Paper*,—have come to hand, and appear to us fully equal to former volumes. We have put them in the order in which we should select them if we had to choose one of the four, but all are so good it is difficult to make a choice. We suppose the Editor of *The Boy's Own Paper* understands



the mental capacity of those for whom he caters; but we wish they did not need quite so much amusing, and that more of the articles and illustrations could be of a somewhat higher type.

The smaller Annual, *Friendly Greetings*, illustrated readings for the people, is everything that could be desired; while *The Scripture Pocket-book*, and the three penny *Almanacks*, will quite maintain the reputation gained by their predecessors in previous years.

*The Quiver* (Cassell and Co.) Annual makes a ponderous volume to handle, but there is no trace of heaviness in its contents. There are tales enough to satisfy the most voracious story-reader's appetite, we should hope; but there is also much that will instruct and elevate. The volume is extraordinarily good value for 7s. 6d. The most suggestive thing in it, to us, is the illustration of "The Great Pyramid of Christian Charity," from which we learn that the war in South Africa will cost the United Kingdom more than the British public has contributed for Christian and philanthropic work throughout the whole of the past century!

*Young England*, published by the Sunday School Union at 5s., seems to us to be an improvement upon former issues. There is not so much of war and bloodshed, though still quite sufficient of stirring adventure. *The Child's Own Magazine*, in its 68th year, shows no signs of senility, but is as bright and lively as ever. It is a splendid shillingsworth for the juveniles.

*The Onward Reciter*, published at 124, Portland Street, Manchester, has reached Vol. XXX., which is quite worthy to stand alongside its predecessors. Containing 107 recitations and 24 dialogues, it is well worth the 1s. 6d. charged for it. It aims at alluring its readers from the brewers' XXX., and all other kinds of intoxicating drinks.

*The Endcavour Greeting*, by Amos

R. WELLS, is a compact little volume, full of information and suggestions likely to be helpful to Endeavourers. All C. E. secretaries should purchase this shilling volume, and pass on to the members the valuable hints on C. E. work, by one who is so well up in his subject as Professor Amos Wells. It is edited for British Endeavourers by Rev. Joseph Brown Morgan, and published by Andrew Melrose.

Messrs. Bagster and Sons have added Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* to their series of Gem Oratorios. Though so small, the words and music are perfectly legible by those who have good eyesight; the price is 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., according to the binding.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. have issued, in one volume at 1s. 6d., under the title, *Working and Waiting*, by Rev. ANDREW MURRAY, the two small volumes which were published separately under the titles, *Working for God*, and *Waiting on God*. As we recommended both of them, when they first appeared, we only need now call attention to their combination in this cheap and handy form.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott have commenced the re-issue of Rev. F. B. MEYER'S Popular Series of Scripture Biographies. The first one to appear is *Elijah and the Secret of his Power*, and the other nine are to be published at intervals of a month. These also we have commended as they have been issued, so this brief intimation concerning their re-issue must suffice, as all our available space is needed for notices of entirely new works.

*Foundation Truths of the Gospel*.  
Morgan and Scott.

THE essays upon the great doctrines of the Evangelical faith, contributed to *The Christian*, were well worthy of preservation in this permanent form. They are not all of equal merit, but they will help to keep the Gospel flag flying.

*The Modern Mission Century.* By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

IN this half-guinea volume, Dr. Pierson has his foot again on his native heath, and he walks with no uncertain tread amidst the facts of the missionary work of the past century. If we compare this last volume from his prolific pen with the first volume, *The Crisis of Missions*, which brought him prominently before English readers, we discover a growing complexity in his work. We rise from our reading feeling that we have had our head under Niagara. Names seem to roll off our author's pen with an ease which astonishes us.

No one can pretend to have such an intimate knowledge of the general aspects of missions as Dr. Pierson, but his very genius for analysis makes it, oftentimes, difficult to follow him. He is not content to tell us plain facts; he must elaborate them until he sets us gasping. Here is an instance:—"The real beginning of medical missions is not easy to trace. Romish missionaries, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, used medical treatment to aid mission work, using cinchona for fever, and that 'road-side sick-making plant,'—as the Brazilians call ipecacuana,—as an emetic, diaphoretic, expectorant and sudorific." At every turn, he branches off from his subject on to side-tracks. If he mentions Keswick, he finds it necessary to explain the teaching associated with that name; when he speaks of the influence of the Word of God, he gives us a treatise on the laws of interpretation; and so eager is he to tell us everything, that he does not mind contradicting himself.

Perhaps he is not aware that he does so, but he does. For instance, at the beginning of chapter viii., he tells us that the Bible has the unique quality of being capable of remoulding into every matrix of language and dialect. We turn but a few pages, and, behold, it is stated that the genius of particular

tongues presents many difficulties in the way of translation, and examples of this are given; the result being that, as an argument, the chapter is of scant value. And so we go on through the volume. Facts, names, incidents, extracts, and illustrations, pour upon us until we are bewildered. Yet the book is a notable one,—difficult to read, but worthy of earnest study. We wish Dr. Pierson were more of an artist, and less of an analyst; yet, to produce such a work as this so soon after his *New Acts of the Apostles*, is a notable achievement. No student of the literature of missions can afford to neglect this volume.

We can imagine that, amidst this mass of dates and names, the crop of technical errors will be somewhat extensive. We may, perhaps, be permitted to begin the revision for the second edition by pointing out that, on page 57, 1796 should be substituted for 1896; and that, on page 212, General Hampton should evidently be General Armstrong.

*The Key to the Missionary Problem.* By ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

THE Key is here said to be,—Every believer a soul-winner; and if that result could be attained, the problem might be regarded as solved. Dr. Murray tells in brief the wonderful story of Moravian missions, and of the awakening of new life in connection with the Church Missionary Society, the China Inland Mission, and the Keswick Convention; then seeks to lead the Church of the present day back to Pentecost; and ends by suggesting that the Week of Prayer at the beginning of 1902 should be devoted entirely to the subject of foreign missions. The little book is worthy of the most careful and prayerful study; its price is 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

*The Gospel for an Age of Hope.* By T. NEWTON OWEN, M.A. A. H. Stockwell.

WITH most of what the author says, we are at one. Our complaint is,

that he does not, in our judgment, "rightly divide the Word of truth," since he seems to forget that there are many who are "without hope," who have, indeed, no right to hope, because they love sin, were never "pricked to the heart," and were never born again.

*Outline Sermonettes on Golden Texts.*  
H. R. Allenson.

USEFUL talks upon forty-seven golden texts, scarcely strong enough to be called sermonettes, but good and gracious enough to be helpful for private reading or in preparing addresses. They are reprinted from the last volume of "*Light and Leading*," and are published by the request of numerous readers who wished to have them in a separate form.

*Sermons on Isaiah.* Collected by  
J. F. B. TINLING, B.A. Hodder  
and Stoughton.

MR. Tinling has gathered together 150 sermon outlines from C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Parker, Dr. Guinness Rogers, Henry Ward Beecher, and many other preachers. They are just outlines, which will be of great service to many ministerial and lay brethren.

*Stones for Sermon Builders.* By  
Rev. JOHN MITCHELL. Arthur H.  
Stockwell.

MR. Mitchell has provided useful building material for busy workers. In the hands of a sermon-builder, and not a patchwork maker, this little book will be of real service.

*Is Christ Infallible, and the Bible True?* By Rev. H. MCINTOSH,  
M.A. Second Edition. T. and  
T. Clark.

HAVING warmly praised the first issue of this trenchant book, we are greatly pleased to find it in a second edition in so few months.

The present volume has a very valuable Appendix, dealing with two new attacks on the Bible by theological Professors. It is a sad irony of events that men, chosen to ex-

pound the Scriptures, should be their fiercest assailants; but seeing that it is so, it is a great compensation that other men, in the same denomination, should antidote the evil. What the novelist, "Ian Maclaren," and the rationalizing Professor, George Adam Smith, seek to mar and maim, the preacher, Hugh McIntosh, does his utmost to restore. We hope this second edition will soon be exhausted, and that the plague of destructive scepticism may be stayed. Perhaps even Presbyterians will yet have their eyes open to see how deadly is the assault on the Scriptures to which their so-called leaders are lending themselves; and in that day they will cast their theological-fictional idols to the moles and the bats. May this volume help speed that time!

*Neglected People of the Bible.* By  
DINSDALE T. YOUNG. Hodder and  
Stoughton.

FIFTEEN sermons on the lesser characters of the Scripture,—plain, popular, pointed, picturesque, powerful. They make little or no pretension to literary refinement, but must have been good to hear, and are good to read. Mr. Young has learned to speak out, to adorn his teaching with picture and parable, and, above all, to remain faithful to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We know his deep admiration for the beloved C. H. Spurgeon; and, in some respects, that admiration is disclosed in these sermons. We are glad to commend right heartily this fresh, attractive, dewy volume.

*Messages of the Old Testament.* By  
REV. GEORGE H. C. MACGREGOR,  
M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE welcome this posthumous volume, and only regret that Mr. Macgregor's intention of expounding all the Books of the Bible was not fulfilled before he was taken from us. Here we have the Messages of the Books of the Old Testament as far as Chronicles, and an added chapter on Joel. Simplicity characterizes the treatment,

but a great deal of knowledge underlies the plain words in which the author's views are expressed. A few purple patches, here and there, would have made the book more welcome; and, probably, if the author had been permitted to revise his work, some alterations and corrections would have been made. Mr. Macgregor's clear insight and lucid statement are, however, manifest throughout. Though he had a sufficient knowledge of modern criticism, he believed that God had His way in the Bible from end to end; and in that light these chapters were written. We commend the book to students of the Scriptures.

*The Evangel of the Risen Christ.*

By HENRY VARLEY. Alfred Holness.

THIS volume of addresses is a bold and trenchant defence of Bible truth, as against modern destructive criticism, and the rampant ungodliness that exists side by side with it. With a zeal for God's glory that is only too rare, the author earnestly attacks both evil powers, and proves that the truth Divinely revealed in the Scriptures is the only power to save and transfigure sinful men, and that any disloyalty to it inevitably works sore mischief. Those who love the pure undiluted Word of God will gladly read and welcome this excellent volume; and we trust their number is still many.

*The Century Bible. The Pastoral Epistles.* By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

THIS is the thinnest volume of *The Century Bible* yet issued, but one of the most valuable. Its Editor has a rare devotional spirit which goes further toward the understanding of the Scripture than any other equipment. This volume is the work of a scholar who gives a frank statement of the case for and against the Pauline authorship of these letters; and although Dr. Horton says that he has an open mind on the subject; though he sees that "the difficulties

of believing in the fabrication outweigh the difficulties of accepting the genuineness" of these Epistles; yet we cannot help seeing that, in his heart of hearts, he is persuaded that the letters were written by Paul. And so are we.

We know no better piece of work than the Introduction; and the comments on the text are terse and forceful; all too brief, to our thinking, seeing that the volume might well have been extended to another fifty pages. Dr. Horton does not disdain a touch of humour, as, for instance, when he seeks to explain how the aged Paul could think of the man Timothy as yet a youth;—"we are told," he says, "of an old woman of 90, who heard of the death of her firstborn at the age of 70, and exclaimed, 'Ah, me! I always said we should never rear her.' This is the situation which the reader finds implied in the Second Epistle to Timothy." Or, again, in his comment on the text in 1 Timothy ii. 1, where Paul exhorts that prayer should be made for kings, Dr. Horton says:—"We are to pray for rulers that are past praying for; but it does not follow that we are to speak of a Charles II. or George IV. as 'our most religious king.'"

As to the doctrine of the Atonement, we are glad to find such a clear statement concerning the substitutionary ransom of the death of Christ, which, though it has a value "on behalf of all," "yet," says our author, "in the nature of the case, it can only be 'in the place of' those who, by faith in Him, occupy the position which He has bought for them. By the death of Christ, therefore, the salvability of the world, and the salvation of all who believe, are secured."

This volume has our unqualified praise.

*Onesimus, Christ's Freedman. A Tale of the Pauline Epistles.* By CHARLES EDWARD CORWIN. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WE do not believe in taking Bible characters, mixing them up with imaginary persons, and weaving

love-stories around them; so we cannot commend this volume, notwithstanding the ability manifest in its preparation, and the research that must have been involved to make the local allusions as accurate as they are. In one place, the author has simply parodied the ordinance of believers' baptism:—"Paul arose, and offered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving and supplication for the new converts. He then led each, in turn, to a *huge stone jar, from which Luke poured water upon their heads*, saying, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Paul gave the right hand of fellowship to each, *made over each the sign of the cross*, and the ceremony was complete." The author knows better than this, for, after describing the conversion of Onesimus, he says:—"Three months of careful instruction, and earnest prayerful study passed before he could bring himself to *enter the waters of baptism*." (The italics in each case are our own.)

*Dr. Alexander Maclaren. The Man and his Message.* A Character Sketch. By J. C. CARLILE. With Portrait. Part-ridge and Co.

A SHORT biography that will be sure to command a large sale, and delighted reading. Dr. Maclaren is not only the Nestor of the Baptist pulpit, he is also the admired and loved of the whole religious world. He belongs first to us, but is too large to be monopolized by any single denomination.

Mr. Carlile has succeeded in giving a splendid personal portrait of England's greatest living preacher; and much of his pointed reminiscences, and penetrative analysis, will be quite new to most readers. Though, in outward manifestation, there was great contrast between Dr. Maclaren's and C. H. Spurgeon's preaching, there was profound unity both in subject and sympathy. All who love the old Gospel, and Bible exposition, rejoice in the sustained definiteness and pulpit force of Manchester's

great Nonconformist Bishop, and pray that his bow may abide in strength. We most warmly commend this capital volume to our readers, and trust that every one of them will make its contents a personal possession.

*Thoroughbred Patriots.* By Rev. A. T. PALMER. A. H. Stockwell.

Six stirring addresses, full of vigour, and overflowing with apt quotations. Indeed, we could sometimes wish that we had more of the substance, and less of the illustrative embroidery. The writer, an Evangelical Churchman, seems to have culled from all kinds of literature, and greatly from Free Church writers. We hope this, his first published volume, will be so approved as to induce him to write another, and to make it mainly his own independent thinking, which will be well worth reading.

*The Practice of Sanctification.* By ALEXANDER HUME, B.A. Edited by R. M. FERGUSSON, M.A. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

A MODERN reprint of a famous devotional work of 300 years ago. Meant to be easily carried in the pocket, and read in spare moments. For a shilling, one may find here the essence and marrow of God's sanctifying method with His people, and can scarcely fail to be quickened and profited thereby. Such books, of purely devotional quality, are a valuable antidote to the fussy, superficial tendencies of this restless age, and we trust will be widely pondered by Christian men and women.

*Ten Dialogues between a Churchman and a Dissenter.* By G. P. THOMAS, M.A. A. H. Stockwell.

JUST what its title indicates. showing the arrogant claims, the unscriptural teachings, and the unspiritual results of State-established religion. A fine invigorating tonic to impart to our young men and women to fortify them against the infection of merely fashionable religion.

*The Coming of the Preachers.* By JOHN ACKWORTH. Hodder and Stoughton.

A FAIR sample of the present-day religious novel, in which, with the usual love-story, the tale is told of how the Gospel was introduced by the Wesleys into a certain country town. We are still puzzled to know how it is that good people, for the sake of homeopathic quantities of Gospel, can be content to swallow such seas of water, which is not

always as clean as it is in this case.

*A Happy Mothers' Meeting*, and other Addresses for Mothers. By the Author of "A Letter for You." Religious Tract Society.

SUITABLE for reading at any Mothers' Meeting, and likely to do good to the listeners because of the Gospel teaching contained in them. If any conductors of such gatherings need printed prayers, they will find some in this two shilling volume.

## Notes.

Pastor Hugh D. Brown has been so pressed with special service of various kinds that he has been obliged to postpone until next month the continuation of his argument on "The Endorsements of the Bible." Happily, his esteemed fellow-countryman, Pastor W. Y. Fullerton, had been preparing for our readers the article on "The Old Sanctuary" which appears in the present number of the Magazine, so "ould Oireland" is still most worthily represented in our pages.

During the past month, Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has received the first of the new issue of her dear husband's Sermons in the BOHEMIAN language,— "Jesus only,"—of which 10,000 copies have been printed, and concerning which Mr. Kilburn writes:—"Please get as many friends as you can to join in prayer for this new and important work in dark and needy Bohemia. I rejoice over every fresh translation and every new issue of these Sermons, because I know the wide doors which are open to them, and the blessing which generally follows them. No gift, that you could have bestowed upon me personally, would have given me such joy as the fact that you have begun thus to issue these Sermons in Bohemian."

In his previous letter, Mr. Kilburn had pleaded for the regular translation and publication of the Sermons in POLISH, but the way had not seemed quite clear. However, when Mrs. Spurgeon received five guineas, with this intimation,— "from your unknown friend, E. F., for the translation of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons into the language which is most in need,"—it was

taken as an indication that the work was to proceed, and permission was accordingly given.

Mr. Blanco writes from Tangier that the fourth of the monthly Sermons in SPANISH is almost ready for publication, but he has not yet sold sufficient copies to pay for those already printed, even with the help given to him by Mrs. Spurgeon. If friends working among Spanish-speaking people, or interested in Spaniards, could arrange for a regular supply of the Sermons to be sent to them, much good might result. All correspondence on this matter should be addressed to Don Angel I. Blanco, Beach Road, Tangier, Morocco, North Africa.

From the Report of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE OPEN-AIR MISSION, we learn that, from the beginning of May to the end of September, 72 meetings were held, either on the Tabernacle steps or at the back of the building; and the Honorary Secretary says, with "many evident tokens that the service rendered has been acceptable to our Heavenly Father." Over 30 different brethren have given addresses at the meetings, and many other friends have helped in the singing, and tract-distribution, etc., to all of whom the Committee are truly grateful. Arrangements are now being made for the carrying on of aggressive work during the winter months.

The annual meeting of the "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall on Wednesday evening, October 2, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and

by Pastor C. B. Sawday, Alderman A. E. Sawday, J.P., of Leicester, Dr. John Robertson, and Rev. J. E. Wakerley.

The Report contained the following paragraphs, which may concern some of our readers:—"The Committee earnestly appeal to all abstaining members of their church to join the Society, attend the meetings, and help them to reach the multitudes around, by whom the message of Gospel Temperance is so greatly needed. A most important and fruitful part of the work done is the visitation in their homes of those who have been reached by the meetings. Mr. Haseltine and his helpers have carried on this good work with much hope and zeal. Many, who had previously signed the pledge, have been re-visited, and encouraged to stand fast, and new cases have been lovingly cared for. Nearly 70 persons have been cheered on in their good fight against their old foe, and much preventive work has also been done in the families visited."

The Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. H. Savager, writes:—"It may interest your readers to know that over 400 pledges were taken at the meetings addressed by Dr. Henry in the Tabernacle on September 22, 25, and 27. We are arranging a week's Gospel Temperance Mission, commencing Lord's-day, November 24, to be conducted by the Pastors, and the students from the Pastors' College. We shall be glad of help in visitation, etc."

The Annual Farewell Meetings in connection with the NORTH AFRICA MISSION have been held during the past month. Mr. E. H. Glenny, the Honorary Secretary, and many of the missionaries connected with the Society, have taken part in the different gatherings; much information has been given concerning the work, and considerable interest evoked in it. On Monday evening, October 14, several of the brethren and sisters were present at the Metropolitan Tabernacle prayer-meeting; and special supplication was offered for them, and for the workers in the field. The October number of *North Africa* contains the very interesting Annual Report of the Mission, and should be widely circulated. We are glad to see that efforts are being made to form more auxiliaries in various places; the region to be evangelized is so vast, the difficulties so great, and the

labourers comparatively so few, that all possible sympathy and support should be accorded to Mr. Glenny and his co-workers.

The Home Counties Baptist Association held its Autumnal meeting at Lee (Bromley Road, Pastor, J. W. Davies), on Tuesday, October 15. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon was unanimously elected Moderator, and took the chair. The meeting was well attended, quite 40 ministers and 60 lay brethren being present. The morning was occupied with business. In the afternoon, there was an interesting discussion on the practicability of literal obedience to the Sermon on the Mount in ordinary modern life. In the evening, the Moderator preached with much power to a large congregation. Evidently, the Association is in a healthy state, and continues to grow steadily in numbers and usefulness.

The re-built HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD, was opened by a prayer-meeting, on Tuesday evening, October 15, and special services are being held just as the Magazine is passing through the press. We hope to give some account of them next month; but, meanwhile, we congratulate Mr. William Olney and his friends upon the completion of the building, and pray that it may be an even greater centre of blessing than the former one was.

On Tuesday evening, October 22, a special and well-attended church-meeting was held at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, when nine new Trustees of the Tabernacle property were duly elected by the men members of the church; and the 27 Elders were unanimously re-elected for the ensuing year, together with three additional brethren, Messrs. G. W. Gregory, H. W. Harvey, and J. H. Savager, all of whom gratefully and heartily intimated their acceptance of the office.

Special attention was then called to the following resolution, which had been previously passed by the church:—"We hereby resolve to purchase, from the Trustees of the Pastors' College, the piece of ground and cottages at the rear of the Tabernacle, for the erection, as soon as possible, of kitchens, and for other accommodation for the church or school as need arises and funds allow."

Forms were distributed, and an appeal made for promises to give or collect a certain sum during the year 1902. It is proposed at present only to make the purchase at a cost (including expenses of transfer, etc.) of about £1,500, of which we have £500, as per the Building Committee's Balance-sheet, which has already appeared in the Magazine. It is important, however, that the Infant School-room should be erected as soon as possible.

Mr. W. Higgs started the new list with a cheque for £100, and the Pastor was soon busily occupied reading the promises of large and small amounts, the total of which in a few minutes reached £460, so that there is every prospect of the whole £1,000 being speedily raised. After a brief expression of hearty thanks from the Pastor, the Doxology was sung, the Benediction pronounced, and the happy and successful meeting was thus appropriately closed.

COLLEGE.—Mr. C. J. Tinsley is to sail (D.V.) this month, to take charge of the church at Stanmore, Sydney, New South Wales. Mr. A. Mayo has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work on the Congo as soon as there is a vacancy.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. E. T. Beckett, from Bildston, to Arthur Street, King's Cross; Mr. R. M. Hunter, from Reading, to Sunnyside, Rawtenstall, Lancashire; Mr. J. H. Jackman, late of Peterborough, to Swavesey, Cambridgeshire; Mr. G. Monk, from Bures, to Great Sampford, Essex; and Mr. C. E. Shearman, from Hook Norton, to Sulgrave, Culworth, and Helmdon, Northamptonshire.

Mr. Walton preached for our Brother Harry Wood the day after he arrived in Tasmania. He writes:—"The next Sunday, I preached at Latrobe, and every Sunday since. I have been heartily welcomed by the Union, and on all hands; and also had my welcome meeting, which was very successful and cheering. But the work of setting up housekeeping, getting the place, which has been over two years untenanted, into order, etc., etc., etc., has left me with no time for anything except absolutely necessary matters. You see, therefore, why this appears without an accompanying manuscript."

We have no doubt our friend will complete his series of interesting

articles on "Bush Life in Tasmania" as soon as he can; and, in the meantime, we are glad to be able to supply their place with some sketches of "Life and Labour in Canada," by Pastor C. W. Townsend, concerning whom we wrote last month. They will help to make the writer still further known to our readers; and it may be that the officers and members of some pastorless church will rejoice to meet with such an uncompromising Baptist as his article on "A Winter Baptism" proves him to be. His present address is 14, Mason Street, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

*Special notice.*—On Thursday evening, November 21, the Colledge Annual Tea and Public Meeting will (D.V.) be held at the Tabernacle. The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon), the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), Professor W. Hackney, M.A., Pastors A. G. Brown and D. J. Hiley, and one of the students are expected to take part in the proceedings. The President will be deeply grateful if every brother, within a reasonable distance, will come to the tea and meeting, and bring with him as large a contingent of his people as he can induce to accompany him. Men of the Pastors' Colledge, rally to the help of your Alma Mater!

ORPHANAGE.—Wednesday, October 16, was the annual "open day" at the Seaside Home Branch, Margate; and a goodly number of ministers and friends from the town and county visited the Home. In the afternoon, the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, conducted a service in the Congregational Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. There was a large congregation, and the service was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Spurgeon's sermon delightfully enforced and illustrated the subject of the Divine thoroughness in the work of creation and grace, the text being "Bar and all,"—an expression in the record of Samson's exploit in bearing away the gates of Gaza. At the close of the sermon, the preacher thanked the friends for their sympathy with the work of the Orphanage, and pleaded for additional help from the county towards the support of the Seaside Home. In the evening, Mr. Charlesworth conducted a song service, interspersed with hand-bell ringing, in Cecil Square Baptist Chapel. The collections amounted to about £15. Additional meetings were also held, on the following days, at



Westgate, St. Peter's, and Herne Bay, the proceeds being added to the funds for the support of the Seaside Home.

We would again remind our readers of the collectors' meeting on the 19th inst. Tea will be provided at five o'clock, and an interesting programme for the evening. The President hopes for a goodly gathering of collectors and friends.

**COLPORTAGE.**—It is again our joy to record the opening of a new District. This time it is in the neighbourhood of Stowmarket, in Suffolk; and it is pretty well arranged for the work to be taken up by a colporteur who is conversant with the country around, one whose previous calling should fit him for the duties, and who is acceptable as a preacher among the friends at the new centre.

The backward condition of the General Fund, so many valued helpers having passed away, has been causing anxiety; and, during the month, a letter of appeal from the President has been issued, which it is earnestly hoped, together with his article in the present Magazine, will elicit a speedy and generous response.

The Secretary has been making hurried visits to the old-established Districts of Cardiff and Penrhwi-ceiber, both of which are generously provided for by John Cory, Esq., J.P., D.L., and Alderman Richard Cory, J.P. Really good work appears to be carried on in

each locality. Similar visits have been made to Bridgwater in Somersetshire, and Melksham in Wiltshire; and it has been pleasant to come into personal contact with friends who are both praying for and supporting the Colportage work.

A lady sending a contribution to the Aged Colporteurs' Fund, says:—"Mr. Mears has again spent his summer holiday at Belton, visiting the villagers in their homes, holding open-air services, and addressing the Sunday-schools. We are pleased to testify that he threw his whole heart and soul into the work, and pray that God's richest blessing may rest both upon him and upon the Society with which he is connected."

One of our brethren writes:—"I am pleased to be able to say that the past month has been one of very happy service. Opportunities for personal dealing with individuals have been numerous; one aged man, to whom I have every reason to believe the Lord made me a channel of blessing, has just passed away. I saw him two hours before he died, when he assured me that he was trusting in Jesus as his Saviour."

Contributions for the work will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—October 3, thirteen.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor J. M. Love	...	...	...	Proceeds of lecture delivered by	...	...	...
Pastor W. Smith	...	...	...	Pastor W. C. Minifie at Normanton	...	...	...
Contribution from Grimsby Tabernacle, per Pastor H. Spendelow	2	6	0	Baptist Chapel	...	0	7
Pastor C. Spurgeon (a birthday gift)	1	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	...	1	10
Donation from Corsham Baptist Church, per Pastor J. Smith	...	0	10	Mr. A. A. West	...	0	5
Miss M. Hadfield	...	10	0	Weekly offerings and collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle from September 15 to October 14	...	43	18
N. B.	...	25	0		...	4	11
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	...	0	2		...	86	4

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"Ella"	...	1	0	Collected by Miss Gunner	...	0	5
Your unknown friend, E. F., for Pasteur Saillens' work	...	5	6	For Christ's sake	...	0	5
Mr. A. A. West	...	0	5		...	7	1

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sympathy ... ..	0	10	0	Stamps, Canterbury ... ..	0	0	3
Mr. R. Hartswell ... ..	0	2	0	Mrs. Morris ... ..	0	1	0
Stowpland Congregational Church harvest thanksgiving service, per Mr. T. E. Carter ... ..	1	0	0	Miss Scarfe ... ..	0	0	6
Mrs. E. Hood ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Flecknoe Collected by Mrs. Lumley ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. G. Fryer ... ..	0	14	0	Rev. J. and Mrs. Mitchell ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. C. Boynton ... ..	0	1	6	Mr. W. Taylor, per Rev. C. B. Saw- day ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Vincent ... ..	0	5	0	Readers of "The Christian Herald," per the Editor:—			
Mrs. M. A. Soper ... ..	0	5	0	J. C. M. ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. P. Pratt ... ..	1	1	0	K. A. D. ... ..	2	0	0
Postal order, Hatton Garden ... ..	0	5	0	R. M. D. ... ..	2	15	0
Mr. E. E. Wright ... ..	0	10	0	A cheerful giver ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. B. Fielden ... ..	0	2	0	Inasmuch ... ..	0	3	0
Jesus only, Bank of England note, Beeston ... ..	5	0	0	Hula ... ..	1	0	0
Miss E. J. Glover ... ..	5	0	0	A thankful sinner ... ..	0	2	6
Pastor C. Spurgeon ... ..	1	0	0	G. B. ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. P. Cockerill ... ..	1	1	0				
Mr. C. Ibberson ... ..	0	3	0	Mrs. Page ... ..	2	10	0
Mr. M. Merry ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. T. Clydesdale ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. Hookey ... ..	0	2	6	Postal order, Neath ... ..	0	10	0
Half collection, Palmer's Green Mis- sion harvest thanksgiving ser- vice, per Mr. Geo. Dudley ... ..	0	18	2	Rev. G. Hughes ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. E. B. Thorne ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. F. J. Rumsey ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Essen ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Pilling ... ..	0	10	0
Devonshire Square Sunday-school, per Mr. A. J. Shepherd ... ..	4	14	8	Mr. Geeson's Bible-class, Melton Mowbray ... ..	0	7	6
Mr. H. Hills ... ..	0	10	6	Mr. R. Graham ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Cheney ... ..	0	5	0	Miss Nancy Bryson ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. E. W. Reed ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Williams ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bettinson ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. J. Bishop ... ..	0	2	6
Dr. G. H. Rouse, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ... ..	2	0	0	Mr. Geo. Henderson ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. A. Marshall ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Bigg ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. A. C. Johnson, thankoffering for a good harvest ... ..	0	10	6
Miss M. Hayward ... ..	0	10	0	Sandwich, per Bankers ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Parkinson ... ..	1	1	3	Mr. W. Wyles ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Lawrence ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by the late Mrs. Hazleton Mrs. E. Elven ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Diver ... ..	0	2	6	Harvest thanksgiving service, Codi- cote Mission, per Mr. H. Bowden ... ..	1	4	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. J. Rowlands ... ..	0	1	6
Postal order, Colchester ... ..	0	1	0	Collected by Miss E. Stevens ... ..	0	15	0
Rev. S. R. Young ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. S. Evans ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Fairfield ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Payne ... ..	0	12	0
Miss Gregg ... ..	0	1	6	Mr. D. Rippet ... ..	0	2	0
Miss E. Davies ... ..	0	1	3	M. ... ..	5	0	0
Stamps ... ..	0	1	0	E. F. ... ..	1	14	4
Mr. W. Saunders ... ..	1	0	0	Miss E. Hewitt ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. W. B. Wearing ... ..	1	1	0	A country minister ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jackson ... ..	2	2	0	Mrs. Caudle ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Best ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Bigglestone and children ... ..	0	12	0
Mr. J. Langton ... ..	0	4	0	Mrs. Lloyd ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wickham ... ..	0	5	0	Miss M. Rudman ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. J. Leake ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. Simpson ... ..	2	0	0
A friend, Gosport ... ..	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. S. Carveley Mr. Geo. Sargent ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Payne ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay ... ..	0	3	0
Miss Mortimer ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. Cunningham ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. Gilbert ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. E. Reynolds ... ..	0	2	6
Miss S. Anderson ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. D. Somerville ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. A. Sizeland ... ..	0	2	0	Mr. Geo. Tolley ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Riley ... ..	0	1	0	Mr. D. Thomas ... ..	0	5	8
Mr. J. Bird ... ..	0	1	0	A reader of the "Christian Herald" Onslow Sunday-school, Brompton, per Mr. G. Gamble ... ..	0	1	6
Miss M. M. Thomas ... ..	0	0	3	Mr. W. H. Thorn ... ..	5	5	0
Mr. E. W. Alabone ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. W. Fox ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Johnson Mrs. Yates ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Barnes ... ..	0	10	0
Miss M. Hadfield ... ..	10	0	0	Mr. J. Mee ... ..	0	3	6
Mrs. Cain ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. H. Barrett T. P. ... ..	1	15	6
Mr. D. Davies ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. M. O. Sellar ... ..	500	0	0
Mrs. E. W. Bell ... ..	1	0	0	Miss G. Bell ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Freestone ... ..	0	8	0	Miss F. S. Nunn ... ..	0	5	0
S. M. P. ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. C. Careless ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Priestley ... ..	0	5	0				
Postal order, Shorncliffe Camp ... ..	0	5	0				
Stamps, London, S.E. ... ..	0	2	6				

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Whatley	0	5	0
Postal order, Holyport	0	1	0
Postal order, Southend	0	3	0
Mr. W. W. Anderson	1	1	0
Miss Letchworth	1	0	0
Mr. C. Freeman	0	5	0
A. R., Longton	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Myland	0	7	3
Mr. Myland	0	5	0
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	5	0	0
Mrs. Bonsema, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Mr. W. Hiner	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Sutherland	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	3	0
Mrs. M. A. Hyde	2	2	0
Mr. J. Daymond	1	1	0
Mrs. W. R. M. Glasier	1	1	0
Mr. J. Short	1	0	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Sturton	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Hooper	0	2	6
Belle Isle Bible-class, per Mr. W. Colbert	2	0	0
Pupils of Grove College, Hammer-smith, per Miss W. G. Keen	1	2	0
Mr. Humphrey's anti-infidel meeting, Peckham Rye, per Mr. A. Haile	11	11	0
Collected by Miss E. Smith	1	10	0
Proceeds of harvest thanksgiving service, Baptist Chapel, Corton, per Messrs. J. T. Few and T. Davis	1	5	6
Mrs. Blant	0	2	0
Mr. J. J. Gleave	0	10	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0
West Brompton Railway Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. J. W. Gooding	1	0	0
Cambridgeshire	0	10	0
Mrs. Vowles	0	5	0
Miss Collins	0	5	6
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0	3	6
Mr. J. T. Binnie	0	5	0
Mrs. Morgan	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Clyde	0	2	6
Mr. G. Samuel	0	1	0
Miss Croker	0	6	0
Mr. Hiner	0	1	9
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. Fennemore	1	0	0
Mr. W. Parks	1	1	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Mary Jefferson	134	17	0
Orphan Boys' collecting cards (as per second list)	6	5	0
Orphan Girls' collecting cards (as per second list)	5	2	0
MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—			
Boxmoor, Watford, Tring, Hemel Hempstead, Rickmansworth, and Apsley	53	13	1
Clarendon Baptist Chapel, Camberwell	1	13	7
Cross Street Chapel, Islington, sale of programmes	0	10	2
Chatsworth Road Chapel, West Norwood, Saturday Evening Prayer-meeting, October 5	3	16	3
SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—			
Mr. R. Hartswell	0	2	0
Mr. W. B. Wearing	1	1	0
Mr. S. Priddy	0	10	0
Mr. J. Langton	0	4	0
Mr. J. Leake	0	2	6
Mr. G. Wellstood	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Matcham	0	2	0
Mrs. Page	2	10	0
Miss Mayers	0	4	0
Miss M. Fraser	0	1	6
Mr. J. Sutherland	0	2	0
Mr. W. Nichol	0	2	0
Mr. D. Rippet	0	0	6
Miss J. Kemp	0	2	0
Mrs. Cousins	0	1	3
Mr. A. Clyde	0	2	6
Collected at Margate sand services, per Rev. W. Senior, M.A.	1	0	0

£877 17 2

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST).—Angus, J., 5s; Brookman, R., 10s 6d; Bond, W., 2s 6d; Creese, B., 6s; Cook, E., 1s; Harries, R., 16s; Hart, C. V., 1s; North, W., 1s 1s; Priddy, F., 10s; Price, L., 16s; Rowe, A., 5s; Trim, A., 1s 4s; Veats, S., 1s 6d; Wright, W., 2s 6d; Yendell, F., 3s.—Total, £6 5s.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST).—Atkins, M., 6s; Athfield, M., 3s 1d; Bradley, M., 10s; Baker, G., 5s 8d; Cooper, K., 1s; Finch, D., 7s 6d; Hopson, A., 1s; Halls, M., 2s 6d; Morley, D. and F., 2s 6d; Pike, L., 10s 6d; Rogers, C., 5s; Spencer, G., 4s; Usherwood, A., 5s; Williams, M., 1s 4s 9d; Warner, S., 5s 6d; Watler, H., 8s.—Total, £5 2s.

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM SEPTEMBER 16TH TO OCTOBER 14TH, 1901.

PROVISIONS:—22 lbs. Beef, Mr. Gunn; 1 box Damsons, Mr. Min. Jones; a quantity of Blackberries, The Children of Falcon House School, Kelvedon, per Miss Wiseman; 1 sack Potatoes, Mrs. Barlow; a quantity of Pears, Mrs. Faulconer; 3 cases of Shredded Foods, The Shredded Wheat Co.; 1 box Apples, Mr. A. Hutton.

PROCEEDS OF HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES:—1 sack of Vegetables, The Stowupland Congregational Church, per Mr. E. Carter; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, etc., North Cheam Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs; a quantity of Fruit and Vegetables, Palmer's Green Mission, per Mr. Geo. Dudley; a quantity of Fruit and Vegetables, The Green St. Green Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. M. Higgs; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, and Flowers, Cheam Baptist Chapel, per Mr. A. D. Cox; 2 Bags of Vegetables, Chilterne Baptist Chapel, per Mr. F. Maidment; a quantity of Fruit and Vegetables, Rev. F. Horace Newton; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, and Bread, The Norman Road Baptist Church, Wimbledon, per Mr. H. Knight; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, and Bread, The Ewhurst Congregational Chapel, per Mr. G. Woodward.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 pairs Socks, Moreton-in-the-Marsh; a Parcel of Vests and Knickers, Mrs. E. Howard.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—31 Articles, Miss Dawson; 78 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 28 Articles, The Cheam Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 2 Articles, Anon.; A Parcel of Flannelette, Wool, etc., Anon.; 3 dozen Articles, Mrs. L. Watling.

GENERAL:—A Box of Games, Cards, etc., Mrs. A. Hughes; 1 Quilt, Miss Rumming; a Parcel of Periodicals, Anon.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1901.*

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Crownhill, per Mr. F. E. James	...	5	0	0	
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	...	10	0	0	
Hadleigh, per Mr. J. G. Stow	...	10	0	0	
Ilminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	...	11	5	0	
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffith	...	11	5	0	
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	...	11	5	0	
Barrow, per Mr. S. T. Harwood	...	10	0	0	
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. C. Evans and Son	...	10	0	0	
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds, J.P.	...	10	0	0	
Cowling Hill, per Mr. F. J. Wilson	...	10	0	0	
Axbridge, per Mr. C. Masters	...	1	0	0	
		£99		15	0
<b>AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—</b>		£ s. d.			
A friend of Mr. S. R. Pearce	...	2	0	0	
Mrs. G. M. Husbands, from the Belton Mission conducted by Mr. H. Mears	...	0	10	0	
Mr. John Gallienne	...	5	0	0	
		£7		10	0
<b>GENERAL FUND:—</b>		£ s. d.			
Mr. T. Fearnley	...	1	0	0	
Mr. William Hiley	...	20	10	6	
Mrs. Calder	...	5	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.	...	5	0	0	
Mr. H. S. Colman	...	0	10	0	
Mrs. Joseph B. Mead	...	1	1	0	
		£60		4	7
Collections at Monks Eleigh and Edwardstone, per Mr. E. Paine	...	2	6	4	
Mr. R. Fifield	...	0	9	0	
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	...	0	10	0	
Matthew vi. 20	...	0	10	0	
Collection at North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs	...	0	5	9	
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	...	1	1	0	
Mr. T. D. Ransford	...	1	1	0	
Rev. S. Attlee	...	1	0	0	
Mr. William Edwards	...	1	1	0	
Mr. Edward Smith	...	0	10	6	
Mr. B. I. Greenwood	...	2	2	0	
Mrs. Fordham	...	0	3	0	
Mrs. T. White	...	1	0	0	
Mr. John Cory, J.P., D.L.	...	1	1	0	
Mrs. S. Derham	...	0	10	0	
Mrs. E. Biggs	...	0	2	6	
Mrs. A. Mott	...	0	10	0	
Miss E. A. Lillington	...	0	2	6	
Mr. James Clark	...	1	1	0	
Mr. S. Loader	...	0	2	6	
Miss L. Stuckbery	...	0	5	0	
Mr. J. Attlee	...	0	2	6	
Mrs. Lindae	...	5	0	0	
Mr. W. Hart	...	1	1	0	
Mrs. A. Shearman	...	2	2	0	
Mr. J. J. Smith, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	...	2	0	0	
Mr. H. O. Worth	...	1	1	0	
Mr. H. N. Wayne	...	0	2	6	
		£60		4	7

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

*Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 15th, 1901.*

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mr. James Friend	...	0	3	6	
<b>FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—</b>					
"For Christ's sake," for Polish Sermons	...	5	5	0	
		£5		16	0
Grateful	...	0	7	6	
		£5		16	0

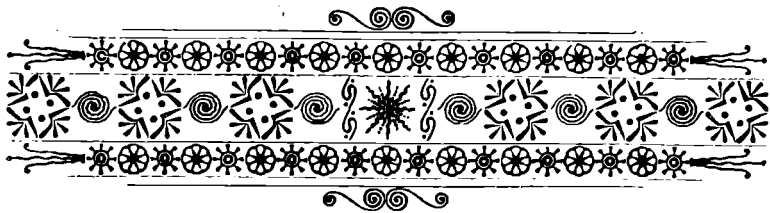
Received, with best thanks, for Mr. Midlane:—Mrs. J. Lewis, 10s; for Mr. Johnson:—Mrs. Cunningham, 5s.

*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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.

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THE  
**Sword and the Trowel.**

DECEMBER, 1901.

**“Unequally Yoked Together.”**

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

*“Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?”—*

2 Corinthians vi. 14, 15.

**D**EAR FRIENDS,—I have here a request for prayer on behalf of one, whose name would be recognized by you, if I mentioned it, as that of a sister who was a member with us at New Park Street Chapel, but who has been away from us for a long time, for, alas! she married an unconverted man, and suffered the usual consequences that almost always follow in such cases. When I saw her, a few days ago, she said to me, “You do not seem to recollect me, Mr. Spurgeon.” I replied, “No, I do not.” That was something very extraordinary, for I have a remarkable power of remembering faces that I have once seen. So she said, “My name is So-and-so; do you not recollect me now?” “Oh, yes!” I answered, “I do, but what an altered woman you seem to be! Excuse me making the remark, but you seem to have changed much more than I should have thought could have been possible even in so many years.”

She had just come out of the infirmary, and told me that she must go back again, for she was very, very ill. She wanted me to send somebody to see her while she was in the infirmary, and that I promised to do. “But,” I asked, “how did you get into such a state as you are now in?” “Oh, sir!” she exclaimed, “I married an ungodly man; and, as the natural result, I had a world of trouble.”

This evil is far more common than many people believe. I was

talking, this afternoon, with an excellent Christian woman, who is coming to join our church. She also had been passing through very deep waters, and she said to me, "I consider that God has been most merciful to me, for I turned aside from Him, and from His people, by marrying a very ungodly man." Now, happily, the Lord has brought her back. I was talking to Mr. Archibald Brown, the other day, and he told me that he was visiting, lately, in one of the worst slums in the East of London, and there he saw a poor woman who had scarcely any clothes upon her, and her little children round about her were crying for bread. Mr. Brown said to her, "From your appearance, I should judge that you were not always in such depths of poverty as this." The poor woman put her hand inside her dress, and drew out a communion card of this church, and said, "I used to be a member there, and I always keep that card in memory of what I once enjoyed." "But," enquired Mr. Brown, "how did you get here?" "Oh!" she sorrowfully answered, "I married an ungodly man, and that is the top and bottom of all my misery."

Having these cases coming immediately under my own eye, or brought before me in the way I have described, and all of them having turned out badly, I thought it was my duty to remind all Christian men and Christian women of the warning given by the apostle Paul to the Corinthians,—

"BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER WITH UNBELIEVERS."

I recollect a young woman coming to ask my advice about marrying an unconverted man. I soon saw that she had made up her mind—as they mostly do in such cases,—what she was going to do. What is the use of asking advice when you have made up your mind as to your own course of action? However, she said that, such was her influence over the young man in question, that she felt certain of bringing him to the Saviour. She has not done so, but he has been the means of our losing her from church-fellowship, and I do not know where she is now. I remember that I said to her, "Well, if you believe what you say to be true, I will tell you what to do; go home, and try this little experiment. When the young man comes to see you, climb on the top of the kitchen table, and try to pull him up, and tell him to see if he can pull you down. If you succeed in pulling him on to the top of the table in spite of all his exertions to drag you down, I think you may safely marry him." Why, the result always is, and always must be, that the one who is down pulls the other down: at least, I have always found it so, and I have had the painful knowledge of many such cases.

Do not you run such a risk, my young friend, or you will bitterly repent of it. Even when young women marry young men who are members of the church, it is not always that they make a happy match, for there are men who even become members of a Christian church for the very purpose of winning the heart and hand of another of the members. It is a most grievous thing, and a shameful sin; and I am sorry to have to say that it has been done sometimes even here. Take care, young friends, and older ones, too, that you keep your eyes open; and if the man, who desires to be your lover, is not a lover of the Lord, do not give your heart to him; and, my brother, if that young

woman, to whom you are being attracted, does not love the Lord, let her find somebody else who will be more suited to her present condition than you are. I am sure that this warning ought to be laid to heart by all of you who are true Christians. If you are a hypocrite, you can get on very well with an unconverted partner in life; but if you are a genuine child of God, and you sin in this way, depend upon it that you will get a whipping from your Heavenly Father. The best thing that can come of such unequal yoking together will be grievous to your own soul, and dishonouring to your Lord and Saviour. Remember how the apostle warns us against all wrong association with the ungodly: "For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

## Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations."—  
2 Peter ii. 9.

WHAT a contrast there is between God's infinite Omniscience and our utter and helpless ignorance! When we are in trouble or affliction, we blindly grope about to find a solution of our special problems, a way out of our difficulties, or a means of reducing them to the smallest possible dimensions; yet how fruitless are our efforts to change our circumstances and experiences, how powerless we are to uplift ourselves from the burden which crushes us, or to disentangle our hands and feet from the shackles which drag us, all unwillingly, down to earth!

Dear reader, you may be, at this present moment, at your wits' end to decide what course to take, or how to compass some matter which is perverse and perplexing; but will it not greatly help you to remember that God is perfectly acquainted with every detail of the trials which embarrass you; and, moreover, that He "*knows how*" to deliver you from them, and also from their possible consequences?

Mark well that decided expression, "*The Lord knoweth how.*" Comfort your heart with thoughts of your Father's wisdom of knowledge, His power of working, His love in planning and pitying; His tenderness in the past, His promise for the future. Such considerations will brace you for present waiting and watching; you will be able to look calmly on while the Lord "*undertakes*" for you, and gratefully to sing a sweet psalm of praise to Him when the victory is won.

How perfectly the Lord can do that which you so terribly bungle

over! The knowledge He possesses is precisely that in which you are so lacking. Your dearest friends cannot help you; they may earnestly desire to do so; but, with the best will in the world, they do not "*know how*."

There are crooks in your lot,—there are traps and pitfalls in your way,—there are peculiarities of surroundings and disposition which make your trouble strange, and, as you sometimes think, exceptional.

Do not despair, dear soul; your Lord takes all these things into consideration, and is not only able and willing to help you, but actually knows just "*how*" to do so efficiently and permanently. And it is all so easy to Him! Your case reminds me of travellers on the Rhine, who are making their first voyage on its waters. They come presently to what appears to them to be a lake, completely hemmed in by mountains;—they are looking eagerly for a way out of the land-locked water, but can see no exit. Huge barriers of fortress-crowned hills seem to block all passage. Presently, as they approach the apparent barrier, they discover that the river winds around the base of the mountain, and is as gloriously full and deep, on before, as it had previously been. The *captain* knew all this, and had not shared the anxiety of his passengers; and, even so, our great Leader knows all the way in which He is guiding us, and has prepared deliverances for every difficult place, or dangerous turn in the way.

When faith is in lively exercise, it is not only quite sure that the Lord "*knows how*" to deliver from trial and temptation, but that He knows exactly *when* to exercise His power and authority on behalf of those who put their trust in Him. Sometimes, God makes "*a trying time*" the most precious and supporting to the soul, for it gets closer to the loving Father's heart, and clings more consciously to Him, than when deliverance comes, and the strain is over.

Dear child of God, never murmur at the trials sent thee by thy Heavenly Father; do not weary of His chastening, or faint at His rebuke. There is so much love and mercy in all His dealings with thee, and there is so much evil still working within thee, that thou canst not afford to lose one twig of the rod, one spark of the fire, or one wave of the billows which roll over thee, and are all intended to correct, to purify, and to cleanse thee.

Paul learned to "*glory in tribulations*,"—a high attainment indeed, but greatly pleasing to his Master; and James the apostle "*counts it all joy*" to be tempted and tried because the sweet fruit of patience is thereby ripened and perfected.

Would to God that we trusted Him more, and believed more implicitly in His great love! We should then cheerfully embrace every trial He sends us, certain that, under any stern exterior it may wear, a very tender purpose and a choice blessing lie concealed. I do not know who wrote the following lines, but I think they strikingly illustrate the cheering truth I am anxious to enforce,—

"The inner side of every cloud  
Is bright and shining;  
I, therefore, turn my clouds about,  
And always wear them inside out,—  
To show the lining."



The cloud is altogether of God's making, and sending; it may be a black one, and look very terrible; but faith accepts it willingly, wraps it round about herself without fear, and, in so doing, she exhibits its lovely and luminous side, thereby comforting herself, and walking before others in "the light of the Lord."

Look back, dear soul, on all the past storms and tempests, the dangers and distresses, the many trials and temptations through which you have already passed. Have you not been brought through them all? Has there not always been delivering mercy standing near, ready, when the right moment came, to rescue and restore you? Has God ever left you helpless and hopeless, refusing to hear your sad cry?

I am sure you can say, "NEVER;" and say it with an emphasis of loving gratitude which would settle for ever any hateful doubt which Satan would fain leave rankling in your heart.

Your God has a right to be absolutely trusted, and the many proofs He has given of His ability and willingness to deliver you from "all evil" should banish every fear from your soul.

There is nothing sweeter in life,—or in death,—than to "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

## "Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Continued from page 524.)

PART. II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(a) *The Testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ (Continued).*

"But," exclaim some smooth-tongued, easy-going critics of our blessed Saviour, whose consciences must surely be elastic, and their consciousness of honour—to say the least of it,—sadly stunted, "is it not possible, or conceivable, that our Lord accommodated Himself to the generally-accepted traditional and popular, albeit somewhat legendary and historically-false, views of the Jews, in order to evade unnecessary discussion, and avoid awakening continual hostility and prejudice?" Our answer is frank and unequivocal,—No, sirs; to us, it is *not* possible. That Abraham, Peter, Moses, or even Paul, might *fall* after this fashion, is conceivable, for, at their best, they were only errant mortals; but to whisper such a suggestion about our all-perfect and spotlessly-transparent Redeemer, is nothing short of an impious libel, and a base calumny upon His reputation. No *honest* man could act thus; and to admit such a thought concerning our Divine Lord, "who knew no sin," is to degrade Him to the level of a shifty, trimming Jesuit; and, in so thieving away His character, to rob us of our Saviour. Surely, in all conscience, this is bad enough; subverting, as it does, all our Christian principles and Gospel hopes; but when we seek for evidence, and discover absolutely none;—no, not even the shadow of a scrap!

(since the Lord Jesus, through all His life, deliberately ran full tilt against the traditional theories and sentiments of priests and people alike, and because of that antagonism was crucified;) and find this accommodation conception only the immoral fancy of a fallen brain, it makes matters even worse for those who, under the guise of pretended friendship, attempt to puncture the untarnished purity of our Saviour's speech and action.

We may, accordingly, well enquire whether it was to accommodate Christ's teaching to the views of the multitude, and the practices of those hypocritical professors whom He denounced, that the Lord preached His memorable Sermon on the Mount,—amplifying, yet deepening and heightening the commands "of old time" with His emphatic, authoritative, "But I say unto you" (Matthew v.);—whether it was to please the indignant scribes and Pharisees that He, again and again, wrought miracles of healing on the Sabbath day, and defended the action of His hungry disciples in plucking ears of corn by a quotation from David's history (Luke vi. 1—11; xiii. 10—17; xiv. 1—6);—whether it was to curry favour with the religious leaders of the day that He denounced these men in such scathing terms as these, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matthew xxiii. 33);—and whether it was to court popularity with His congregation that he said to them, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do" (John viii. 44). When the people of Nazareth tried to hurl our Lord headlong from the brow of the hill on which their city was built, because He magnified God's electing grace in saving Gentile sinners (Luke iv. 26—30), and afterwards strove to stone Him for claiming an authority above, and an existence before, His illustrious friend, Abraham (John viii. 52—59), was He endeavouring to accommodate Himself to their peculiar beliefs and prejudices? Or, when the chief priests, and Pharisees, and rulers waited and plotted to destroy Him, did He ever turn aside from any act, or even trim a single sentence to modify their wrath (Luke vi. 7—11; xx. 17—20; Mark iii. 1—6; xiv. 61—64)?

It would be easy to augment this argument to positive weariness; but, surely, such a course is unnecessary, since the whole trend of our Divine Saviour's life, and ministry, and death, was hostile to every conception and sentiment of His age, whether among high or low, religious or profligate, educated or foolish, priests or people; and, therefore, we will conclude by simply asking, Was it to accommodate Himself to the *wisdom* of Rabbi Nicodemus that the Lord Jesus exclaimed, quoting the incident of Moses and the brazen serpent, "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" (John iii. 10, 14.) Was it to accommodate Himself to the *ignorance* of the Samaritan woman that the Lord said, "Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews" (John iv. 22)? Was it to accommodate Himself to the *Rationalism* of the Sadducees that the Lord made this enquiry and assertion: "as touching the dead, that they rise: have ye not read in the Book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living: ye therefore do greatly err" (Mark xii. 26, 27)?

Was it to accommodate Himself to the *Ritualism* of the scribes and Pharisees that the Lord condemned their traditional practices: “Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition. Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, and honoureth Me with their lips; but their heart is far from Me. But in vain they do worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men” (Matthew xv. 1—9; Mark vii. 1—13)? Was it to accommodate Himself to the ignorance of the Pharisees and Sadducees that the Lord said, “An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of *the prophet Jonas*” (Matthew xii. 38—41; xvi. 1—4)? Was it to accommodate Himself to the ignorance of the multitudes that the Lord spake unto them in *parables* (Matthew xiii. 10—15)? Was it to accommodate Himself to the ignorance of the disciples that the Lord uttered “*hard sayings*” and “*things they understood not*” (John vi. 60—66; Matthew xvi. 21—23; Luke xviii. 31—34)? Was it to accommodate Himself to the ignorance of the devil that the Lord thrice hurled the “It is written” at His assailant\* (Matthew iv. 4, 7, 10)? And, finally, *was it to accommodate Himself to the ignorance of almighty God that the Lord Jesus exclaimed, in prayer to the Father*, “Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that *the Scripture* might be fulfilled” (John xvii. 12)?

Verily, such an accommodation theory violates all common sense, common logic, common conscience, and common honesty; and sentiments of even common respect to our liege Lord and Sovereign Prince, Emmanuel, demand its well-merited repudiation with feelings of mingled indignation and contempt.

Yet our beloved Saviour goes further than this; and, as we have already stated, deliberately stakes arguments, wins intricate controversies, and even hazards His Divinity upon isolated words, quotations from Moses and the Psalms, the tenses of a verb, possessive adjectives, and nouns in the singular and plural number; and, in the full consciousness that He is debating with the most erudite, able, and crafty opponents, bases His defences, expositions, affirmations, and attacks, upon simple appeals to the absolutely conclusive evidence of Verbal Inspiration, which line of procedure was never, on a single occasion, challenged by His routed adversaries, who held as strong views on this subject as our Lord Himself did.

Take, for example, two incidents; the one recorded in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke alike; the other, only narrated in that of John, when the Pharisees, Herodians, Sadducees, and scribes successively strove “to entangle Him in His talk,” and “to take hold of His words”; and Christ knew that, possibly, His liberty and even His life depended upon the wisdom of His answers. He did not hesitate to drive home upon the Sadducees the question, “Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures?” and produced, as all-

\* It is not a little remarkable that, in this memorable controversy, Christ routed the devil, who quoted Scripture *defectively*, by the strong emphasis laid on two adverbs: “Man shall not live by bread *alone*.” “Him *only* shalt thou serve.”

authoritative and final, a quotation from the third chapter of Exodus: "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob" (Mark xii. 26, 27), which testimony from "*the Book of Moses*," "how in the bush GOD SPAKE unto him," immediately ended the Resurrection Controversy *although the Lord's entire argument hung upon the PRESENT tense of the verb "To be"*; and then, having silenced the lawyer, when "no man after that durst ask Him any question," He boldly carries the war right into the enemies' camp, and contending in the very temple itself exclaims, "How say the scribes that Christ is the Son of David? For David himself said by the Holy Ghost, The Lord said to my Lord, Sit Thou on My right hand, till I make Thine enemies Thy footstool. David therefore himself calleth Him Lord; and whence is He then his Son?" (Mark xii. 35—37,) proving His position from a possessive adjective and a single noun in the *Book of Psalms* (Psalm cx. 1), wherein He affirms that "*David said by the Holy Ghost, The LORD said to my Lord.*" (Mark xii. 36. See also Matthew xxii. 15—46; Luke xx. 19—47.) *Thus, by a single word, and that, too, the tense of a verb taken from a historical Book, and uttered by God to Moses, amid the mysteries of a strange "old time" miracle, nearly four hundred years after the death of Abraham; (who, some critics say, never existed!) and, by another word, and qualifying adjective, quoted from a highly poetic and prophetic Psalm, our blessed Redeemer establishes the two great cardinal and essential doctrines of a living Christianity, viz., His own Divinity and the Resurrection of the dead.* Surely, in the light of these facts, we may well ask,—Who dares to affirm other than that our supreme Lord at least accepted, in the very plainest and simplest manner, the most old-fashioned and now much-belittled views of Verbal Inspiration?

Then, as regards the other instance (John x. 22—39), Jesus, in answer to the interrogation of the Jews, "How long dost Thou make us to doubt? If Thou be the Christ, tell us plainly," (verse 24,) had just delivered His memorable discourse upon the eternal security of His people: "None is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one;" when "the Jews took up stones again to stone Him," indignant that Christ should thus, as they considered it, blasphemously "make Himself God." Note that, not only the Saviour's life, but also His character is in jeopardy. One false move, or a single thoughtless word, will ruin everything. Upon what ground, therefore, does our Lord deliberately choose to join issue with His assailants? We almost marvel as we perceive how He, unhesitatingly, stakes all upon the inerrancy of *one word*, in the eighty-second Psalm, which occurs in the *plural*, and not singular number;—a word selected also out of a curious, difficult, and somewhat enigmatical passage, "Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods? If he called them gods, unto whom the Word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken; say ye of Him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?" (John x. 34—36.) Thus, the Divine Redeemer lays down, authoritatively and solemnly, two startling propositions; firstly, that "*the Scripture*" (writing) *cannot be broken*," taking in, as we notice

here, under the term "law", the Psalms as well as the Pentateuch; (and, indeed, this nomenclature is elsewhere used to include the whole canon of the Old Testament Scriptures;) clearly implying that all the "Sacred Writings" must stand in their integrity or fall together, one breach being sufficient to shatter and invalidate all;—and, secondly, that *His defence against the charge of blasphemy, in "making Himself God," depends upon the Hebrew noun; or if, as is most likely, Christ quoted from the Septuagint, its Greek equivalent, being in the plural number*, while the fact that it is difficult to give a satisfactory exegesis of this intricate and somewhat mysterious Psalm but strengthens and renders more remarkable our Saviour's uncompromising attitude towards and jealous reverence for those Scriptures concerning which He Himself said, "It is easier for Heaven and earth to pass, than for one tittle (one particle of a letter) of the law to fail" (Luke xvi. 17). Verily, if words have any meaning, and language is still to be regarded as a medium of communication between mind and mind, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, was a strong Verbal Inspirationist.

*(To be continued next month.)*

## Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

### II.—AT THE ASSOCIATION.

THE scene is changed! Weeks ago, the joyous chorus was sung, "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." The month is July, and New Brunswick is glorious with the effulgence of summer. How clear the skies, how bright and warm the atmosphere, how ample and rich the foliage! A wonderful transformation has been effected. Upon roads a few months since hard with frost and carpeted with snow, wheels of passing vehicles or feet of hurrying pedestrians start and stir the light dust. No trace can now be found of the mountainous and multitudinous snow, except away in well-nigh inaccessible recesses of the loftiest hills. All the land is robed in beauty, and fragrant with the sweetness of tree and flower.

No country enjoys a finer or more pleasant summer than Canada, though in certain others that season may last longer. This may be news to many people, and will help to correct some misrepresentations that have been widely circulated, and all too readily received. Quite a number of people in England have an idea that her greatest Colony is a place of perpetual winter. They think of her as "Our Lady of the Snows" who sits throned in a palace of ice. And most of the pictures of Canadian scenes help to confirm that impression. The landscape is always frostbound, the figures upon it are clad in furs or blankets, and there are the inevitable sled and snow-shoes. These latter are accepted as being as truly symbolic of the Dominion as the skull and crossbones are of Death. Let us state, once for all, that such a conception is only partially true, and we know what a half-truth sometimes means. We will bestow upon Canada an epithet which we trust our readers will place beside that already quoted; for it is consistent with fact, and as necessary to a complete representation of

that fair realm. She is "Our Lady of the Sunshine," standing in garments of virgin green, wearing a coronal of flowers, and having hands filled with fruitfulness. Even as we write, our children are singing, with a vigour which speaks more for their patriotic hearts than their musical ears,—

"Hip, hip hurrah! for my native Canada,  
 For the Queen of the Summers, and 'Our Lady of the Snows,'  
 'Tis the land I love the best, 'tis the garden of the West,  
 Where the wild flowers blossom, and the sugar-maple grows."

While, as we have intimated in our previous article, Christian work is carried forward with unflinching earnestness during the winter, yet, as might be expected, it is in the summer that the chief denominational gatherings are held. The Baptists of New Brunswick are a large body; (indeed, stronger than any other denomination if we count both the "Calvinist" and "Free" sections;) and their churches are comprised in three Associations,—the Western, Southern, and Eastern respectively. The order given indicates their relative strength, the last-named being the most numerous and representing between seven and eight thousand church-members. It is also the last to hold its annual sessions; meeting, as before hinted, in the month of July.

To a large number of people, "the Association" is the great event of the year, and forms one of the brightest spots in their quiet and simple lives. To it they look forward for months; and after it is over, it leaves in its wake "a long-continuing light." It is to them what some of the feasts were to the pious Jews of old. To be present at "the solemn assembly," is a cherished ambition, which, when achieved, becomes a source of comfort and blessing in after days. While, of course, the religious aspect is the most prominent, it has also a social side. To not a few it is the chief function of the year, when they will appear in Society; (and, certainly, no better can be found;) and when, leaving for a while an existence which, if not sluggish, is yet monotonous, they come into contact with the fuller tides of life. We have an idea that several new costumes make their appearance at this time; assuredly, the ladies look their very best, and impart a charm and attractiveness to the meetings there as their sisters do in other lands. Generally, ministers and other delegates are accompanied by their wives. In Canada, as in the United States, women take an active part in religious work, and the annual gathering of their Missionary Aid Societies forms an important part of the programme.

At the particular Association to which we now refer, the present writer was privileged with the company of his better-half. When he has to do anything special in the way of public speaking, he always feels (as Gladstone, and other celebrated men have done,) that he can perform his part with more credit if his wife is there to cheer him with her sympathy. Behold us, then, setting forth! "Topsy," our swift and spirited steed, has been well groomed, and stands harnessed in the nicely-washed "buggy." Our portmanteau is placed in behind, and we take our seats. It is Friday afternoon, at one o'clock. The Association proper convenes to-morrow morning; but there is a meeting of the Young People's Societies to-night, at which we have to speak. We have a journey of thirty miles ahead of us, and the road, in places, will be very rough. We do not fear, however, that we shall

fail to reach our destination in time to fill our part; for our horse is one of the toughest and quickest to be found in these regions. With such an animal, how enjoyable is a long drive in this country! Though the highway may occasionally be faulty, yet there is very much to compensate for such defects. The air is so balmy, the scenery is so diversified, the snug and tidy homesteads are so agreeable to the eye!

We soon leave the beautiful town of Hillsborough behind us, and are speedily out of sight of the great tidal river, the Petticodiac, which flows near it, with its fertile marshes so famed for their abundant yield of hay. We catch a glimpse of a prosperous little settlement with its meeting-house which is a part of our field of labour. Ere long, we are passing through a forest, inhaling with delight its health-giving aroma. Another good-sized village is reached. Here is the ubiquitous school-house; for, in New Brunswick, an excellent system of free education prevails, whereby learning is brought within the reach of the poorest child in the remotest district. There is also the well-kept Baptist Church; and we are glad to say that, along our present route, (with one solitary exception,) every church belongs to our denomination. In this part of the Province, the Baptists may be said to possess the land. They were the pioneers in religious work, and have nobly maintained their early-won supremacy. Long may they hold undisputed sway without deviating from that adherence to apostolic truth which has hitherto characterized them!

We drive through many thriving settlements, devoted chiefly to agriculture; and, in each, observe a school-house and church,—those outposts of advancing civilization. The country is richly wooded, and ever and anon we gaze upon some picturesque valley, with its meandering stream, upon whose banks is frequently to be seen a busy saw-mill. The lumber industry furnishes one of the principal occupations to the men of New Brunswick, and has, in the past, been a source of considerable wealth.

The most arduous part of our journey is still before us. Our road lies across some hills that are notorious for their stoniness and steepness. We accordingly allow "Topsy" a little breathing-space. Removing the bridle, she is enabled to crop the grass at the foot of the first hill. We then give her a good feed of oats. After she has finished her repast, we resume our travels. We find that the rest and refreshment were not unseasonable. Though strongly-built, and most willing, the faithful beast is much put to it as she toils up the face of what is appropriately called "Hard-scrabble." Both travellers have dismounted, and do their best to keep up with the panting quadruped. They are believers in final perseverance, and seek to practise what they preach. To such persistent pilgrims, even Hills of Difficulty do not prove insurmountable; and, presently, they are riding again along an easy incline; and, a little before 7 p.m., find themselves at the city of their desire.

We are kindly relieved of the care of our tired horse; and, after a reviving wash, we are seated at a well-spread tea-table. We have little time to linger over the luxuries provided, and soon the writer finds himself upon the platform facing a goodly audience. But how weary he feels! He had carefully prepared an address on "The secret of

perpetual youth," but fears that he has forgotten every bit of it. He has not much time for thought, for he soon hears the chairman announcing his name. With a little of that skill which all practised speakers possess, he turns his very fatigue to account. He begins somewhat as follows:—"When I left Hillsborough, to-day at one o'clock, I belonged to the Young People's Society; but, after coming over those dreadful hills, I feel that I ought to be ranked with the centenarians. I have come through 'The Devil's Hollow,'\* and, I believe, over his back; and though I trust I have left him behind, yet, like Christian after his conflict with Apollyon, I have some marks of the conflict upon me." Such an introduction puts the audience into a good humour, and their appreciative reception of him also puts the speaker at his ease, so that he recovers his grasp of the subject, has a good time, and at the close is greeted with many congratulations.

After the meeting, there is much hand-shaking, and a cordial interchange of good wishes. After taking our share in such salutations, we find our way to our comfortable quarters, and enjoy most refreshing repose. We must not forget to mention that, at "the Association", the hospitality is unbounded. For weeks previously, the friends have been making preparations for the entertainment of their guests. Everything about the houses is spick and span, and the pantries are loaded with appetizing viands. After each meeting, one will be pressed with invitations to a meal, and nothing pleases the inhabitants better than to have their homes filled with visitors.

On Saturday morning, there are fresh arrivals, most of whom have driven. During the day, the numbers will be largely augmented; and to-morrow, the crowd will be so great that overflow meetings will be necessitated. It is no unusual thing to see a hundred horses tied in the vicinity of the church.

The proceedings begin with a devotional service, and the devotional element is throughout largely in evidence. Such exercises are marked with much fervour, and in them people of all classes and both sexes participate. Many testimonies are given to God's goodness. Some unlettered farmer, in homespun garb, will be followed by some fashionably-dressed College graduate. Some rustic "mother in Israel" will utter words, warm with emotion, and wealthy with experience; and her witness-bearing will be succeeded by the well-turned sentences of some cultured maiden who loves the same Saviour, and testifies to the same abounding grace. There is the equality arising from the consciousness of the tie which binds the hearts of believers in Christian love, and the freedom which comes from the absence of a critical spirit.

In a new and democratic country, there are always found many types of character; and it is interesting to look around, and note the many varied individualities. Yonder aged minister, who, notwithstanding his more than seventy-five years, is still energetic in body and mind; and, though innocent of the methods of universities, is recognized as one of the ablest divines in the Province. He has been a diligent student of the Scriptures, and some old standards of theology; and, with a mind original and alert, has pondered for himself the deep things of God. See how large of person he is, and how massive is the head

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\* The local name of one of the hills.



that rests upon the broad shoulders! He is the very picture of an ancient theologian, and might have stepped boldly from a frame handed down from earlier times. He is a mighty preacher, and this is not surprising when we remember that he is of Welsh origin.

Near him, we see a College Professor. His features are refined, and bear the stamp of scholarship. He is versed in the results of the latest Biblical criticism, though he stands boldly by the great Evangelical positions. He speaks with precision of statement, and purity of language; but there is no uncertain sound in the ring of his voice, or in the sentiments to which he gives expression.

There are many other characteristic types, of which time and space fail us to write. Suffice it to say that the Baptist ministers of New Brunswick are an earnest and faithful band of men. Some of them have most laborious spheres, which tax all their powers. They have long distances to travel, constant services to attend, and other duties that make incessant demands upon their time and strength. To these pressing calls, they respond with a zeal and courage worthy of the best traditions of the Christian Church.

It is not necessary that we should describe the work of the Association in detail; as it is very similar to like organizations on this side of the Atlantic. Three days are usually occupied with its business, and the time is well spent. A prominent place is given to missions; for Canada has within her own bounds several enterprises for the evangelization of the people. There is Home Mission work prosecuted in each Province, there is the work of the Grande Ligne Mission among the French in Quebec, and there is the heroic endeavour to Christianize the growing national life in the great North-West. In addition to these, the Maritime Baptists have their own Foreign Mission operating among the Telugus in India. All these varied phases of Christlike effort are ably advocated. The claims of ministerial education are also eloquently presented. Nor is temperance forgotten; a place is always found for its free and full discussion. Reports of the usual work of the churches are given, and the whole life of the denomination is represented; and, while the principle of independency is preserved intact, there is felt to be a true bond of union between all the separate bodies of believers and departments of holy service.

There is one respect in which a Canadian Baptist Association strikes us as being superior to a like assembly in England; it has more of "go", spontaneity, and brightness. The debates may not be so weighty, the disquisitions may not be so learned, the addresses may not be so eloquent;—but there is a youthful vivacity about the entire gathering and its transactions that is most exhilarating. Even the oldest person manifests it. Nobody is living in the past; everybody is living in the present, with face towards the future. Instead of being burdened by the weight of by-gone ages, all are buoyed up with the prospect of ages yet to come; and their hope flies as upon the wings of the morning. They feel that they are engaged in laying foundations upon which shall be reared a stable and splendid superstructure in which millions, yet unborn, shall find a refuge and a home. They march to victorious music as they obey the olden word, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

## “ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XCVI.—PASTOR H. T. SPUFFORD, OF CHALK HILL CHAPEL, WATFORD.

BY H. KIDNER, SECRETARY OF THE LONDON Y.W.C.A.

IN a beautiful part of Kent, we were spending part of our summer holiday, with an old Pastors' College man, at a village situated between two long ranges of hills running East and West, the range on the North being chalk, and that to the South consisting of sand and sandstone. The subject of this sketch came to join us at the pastor's house during the last week of our stay. Learning that the postmaster of the village was a lover of flowers, and an old reader of “ The Sword and the Trowel,” we made his acquaintance, and then took the opportunity of introducing to him the writer of certain articles which had afforded him much pleasure. The initials “ H. T. S.” have, doubtless, been understood by some; but, to many, the letters have been as mysterious as the hieroglyphics of Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment. Mrs. Spurgeon and the Editor have decided that this contributor to the pages of the Magazine shall no longer be known merely as “ H. T. S.,” and this article is intended as his introduction. Those who have read the productions of his pen will not need to be assured that he is a man worth knowing for his originality, versatility, and power of interesting his readers.

Mr. Spufford had his beginning in the year 1847, at the city of St. Alban's. The city, with its Abbey, and the adjacent ruins of the more ancient Roman Verulam, could not fail to impress his imaginative nature. At that time, the Abbey was in a sad state of decay, its windows being dilapidated and overgrown with ivy, and there was a public way through the edifice. The young boy wondered at the nave and transepts of the interior; and, sometimes, would wander by moonlight amongst the cloisters, or gaze wistfully at the massive Norman tower. On Sundays, he was thrilled by the peals of the organ, and carried beyond himself by the richness of the liturgical service. The Abbey pulpit was the first in which he stood, but he was promptly ejected from it by one of the vergers.

Very early, he developed proclivities for preaching, as, with dolls for an audience, he read the Church of England service, and discoursed to them a homily. There was, too, some precocity about him, for at eight years of age, he had read through English History, and mastered “ Mangnall's Questions.” The British School in the city was an institution of some importance, numbering amongst its pupils many of the sons of tradesmen, and thither young Spufford was sent. The worthy man, who presided over the school just then, a Mr. Townsend, was a Baptist, and a man of great force of character. He took a kindly interest in this particular pupil, and introduced him to Dagnall Street Sunday-school. Mr. Richard Gibbs, then proprietor and editor of “ The Herts Advertiser,” and now a well-known J.P., and County Councillor, was one of the teachers, and young Spufford joined his class.

At thirteen years of age, he was head monitor of the British School; and between fourteen and fifteen, we find him in “ The Herts Advertiser ” office. His Sunday-school teacher thus became his em-

ployer, and has remained his lifelong friend. Meanwhile, the great crisis of his life had come; he had been converted to God in connection with some tent services conducted by Mr. William Carter. He now joined Dagnall Street Church, the Rev. William Upton being pastor; and a description of what a Baptist church was like, forty years ago, is given in one of his Idylls, "In the years that once were new." A long period of ill-health followed; but the youth, now growing towards manhood, kept to his books and study; and, as strength permitted, preached in the surrounding villages. Mr. Spufford has been wont to refer to the formative influences of these early days as his apprenticeship to Home Mission Work; and the reader, who will put together these few brief facts, will have the key and explanation of his character, and life, and work, as developed in after years.

The Rev. William Upton and Mr. Lepard Smith (father of Mrs. J. J. Smith, of Watford,) proposed that the youth should enter Regent's Park College, but the death of these two estimable men frustrated the project. The lad had learned shorthand, and now began to look forward to a career in journalism. In 1868, at the age of 21, he left St. Alban's, and found employment as a reporter on provincial papers. The following year finds him at Bexley Heath, where he married one whom he had long known in St. Alban's, and one who has been the sharer of the success and his companion in all the joys and sorrows of the following years, and to whose courage and sound judgment he would be the first to admit his indebtedness.

It was in 1870 that the Rev. William Frith, pastor of Trinity Chapel, Bexley Heath, introduced Mr. Spufford to the great President of the Pastors' College. "We want the best men of the day in the College," said Mr. Spurgeon at an interview; "are you one of them?" Very shortly afterwards, an opening occurred on one of the leading papers of the Midlands. It was the dividing of the ways; either a journalistic career, or the College as a preparation for the Christian ministry. A letter to Mr. Spurgeon, to this effect, elicited the characteristic reply, "Come in a fortnight;" and, at the close of the Christmas vacation, which would be the beginning of 1871, Mr. Spufford entered the College.

The rooms in which the students then gathered, beneath the Tabernacle, were destitute of adornment, and even dingy, especially on dull days; yet, when one looks back, the College seemed to lack nothing on that account. It was inspiration enough that we were assembled under the Tabernacle roof, with its peerless preacher as our President, and a triumvirate of tutors who made it indeed a School of the prophets. The moral and spiritual atmosphere of the College was, as it were, electric with ardour and enthusiasm, and each freshman quickly felt and responded to the quickening and stimulus of his new surroundings. They were glorious days when Principal Rogers gave his divinity lectures, or sat, with Professors Gracey and Fergusson on either side, during a student's College sermon, or on the morning of the weekly debate. What Fridays, too, we had when the illustrious President himself took the chair, and hit off, in a sentence or two, the merit or demerit of the sermon preached before him! Not a man

in the College felt the thrill of these influences more than did the one of whom we write. One of the leading students of those far-away days was H. W. Taylor, for many years and at present the pastor of the Tabernacle Church, St. Alban's. His ability and wit made him a power in the College; and the awe which he inspired in the new student, on the morning of his entrance, gave place, in after years, to the warmest esteem and brotherly affection.

During his College course, Mr. Spufford preached at Twickenham, and founded the church there. The strain of College work and preaching brought about a serious breakdown in health, involving a long period of silence. When restored, the Vice-President, Mr. James Spurgeon, suggested that our friend should look at a sphere, in a large village near Boxmoor, where a chapel, built by Mr. Bernard Piffard, had been recently opened by Pastor A. G. Brown. Thus began, in 1872, a wonderful six years' work at Bovingdon. The chapel was crowded, some of the worst characters of the neighbourhood came, young men were powerfully influenced, and a trained band of workers was the result. When Mr. Spufford left, he was succeeded by one of his own young men, who had been educated at Harley House, and who afterwards became an eloquent preacher in the Dominion of Canada, Pastor Walter Hinson, late of Olivet Church, Montreal. Mr. Spurgeon published, years ago, in the "Sword and Trowel," an account of this rural revival under the title of "Incidents in a village ministry."

We now come to the settlement of Mr. Spufford, in 1878, at New Bushey, a locality which was an outgrowth of the rising town of Watford. The cause was started by Pastor G. J. Knight, now of Newbury. Some time after he left, things fell to a low ebb, and the work seemed like dying out; but there were several (with Mr. Spufford to this day,) who did not lose heart. A committee was formed, an income guaranteed, and the Bovingdon pastor invited. In 1882, the present beautiful chapel and commodious school-rooms were erected, and within a few years all were paid for. The growth has been sure and steady, until, at the present time, there is an excellent Sunday morning congregation, and in the evening the chapel is practically full, scores of young men being present. Our brother's preaching is above the average, and has gathered around him a sympathetic and appreciative congregation. In the diaconate he has capable men of business, true-hearted and loyal, on whose help he can always rely with confidence. A band of willing workers ably supports him in maintaining more than twenty departments of church work, including Workhouse services, open-air preaching, systematic sick visitation, etc. No sketch would be complete that did not mention his work amongst young men, of whom several have become pastors, village preachers, or evangelists, including one of the present town missionaries of Watford. The work, so far as young people are concerned, would strike anyone going fresh to Chalk Hill, and the men and women who have the honour to lead it, it is also an honour to know.

Mr. Spufford has been a member of the Bushey School Board for eighteen years; for several years he was its Vice-chairman; and during the past eight years he has filled the position of Chairman, although

the majority on the Board are representatives of the Established Church. He is on all the Bushey Trusts, and sits for the Urban Parish on the Watford Board of Guardians.

During the upbuilding of the work at Chalk Hill, Mr. Spufford did little with his pen; but, in 1894, while on a visit to "Westwood," Mrs. Spurgeon enquired why he allowed his gift to lie idle. Under the kind encouragement thus given, two articles were written, and these were accepted. In 1895, he wrote "the March of the Months;" and as the readers of the "Sword and Trowel" well know, he has ever since been a regular contributor to the Magazine. "Nature Sketches" appeared in "The Baptist Magazine;" Idylls in "The Baptist" and "The Baptist Times and Freeman;" while some incidents have been published in tract form by the Religious Tract Society. Three years ago, a selection of the sketches appeared in book form.



The literary labour thus involved has in no way diminished our friend's activity in pastoral work; but, on the contrary, has resulted in a more vigorous and polished ministry, and the gathering around him of an increasing number of thoughtful people. Mr. Spufford has nearly finished a volume of "Nature Addresses to Children;" and has serious thoughts of writing a history of the Lollard movement.

At one time, Mr. Spufford was an ardent politician, and he took an active part in election contests, notably in Mr. John Marnham's candidature for West Herts. Latterly, he has withdrawn from politics, and concentrated his efforts on preaching and writing. He is well known to be in sympathy with progressive ideas in church work. As we have shown, his earliest associations were connected with the Abbey services at St. Alban's; and with his cast of mind and powerful imagination, his appreciation of the pure and beautiful in Art, and his intense love of Nature, these first impressions could not fail to influence the shaping of his thoughts. He is a Nonconformist by conviction rather than through tendency or early association; and without this being borne in mind, he might be easily misunderstood. In doctrinal matters, he is too well read either to be bitterly narrow or to be carried away by a false liberalism in theology. The pastor at Chalk Hill is conservative of all the essentials of the faith once for all delivered unto the saints. His sermons, especially several that the writer had the pleasure of hearing recently, are characterized by a surprising freshness and originality, yet they are all true to the key-note of the old Evangel. When filled with his subject, he can be fluent, and even eloquent. On any platform, at a public meeting, he is one of the readiest speakers, with the right word in the right place; and at the week-night service, his addresses are as fresh and striking as his Sunday sermons. The children, too, delight to hear him. His address to the juvenile portion of his audience is a special feature of the morning service, and it is much enjoyed also by those of maturer years. Frequently, the address is an "object-lesson," when some common object—a wayside flower, a shell from the sea-shore, a stone from a gravel pit, or a fossil out of the rocks,—is used to illustrate some moral or spiritual truth, and to influence the minds and hearts of the young. Without straining after things too remote, Mr. Spufford always has something to say that is new and interesting. These addresses are likely to be long remembered, and to be as seed cast upon the waters, to be seen in rich harvests after many days. No wonder that the preacher has drawn around him so many young men and women, who become willing workers, considering that he cares so much for the boys and girls of his congregation. All who know Mr. Spufford, or have read his articles, will join us in wishing that the coming years may bring to himself and family increasing prosperity and happiness; and all who know the able church-officers and workers at Chalk Hill will heartily wish the same for them as for their esteemed pastor.

## A Puritan Gentleman's Diary.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE," ETC., ETC.

XII.—BUNHILL FIELDS.

**I**N the December of my age, I walk, in fair weather, from my friend's house, in the Old Royal Road, to the "Dissenters' Burial Ground," close by the Artillery Field.

I am a broken man now. Age, infirmities, and losses have worn my iron frame till, like an old com, I am thin and bent. Still, I trust

that I carry, stamped upon the face of my character, the image and superscription of the King, not so defaced by the usage of the world but that all can see it. Furthermore, I hope that what is left of me is true metal. I have lived a long life, and seen many things, and have, no doubt, full often been taken in by the speciousness of appearances; but my verdict, in my latter end, only confirms my convictions all through, that he who would die in peace must live in the peace of God, and that neither is there a more hopeful nor a more satisfying condition than a heart at rest in the free grace of God that is in Christ Jesus.

I wait to hear the great call that has already summoned my Margery from my side. Writing has become tedious; the entries are well-nigh done. What a space of time the Diary covers! Ay, and further back yet go the musings of my ancient friend, the Ironside, who told a boy, in the passion-flowered porch, the musings of age on the movements of youth. Yes, back to Laud and Naseby; back to such contrasts as Izaak Walton and the Great Protector. And I seem to belong to it all; to have lived through the whole of it.

Never do I more feel like this than when wandering and meditating among the graves in Bunhill Fields,—pausing before the resting-places of the illustrious, who met face to face in conference, and then met face to face the foes of English freedom and liberty of worship.

For here they lie, scattered over this green space,—many of their tombs sadly neglected,—such eminent dead as Dr. John Owen, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, formerly of the Vache, Chalfont, Defoe, Bunyan, the Rowes, Vavasor Powell, Hanserd Knollys, William Kiffin, Susannah Wesley, and, of yesterday, Dr. Isaac Watts and Thomas Bradbury. All gone, peaceful at last; the tumult past, and surely eviction over, though imprisoned by the stern gaoler who makes no distinction between rich and poor, learned as Owen, or ignorant as many of the plague victims, whose bones huddle in the great pit close by.

This is no ordinary graveyard, for the tombs of such as are here must ever make the place a very *Campo Santo*. Around lie men of varied cast of mind, but of such unity of conviction as to be gathered in one place. The learned John Eames, Fellow of the Royal Society, friend of Isaac Newton and Isaac Watts, and tutor of Archbishop Secker. What associations such a career recalls! Now, "lovely and pleasant in their lives," in death they are not divided, for Watts and the man of Science lie with only a path between them. Here also rest the Rowes, father and sons. The father, Mr. John Rowe, was most eminent for learning; but that went for nothing at the Restoration of ignorance, bigotry, and vice; so Mr. Rowe was ejected, in 1662, from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. His son Thomas had the honour of educating Dr. Watts and Daniel Neal, the author of the "History of the Puritans." Again I pause to think what mornings were spent with pupils such as these, and how their contact with such a family, the evicted Abbey preacher passing under their eyes, must have established their principles, given a definite bend to their life, and an impetus to their inclinations.

So also Thomas Doolittle, the mentor of Matthew Henry, hath a quiet place here. He held the living of St. Alphege, London Wall, till

1662; then he brought up the rear of the ejected London clergy, being the last ordered out. He was born at Kidderminster, and was sent by the great Presbyterian, Richard Baxter, to Cambridge. I can, as I stand among these relics of the dead, go back in mind to the stirring days of the Civil War; and watch, walking down the quaint streets of the old town, the keen-eyed Puritan controversialist, with his arm through that of his young charge, who may thus have walked, in his turn, forty years later, through the lanes of Islington with the future commentator.

Matthew Henry came to London, with his father, in July, 1680. On the Saturday, the day after their arrival, Philip Henry went to Islington, to Mr. Doolittle's Academy, there to consult the famous schoolmaster. Matthew, with a youth's eagerness, went out with his cousin first to see Bedlam, and then the Monument. On the Sunday morning, father and son were both at Mr. Doolittle's meeting-house. Matthew, in his letters, has preserved the impressions then made. "I believe," says he, "there is many a church that will not hold so many people. There are several galleries; it is all pewed; and a brave pulpit, a great height above the people. They begin between nine and ten in the morning, and after singing of a Psalm, Mr. Doolittle first prayed, and then preached, and that was all. On Sabbath night, about five o'clock, cousin Robert and I went to another place, and heard, I cannot say, another sermon, but a piece of another, by a very young man, a Mr. Shower, and a most excellent sermon it was. The truth was, we could scarcely get any room, it was so crowded." Such was the Puritan Sabbath, and such the interest in the Puritan preachers at the time when gigantic torchlight processions paraded the streets of London, and the effigy of the Pope was burned amid the outcry of a vast multitude. But the Court hated the Puritans; and the people were fickle; Shaftesbury, their leader, was untrustworthy and desperate, while the king was cool, cynical, and cruel. So Mr. Doolittle was soon among the many that felt the hate of Charles and his Papist brother for the conventicle; the Academy at Islington came to nought, Doolittle removed to Battersea, his pupils were scattered among private families at Clapham, and he, who was to be the most eminent among them, returned to Broad Oak, to study under his refined and gentle father. All this in the years when, in death, Shaftesbury found the first quiet he had known; while, of the Reformers, Essex perished in the Tower, and Russell and Sidney on the scaffold.

How still all these now lie! Over there is what remains of General Fleetwood. He was a lieutenant-general at the battle of Worcester, where Cromwell was seen "riding in the midst of the fire." Fleetwood must have known the stress of the battle when Charles hurried down the Cathedral tower to fling his troops against the Eastern division of the army of the Parliament! It was seldom, in those stirring days, that the Ironside could get back to the lanes of Chalfont, and the trees of Vache Park. Seldom that he and Bridget Cromwell could see each other. But she was injured to a soldier's way, for was not her first husband the ablest of her father's generals, the Lord Deputy Ireton? Ere long, all too soon, came the Restoration, when the Fleetwoods were turned out of the Vache, which was given, by the secret Papist Charles, to the open Papist James, who sold it to Sir Thomas Clayton,



the bigoted persecutor of Penington and Ellwood,—the man who took part with another justice of the peace,—save the mark!—Ambrose Benett, when the coffin of a worthy Quaker was hurled to the ground, and left in the open street of Amersham till the going down of the sun.

All this comes vividly to me as I stand before this sunken stone. The Vache mansion; the Fleetwood tablets in Chalfont Church; the cottage on the highway on which Ellwood had set his fancy. But the king had come back, and zeal for him meant estates; so drink, to the idle, brought them to the side that could give most of it, and turned them into lying informers, while bloated courtiers, and a clergy, which fattened on the goods of the Puritans, sanctimoniously smirked out their blasphemous benediction, "The king, God bless him!"

Phew! My old gorge rises even yet as I think of the injustice meted out to many who, within this place, have been laid to rest, their very burial consecrating the ground. What shall I say as I stand by the sepulchre of John Bunyan? While his persecutors have passed into oblivion, or only live in execrations, the glorious dreamer's allegories have been placed among the classics of literature. When will his gracious picture of Christian freed from his burden be out of date? When will the House of the Interpreter be other than interesting, or the chamber of Peace in the Palace Beautiful be no longer desired? And yet it was in Bedford gaol, with his struggling wife and blind child upon his mind, that he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress." 'Twas in that "den" that he saw Faithful translated; amid the horrors of a Stuart prison that he climbed, in vision, the Delectable Mountains; and, through years of bitterly unjust incarceration, that he was able to cry, in the words of old Honest, "Grace reigns." Thus he gave the lie to those who deny the immortality of the soul, for what are such visions but presumptive proofs of immortality? He died in August, 1688, three months before the landing of the great liberator, William of Orange. He anticipated the Methodist itinerants, for he journeyed many miles on horseback preaching the Gospel. The learned and the great were among his hearers. The cynical king once asked Dr. Owen how it was that he was so fond of hearing a tinker preach. "May it please your Majesty," Owen replied, "had I the tinker's abilities for preaching, I would gladly relinquish all my learning." A man, this John Bunyan, of whom any nation might be proud; yet the only place found for him, for twelve years, was a gaol!

I wander on, and read, on the plank of an altar-monument, this inscription:—"Vavasor Powell, a successful teacher of the past, a sincere witness of the present, and an useful example to the future age, lies here interr'd." What a life is thus recalled! He died in the Fleet Prison, having been imprisoned the most of ten years. I have heard him called "the Whitefield of Wales," and it has been said of him that there was hardly a church, chapel, or town hall, throughout Wales, where he had not preached; nor would he pass any concourse of people without recommending to them the care of their souls and another world.

Some of these memorials are fast disappearing. Dead leaves have drifted over them; the metal letters of the inscriptions have been worn away by countless rains; the earth has given, in other cases, and the stones have sunk almost out of view. What will be the future

of this. "God's acre", who can tell? Will the descendants of these worthies restore the tombs of the prophets?

So do I pace these ways, halting now before the tomb of Dr. Goodwin, and anon reviving my memories of Daniel Defoe. I try to find the resting-place of William Kiffin; and, again, I imagine the scene when the mother of the Wesleys was buried here. Near by Dr. Watts, lies another of the latter-day Puritans, Daniel Williams, than whom there were few who excelled him either in goodness, or learning, or in the blended expression of both. Great was the company gathered when he was laid to rest. And last, but as yesterday, bold Bradbury was brought here, while hundreds reverently stood around, thinking, doubtless, how much he had contributed towards the establishment of the Protestant Succession.

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I pass slowly away, a survival—for how long? To complete the circle, and to cover the ground gone over in this Diary, I walk past the Friends' Burial Ground in Roscoe Street, where lies George Fox, and thence, a little way, to St. Giles, Cripplegate, where the poet of the Puritans, the author of "Paradise Lost," rests from pains and penalties, while his name now lives in honoured fame.

I make my way homewards. I am going Home soon,—where evictions and notices to quit are never served. There, the great Puritans, John Howe and the rest, are gathered, having "fought a good fight," having "finished their course," having "kept the faith."

Men pass away; the record closes; but the truths held dear by the confessors are "alive for evermore."

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## 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.**

*(Mrs. Spurgeon greatly regrets that in last month's Magazine the reviewer of two of the books on the list took occasion to express very strongly his private opinion concerning the conduct of the present war. Unfortunately the paragraphs in question were not seen by her before going to press, and, as they have called forth much comment, Mrs. Spurgeon takes this opportunity of stating that such extreme views are not shared by her, though she deeply sorrows for the war, and cries constantly to God to put an end to the deadly and unequal strife).*

Last month, we gave a preliminary notice of MRS. C. H. SPURGEON'S new book, "A Basket of Summer Fruit," which can now be obtained through all booksellers

and colporteurs, or direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. It is published at 1s. 6d.,—the same price as *A Carillon of Bells* and "*A Cluster of Camphire*," with which it is uniform. Our readers will rejoice to learn that Mrs. Spurgeon has included in the volume the "In Memoriam,—A Song of Sighs," which she wrote, in 1892, after returning from Mentone. Many mourners were greatly cheered by it when it was first published, and there have been frequent requests for it to be reprinted. Several of the other chapters in the book are of a comforting character, so that it will be a most appropriate present for the bereaved, and the tried and troubled.

Vol. XXXVII. of *The Sword and the Trowel* will be on sale soon after the present number of the Magazine is issued. Its price is 5s., or the covers for binding the monthly parts can be procured, at 1s. 4d. each, of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, or through any bookseller or colporteur. Testimonies to the value of the Magazine continue to come from many quarters; and its influence might be still further increased if those who appreciate it would commend it to the notice of fresh friends.

The friend who has, for several years, presented the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Mottoes*, has acted in the same generous fashion with the one for 1902, which is the first text in the new *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*. With the motto and a pretty view of the Tabernacle in silver on a red ground, the card is very effective. It can be obtained through any of the colporteurs for 3d., and the proceeds of the sale will be divided between the Colportage and Tabernacle funds.

Mr. T. W. Partridge, 32, Stockwell Road, London, S.W., has published two more of his *Stockwell Gems*, one penny each;—No. 15 containing "Trust in Jesus," and "Show me Thy face;" and No. 16, "Keep on keeping on to the end." Both are most acceptable additions to this excellent series; but "Show me Thy face" will be most of all prized by those who can recall the wonderful Monday night prayer-meetings at the Tabernacle, when C. H. Spurgeon wept and worshipped as he listened to our Brother Chamberlain's incomparable rendering of the pathetic plea.

Since this notice was in type, we have also received Nos. 17 and 18, which form a Christmas Double Number, price two-pence, comprising a Christmas Carol, with recitatives, solo, and choruses, the words by Mr. Charlesworth, and the music by Mr. Partridge. It is a tuneful and timely publication,

which will be a welcome addition to the melodies of the approaching festive season.

Our readers have, doubtless, rejoiced to see what a generous response was given to the appeals on behalf of Mr. Albert Midlane. Our venerable friend recently came to London, and recited some of his hymns, including the ever-popular one, "There's a Friend for little children," at the offices of the Columbia Phonograph Company, 122, Oxford Street, W. The records can be obtained at that address, at 2s. or 6s. each, and can be used on any graphophone or phonograph, and the profits on the sales will be given to Mr. Midlane.

From Mr. Midlane's own address, Forest Villa, Newport, Isle of Wight, can be obtained a tinted and gilded card bearing his portrait, autograph, and the children's favourite hymn, and a similar one with a companion composition, "There's a Friend for aged pilgrims." We are not sure of the price; but anyone who sends a shilling, or more, will have full value returned.

In last month's Magazine, we referred to some *New Year's cards* prepared by Miss Beckwith, 8, Milner Square, London, N. As we mentioned that they were embossed, some readers may have thought that the cards were intended for the blind. This is not the case. Friends should send a shilling to the above address for a dozen, and then see how many of them they can use.

Mr. Alfred Holness, 14, Pater-noster Row, E.C., sends us his "*Golden Text*" Calendar and "*Day-by-day*" Almanack for 1902. The latter, at 1d., 6d., or 1s., contains a Scripture text for every day, and several brief, bright, illustrated articles. The calendar is similar to those which, for many years, have been in use at "Westwood." The selection of texts is wisely made, the figures are bold and clear, and the price is 1s.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, 23, Old Bailey, E.C., have sent us their new *Daily Calendar, Poetical Daily Calendar, Proverbial Daily Calendar, and Shakespearean Daily Calendar*. They are one shilling each, and are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are intended. The quotations are well made, and the figures for the dates can be seen across a large room or office.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons also send us their *Monthly Diary for 1902*—a set of twelve neat booklets that can be carried in the pocket, or kept on the desk for reference throughout the year,—price 1s.

Nothing but praise can be given to the six Annuals issued by Messrs. Partridge and Co.,—*The British Workman, The Band of Hope Review, The Children's Friend, The Infants' Magazine, The Family Friend, and The Friendly Visitor*. The covers alone ought to sell the books, and the contents are worthy of them. Where there are several members in the household, the best plan will be to order all six volumes; in other cases, the titles will be a guide as to which are most suitable.

Equal commendation must be accorded to *The Children's Treasury*, published at 1s. by Messrs Nelson and Sons; and to Mr. Bullock's two-shilling volume, *Home Words for Heart and Hearth*. Coming straight from the warm heart of the Editor, his words wing their way to the hearts of his readers as they gather around the hearth at home, or watch for his welcome message in far-off lands.

*The Day of Days* is another of Mr. Bullock's Annuals which can be praised without hesitation; its price is 2s.

Equally worthy of commendation is *Our Own Magazine*, the organ of the Children's Special Service Mission, published at 2s., at 13A, Warwick Lane, E.C. The Editor's aim is to make it helpful to the spiritual life of his youthful readers;

and its monthly circulation of 120,000 proves that, in multitudes of homes, there is a hearty welcome accorded to the clearest Gospel teaching, put into language that children can understand, and suitably illustrated.

Messrs. W. G. Wheeler and Co., 17, Paternoster Row, E.C., have sent us a considerable assortment of their *Keswick and Mildmay Calendars, Christmas, New Year, and Motto Cards and Booklets*, ranging in price from two shillings each, to sixpence a dozen. It must be difficult, year after year, to keep up a variety to suit the different tastes of the many would-be purchasers; but they must be hard to please if they are not satisfied with some of the dainty and delicate things produced by Messrs. Wheeler. Friends living in London would do well to call at the above address, and make their own selection; those in the country should write for the illustrated catalogue, which gives a good idea of the beautiful and varied productions submitted for their approval.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons' *Coloured Picture-books* appear to us to excel any that even they have previously produced. One reason why all true Britons should buy them is that they are "designed and printed in Great Britain." There are two at 4d. each,—*Nursery Jingles*, and *A Donkey Ride*; two at 6d. each,—*Romps*, and *Alphabet of Children's Names*; and three at 1s. each,—*Sand Castles, Up to London to see the King*, and *For the Flag*, a Painting Book of the Flags of all Nations. Those who get this will, surely, never find their interest flag; but all the others will give equal delight to their privileged possessors.

Two dainty booklets, by Dr. J. R. MILLER, will be useful for Christmas or New Year presents—*To-day and To-morrow*, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton at a shilling; and *The Shining Hope*; or, *Glimpses of Immortality*, issued by the Sunday School Union at sixpence net. Dr.

Miller's writings do not grow more robust as the years go by, yet many appear to find them helpful; we are not sure that this fact is complimentary to his readers.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have published two most effective sets of *object lessons*, prepared by Rev. J. MITCHELL, whose name must be familiar to many of our readers as the compiler of several helpful books for teachers. One set is called *Sunday Kindergarten*, and the other, *Mitchell's Mechanical Diagrams*. They are issued at 5s. each set, and they would form a most valuable aid to the conductors of Separate Services for Children, Infant Classes, and Junior C.E. Societies, for Heart Castle, in the little town of Mansoul, can more often be reached through Eye-gate and Ear-gate than through any other avenue of communication. The second set is for more advanced classes; but the designs of both series are admirably conceived, and very efficiently carried out. We would suggest to Mr. Mitchell that the "Keys" in the Sunday Kindergarten set would be all the more useful if they had "Locks" to which they could be fitted.

After selling 150,000 copies of *The Child's Bible*, and having still a considerable demand for it, Messrs. Cassell and Co. are fully justified in issuing a new edition of this popular work, in which the Bible narrative is put into a consecutive form, with such portions omitted as seem unsuitable for youthful readers. The whole work has been reset in clear, handsome type; and 100 new full-page plates—12 of them coloured—have been specially prepared for this edition. They are largely reproductions of famous pictures by modern artists, and greatly add to the attractiveness of the volume, which is handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and is published at 10s. 6d. It is also being issued in twelve monthly parts at sixpence, but we should strongly urge all intending purchasers to buy the volume outright. We have had

practical proof of the esteem in which this book is held by little children, and we have been greatly interested in noticing the delight with which they have welcomed the new illustrations to their own dear old Bible.

*The Gist of the Lessons*, by R. A. TORREY (Nisbet and Co.), is a compact little book, neatly bound in red cloth, with the text, the alterations in the Revised Version, an exposition, and questions on the afternoon International Sunday School Lessons for 1902. It costs only one shilling net, and takes up so little room that it can be readily carried in the pocket for reference during the week. Mr. Torrey is not clear in his teaching concerning the Pentecostal baptism, for he speaks about "having some water sprinkled upon you," and then puts in brackets (or being immersed in some water). It is the sprinkling that should be in brackets; or, rather, that should be excluded altogether. But this is only a slight blemish upon an excellent work.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons' *Books for Children and Young People* again lead the way for the excellence of the printing, binding, and illustrations, and their contents are sufficiently varied to suit the tastes of several different classes of readers. *For the Colours*, by HERBERT HAYENS, is a handsome six-shilling volume, containing records of our country's wars from the Norman conquest until the present time; if any mother *wants* her boy to be a soldier, let her give him this book. Its frontispiece is a highly-coloured portrait of Earl Roberts. The next book, by the same author,—*Scouting for Buller* (3s. 6d.), has an equally florid representation of Sir Redvers, and contains a remarkably fair account of the war in South Africa. *The Cape and its Story* (2s. 6d.) is another interesting work upon similar lines, but it goes back to the earliest records concerning the rightly-named "Cape of Storms." *The Queen's Shilling* (price 1s.) by GERALDINE GLASGOW, tells of a young man,

driven to enlist in the ranks, but who won a commission by conspicuous bravery in the Soudan.

*Held to Ransom*, by F. B. FORESTER, (5s.), is a thrilling tale of the capture of an English youth by Spanish brigands, who was rescued, first from captivity, and then from a watery grave. *Jack Ralston*, by HANPPDEN BURNHAM, M.A. (5s.), is an equally stirring story of adventures in the far North-east of Canada, in which Red Indians, Esquimaux, bears, wolves, etc., figure in abundance. There are two beautiful books by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN,—*In Fair Granada* (5s.), a charming record of the fighting between Moors and Christians in Spain, and of the love-stories that the gifted authoress so deftly weaves into the narrative; and *For the Faith* (3s. 6d.), an interesting tale of students at Oxford in Reformation times, some of whom died "for the faith," while others basely recanted.

*Madamscourt*, by H. MAY POYNTER (2s.), is a well-written story concerning the Pretender, and the English friends who helped his intended bride to escape from Innsprück to Bologna. *Great Explorers* (2s.), and *The Story of Alfred and his Times* (1s. 6d.), by M. DOUGLAS, are historical books that will be helpful to youthful and other readers.

*On Honour*, by ELLINOR DAVENPORT ADAMS (2s. 6d.), is a story of girls concerning school and home life, and is likely to induce other children to follow the example of those who befriended their friendless schoolmates. *Jim's Sweethearts*, by E. L. HAVERFIELD (2s. 6d.), is a tale of a spoilt little boy, who is jealous of a lady's lover, and so gets into trouble, just as if he had been a "grown-up." All comes right, of course; it always does—in stories. *Two of a Trade* (1s. 6d.), is a pretty story of rival dressmakers who afterwards became fast friends.

Other books from Messrs. Nelson are *Three Sailor Boys; or, Adrift in the Pacific*; by Commander CAMERON; *A Lad of Devon*, by Mrs. HENRY CLARKE, a tale of the days of the press-gang; and *Professor Archie*, by LEILA PERCIVAL, the story

of a Scotch fisher-lad who becomes a Professor at the University, and wins for his wife the companion of his boyish days.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin sends us *The Blue Baby, and other Stories*, by Mrs. MOLESWORTH (2s. 6d.), which is very blue, but will give no one "the blues" who reads it, for it is a bright collection of pretty little tales to interest the children on dark winter nights.

Mr. Elliot Stock has published, at 2s. 6d., *Four Little Folk, and Some of their Doings*, by E. L. S., a sketch of the simple home life, pleasures, and troubles of some juveniles, whose experiences will interest other youngsters if the price of the book is not too high for it to find its way to their hands.

A further instalment of *Story-books* has come from the Religious Tract Society. Of the four half-crown volumes, one of the best is *North Overland with Franklin*, by J. MACDONALD OXLEY, which abounds in records of exciting and perilous adventures with wolves, buffaloes, and Red Indians; the other three—*Lady Dye's Reparation*, by SARAH DOUDNEY; *Cynthia's Brother*, by LESLIE KEITH; and *A Maid whom there were None to Praise*, by H. LOUISA BEDFORD;—are love-stories of the usual order. *The Hill of Fire*, by NELLIE CORNWALL (2s.), tells how the Queen's Jubilee was kept in a Cornish village, when the bonfire became a conflagration, from which a tramp and his little child were rescued, and led to God. *Thorns and Thistles*, by M. H. CORNWALL LEGH (2s.), is the title of a tale concerning a sexton who let the weeds grow on his enemy's grave, but his own daughter learned to love the son of the dead man, and so all came right at last. *Celia's Fortunes* (1s. 6d.), and *Keziah Crabbe, Spinster* (1s.), are both by ANNETTE WHYMPER, and both tell of the course of true love, which ran somewhat deviously, but reached the usual channel in due time. The last shilling book

contains two stories by M. C. FRANCE,—*How John Dale let his light Shine*, and *Janet's Sacrifice*.

Five more *Story-books* have come from the Sunday-school Union;—two at 1s. 6d., *Into Stormy Waters*, by MRS. HENRY CLARKE, M.A., suitable for girls; and *The Captain's Fags*, by W. E. CULE, a capital school-story which will both delight boys, and do them good;—then, one at 1s., *The New Playfellow*, by GERTRUDE E. M. VAUGHAN, a welcome addition to the Red Nursery Series;—and two at 9d., *Marley's Boy*, by JENNIE CHAPPELL, a tale of an honest but persecuted errand boy; and *Geordie's Victory*, by MARGARET HAYCRAFT, who tells of the conquest of an evil temper which wrought much mischief before it was subdued by God's grace.

*A Girl of the Name of Brown*. By EGLANTON THORNE. *Osmunda, my Queen*. By ALEC. F. B. REDLOCK. *Donnie*. By F. R. BRUNSKILL. *Until Seventy Times Seven*. By AMY WHIPPLE. *From Loneliness to Love*. By M. IDDLERS. *Margaret*. By ALBERT H. HODGES. *Nellie; or, a Chequered Life*. By ETHEL CHILVERS. Arthur H. Stockwell.

A NEW series of popular stories, ranging in price from 1s. to 3s. 6d., and not varying greatly from the usual style of such works. The one book that stands out apart from the rest is *Osmunda*, a thrilling tale of the rescue of a Russian semi-royal exile by an Englishman who had learned about him through falling in love with the prince's niece in Cornwall. *A Girl of the Name of Brown* is also a well-told and interesting story.

*Lady Christ*. A Modern Mystery. By DUNCAN MACGREGOR. A. H. Stockwell.

THE title of this book appears to us blasphemous, and its contents are a strange medley of Evangelical doctrine, Highland superstition, modern crazes, and Pagan heresy. Chrono-

logically, as well as theologically, the book is a curiously muddled affair, for it refers to events and expressions, which were separated by many years, as if they had occurred simultaneously. The characters, too, are strangely mixed,—Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, the Duke of Argyll and Benjamin Disraeli, Dr. Norman McLeod, Mr. Moody, and Mr. Spurgeon being jumbled up with a strange assortment of Highland villagers, and the fictitious heroine of the story, who is supposed to work miracles, foretell future events, and to be raised to life again after being killed. There is little in the book to do anyone good, and much that may do harm; we are very sorry it was ever written and printed.

*Stories from "The Pilgrim's Progress."* Compiled by E. A. MACDONALD. Sunday School Union.

IN the Prefatory Note "To the Grown-up Reader," we are told that "the purely theological portions of the stories have been left out, and all references to Scripture texts." We suppose the compiler found it impossible to carry out such an outrageous purpose, for many Scripture texts are left in. We regret that any have been omitted, and that the immortal dreamer's wondrous allegory has been thus mutilated. If the compiler's name had not been given, we might have supposed that the work had been done by the pilgrims' old enemy, Giant Maul. Our experience is that very young children can understand *The Pilgrim's Progress* as John Bunyan wrote it.

*The Kingship of Self-control*. By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A SHILLINGSWORTH of good, sound, common sense,—a combination of strength, lucidity, and vitality. Evidently the author is a live man, and knows how to put himself into his work. The more of such robust books, the better.

*Melbourne Hall Sermons.* By W. Y. FULLERTON. Passmore and Albaster.

HAVING seen an advance copy of this volume, we are able to give an early review of it. This is all the more necessary for the sake of our readers, as only one hundred copies, numbered and signed, are to be published. We have not the gift of prophecy; but we shall be surprised if, in five years' time, these books are not worth more than the six shillings now charged for them.

In the 400 pages, we have the issue of the Melbourne Hall sermons for the past two years. Those who only know Mr. Fullerton as an evangelist will be astonished at the breadth and variety of the subjects treated. Three of the twenty-five discourses are on public topics; two, at least, are controversial,—“Is Jesus God?” and “Is God the Father of men?” The rest are devotional, expository, and experimental. The sermon on “The Church and the Children” is practical and pathetic; and others deal with such topics as “Prayer,” “Conscience,” “Immortality,” “The End of the Ages,” etc. We advise all friends, who desire to secure any of the hundred copies, to give orders for them at once to their booksellers or colporteurs, or to write direct to the publishers.

*British “Gothenburg” Experiments and Public-house Trusts.* By JOSEPH ROWNTREE and ARTHUR SHERWELL. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS little book is a plain, calm record of the various attempts to conduct public-houses without private profit, and with the endeavour to discourage excessive drinking. Whatever opinion we may hold as to the value of such remedies for drunkenness, we must be grateful for so clear and impartial a report of these experiments.

*The Power of a Quiet Life. A Memorial of C. A. Miner.* By JOHN P. COLDSTREAM. Nisbet and Co.

THOSE who knew our now glorified friend—and their name must be legion,—will be glad to have this well-written little memoir of him; and those who were strangers to the good man will be the better for knowing him through this book. His life was lived for years in great physical weakness, yet was there power in it, for he knew the secret of that “life which is life indeed,” it was constantly being fed at the fount of all real power, the Word of God: and it manifested itself in word and deed, in many ways aiding God's work and workpeople in all parts of the world.

## Notes.

The title-page, Preface, and General Index to Vol. XXXVII., and the Textual Index to Vols. I—XXXVII., will be included in our January number, which will (D.V.) be published before Christmas.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1902.—First and foremost, unpublished manuscripts and reports of C. H. SPURGEON'S early Sermons and Addresses will still occupy the most prominent position in “his own Magazine.” Pastor T. W. Medhurst has promised further valuable help in this direction. Next, will (D.V.) follow MRS. C. H. SPURGEON'S “Personal Notes on a Text;” or anything else that the Lord

may enable her to write. We did not dare, last December, to hold out the hope of having anything from her pen for publication in the Magazine; yet our regular readers will gratefully remember that, since last May, her “Personal Notes” have appeared every month, and several of her most recent contributions are included in her new book, “*A Basket of Summer Fruit.*” This should be a subject of special thanksgiving, as well as of continued supplication on the dear suffering writer's behalf.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will continue “The Pastor's Page” as frequently as his many duties will permit. Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., has



sufficient material for several more articles on "God's Witness to His Own Word." We receive increasing testimony to the value of our beloved brother's arguments for the truth of Verbal Inspiration, and many readers are hoping to purchase the volume in which the papers will be reprinted. Pastor H. T. Spufford—who has at last emerged from the "H. T. S." chrysalis-state,—will (D.V.) in 1902 furnish us with a new series of Nature Sketches entitled "My Lady's Garden," which we expect will fully maintain the reputation he has long won in that special department of literature.

"Our Own Men and their Work" will still be described monthly; Dr. Churcher, Mr. Elder, and others of our brethren will contribute articles of interest. Pastor C. W. Townsend has further "Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada" to portray; Pastor J. E. Walton will complete his papers on "Bush Life in Tasmania" as soon as the pressure of his other work will permit; the progress of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and its Institutions will, each month, be noted in our pages; and everything that is possible will be done to make the Magazine worthy of *him* whose name still appears on its cover, and of his Master and ours. One encouraging sign of the appreciation of the *Sword and Trowel* "Notices of Books" is the increasing number of valuable volumes sent for review; in fact, more come than can possibly be mentioned in the space at our disposal.

Quite unusual interest has been evoked by Mr. Fullerton's article, in last month's Magazine, on "The Old Sanctuary." Though the building was not named, it was soon identified as Fisherwick Place Church, Belfast, and in that "Northern town" our friend's reminiscences have been much appreciated. *The Northern Whig* gave nearly a column of comments, and extracts from the article. Among the congratulatory letters concerning it, we feel that, limited as our space is this month, we must find room for the following letter from a missionary in North Africa:—

"Casablanca,

"Morocco.

"To the Editor of 'Sword and Trowel,'

"Dear Sir,

"Having just seen the November number of your Magazine, I cannot refrain from expressing the great pleas-

ure I have had in reading the article on 'The Old Sanctuary.'

"I wish the writer could know how much one reader, at least, appreciated his narrative. What memories it brought back! What feelings! When he began with a description of the building, I thought I recognized it; and, as touch after touch was added to the sketch, I became more and more certain that the place which the writer was picturing could be no other than the one I knew so well; but when the final touches were put on, not a shadow of doubt about its identity remained.

"Thinking of it afterwards, it seemed such a splendid illustration of Jesus in the Scriptures. When we take up one phase of His life or character, we say, 'Yes; there is a resemblance to the long-promised Messiah;' but, as we go on to examine more closely His character, work, suffering, death, and resurrection, we at last say, 'Not a shadow of doubt remains about the identity of the Jesus of New Testament times with the Messiah of Old Testament prophecy.' They fit into each other perfectly, at every point, as did the 'Narrative' with the church in question.

"With the sincere thanks of 'a reader' for the many memories which 'The Old Sanctuary' recalled,

"E. J."

*The People's Journal*, Dundee, recently contained the following paragraph:—"Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster continue to issue *The Sword and the Trowel* and Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons with as much acceptance as when the great preacher was with us. If this is evidence of anything, it is surely that the work which a good man has begun, and carried on, will continue long after he has passed away from it. No one will be able to dispute that it is also valuable testimony to the influence of Evangelical religion in the world."

We have never received such marked commendation of the two Almanacks as we have had for the new ones just issued. We think our readers will like to see what is said of them by one of the sons and three of the most faithful friends and followers of the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon. This is the 46th year of the publication of the *Book Almanack*: (the printers put 47th, in error, on some of the earlier copies;) and the 30th of the issue of "John Ploughman's" broadsheet.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON writes:—  
 "The Almanacks for 1902 are worthy of their predecessors,—splendid pen-orths both of them. I could wish that a desk and a wall, in every Christian house, had the Book Almanack on the one, and the Sheet Almanack on the other."

PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST writes:—  
 "The Almanacks are as good as ever; I can give them no higher praise. I have the Illustrated Almanacks from No. 1, for 1857; and the new one, for 1902, is equal to any one of them."

PASTOR W. V. FULLERTON writes:—  
 "Both the Almanacks are admirable. There is nothing unworthy in either, and we might almost fancy that the master-hand still held the pen. John Ploughman's Sheet is as strong and as pungent as ever, and 'Spurgeon's' is still *sui generis*."

PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN writes:—"Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1902 deserves hearty praise. It maintains all the characteristics of past years, and breathes the spirit of the glorious and glorified man whose name it bears. The choice and arrangement of the texts tell of prayerful thought. 'John Ploughman's' broadsheet Almanack, with its collection of 365 proverbs and mottoes, is not only on a par with the little book, but represents far more toil in its composition. It is a masterpiece in its particular style."

Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., of Dublin, when sending us the manuscript for this month's article, wrote:—

"You will be glad to hear that God vindicated His way of raising money in connection with our week of prayer, £300 having been given by some 400 people in thankofferings following the week of prayer. This testimony against modern methods has not been without weight in the city." We wish all Christian churches would only use Scriptural means for raising funds for the Lord's service. God's work can be best done in God's way; and the holy war can be best waged with holy weapons.

Mr. Spurgeon's old friends continue to be "called home" one by one. On Lord's-day, November 3, MRS. BROWN, mother of our friend, H. Rylands Brown, of Darjeeling, passed away at the ripe age of ninety-two. She had been a member of the church at the Tabernacle from the time of the erection of the building, and until quite

recent years was one of the most active workers in connection with the various benevolent societies. We can but congratulate all her bereaved relatives upon her translation to the higher service of the upper sanctuary. We were thankful to see, by the last *Darjeeling News and Notes*, that her son had recovered from the illness from which he had been suffering.

HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.—The new building, as we intimated last month, was opened on October 15. The first prayer-meeting, attended by over 300 persons, lasted from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.; and was followed by another and somewhat smaller gathering from 9.30 to 11 p.m. The prominence thus given to prayer is one of the main secrets of the success of the Haddon Hall work. Mr. Wm. Olney and his friends will never be heard to exclaim, "It's only a prayer-meeting!" After this good commencement, services and meetings—which we cannot spare space to mention in detail,—were held from day to day, and culminated in a ten-days' mission, conducted by Mr. Olney and Mr. F. Spencer Johnson, at which large numbers professed to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. On October 27, fifteen friends "put on Christ" in the waters of baptism. May they be the first of thousands there to follow their Lord, and may "the new house" be filled with even more of the glory of the Lord than was the old one, honoured and blessed as that was!

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION.—On Tuesday evening, October 29, the annual meeting was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. It was more largely attended than for some years past, and the proceedings were specially interesting. The chairman, in a characteristic address, answered the question, "What is a Sermon?" Other stirring speeches were delivered by Pastors R. Saillens (Paris), and J. M. Love (Bow); and by Messrs. A. Brown and W. H. Elvin, members of the Association. The Secretary, Mr. J. Russell, reported that, during the year, 2,278 services had been conducted,—an increase of 137 over those of the previous twelve months. He also stated that the Association's sphere of service had been widened, and had included nine counties beside Surrey and

Middlesex. Madame Annie Ryall's singing added greatly to the helpfulness of the meeting.

Friends who may wish to write to Mr. Russell, concerning the work of the Association, had better note that his address now is, 229, Devonshire Road, Honor Oak Park, S.E.

**METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MEN'S BIBLE-CLASS.**—The annual meeting, on Tuesday evening, November 5, proved to be one of the best ever held in connection with the Class of which Elder J. T. Dunn is the President. Admirable addresses were delivered by the Pastor, who presided, and by Revs. W. R. Mowll, M.A., and W. Stott, and the President. A beautiful selection of hymns was sung by Miss Pickworth and the Battersea Gospel Male Choir; a recitation was given by Mr. W. R. Everett; and the Report was read by the Secretary, Mr. R. H. Thorn. The Treasurer, Mr. Boulter, presented to the chairman £21 for the Pastors' College, and £20 for the Spanish Mission, in connection with which much good has been done by Brother J. P. Wigstone.

**THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**—On Wednesday evening, November 6, under the presidency of Pastor C. B. Sawday, Brother T. L. Johnson delivered his lecture on "Twenty-eight years a Slave," in which he gave a graphic and touching account of his early life. He exhibited a slave whip and chains, —very terrible implements of cruelty; and, while recalling some of the horrors of slavery, he was careful to remind his hearers of the great Emancipator who could set them free from the bondage of sin and Satan. He also sang some melodies of his own composition, and played upon his auto-harp and fairy bells; and Mr. J. Chamberlain also sang.

On Wednesday evening, December 4, Captain George Clarke, R.N., is to lecture in connection with the Society.

On Monday evening, November 11, the annual meeting of THE TABERNACLE AUXILIARY OF THE BAPTIST ZENANA MISSION was held in the College. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and spoke upon Woman's Work; Miss Gee, of Entally, Calcutta, gave a most interesting account of her service among women in India and in her girls' school at Calcutta; and Rev. W. Carey added his testimony con-

cerning the value of the Zenana Mission. Mr. Wm. Olney read the Report of the Auxiliary, which showed that the total receipts had amounted to £129 13s. 8d. There was a good attendance of those who are specially concerned in the work of the Auxiliary.

**COLLEGE.**—Mr. A. H. Brown, the students' secretary, has accepted the pastorate at Rye, Sussex.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. F. A. Jackson, from Lincoln, to Old Basford, Nottinghamshire; Mr. H. Jenner, from Waterbeach, to Walsworth Road, Hitchin; Mr. W. G. Scroggie, from Leytonstone, to Trinity Road, Halifax; and Mr. W. E. Wells, from East Greenwich, to Carlton Hill, Maida Vale, W.

We learn, from *The Pioneer Review*, that Mr. Carter has recently visited France, and that the Pioneer Mission, in connection with Pasteur Saillens and the brethren in Paris, is to work the two important centres at Nimes and Rouen, Mr. R. Dubarry taking charge of the former, and Mr. A. Gross of the latter.

Unfavourable weather somewhat reduced the attendance at the tea before the annual meeting, on Thursday evening, November 21; but a large company of friends assembled for the public gathering in the Tabernacle. The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) occupied the chair; and, after prayer by Pastor Frank H. White, reported that, during the year, 13 students had accepted pastorates or gone to the mission field, bringing up the total number of brethren educated in the College to 1,027. Singularly enough, just 13 had also been admitted to the Institution, out of the large number of applicants who were seeking entrance. The Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon) gave his testimony concerning the men now in the College; Professor W. Hackney, M.A., spoke of the continued need of the work, and of funds to carry it on; Pastor D. J. Hiley (Bristol), in a very powerful address, showed that the Gospel taught in the College met every emergency with which he had been called upon to deal during his ministry; and Pastor Archibald G. Brown, referring to the well-known custom of beating the bounds of a parish, mentioned four of the boundary stones of the College, which had been set up by the beloved and glorified Founder, C. H. Spurgeon, and urged all who were in any way asso-

ciated with the Institution ever to keep those stones prominently in view:— (1) This College is not simply one of several; it must always stand by itself. (2) This College is emphatically the poor man's College; no qualified applicant is rejected on the score of lack of means, and his position is the same as that of the man who pays for his own support. (3) This College is distinctly Puritanic and Calvinistic. (4) This College is the preachers' College, the only object of which is to train and equip men to become winners of souls. The collection realized nearly £25.

**ORPHANAGE.**— In our December number, we always remind our readers of the special needs of the orphans at Christmas; but we think, this year, we shall best help the Institution if we ask all to give good heed to the President's plea as published in the Christmas number of "The Orphanage Quarterly." If they will respond to his request for "Three Cheers for the Stockwell Orphanage," there will be enough and to spare, not only for Christmas, but for the whole year.

There is another very special article in the new "Orphanage Quarterly;" it is the one in which Pastor Charles Spurgeon renders "a filial tribute" to his beloved mother. It is accompanied by the best portrait of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon that has been taken in recent years, though it represents her as she was when she cut the first sod for the Bexhill Chapel, and not as she is now after so much additional suffering. The Magazine also contains a double-page illustration of the President, the staff, and the orphans at the time of the Annual Festival of 1901.

The autumn meeting of collectors was held on Tuesday evening, November 19. After tea, there was a very interesting exhibition of physical education, the boys and girls going through the various exercises with marvellous dexterity. This was followed by an informal meeting, presided over by Samuel Barrow, jun., Esq. The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) offered prayer, and introduced the Chairman, whose able address was listened to with great pleasure. Pastor E. H. Brown, the chosen speaker for the evening, gave a racy speech upon the trials and triumphs of collectors, and a choir of boys and girls contributed several musical items. The meeting was brought to a close by a vote of thanks to Mr. Bar-

row, who generously gave twenty-five pounds to the funds of the Institution. Mr. Thomas Brown, of Leicester, then proceeded with his lecture upon his travels in the Holy Land, illustrated by a magnificent series of original limelight views. The lecturer not only gave his services, but supplemented the Chairman's donation, so as to bring the total proceeds up to that of the corresponding quarter last year. A vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the Benediction pronounced by the President, brought a delightful evening to a close.

**COLPORTAGE.**— The brethren are working hard in the endeavour to push sales, but the condition of trade and the general depression make the result far from satisfactory, and returns are low. Similar causes continue to affect the General Fund, and it is a subject of much concern to find the finances in such a backward condition at the present late period of the year. Amid these discouragements, the spiritual aspect of the work is cheering; bright reports have been received concerning striking evidences of grace in some cases, and hopeful signs in others, as the result of personal dealing, and special mission effort.

Several of the colporteurs have kindly planned meetings in their Districts on behalf of the funds of the Association; and, in so doing, have both helped the work at the centre, and themselves become locally better understood as to the character of their bookselling. The Secretary attended meetings which had been arranged at Swadlincote, Burton-on-Trent, where a most successful and interesting gathering was held under the presidency of Alderman L. Barber, J.P., and at Willington, near Derby, where the village school was kindly placed at the colporteur's disposal, and the Vicar presided. An important meeting was held at Brentford, on October 30, in the new Wesleyan Church, with A. H. Gamble, Esq., in the chair, and a really good platform of speakers on behalf of the work. The kindness of ministers and church-officers, of various denominations, in placing their sanctuaries at the service of the Colportage Association through the local agents, is much appreciated. Since the last reports, the Secretary has visited Maldon and Great Totham Districts, taking part in the Sunday services at the former place.

The Colportage Daily Guidance Block Calendars for 1902, price 6d., and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Motto, price 3d., are now on sale.

The prayers of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* are specially asked that the closing month of the

year may be marked by crowning spiritual results to the work of the colporteurs in all the Districts.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—October 31, nine; at Haddon Hall, October 27, fifteen.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1901.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Pastor T. Breewood	1 0 0	Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0
Mr. J. Billing	0 10 0	Pastor W. Holyoak	0 5 0
Mr. E. Brown	1 0 0	Mrs. C. Robertson	1 5 0
Mr. B. Fielder	0 1 6	Sir Fred. Howard	2 2 0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	2 2 0	Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class	21 0 0
Contribution from Hounslow Baptist Church, per Student-Pastor R. H. Miller	3 10 0	Mr. Wadland	1 0 0
Part collection at Harvest Thanksgiving at Gladestry, per Pastor G. P. Edwards	0 19 0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6
Part collection at Harvest Thanksgiving at Evenjobb, per Pastor G. P. Edwards	0 10 0	Miss M. M. Ferguson	1 1 0
P. O., Bettws	1 0 0	Contribution from Old Baptist Church, Rushden, per Rev. W. F. Harris	2 0 0
M. J. B.	0 10 0	Weekly offerings and collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle, from October 15th to November 14th	41 4 9
Mrs. W. S. Ashby	1 0 0		£83 2 9

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1901.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. J. Billing	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. T. Spurgeon	0 2 10
The widow's mite	1 1 0	Collected by Mrs. Oborn	0 8 2
Miss Halls	0 5 0	Collected by Miss Scudder	0 6 4
Mrs. Hockey's Bible-class	1 7 6	Collected by Mrs. Haddock	0 5 0
Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class, for Rev. J. P. Wigstone, Spain	20 0 0	Collected by Miss L. Blackman	0 4 6
Metropolitan Tabernacle Young Christians' Missionary Union, towards support of Pastor A. Blocher for Christ's sake	50 0 0	Collected by Miss Underwood	0 2 0
Collected by Mrs. M. L. Howard	0 5 0	Collected by Miss C. Hurley	0 3 2
Collected by Mrs. Harvie	0 6 6	Collected by Miss N. L. Bryan	0 1 6
		Collected by Miss L. Buswell	0 10 0
			£76 12 0

## Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Receipts to November 14th, 1901.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Amount previously acknowledged	6 17 0	Mrs. Winzor	0 5 0
Collected by Mr. P. Haddleton	2 2 0	Miss M. Jones	1 0 0
Mr. W. T. Van Someren	1 0 0	Mr. T. E. Jones	0 5 0
Mrs. M. Hale	5 0 0	£10 note in offering boxes	10 0 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, sale of souvenirs	3 0 0	A labourer	0 2 6
Deposit interest	5 8 0	Mr. T. Pound	5 0 0
"Souvenirs," per Messrs. Shiner and James	5 0 0	Miss Grace Olney	15 0 0
Mrs. Moore	0 5 0	Miss Kate Phillips	0 10 0
Mr. William Higgs	100 0 0	Mrs. Gentry	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell	5 5 0	Miss E. Brown	1 1 0
J. G. P.	5 0 0		£173 0 6

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1901.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
The Trustees of the Thomas Porter Equipment Fund	150	0	0	Mr. R. E. Kemp	...	...	0	10	6
Mr. J. Billing	5	0	0	Miss M. M. Fergusson	...	...	1	8	0
A friend, per Mr. E. Brown	1	0	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	...	...	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Brazil	2	2	0	Mrs. M. Warrell	...	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Eastmead	0	5	0	Mr. A. Andrew	...	...	0	0	0
Mrs. B. Fox	0	2	6	Mr. G. Webb	...	...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Thompson	0	5	0	W. J. S.	...	...	2	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Phillips	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Davies:—					
Collected by Mrs. Page	0	5	0	Mrs. Davies	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5	5	0	Mr. Owen	...	...	0	1	0
Mrs. J. Toller	0	2	6	Mr. Nicholls	...	...	0	0	6
Mrs. C. Zuber	0	3	6	Mr. Davies	...	...	0	1	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	3	0	Mr. Hamer	...	...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Williams	0	5	0	Mr. Davies	...	...	0	1	0
Mr. A. Lauriston	0	5	0	Mr. Lunley	...	...	0	1	0
Mr. T. Steer	1	1	7	Sandwich, per Bankers	...	...	0	12	0
Mr. T. Penny	2	2	0	Bessie	...	...	2	2	0
Miss Miffin	0	10	0	Mr. A. Lowe	...	...	10	10	0
Mrs. S. Bawtree	1	1	0	Mrs. Jarman	...	...	0	3	0
Mrs. Pool and Miss Burch, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Haddock	...	...	0	5	0
Collected by Master Hodsdon	0	5	0	Mr. D. Foord	...	...	0	7	3
Stamps, Inverness	0	1	6	Mr. J. E. Perraton	...	...	5	0	0
Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0	A friend, per Rev. N. Dobson	...	...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Porter	0	10	6	Mrs. E. A. Blow	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Bull	0	11	0	Mrs. C. Robertson	...	...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lamont	5	0	0	Mr. J. Aubrey	...	...	1	5	0
E. E.	5	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Lewis	...	...	0	3	0
"Of His own, for His own"	5	0	0	Miss E. H. Walton	...	...	0	11	0
Miss Winckworth, per F. R. T.	0	5	0	Bloomsbury Chapel, per Mr. E. Nodes	...	...	5	15	3
Mrs. Hazell, per Rev. J. H. Moore	0	5	0	Collected by Miss M. H. Sharp	...	...	6	8	6
Mr. W. Marchant	0	5	0	Mr. F. Flanders	...	...	1	0	0
Mrs. S. R. Reed	3	0	0	Miss Tipton	...	...	0	6	6
A friend, per Mrs. S. R. Read	0	0	6	Mrs. T. Miller	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Terry	1	10	0	Mrs. Everest	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	20	0	0	Unit	...	...	0	2	6
Leyton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. F. P. Bull	1	1	9	Mr. C. Moss Cockle	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. F. Holmes	0	3	0	J. B. C.	...	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bryan	0	10	0	Rev. J. Lacey Wilson	...	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Bowden	0	5	0	Mr. H. Bell	...	...	0	10	0
The Guardians of Hemel Hempstead Union, per Mr. Lovel Smeathman (towards the maintenance of a boy)	2	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Jennings	...	...	0	12	0
Mr. J. Slater	1	1	0	Mr. E. Brown	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. S. Cornish	0	2	6	Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	...	...	0	2	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	4	0	Gascoigne Girls' Board School Working Party, per Mrs. Mason	...	...	0	10	0
E. C.	0	1	6	Miss Gilling	...	...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. S. Wright	0	4	0	Collected by Mr. H. H. Kingsnorth	...	...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Roe	1	15	3	Mr. J. Hallett	...	...	0	1	0
Mr. Geo. Scott, per Mr. T. Mann	10	0	0	Mrs. C. Heasman	...	...	0	10	0
Miss Hall	3	3	0	Mrs. Walker	...	...	2	0	0
Mr. J. B.	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Pegg	...	...	0	10	8
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	7	6	Collected by the Misses D. and O. Strickland	...	...	1	5	0
Stamps, Beaulieu	0	1	0	Collected in C. and N.'s "H" de- partment	...	...	2	16	3
Anchor Line (Henderson Bros., Ltd.), half-year's interest on £200 Re- deemable 1st Mortgage Debenture Stock (Mr. Richard Cory's gift)	4	4	9	Miss A. M. E. Reeves	...	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Warner	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Raybould	...	...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Alexander	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. E. Moody	...	...	0	10	0
Postal order, Bettws	1	0	0	Mrs. Curtis	...	...	0	5	0
E. P., a thankoffering	2	0	0	Miss M. H. Donaldson	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. M. E. Steel	0	1	9	Collected by Miss K. Hearn	...	...	0	2	6
Perkham Park Mission, per Mr. L. Wood	1	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Moody	...	...	0	6	0
Mr. J. Cutler	1	1	0	Orphan boys' collecting cards:—					
Rev. G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6	C. Freed	...	...	0	4	6
Mr. H. Deacon	1	1	0	B. Doel	...	...	1	1	6
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0	V. Preston	...	...	0	1	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	E. A. Cracknell	...	...	2	8	0
Sympathy, Dursley	1	0	0	Orphan girls' collecting cards:—					
Mr. T. Stearn	1	1	0	M. Widdeson	...	...	0	5	0
Miss R. Bousfield	16	0	0	D. Hull	...	...	0	10	6
Mr. T. G. Green	1	1	0	Executors of the late Mrs. E. Scammell	...	...	20	0	0
				Executor of the late Mr. Chas. Bown	...	...	5	0	0



636 MRS. SPURGEON'S FUND FOR GENERAL USE IN THE LORD'S WORK.

'AGE' COLPORTEURS' FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Willby .....	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ridley, per Mr. F. G. Rose .....	0	5	0
A friend, per Mr. H. Mears .....	0	2	6
Mr. F. Elgar .....	0	10	0
	£1	2	6

GENERAL FUND:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Higgs .....	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Knight .....	5	0	0
Mrs. Willby .....	0	10	0
Collection at New Winsor Mission Chapel, per Mr. A. M. Pope .....	1	10	5
Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. ....	1	0	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits .....	5	5	0
Collections at Woodham Walter Chapel, per Mr. J. Keddie .....	0	12	0
Mrs. J. E. Keen .....	0	10	0
Proceeds of lecture by Mr. T. E. Inwood, per Mr. H. Mears .....	2	10	0
Mr. W. Matthews .....	1	0	0
Mr. Matthew Rogers .....	1	1	0
Messrs. Alford and Alder .....	1	1	0
Mr. S. P. Catterson .....	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Rayner .....	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin Brayne .....	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Windmill .....	0	10	0
Mr. J. P. Johnston .....	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. Dales .....	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Prowde .....	1	1	0
Mr. A. E. Coveney .....	1	1	0
Christian Endeavour Society, Barrow, per Mr. F. G. Rose .....	0	2	9
Collection at Colportage meeting, Willington, per Mr. C. Payne .....	2	3	6
Collection at Colportage meeting, Swadlincote, per Mr. J. P. Allen .....	4	0	5
Mr. Frank Gough .....	1	1	0
Proceeds of public meeting at Brentford, per Mr. H. Mears .....	3	2	6
Mr. F. Elgar .....	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Bocock .....	0	6	0
Miss E. Macnicoll .....	0	3	6
Proceeds of meetings at Brightwell, Roke, Chosely, and Benson, per Mr. William Bird .....	2	10	0
Mr. R. Fifield .....	0	6	0
Church of England .....	0	5	0
M. S. ....	0	4	2
Mr. F. W. Hellings .....	0	10	0
Mr. J. Billing .....	1	0	0
The Lady Louisa Ashburton .....	2	2	0
Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. ....	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould .....	1	0	0
Nurse Evans .....	1	0	0
	£49	10	3

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

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 14th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
Phebe .....	0	10	0
M. W., a thankoffering .....	0	2	6
M. J. E. ....	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G., Stockholm .....	5	0	0
The late Mrs. Maitland, per Mrs. Dickie .....	2	0	0
Mr. Wm. Anderson .....	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
From a friend .....	0	2	6
Mrs. Keevil .....	10	0	0
FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—			
The late Mrs. Maitland, per Mrs. Dickie .....	1	0	0
	£19	15	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, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension 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.