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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.

1902.

"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 .

FOR another year, "The Sword and the Trowel" has served the cause of God. It has not only existed. It has justified its existence. We do not unduly boast in saying this. We are sure that, whatever its faults have been, it has in some measure lived up to its twofold purpose; viz., "combat with sin, and labour for the Lord." It has not only been "a record" of these two things; it has itself waged warfare, and sought to strengthen the things that remain.

Our readers have been kept informed of missionary effort at home and abroad, we have been enabled to lay the axe at the root of the tree of intemperance; we have maintained our hold of Evangelical truth, and the Inspiration of "the dear, dear Bible" has been insisted on, in almost every issue, by the able papers of Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A. Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has given us some more of her golden apples, and we have walked delightedly in "My Lady's Garden" month by month. The illustrated papers by C. H. Spurgeon on "Pilgrim's Progress" have been a most welcome feature of the year; and the little ones have by no means been forgotten.

The Magazine has become more emphatically the organ of the Tabernacle Church; and, as a consequence, more space has been devoted to its records. This, we think, interests the many readers who belong to the Church, and we believe that those of them who are not directly connected with it do not find the intelligence concerning the work there dull reading.

We have continued to endeavour to direct our readers as to the literature which pours from the press, for we judge that no part of our responsibility is greater than this.

The periodical has been in our hands for hardly twelve months; and when we first commenced to edit it, we were laid aside for a while. But we have had throughout the ready and valued aid of Mr. J. W. Harrald, who has had such long experience of the work. We together thank our readers for their interest and sympathy, and especially for any effort they may have made to extend the bounds of our sphere of influence.

As to the future, we have to say that, whereas we cannot essentially alter the old lines, we are determined to make the Magazine increasingly helpful and interesting. The features which have been emphasized during this year will not be allowed to fall into the background. They have come to stay. But room can be found for other matters which demand a hearing, and new writers can appear without altogether displacing former contributors.

We propose to have a column of Temperance Intelligence monthly. We greatly rejoice that Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., has been

good enough to undertake to write a series of articles, to appear at intervals, on Free Church History for our children. Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Liverpool, will provide "Hints to Preachers," and other helpful matter. Amongst our other contributors, we specially welcome Revs. Dinsdale T. Young and David Davies, Pasteur Saillens, of Paris, and Pastors J. C. Carlile, B. J. Gibbon, W. Y. Fullerton, and James Stephens, M.A.

"Our Own Men" series, which has now been continued for nine years, will be enriched with short biographies of many ministers and missionaries who hail from the Pastors' College, amongst them being D. J. Hiley, W. J. Mayers, John Bradford, Dr. Churcher of North Africa, and Dr. Huntley of China, and others who, if less well known, are not less worthy.

We shall not inflict much poetry upon our readers, but we hope to insert some inspiring verses in each issue. Our brother, F. A. Jackson, whose volume of poems has been so favourably reviewed in "The Daily News," has promised to write for us.

Our dear mother and brother have kindly consented to enrich next year's volume. Several of our brethren in the Colonies will send us news from afar.

We purpose issuing a series of illustrated sketches concerning Institutions connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, some of which are little known, but whose work is precious in *His* sight.

Our prose poet, Pastor H. T. Spufford, is to brighten our pages with a dozen sketches of eccentric village saints, under the title, "Curiosities of Church Life." These will be cleverly illustrated by our own artist.

Pastor H. D. Brown's helpful articles on "God's Witness to His Own Word" will be continued in the coming year, and of C. H. Spurgeon's "Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress" there are more to follow. When they are finished, we have much more material from his ever-busy pen which has not yet been printed.

We have reason, then, to look forward to a very successful year, and we feel more than justified in hoping for a considerable increase in our circulation.

If all who love the memory of C. H. Spurgeon, would help to keep it green by subscribing to his Magazine, which endeavours to retain his impress, and seeks to strengthen his work, we should be greatly encouraged in bearing this additional burden.

The truths he loved, and the Institutions he founded, all find their advocate in "The Sword and the Trowel," and so long as we have power to sound out the doctrines and to support the work with which his dear memory is associated, we will, God helping us, "do our best for the old name." But we look for a rallying of friends around us. Magazines have multiplied exceedingly, and most of them are in a position to appeal to a much larger constituency than we can hope to command. Still, we believe that the distinctive characteristics of "The Sword and the Trowel" warrant its survival, and should ensure its complete success.

We humbly pray for God's smile on our endeavour, as again we grasp our trusty weapons.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

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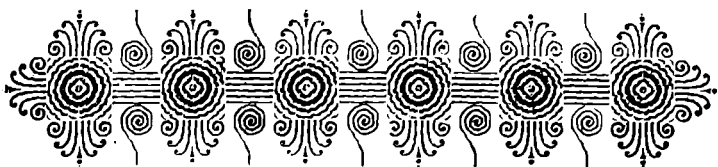
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1902.

The Trowel and the Sword.

A SERMON, PREACHED AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK,
IN 1859, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded."—Nehemiah iv. 18.

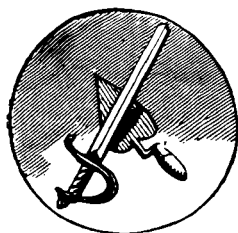


AND that is the way in which the Lord's building has been carried on from that day until now. I state that as a general truth,—a fact which can be proved by the history of the Church in all ages, that God's builders have also had to wear the sword upon their thigh. Take a glimpse, now, for a little time, at the world at large. After the day of Pentecost, there were twelve master-builders sent abroad, who—not with wood, hay, and stubble, but with gold, and silver, and precious stones,—sought to build up the Church of Jesus Christ. For a little time, they seemed to be simply builders, but it was not so long; for, soon, fierce wolves began to enter the Church, divers heretics arose, and drew away followers, and thus the Church became a scene of strife.

In the meantime, the antagonism of the world was aroused. The old idolatries lifted up their heads. Judaism, provoked because its hour was come, lashed itself into fury, and the apostles of Christ had to gird the sword of controversy on their thigh; and while they laboured for the edification of believers, they were compelled to have a hand ready to smite those evil spirits that, even in their day, began to work. You see traces of this all through Paul's Epistles. He was a wise master-builder; without egotism he could say this; but you see, every now and then, through his writings, traces of his having to contend sometimes with Jewish builders, who held that circumcision was necessary to salvation, and to fight with all his

might against the legalism which had sprung up in the Church. Look at the Epistle to the Galatians; it is just a magnificent sheath in which the apostle has put his sword, that we might draw it out on future occasions, and with it cut off the head of the Goliath of Legality,—that great giant which doth so much mischief to Evangelical truth and the true Church of Christ. You will notice even in John, the loving John,—who certainly was a wise master-builder, and built with polished stones the temple of God,—you notice on him also the presence of the sword; even the seer of Patmos must be a sword-bearer. He exhorts us to prove the spirits, and warns us against false teachers, and the spirit of anti-Christ that had gone forth into the world. So you see that, even in apostolic times, the first builders of the Church wore their swords upon their thigh.

Nor has this custom ever ceased. There have been times, it is true,



when the Church has tried to build, and has left her sword behind her; then speedily she has sunk, and become vile, hath been made a thing of nought in the eyes of the world,—“The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter?” Every fresh revival is brought about under that double emblem of the Church,—the trowel and the sword. As surely as her God has ever visited her again, her great builders

have also been great soldiers. Let me mention the names of the early Fathers of the Church. There was Augustine, who was a master-builder. What an insight he had into the deep things of God! How gloriously he taught the doctrines of grace! Augustine's works are a great battlefield. He is continually battling against the Arians, and against those who were the representatives of our modern Arminians. While he built up the Church, he had to smite the heretics, lest they should rob the Church of her Lord. So with Chrysostom and Ambrose, and all the mighty men of God,—they were all great builders and great fighters. Come down to more modern times,—Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingli. They were three master-builders; but I need not remind you that they were also captains of the Lord's hosts in battle; they could instruct the Church in its holy faith; they could bring out the great doctrines of the Gospel; they could teach them plainly; but, mark you, for this very reason they always had to contest every point. Martin Luther was every inch a warrior; even when he had the trowel, and was building up the wall, still his other hand always seemed to be feeling for his sword, that he might smite the Pope and all his monks, and do battle against the heresies and errors, which so long had cursed the world. It was the same with Calvin. His “Institutes” and other writings are masterpieces of building; yet they are also a magnificent series of battles fought against the heretics of the Church. And you will find that, in all ages, it has been the same. It was so, a hundred years ago,—in the golden age of the English Church,—with Whitefield and others.

We have only to mention a galaxy of great men,—my venerable predecessor, Dr. Gill, Toplady, Romaine, and all those great preachers and writers who were the representatives of the Church, before whom we are but as—

“Little things that peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.”

These men were all builders of the Church, but they were all warriors; they every one had to contend and to contest. And I care not to which country you refer me, or to what age of the Christian Church, it always comes to this,—those whom God has blessed in building have also had to fight. Turn ye to Scotland and her glorious annals. Mark her Covenanters, dying on the mountain side, or signing with their own blood the covenant with their God. They were builders, and their works follow them. The unction and savour, which they have left behind them, prove how well they could build. But what warriors they were! They wore no scabbards on their swords, but always had them unsheathed, and ready for the battle. We might mention some glorious names, but we come to our own country; look at our forefathers, the Puritans, always ready to contend for the truth, and to do battle for the Lord of hosts. Oh, what mighty builders were they!

It is the same if I should refer to Wales, or take you across the sea to America; nowhere does God permit His servants to build without having them also to fight. And I take it, if there come a great revival of religion in England, it will have to be accompanied with the giving up of all that peace for which so many are crying, and concerning which we may well say, “What hast thou to do with peace so long as that great Jezebel is living, and her whoredoms are so many?” All this, I say, will have to be put aside; and if God blesseth the Church, there will come a terrible contest between truth and error, a theological battle in which truth shall stand and error shall be trodden under foot. Building and fighting go together in God’s Church.

It is said that a crystal necessarily assumes a certain shape, and that, if you break that crystal into a number of pieces, every piece of it must assume that shape. If you split the same crystal again and again, it must still come to the same ordained shape by a law of nature. Now, then, the fact that building and fighting go together is very like a great block of crystal. I now wish you to break it down into small pieces, and I ask you if you do not find it true in your own little history, as well as in the Church of Christ at large? Are not your building times, fighting times? Why, we think we shall be built up in our faith by having much rich, sweet, hallowed, consecrated peace and fellowship with Christ. If we had very much of this, we should be built up indeed. But do you not mark, after all, that it is but seldom that we are so built up? Hear what Newton saith,—

“I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,—
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.”

"I thought that, in some favoured hour,
At once He'd answer my request,
And, by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest."

And we have thought, like the poet, many and many a time, that we were about to build in peaceful times,—that, surely, stone should be laid on stone with singing, and with rejoicing, and with shouts of victory; but has it been so? Ah, no! brethren,—

"Instead of this, He made us feel
The hidden evil of our hearts."

He has blasted our gourds, and taken away our comforts,—robbed us of that which, on earth, was the dearest thing to us. He has made wave after wave of affliction roll over us; He has sent the rough wind and the tempest of the world's anger against us, and we have fallen down in dismay, and cried, "Lord, I asked that my faith might be strengthened; but what art Thou doing to me? Wilt Thou pursue Thy poor worm even to death?" He answers, "Ah, beloved! this is the way I answer Thy prayer. Thou didst ask that thou mightest be built up, and so thou shalt be; but it shall be in days of battle, and in times of trouble. Thy building up shall not come to thee in fair weather, but in foul. Thy prayer is heard, what wouldst thou have more?"

Have you ever tried, at any time, seeing how low your love is,—have you tried if you could fan the sinking flame? Many and many a time have I tried to do that; I have thought I would work myself up, if possible, to a certain degree of warmth in love to Christ, but I have not often found that I have been successful. On the contrary, a horror of black darkness has come over me. I have thought, "Oh, what an ungrateful wretch have I been, that I should be so cold in my affections towards my Lord!" and then my sins have stared me in the face, and my evidences have been beclouded, and every attempt to make myself like Christ has involved me in ten thousand battles. Straightway, the enemy is ready at my side, and the world has said to me, "Thou hypocrite, thou dost not love Him at all;" and, sometimes, conscience is half inclined to confess that it is true; but while I have been thinking, "Surely this is not the way by which my love is to be increased," on a sudden, all this black darkness has been cleared away, and a sweet quiet has rested on my spirit, and I have said, "My soul is like the chariots of Ammi-nadib; I can wash my Lord's feet with my tears, and wipe them with the hair of my head. Now I am indeed built up." I question whether our faith or love ever grows much except in troublous times. It is by the rough March wind that God firmly roots the trees of His right-hand planting. It is with the sound of the trumpet of war, with the enemies' engines round about us, and our very gates tottering, that the King hoists His standard, and the armies of salvation compass us around. I am sure that you will not—if you look within, and know anything of Christian experience,—deny the fact that your building has usually been accomplished with the sword upon your thigh, you have had to build in troublous times.

Having stated the truth pretty largely thus, I want to go a little deeper into it after another fashion.

I. Brethren, YOU AND I HAVE TO BE BUILDERS. And here I am not referring to the mere putting together of bricks and mortar, but I am speaking of spiritual building. The Church is God's house. He builds His house by instruments. He does not put together the spiritual stones by silent magic, but He uses men to lay them in order. They do not fly out of the quarry of themselves, nor by some secret power do they, without instruments, lay themselves one upon another. God works by means. He employs His ministers—those of us who are alive from the dead—in the service of preaching the Gospel, by which ministry others are quickened by the hearing of the Gospel, and are brought to know and love our Lord Jesus Christ. The Church, I say, is not built without means. God Himself deigns to use men as the means of effecting His purposes. Now, it is for you and for me to be, if we are converted ourselves, builders in the Church of God; and I must observe that, here too, the text holds true,—while we are building in the Church of God, we must take care to carry our swords with us. Every believer must have his sword girded on his thigh.

And, first, with regard to our labours. What can you and I do with respect to this? Brethren, we must all have part in this great work. Some of you must have for your occupation to *look out the stones that are to be used*. It must be your work, as you go about your daily business, to find out the chief of sinners, in the lanes and in the alleys,—to go canvassing for children, to get them to come to your Sunday-schools. It must be your task to scour the hills and the dales, until you find a Gospel stone quarry. You ask, "Where is that?" Why, the Gospel stone quarry is in the most benighted parts of our city. It is there that the Christian has to go, and look out for stones for the spiritual building. You like, perhaps, to find Gospel stones in a nice, comfortable position,—in a respectable situation in life, and then you like to go and assist in the quarrying of them. But, if you are God's true builders, you will not forget to go down into the abodes of iniquity and sin, to bring out some of those most precious stones which God has ordained to be laid one upon another in His spiritual temple. Some of you have to find out where these people are, and to bring them under the sound of the ministry. Many of our churches forget this. You see a good man preaching; yet the chapel is scarcely half-full; the reason is, that the members do not exert themselves to fill it. I will tell you how it is to be filled; let each one bring another, and the place will soon be full. It is the duty of hearers to get others. Every Christian should be a kind of decoyer to the Gospel net; he has been caught in it himself, and he must endeavour to catch others. Many a time have I been pleased at hearing that members of our church gave up their seat-tickets, in order that others might come in and hear the Gospel. It has been pleasing to me to hear of a pauper or chimney-sweep being brought into the Hall at the Surrey Gardens, by those who held tickets giving them up, and saying, "I will risk having to stand in the crowd; go you in and hear the Word." Ye are good builders, indeed,

if ye only accomplish this one part of the work. We must have stones to build the house with. Wherever you find a drunken, blaspheming wretch, endeavour to bring him in; for who knows but he may be one of the precious stones? "God is able even of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

Then, in the second place, there are others of us who must be *quarrying these stones*,—hewing each one out of its rocky bed. In quarries, when they have a large mass of stone to move, they use gunpowder. They put it in behind the stone, and blow down a great mass of rock. There should be, in our churches, a number of spiritual miners who understand how to use the heavenly gunpowder of prayer and faith. What great masses of rock have been thus moved! Sometimes, a whole city has been convulsed by one mighty discharge. A spark of the Holy Spirit has reached it, and away has blown some ponderous mass which seemed as though it never could be started. We have to use more prayer, more faith, and who knows how many stones shall be dislodged, and afterwards built into God's heavenly temple? If you cannot preach, lay the gunpowder bags, that you may be the means of getting out these stones for the temple.

Then, there are others of us who must be occupied in *hewing these stones*. God the Holy Spirit must quicken them; He uses us for other works; but He himself does the quickening. When these stones are quickened, it is ours, I say, to polish them,—to make them square for the building. When they come to us, they have a rough edge,—they are just under conviction; and we smite them with the silver hammer of the promise till we break away their fears and troubles; and then we come to the rough edge of ignorance, and we have to polish away at that until they get to understand a little of the plan of salvation and of the covenant of grace. Ministers and elders and deacons,—we are all trying to do our best in polishing these rough stones. Sometimes, there is an awkward corner sticking out, that we cannot get off for many and many a day. They are still under apprehensions, doubts, fears, and sorrows. We try to remove their doubts if we can; and we work away with our tools, but often find ourselves a long while at the task. We need, therefore, the prayers of the Lord's people that, while we are polishing, God the Holy Spirit will give power to our hands that with the chisel we may knock off all those rough edges, that so the stone may be squared for the spiritual temple.

Then we must *examine the materials brought*. You know we have a great deal of stone brought for the building of the Lord's temple that won't do at all. Some of it is such that, if it were put into the building, it would crumble as soon as it was exposed to the air. Oftentimes, when the elders are sitting here on a Wednesday night, there comes some of this sort of stone. Perhaps there is a good intention, but there is no depth, no vitality, no power of the Holy Spirit; and it is no mean part of the builder's work to carefully examine the material, lest, haply, some piece of rotten stone should be built into the fabric, and injure all the rest.

There are some of our brethren and sisters who are engaged in a very quiet way amongst us. You never hear much about them,—it is not often that they can go about to bring in stones, and they

cannot polish them;—as for judging whether the stone is good or not, that they could not do. They have but very little judgment, indeed; but they are such kind creatures, they exhibit a spirit of meekness, so that, if there is a little disagreement, they always step in, and make it all right. If some brother is a little harsh, they have a kind word just ready. What shall I say these are doing? Why, they are not hewing the stones, or blasting in a quarry, or building or polishing, but they are *mixing the mortar*; and what a useful part of the work that is! There are many mortar-mixers in this church; it would have been well, years ago, if there had been still more; and I do attribute much of the quietness and calmness and love of the church to the fact that we have some excellent mortar-mixers, who, when any little unpleasantness occurs, begin mixing the mortar again. If we cannot do one thing, it is well if we can do another.

As for pastors, it is their work *to superintend the structure* as it rises, and see that everything is put according to the plumbline, and whether we are keeping to the architect's specification,—whether we are keeping to the great rule and model of Scripture, or wandering from it. But this is a work which needs all the help that your prayers can give, and all the assistance that the Spirit of God is always willing to bestow.

II. But now, secondly, our text says that **WE MUST BE FIGHTING, TOO.**

“What awkward work that is,” says someone, “to have a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other!” Stop a moment, my brother, and I will convince you that it is not half so awkward as you think; for, *with regard to the heavenly builders, their sword is their trowel, and their trowel is their sword.* Says one, “How is that? Can such a weapon be used for two purposes?” Yes; how must I seek to build you up in your most holy faith; or how must you, beloved, seek to be built up? Why, with the Word of God. That is your trowel; nothing else will do but Scripture. If we use any other, the Lord will not own our work, and the temple will be cast down again. The trowel is the Word of God; and the Word is our sword when we fight. Happy is it then, for us, that we have not two tools to carry, for it is the same instrument and implement for both works. It is the trowel when we are building, it is the sword when we are fighting. Some ministers do not know that. Some forget that it is a trowel at all; they always use it as a sword. They are always abusing everybody else. Go at any time you please, they are just going over their drill of five points,—the whole of the five cuts of sword-play,—ever ready to fight everybody else. If they would preach the Gospel, it would be well. If they would leave other people alone, and just preach Christ crucified, and exalt His cross, and leave others to preach according to their ability, much more good might be accomplished.

But what have you or I to do with fighting, I wonder? We have to do with it thus. Wherever our lot is cast, I am sure we have to meet with those who oppose themselves to the Gospel of Christ. We meet with the infidel while we are building up the Church of God, and we must have a word with him. We meet with the Socinian; and, if

we be true to the Divinity of our Master, when it is assailed, we must have a word with him. We meet with the Arminian, and we must be armed to the teeth against him,—always ready, wherever we go, to oppose those who oppose themselves to the truth,—never being silent when it is time to speak,—never being ashamed to give to every man that asketh us, a reason of the hope that is in us with meekness and with fear.

But we need a sword for ourselves also, for we are our own worst enemies. We must be ready to repel our own pride, our own lusts, and every false way which will be sure to attack us.

I had a sweet letter, last week, from that eminent servant of God, Mr. John Angell James, of Birmingham. I had written to ask him to come to the laying of the first stone of our New Tabernacle, and he replied, "I would have done so if I had been well enough, but I am unable to travel. My work is done; I cannot serve my Master much longer; but I can still do a little. I preach perhaps once on a Sabbath, and I still continue to do what I can with my pen. What a mercy," he says, "to have been permitted to serve my Master so long!" We frequently exchange notes, and his last note pleased me much, where he said, "My dear brother, be on your watch-tower. Gird your sword on your thigh. The devil hates you more than most men. You have done great damage to his kingdom; and, if he can, he will trip you up." Surely that is true; and whenever we are most occupied in building, then is the time we must look well to our sword; for, somehow or other, building is slippery work, or else the devil always tempts us with extra force just then. But so it is,—when we are most engaged in building the Lord's Church, and most busy in serving Him,—then is the time when the enemy comes in like a flood; and woe unto us if we do not watch against him, and be ready for him whenever he makes his appearance. "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." Carry your sword upon your thigh. Recollect what that sword is,—this precious Book. Whenever you are seeking to do good to others, use it as a sword against your spiritual enemies.

These men did not merely have their swords in their houses,—once in the day, at morning or evening prayer,—that would not have been enough. Each man carried his sword upon his thigh; strapped where he could easily find it. Do the same with your Bibles. I do not insist upon it that you should carry your Bible in your pocket, but do carry a part of it in your head and heart. Get a verse in the morning, and digest it during the day; that is the way to carry it. It is astonishing how much a man may come to know of the Scriptures if he learns only one verse a day; that will be three hundred and sixty-five verses in a year. Ah, brethren! the great lack of the times is this, that we don't read our Bibles enough. Take your Bibles as trowels to build with,—take your Bibles as swords to smite the enemy with; and push down Satan and all his temptations, that you may grow in grace, until at length you receive the crown of glory. Misshapen stones may be shapen by Divine grace, and put into God's spiritual temple, where they will shine like agates to His glory for ever and ever.

Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"*But He answered her not a word.*"—Matthew xv. 23.

TURN aside with me, dear reader, for a moment, and see this strange sight,—

A suppliant sinner before a *silent* Saviour!

An impassioned plea met by a stern rebuke!

The cry of a stricken heart falling upon apparently deaf ears!

A soul in extreme need, and in deadly earnest to have that need supplied, yet encountering a rebuff which would have crushed any less resolute and trusting spirit!

How unusual are our Lord's dealings with this Gentile woman! What does it all mean?

Perhaps there is some poor trembling one, whose eyes, lighting upon this text, look eagerly for a crumb of comfort which may fall from this morning's table.

Come near, then, and listen while I tell you the wonderful truth that it was for *your* sake that He turned His face from her; it was to strengthen *your* faith that He so sorely tried hers; and, because He would speak comfortable words to *your* sad heart, that He closed His gracious lips to her first appeal! Can you imagine how hard it was to Him to treat this poor woman so roughly, and how it hurt Him to appear so unsympathetic and unkind? It was contrary, not only to His custom, but to His Divine nature, to refuse a mercy sought, or even to *defer* a boon so eagerly requested. His "I WILL" stood always waiting to accord the desired blessing.

But now, how changed all this seems!

Those blessed hands, whose daily, hourly task it was to heal with tenderest touch all mortal suffering, do but wave aside the agonized mother;—those pitying eyes, which ever looked upon human misery with deepest compassion, are now averted from her;—the gracious lips are closed, or part only to speak hard words;—and the toil-worn feet, so often wearied by long journeys of mercy, are turning away as if their mission were ended, and they must pass the petitioner by!

It seems to me that this incident in our Divine Master's life stands out from all other records, clear-cut against the horizon of His history, as marking out to poor sinners the sublime and lofty truth that He will "*in no wise*" cast out them that come to Him, however much appearances may be against them.

* * * *

What made this woman so strong in faith, so sure of the Lord's love and power, so persistent in her purpose of securing His attention?

The disciples blamed her, and tried to drive her away. She was repulsed on every side, and rebuked with apparent anger by the Lord Himself; but all this does not quench her eagerness, or extinguish her confidence, it but makes her the more bold; for, at last, instead of "crying after them," as she had done, she pressed her way through the throng, and, throwing herself at Christ's feet, she worshipped Him, and poured out her very heart in the plea, "LORD, HELP ME."

Then, at last, the Lord's lips were opened; but, surely, the cold, hard words He spoke will break the pleader's heart?

No, far from it, she draws comfort from an answer which would have quenched all hope in a fearful and faithless spirit. She gathers up her faith, her love, her trust; and, in one supreme effort of child-like simplicity and confidence, she utters the words which will live while the earth remains, "*Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.*"

No longer could the loving Lord restrain the compassion which filled His soul; every barrier broke down before such mighty faith, every remnant of the hedge of seeming indifference, behind which the Saviour had hidden His true self, was swept away; and His response, "*For this saying go thy way*" (Mark vii. 29), was accompanied by a full and gracious acceptance, which granted all her petition, and fulfilled all her desire.

* * * *

Can we not easily recognize the fact that, during all the time He was trying and testing this woman's faith in a most remarkable way, the Saviour was also strengthening and perfecting it in her heart? She could not have done as she did, or said what she said, but for His power working in her, and using her thus to be "an ensample" to those who should afterwards believe on His Name.

O blessed Lord Jesus, we adore and love Thee as we see Thee thus trying Thy gold, refining Thy silver, and rejoicing over the glorious grace which Thou, Thyself, hast given! How mean and ungenerous are our doubts of Thee! How sinful is our unbelief! How utterly foolish are our fears!

Remember that, in all the story of the Lord's life on earth, there is but this one instance in which is recorded any reluctance on His part to heal and bless; and this, we know, was given for the purpose of encouraging every seeking heart to trust Him under *all* circumstances, and notwithstanding all apparent rebuffs.

I wish I could persuade some trembling soul to seize this woman's glorious faith, and "take the Kingdom of Heaven by violence" as she did! What joy it would bring to the Lord Jesus;—what blessing, and healing, and peace to the one who exercised it! Do you say, "I can't believe"? Of yourself, truly you cannot; but you see, in the case of which I have written, that the Lord *gave* the faith which He tested; He drew the suppliant on, step by step, strengthening her all the while till she grasped the prize, and won the crown,—the crown of His approval and commendation. Will not you "go and do likewise"?

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

[An Address given to Sunday and Ragged School Workers at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.]

ONE of the qualifications most to be desired by a Christian worker is the open ear. We are, as a rule, more ready to speak than to listen. There are times when we must put our hand to our mouth to help us shout forth the messages of our King; there are other seasons when the hand should be placed to the ear that we may hear what God the Lord will speak. We do well to teach the little ones to sing,—

"O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord!"

But is not this prayer at least as appropriate for teachers as for scholars? If we are to speak to advantage, we must hear to profit. Not our own thoughts, but the Lord's revelations, we desire to proclaim. Oh, for the opened—the "digged" ear! Oh, for the blood-tipped ear! Oh, for the ear that is "inclined" to God! I make no pretensions to any special experience in this respect. I plead guilty, with the rest of you, that the ear has not been so attentive as it ever ought to be. Still, like many of my hearers, I can say, to God's praise, that I have listened for His message, and have not infrequently heard the "still small voice."

I listened for a theme for this evening's address; and the voice said, "A little child shall lead them." At first, I wondered why just that message came. I remembered, of course, the passage of which it forms a part,—Isaiah's graphic description of the peaceable Kingdom of the Branch out of the root of Jesse. I recalled the immediate setting of the sentence: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." I looked forward, with blest anticipation, to the glad and golden age when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea, when beasts shall have lost their savageness, and men, who once were wild as they, shall have become tame.

Moreover, I began to thank God that, even now, this prophecy is being in part fulfilled. Christ's own peace takes possession of ferocious men, and saves them from wrath, and pride, and passion.

"Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the whole world esteem it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change."

I reflected that, full often, a little child has been the means, in God's hand, of effecting this miracle. One asked her father to spell repentance for her; and, in the act of spelling it, letter by letter, he was transformed. Another climbed her father's knee, and asked quite

irresistibly, "Does 'oo love Jesus, Daddy?" How many have coaxed their drinking parents into signing the temperance pledge! "A little child shall lead them." O brethren and sisters,—fellow-workers among the young,—should not this encourage you?

"Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save,"—

for these are they who will get at the parents as you cannot. These will lead fathers and mothers in the way in which you lead *them*. Wherefore, lead them aright, lead them straight, and your work shall be rewarded.

I continued listening, however, for was I not to speak to teachers particularly, and are not they the leaders of the little ones? Yet the Word was still whispered, "A little child shall lead *them*." Then I bethought me that they that water others are watered themselves; and that the leaders of children are constantly led by those they lead. Not our children only, but our teachers also, shall be taught of God; and whereas the young ones learn much from their instructors, they do unwittingly impart many a lesson to their elders. There is a reflex influence in all good work. Many a time, when the sick saint has blessed us for a visit, and a word of cheer, and prayer, we have been conscious that what we gave was not to be compared with what we gained.

I stood, a while ago, on the kerb in Oxford Street, waiting for the double stream of hurrying traffic to subside a little. I was more inclined to tarry a few minutes than to run the risks involved in dodging the vehicles. While I waited, I was presently conscious that a little hand had been slipped into mine. Looking down, I perceived that a poor but respectable child, noticing that I proposed to cross the street, had thus entrusted herself to me. I could not decline the mute appeal, and without further delay I ventured forth. I cannot tell you how pleased and proud I felt to be trusted thus. Moreover, I soon discovered that I was to be a gainer. I had no difficulty in crossing. Many a driver, who would not object to graze a parson, slackened pace for the sake of the child. I suppose that, in a sense, the little one was led by me; but I am sure that it is also true that the child led me. The incident has often served me as an illustration of how to trust Jesus, and of how ready He is to be confided in. I have passed it on to workers as a reminder of how they too should stand prepared to convoy imperilled pilgrims, and thus the Word has been fulfilled to me, and to those who heard my simple story, "A little child shall lead them."

In what way does work among the young bless the workers? Whither are the dear children, whom we try to train, empowered to lead us?

First, *to the mercy-seat*. Aught that calls us to prayer is a right welcome experience. Who can teach without praying? I know nothing that more reveals our helplessness than Sunday-school work. Some count it child's-play; but those who do not play at it, find it very necessary to pray about it. It is the praying teacher who teaches to profit. McCheyne was fond of saying, "The Lord can show us how to catch fish with a broken net." Ah, yes! that He can, as some of us

have proved. Plead the promises. There are many, in this Book, which seem made on purpose for such as we are; and "there is no Promise-Keeper like the Lord." Thank you, thank you, dear children; unwittingly you have led us to the mercy-seat. We have felt your needs, and our inability to meet them; so we *had* to go to Him who has the words of eternal life. "A little child shall lead them."

The children also lead us to *God's Word*. I trust that teachers do not yield to the temptation, which I presume affects them as it does us preachers, to study the Book solely for texts and themes. If we want our own souls to be fed, there must be something more than this. Still, better this than nothing. We can refresh ourselves while we prepare a meal for others. The ox is not muzzled as it treads out the corn. Perchance, if the whole truth were told, confession would have to be made that the Scriptures would have received far less attention, but for the necessity to prepare the lesson for our class and the sermon for our congregation. Well then, we are indeed indebted to those we teach. The little child has led us to the green pastures of *God's Word*.

By these young guides we have also been conducted *into the valley of humiliation*. That does not seem, perhaps, a desirable resort; but it involves a profitable experience. Christian learned lessons there which it had been fatal to miss, and which could not be learned elsewhere. Yes, Sunday-school teaching is humbling work. If it is to be done successfully, "starch" and "stilts" must be flung away; and if they are not willingly dispensed with, the children have a way of taking out the starch, and of knocking away the stilts.

In any case, there must be a bending and a stooping, if we are to lift up these lowly little ones. A pretty story is told of President Lincoln that his secretary once noticed him, when walking in the country, peer into a hedge, then stoop down, and thrust his hands in among the thorns. A fledgeling had fallen from the nest, and the President was not too great a man to replace it in the downy shelter. It is one thing to be great, and quite another to be "big." The little ones, helpless, ignorant, tempted,—some of them crippled, too,—have called upon us to stoop that we may rescue them. Possibly we should have been "big" and "stuck-up" to this day but that they led us thus to humble ourselves. Wherefore, we are their debtors in this respect also.

Yet again, they have led us *in the paths of patience*. We little know how much we owe to the troublesome boys and frivolous girls in our classes. Many a time we have had to cry, almost in desperation, "Thy patience, Lord!" and our prayer has been heard. By their unruliness, the Lord has directed our hearts into "the patience of Christ." (2 Thess. iii. 5. R.V.) Before now, friends have tried to induce me to have some pepper on my strawberries. They assure me that it draws out the flavour. I have not as yet yielded to their entreaties. I am so hopelessly old-fashioned as to be content with cream! But there may be something in it; I do not doubt the verdict of my friends for a moment. Certain it is that the liveliness (it is not always such sheer wickedness as some suppose,) of the children may serve to draw out—provided there be any in—the virtues and graces of their

teachers. Let the teacher be the strawberry whatever happens. "Pepperiness" in *him* is fatal to successful work.

Oh, for this service we sometimes need the very patience of the Lamb of God! Well, if the children, by their insubordination, or playfulness, or stupidity, make us feel our need of this, they, indirectly, lead us into it. Many thanks, then, to these irrepressibles, for we shall need patience in other walks of life as well.

Lastly, though many another leading might be named, we are conducted, by those we seek to win for Jesus while the dews of youth are on them, *into conceptions of God, which we might else have missed.* They make us yearn over them. They touch us with compassion. They bid us weep and work. They urge us to live and labour for the good of others. They summon us to cultivate all that is most godly and God-like. In striving to help and bless them, we come into touch with Heaven. We see God. We get to know Him better. We see ourselves to be, before Him, what these ragged, wilful children are before us. We find ourselves trusting Him, loving Him, begging of Him, copying Him, just as they cling to, and ask of, and imitate us. Moreover, we find Him helping, blessing, smiling upon, and caressing us, as we favour and fondle and succour them,—only much more abundantly.

I have lately come across, in Dr. Andrew Bonar's Diary, the following striking illustration of that whereof I speak. Let me read the entry to you:—

"Saturday, Oct. 11, 1862.—To-day, seeing my children pass the window, going out to spend a few hours in a country walk, my heart yearned over them, and I sent for them to give them something to add to their quiet enjoyment. Afterward, in beginning to pray, this occurred to me: 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts, &c.,' and I urged this with the Lord, that He would see me passing, and throw me out a blessing."

Is not that beautiful? What say you, dear fellow-workers,—shall *we* file past our Lord's ever-open window, that He may cast to us some new tokens of His love?

A Workaday Reverie.

BY MRS. H. RYLANDS BROWN, DARJEELING.

THERE is to be a Bible Reading to-day, from eleven to twelve, and it would be very nice to go; but something has gone wrong with the sewing-machine, and the *durzie* (native domestic tailor) can't get on with his work, so really that must be seen to at once. Yesterday, the needle broke, and I put in a new one, which *looks* all right; but the machine won't sew, the stitch-plate does not move a bit, and a good oiling does not help matters.

And, for a long time, all my careful looking and poking fails to discover what is wrong. But, at last! what is this tiny thing wedged in between the plate and the stitch-plate? Nothing more nor less than the point of the needle that broke yesterday! Such a tiny point,

difficult to handle or deal with ; but, by-and-by, cautious pushing with a darning needle dislodges it, and now the machine is screwed together again, and it *will* sew, but not easily. Now is the time for a thorough cleaning and oiling. And all the time these operations are going on, the prayer goes up, "Cleanse Thou me from *secret* faults." There is a Divine order, and we may not hope for Spirit-filledness until the secret sins have been discovered and removed. "Thou hast set . . . our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance." The first step towards getting rid of sin, is to have God's great searchlight turned on our lives. Then, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Sweet Hush of Soul.

"But I would have you without carefulness."—1 Cor. vii. 32.

KEEP me, Lord, from worrying,
 Keep me calm and quiet ;
 Let not care, with ruthless tread,
 O'er my soul run riot ;
 Bring Thy Word, and to my soul
 By Thy power apply it !

Let the burden of each day
 Be for me sufficient,
 Rolling it upon Thyself,
 Saviour, Lord Omniscient,
 Knowing well Thy precious love,
 In Thy ways proficient !

Far too short the time is here
 To be anxious ever ;
 Let not restlessness my soul
 From Thy comforts sever ;
 Vain—if Thou dost guard the heart,—
 Is the foe's endeavour.

Thus each day in patience spent,
 May my steps be lighter ;
 May my loins, as pacing on,
 E'er be girded tighter ;
 And my soul, as nearing home,
 Shine in grace the brighter !

Finding quiet 'mid the storm,
 Thou the tempest stilling,
 Ever list'ning to Thy voice,
 In obedience willing,
 May I live beneath Thine eye,
 All Thy will fulfilling !

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

Ready to Cross.

AN ANTICIPATION OF THE NEW YEAR.



From a snap-shot]

[by Mr. R. P. Higgs.

THE travellers represented in this picture are not standing amidst the *débris* of a quarry, as might be imagined. Perhaps it would be difficult for most people to guess where they are, or what they are supposed to be doing. The fact is, they are on the lateral moraine of a glacier, just ready to cross from one side of it to the other. The particular glacier which they intend to traverse is the Aletsch, the largest glacier in Switzerland,—which starts from the Jungfrau, and flows down toward the Rhone Valley. It will be of interest to the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" to notice that Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is, as usual, in front; and though this is not a puzzle picture, they will be able to discern in it, if their eyes are acute enough, the white hat of one of the deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A pleasant exercise for New Year's evening would be to guess which one it is.

The party has descended from the Rieder Alp; and some of those who compose it intend to cross the glacier, in order to reach the Bel Alp towering above it on the other side. As the travellers pause to take breath, they are unconscious of the snap-shot that permanently

fixes their attitudes, else, perhaps, they would have posed for the occasion. As they stood there, on the margin of the glacier, we now stand on the margin of the New Year. Let us also pause a brief space to think of the journey before us.

Some, that day, dreaded the crossing. There were those in the company who had never set foot on a glacier before, and some others were quite unaccustomed to ice-work. They might have been able to skate, perhaps; but there were no skates nor any opportunity to use them. The mystery of the unknown awed these novices. They were to walk over a mile of ice, and they were timid and hesitating in anticipation of it. As it was ice on which they were to walk, their fear suggested that they might slip. They had heard that the glacier moved. Doubt whispered, "Whither?" There were crevasses, they were told;—great yawning gulfs; perhaps they might fall into them. Accidents had happened to venturesome climbers; who could tell whether they, too, might not be overwhelmed? Before them stretched the strange and unexplored; and it was little wonder that their unaccustomed feet hesitated, and that they, both by word and by example, needed to be encouraged. Thus, some among us front the New Year. The mystery of it burdens us; we cannot tell what it may bring forth. Our fears whisper of difficulties and dangers; we think of disasters that have overtaken others during the past, and wonder whether it may not be even so with ourselves. So we shrink, and hesitate.

But some were confident and unafraid. The dangers, which we are all apt to suppose lie hidden in the unknown, had for them disappeared, for they knew. They had crossed the glacier before; they had tested the ice in far more difficult places; they knew that, there, it was but a promenade compared to the toil of the broken ice further up. Familiarity had dissipated fear. So easy did they count it that you will see some have walkingsticks, and not alpenstocks, to help them across; and so great was their sense of security that I believe the Tabernacle Pastor, on that occasion, trusted all his destiny to the frail support of a lady's parasol.

These confident persons did not laugh at the fears of the others, but they knew that there was no reason for fear. They were like that sea-captain, when a nervous lady came to him in the midst of a slight storm, and exclaimed, "Oh, captain, captain, is there any fear or danger?" They could have answered as he did, "There's plenty of fear, madam, but very little danger." Now, the New Year is familiar to none of us; but we shall not be far wrong in saying that, in most things, it will be very like the year that has been passed. Temptations will come to us; yet no temptation will come "but such as is common to man;" and, with the temptation there will always be the way of escape. Trials may come, but there can scarcely be a new form of trial to some who have been long familiar with the rough ways of life; and patience will be given with the discipline, grace with the suffering, and joy with the sorrow. We do not know the New Year; but, knowing Christ, we can confidently say that—

"It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;"—

therefore we can face it unshrinkingly. Like Abraham, we know not whither we go; but we know with Whom we go, and that is enough for us. There is a story told of a gentleman who, in an early Canadian winter, desired to cross a river. Distrustful of the ice, he crawled over it upon his hands and knees; and, not daring to rise, crossed the river in that uncomfortable posture. After his daring exploit, he looked back, and saw, already on the ice, a team of horses drawing a waggon loaded with pig iron, the driver sitting on the front, whistling a merry tune. What a contrast it was to his method! Both got safely across, but there was a great difference in the crossing. There was no reason for fear; and, had he but known, there would have been no place for it either. We know enough of God's purpose during the New Year to give us full assurance of faith.

Some in this group were there to help others over. It is not difficult to distinguish the natives from the travellers. No more willing helpers can be found in the world than the Swiss peasants. The Switzers, who were there, were there as guides and porters. They were anxious to help in every way. Indeed, more than once, I fancy that they led into difficult places in order to show their skill in getting the travellers out of them. Two men, in the background, will be noticed carrying a *chaise-a-porteur*. It was, of course, impossible for anyone to be carried in it over the ice; but there they were, ready for the time when the ice should be crossed, and the climbing on the other side of the hill begun. These men had no fear. They were thinking of others rather than of themselves; and if we wish to cross this New Year with much peace and joy, we shall find it in devoting ourselves to the help and comfort of those around us; we shall forget our own needs in seeking to relieve theirs; and, bearing their burdens, shall cease to feel our own.

When we reached the medial moraine in the centre of the glacier, we bade our friends "Good-bye;" and while we returned to our little *chalêt* on the Rieder-Furka, they went forward over the rest of the ice, and, by a tortuous corkscrew path,—“a great grind,” if we may use climbing phraseology,—they reached the hospitable hôtel of Bel Alp overlooking the glacier. From their house they could look to ours, and we could look from our house to theirs.

“So to the Jews old Canaan stood;”

but, with us, the Aletsch “rolled between.” We had no telescope; they had; and they afterwards told us that, turning it in our direction, they were able to distinguish us as we moved about on our verandah, or sat there sketching or reading. We had faith that it was well with them; they had more than faith about us; they could see.

Very soon, there shall come many separations amongst those who now stand in our party, ready to cross. We shall all of us get through the year; but (I change the illustration,) we shall not all of us get to the other side this year. Some, perhaps, will go down into the valley, and return; others will safely reach the Home across the valley. Our faith assures us that it is well with all those who have crossed in

Christ's keeping. They are in His keeping still; and, with them, it is "very far better." They are gainers; they are comforted; they are blest. We cannot see them; yet, perhaps, they can see us; who knows? Perhaps they are among the ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation; but if this be only a fond imagining, it is no delusion that, at length, will come the day when, for the last time, we shall go down to the valley, and unflinching cross; for,—

"Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come."

W. Y. F.

My Lady's Garden.

I.—WHAT IT IS LIKE.

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

A GARDEN in mid-winter may not strike the town dweller as an exhilarating object to shape into a subject;—especially when the presiding fair one is not present to inspire the description. A garden! Ugh! The fog hangs; the trees drip unpleasantly into the nape of your neck. The thawing frost makes the paths sticky, and the lawn oozy. Let us admire from the drawing-room window, and leave a close acquaintance with the bare boughs to the man with the pruning-knife. Kindly allow the present writer to philosophize. Things are most interesting when they appear least to be so. Having thus cleared the ground with a maxim, let us advance.

The garden of which I write is not large; neither is it small. It is of middle size, like most men and women, and most other things. It has the virtue of not running into extremes. To quote a school-boy I know, it is "all on the square." For forcible English, commend me to boys.

* * * *

On the North-East side of the garden, there is a very high hedge, a mixture of thorn and privet. In early winter, the hedge is covered with bunches of black privet berries. In the summer,—ah, the summer!—this same hedge is redolent with white sweet-scented flowers. By the way, there is a privet bearing golden fruit. This variety will help to make a garden look glad in the gloomy days of December. The privet, too, has its counterfeit, like many living things more august.

When I want to look over the hedge, I get upon a garden chair. Mounting chairs is hazardous as you become brittle. Did you ever try a concave-seated chair covered with hoar frost? If so, and you have kept your balance, you are qualified to quell a meeting in an uproar from the slippery foothold of a new Windsor. I think I see and hear you: "Gentlemen of the other side!"—*Tableau!*

Well, on the other side of this high hedge is an orchard. The

orchard does not belong to my friend. I wish it did. Suppose I were to ask whether such a wish entered into the category of covetousness? That were to be a casuist in matters of conscience; and there are too many already. However, I must have a care, for, with ice an inch thick on the water-butt, to drop into metaphysics would be rather chilling. Besides, this reasoning would bring too many loops into our line of thought.

Where was I? On a garden chair covered with hoar frost, looking over the hedge at the apple trees to find an apple. One brilliant afternoon in November, when the green of the lawn was scalloped with the white lace of the frost, I was walking by the side of this hedge, and admiring the tracery of the bare trees against the blue sky. Something shone as light gold in a near tree. Surely, I thought, a withered leaf caught in a sunbeam, even as I have seen the face of age relax to laughter induced by the capers of a child. But, on a closer view, the leaf became an apple, shining like a pale star in the afternoon sky. What did an apple do there, yellow and tempting, in the wintry air? Gales, of hurricane force, had blown the leaves away from their summer footholds, and now the icy wind came up from the East. I was very curious, and, mounting the chair again to get a better view of the back trees, I saw another apple hanging a little further on.

The sight of this belated fruit set me pondering. Had the eye of the husbandman missed it? Then I thought, that could never happen on the fruit-bearing branch of Christian endeavour. Had the gatherer left it to ripen further ere plucking? Then, how much more of time and sun some fruits need than do others! Virtues, that should have ripened in the summer of our days, are not fit for the taste of the Master till the frosts gather on the brow of life. Yet these apples had resisted all their enemies. The winds had not dislodged them, nor had birds eaten them to the core. Probably, well protected by leaves and prongs of wood, the force of the gales had been broken. But, now, all the shelter was ruthlessly torn down. So it is that, when the brave array of the summer foliage of life falls, unsuspected graces show, proving that the fruit of the soul is greater than appeared.

So ends the parable of the apples, which I saw from My Lady's Garden, shining in the sun on a winter's day. I made friends with these fruits out of season. I looked for them every time I went down the garden; but, one morning, when the fallen leaves had been all turned into miniature Switzerland,--with their toothed edges for ice-peaks, and their ribs for ranges,--I missed the apples. The calm cold had done what all the bluster of the wind could not accomplish.

* * * *

On the South side of My Lady's Garden, there are many trees in pleasurable variety. Limes, which hang, sweet-scented over the fence which skirts the road; wild cherry, with a glory of blossom which makes you wish 'twere always spring; young walnuts, with aromatic leaves, and buds, and even husks,--so lingers the fragrance; laburnums, like Oriental womanhood, delicate in May, gorgeous in June,

and weird and hag-like in November; chestnuts, with glossy leaves, turning to old gold in autumn; lilacs, whose prevalent colour shows through both buds and seeds; hawthorns, pink and double red, sight for weary eyes dimmed with book-keeping; almonds, which blush all day under the vigorous compliments of the courtly train of Spring; acers and copper beeches, red and purple-brown, like Indian nabobs tanned with bile and sun; black poplars, all of a shake, the least word of the wind setting them in a flutter; silver birches, which have their summer gowns dyed yellow in October, and wear them till December.

All these, and more, stand in stately array on the South side of My Lady's Garden. The winds, that ancient order of campanologists, ring the changes on them; and, anon, perform the Oratorio of The Months, with the blackbird, nightingale, and thrush as chief soloists. Along by the lawn, is a row of young maples and planes; while, at the East end, where the garden finishes, and the meadow begins, there is a deep setting of Austrian pines on the inner side; and, on the other, the mountain ash,—which the thrushes can strip of berries in a September morning;—the weeping ash, more silver birches, and glorious laurels, with honey glands on the under mid-ribs of their leaves. Beyond is the meadow, a meadow of broken ground, where the wild succory grows, likewise the mallow, the milk thistle, and the wild scabious. Now, on these frosty mornings, every withered grass stem is a lance of ice. Soon, the morning sun shines with sufficient power to disarm this mimic array, transforming spears into tears. Thus one is reminded of what happens when the warmth of the Divine love takes effect, and the ice of indifference and the frost of opposition blunt and melt away.

* * * *

The gardener and I are, in these wintry days, the only human occupants of this domain, for the fair lady, the genius of the place, is far away by the sea. I fancy that this confidential servant to Dame Nature looks rather contemptuously at me as an idle fellow, who wanders aimlessly about, fingering things gingerly, spying through a small glass at apparently nothing at all; and, anon, gazing vacuously at the privet berries turning a dull olive colour under the influence of the frost. The Adamite comes down the paths with a broom, making a clean sweep of my miniature Switzerland. Then he betakes himself to the trees; and, soon, all the wild growth falls. Shoots, with subtle-coloured rinds, are nothing to this man with the knife;—they are cut back to the next year's fruit buds. Before the killing frost, I watched this George Fox of the garden go from apple to pear, from cherry to plum, sacrificing all externals for the sake of the fluffy tufts clustered at intervals along the branch, for within these was the only life worth fostering.

So I go on picking up ideas, and weaving parables; but, all the while, I have the notion that the gardener's restless energy is meant as a rebuke to me. Ah, well! It has been said that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." To what a greater degree can this be said of thoughts! A man, sunk in an arm-chair, blinking at the fire, may look neither useful nor ornamental; and

yet, even in that position, he may be working out ideas that will set the whole world wondering. Judge not according to appearances, O ye Adamites!

* * * *

I never knew a garden without a cat. Mostly, the possessor of flower-beds cries out that which was said of Gad, "A troop cometh!" Here, at least in the mornings, there is one,—glossy black,—Peggy, by name. Peggy, just now, is miserable, for the other ladies are all away, and she is shy of such gentlemen as the gardener and me. It is very amusing, early after a frosty dawn, to see Peggy select her sunny spots in which to sit. She prefers a South border, under a close oak fence which precludes draughts. Here she will crouch, hunchbacked, and turn her green eyes upon you as if you were responsible for the weather. Very human all this,—to monopolize the best and warmest place, yet still to pose as a martyr to circumstances.

If I had my own way, (when does that happen even to the most deserving of men?) I should increase the occupants of my study by importing a black cat, a jackdaw, and an owl. Every parson ought to keep an owl or a raven. I will tell you why, some other day. Once upon a time, I stood before Pastor A. G. Brown's aviary at Bow. He told me that his various feathered friends lived together in far greater harmony than many professors of religion. The only animal which makes free with my *sanctum* is a lovely blue-eyed silver Persian, over whom a lot of "baby English" is wasted by certain persons. The great point of attraction in this cat is her tail, which she carries with as much self-consciousness as a fine lady would her train. Now and then, she does what the fine lady would not dare to do, she takes flying leaps to the tops of piles of books. I have seen her, from the heights of literature, gazing, all eyes, out of window. I have followed the look, and have always found that it fell on a fat bird outside. Moral:—Fine fur does not make fine fancy.

* * * *

I do not like to be followed about by Peggy's green eyes, so I turn a corner of the garden, and go down a side walk. I pass a splendid sweet-briar covered with red berries, all frosted over. Talk of sugared confections! They might excel in taste, but not in appearance. Another thing comes to me as I pursue this walk. I crumple the worn-out calyx of a flower, and there lingers upon my finger-tips a faint perfume, reviving a memory of gorgeous petals full of scent. When I first discovered that this pinch of brown dust was fragrant, my heart beat faster. What! I thought, when all the beauty has departed, and only a shrivelled frame remains, will the fragrance still suffuse what is left? God grant it!

On these wintry mornings, I notice that the cold affects some leaves more than others. The rhododendrons look most disconsolate under a hoar frost, the spotted laurels sadly droop, and the iris seems as if it had fallen never to rise again. On the other hand, winter brings out the bravery and beauty of other things. So, adversities act on humankind. Compare the bramble and the ivy with the drooping heads around. The frosts have touched the leaves of the black-

berry bine; and, behold, they revel in new tints. Yes, the rough bramble defies the frost to crush it;—never is its fruit sweeter, or its leaves lovelier than when the cold first lays its hand upon the landscape. Do you want a bouquet for early December? Go you, and gather the bramble leaves, and the rusted leaves of roses; pluck off from sheltered birches sprays of yellow foliage; do the same by certain oaks, then intersperse the scarlet-berried yew, the soft-leaved holly, the privet black and orange, and the briar red with haws.

* * * *

But while all these charms adorn the latest month in all the twelve, as I moralize, I greatly miss the sweetest charm of all,—the presence of the lady of this fair place. Yes; all this is but as a frame with the portrait absent. A beautiful frame, richly set with jewels; but, ah, the picture! A man or woman of noble qualities is the highest excellence of any place, be it simple or superb. Yes, the presence; that is what I miss. So is it in higher things. The settings of worship may be interesting, but they are not satisfying. The garden of the Lord is as nothing without the Lord of the garden.

It is the season of the great Nativity, when,—

"In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago, . . .
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ."

Did He come when "Earth stood hard as iron"? Did He come to me when my heart was like a stone? Has His Presence turned my winter into spring? Then,—

"What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part;—
Yet what I can, I give Him,
Give Him my heart."

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XCVII.—PASTOR C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE return of Mr. Townsend to the old country, after a ministerial career in Canada of upwards of ten years, does not come as a surprise to those who know something of the heart-hunger for the land of one's birth, felt even amidst the happiest surroundings of a Colonial home. We have known instances in which the cherished hope of return was a positive agony, as its realization became uncertain. We have, also, known instances of considerable sacrifice and hardship, when the impulse has been followed to prevent a fading

hope deepening into the darkness of despair of ever seeing the homeland, and greeting once more kinsfolk and acquaintances amidst the familiar scenes of childhood. Home is the only cure for homesickness; hence it is that Mr. Townsend is once more at home.

Whether he will remain here, he himself cannot determine. Should he receive a call to a pastorate, and he is sure the call is of the Lord, he will, of course, "pitch his moving tent." Should no such invitation come, he will recross the Atlantic,—as soon as his heart-hunger for the old home is appeased,—with the assurance of a loving welcome, and the certainty of a sphere of service in the land of his adoption.

During his term of residence in the Stockwell Orphanage, young Townsend was an aspirant for the ministry; and he certainly gave evidence of mental and oratorical powers, needing only to be brought under proper control, by higher culture and consecration, to make him a successful preacher.

Believing that a preliminary commercial training was most desirable for him, we secured him a situation; but his employer, the late Mr. James Harvey, offered to release him long before he had completed the term for which he was engaged, as it was quite evident that his heart and mind were not in business.

Consulting with the beloved President, Mr. Spurgeon sanctioned Townsend's return to the Orphanage for a period of private study until he could be admitted to the Pastors' College; and the late Mr. George Palmer, of Reading, who had been interested in the lad from his childhood, undertook, in conjunction with Mr. Harvey, to bear the expenses involved in this arrangement.

After passing through the College, and his qualifications as a preacher having been proved by his services in connection with the Evangelization Society, he accepted a call to a church at Inskip, Lancashire, where he laboured for several years with good success, and then succeeded to the pastorate of Conduit Road Church, Plumstead, where he found a sphere of happy service, to which he can still look back with grateful memories of holy endeavour and achievement.

Following the course of the sun, Mr. Townsend left England, in 1890, for Quebec, and then crossed the Continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway. After itinerating for a few weeks, he was called to the pastorate of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Spring Ridge, a suburb of Victoria, British Columbia. Here he found full scope for his energies, as, in addition to his pastoral work, he established and edited a monthly magazine, to which he was the largest literary contributor. As a member of the Ministerial Association, of which a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church was chairman, Mr. Townsend grew in the esteem and affection of his brethren, and was unanimously chosen to the secretaryship. Within two years, he trebled the congregation and doubled the membership of the church at Spring Ridge; but his resignation became necessary, as his wife could not endure the rainy season of the locality.

Taking with him the testimonial of the Ministerial Association, and substantial proofs of the affection of the church and congregation, Mr. Townsend made for Toronto; and, at the request of the denominational leaders there, he undertook the charge of the church at

Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec, where he laboured with many tokens of Divine favour and blessing. His sermon at the annual assembly of the Quebec Baptist Association, in the city of Montreal, and its publication in "The Canadian Baptist," proved the esteem in which he was held, and the estimate his brethren had formed of his powers.



Removing to New Brunswick, after a pastorate of three years, he became well and widely known, and was in constant demand for sermons and speeches on special occasions. By association with good and true men labouring in difficult and out-of-the-way spheres, and by his travels over considerable stretches of country in all weathers, he gained an experience which will be of lifelong advantage to him in his work as a minister of the Gospel.

After shepherding several more or less obscure churches, and doing "the work of an evangelist," he settled as pastor of the church at Hillsborough, N.B., and there, with a membership of five hundred,

and the usual organizations of a live Baptist church, Mr. Townsend found a sphere suitable to his temperament, laboured on for several years with untiring zeal, and lived in the loving esteem of those to whom he ministered. Calls to service found, perhaps, a too ready response, for the journeys involved were often long and tedious; but, despite his abundant labours, he continued his private studies, and kept in touch with all that is best in modern literature. His contributions to the Press secured him no slight literary fame, and his public lectures established a well-merited reputation.

When his heart-hunger for the old country became an agony too great to be longer borne, he tendered his resignation of the pastorate, which was received with surprise and regret. At the farewell service, many—and some of them had travelled a long distance—were unable to gain admission. Being commended to the grace of God, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend and their four little ones, terminated their sojourn in Canada; and, after a brief rest, set sail for England.

From the testimonials Mr. Townsend brings, the originals of which we have seen, the following will fitly close this tribute:—

The Ex-Premier of New Brunswick says:—"I exceedingly regret that we are to lose from our midst one who stands so high in the esteem of the denomination generally. Not only will the denomination miss a most earnest worker, but the country will lose a conscientious, God-fearing citizen."

The Secretary of the New Brunswick Baptist Convention writes:—"Mr. Townsend has enjoyed the undivided esteem of the brethren in the ministry with whom he has been associated. I can cheerfully commend our brother as a trusted and faithful labourer for Christ."

The Secretary of the Grande-Ligne Mission, Province of Quebec, writes:—"As a preacher, Mr. Townsend is regarded by his brethren to be a thoughtful, earnest, and eloquent exponent of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As a pastor, he is wise, sympathetic, and always helpful. As a man, 'he stands a man among men,'—respected for his upright, fearless, yet gentlemanly contention for what he thinks to be right. In denominational councils, he will be missed."

It is a pleasure, in itself, to contribute this article to the series of "Our Own Men and their Work;" but, to me, there is an added pleasure, as the subject of the sketch is one of "Our Old Boys" of the Stockwell Orphanage.

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

III.—A DONATION PARTY.

"AND, whatever is that?" we think we hear the English reader exclaiming as he scans the title of this article. In his mind, the word "donation" is associated with gifts to some philanthropic institution, or other worthy object. We beg to explain to him that,

in the present instance, the "institution" is that most excellent one,—a Baptist pastor, and he is the "object" towards which the gifts are directed; and, surely, there can be few worthier if he is what he ought to be.

In many of the rural parts of Canada, the minister, labouring in a scattered and comparatively poor community, receives but a small salary; and the generous custom prevails, among the members of his church and congregation, of paying him an annual visit, when they carry with them contributions in the shape of cash or provisions, and thus supplement his income. Such visits are pleasant, not only on account of their outcome in the enrichment of the good man's purse and larder; but also as an evidence of goodwill, and for the opportunity they afford for agreeable social intercourse. What happy recollections we have of such gatherings, and how we pity those brethren who have never enjoyed such an experience!

One day, two boys were playing. One was the offspring of a doctor; and the other, one of the "olive branches" of a preacher. Said the son of the Manse, "We had a Donation at our house last night."

"What's a Donation?" asked the scion of the surgery:

"Oh!" was the answer, "a lot of people came, and brought a lot of cakes and things, and ate 'em all up, and then went away again."

We are glad to say that reply does not describe a Canadian Donation. While, as we shall show, the visitors partake of the bounties they themselves provide, yet they leave the pastor much richer for their call at his house. In Canada, as elsewhere, some mean people are to be found; but, in the main, the inhabitants of that land are given to liberality, and we have reason to speak in the highest terms of their kindness.

To a servant of God, with a moderate stipend, and several children, a Donation is a matter of much importance. It often helps to tide him over difficult places, and is the means of making existence brighter for him and his loved ones. We wonder whether people outside ever guess how much the inmates of the Parsonage (In New Brunswick, the minister's residence is called the Parsonage,) indulge in speculation concerning the probable date and result of a Donation? Would it be wrong if we afforded them a glimpse behind the scenes? We think not. It might even stimulate them to do more, and to do it sooner.*

We wish it to be understood that the following sketch is imaginary, though based on fact.

Here is the pastor. He longs to obtain a new book which will be a great aid to him in the preparation of sermons. He would also be thankful to have his wardrobe somewhat replenished. His wife, too, has certain wants for herself and the home. They both, however, are more anxious about the needs of the children. There are Mary and Bessie; they really ought to have new coats for the winter, to say nothing of boots. And there is Tom; his best suit is getting very shabby. The baby, too, would be the better for a warm bonnet

* We wish it would also stimulate some English churches to supplement, in this pleasant fashion, the meagre salaries of their ministers.—ED.

and jacket. These things cannot be got unless something extra comes in, as the salary is rather behind, and they must not live beyond their means.

It is evening. The little study, though simply furnished, is cheerful and cosy. The preacher is busy preparing next Sunday's sermon. His wife is sitting in the rocking-chair, engaged at the never-ending task of mending socks. She looks up somewhat wearily, and says, "I wish the Donation would come, I don't know whatever we shall do if it does not come soon."

Her husband, a man of strong faith in spiritual concerns, is inclined to be despondent about his temporal affairs. So he lifts his eyes from his book, and replies, "I am afraid they are not going to have a Donation this year. I think they are getting tired of me."

"Oh! you always look at the dark side," exclaims his wife, who is naturally an optimist. "Why! everybody was full of your last Sunday morning's sermon; they said they never heard anything like it."

"Yes," says the pastor, with a pleased look, "it seemed to go well; but I can't make out why they're waiting so long before they give out the Donation. The roads will break up before they have it."

"Well, why don't you pray about it, dear?" responds the gentle wife, as she rises, and puts her hand caressingly upon his shoulder. "God knows what we need, and He can incline His people to help us."

So they bow before the throne of grace, and do, as they have often done before, cast all their care upon Him who careth for them. He who feedeth the ravens hears their cry; and, next Sunday, after the collection has been taken, one of the deacons announces that the friends are invited to meet at the Parsonage, on the following Tuesday evening. "The friends" all understand the import of such a notice, for they have been talking the subject over for some time among themselves, and many of them are of the opinion that the deacons are a little slow about moving in the matter. Here we may observe that it usually rests with those officials to determine the time, as there is no fixed day for holding the Donation, though it almost always takes place in the winter.

Every member of the minister's family is in high spirits at the dinner-table that Sunday. "Mother" playfully upbraids "Father" for his unbelief, and he has to confess that his faith *was* rather weak. Even now, he is afraid to be too hopeful, and says that they must not expect so much as last year, as money is scarce this season.

"There you are again," says his more buoyant companion, "always taking a gloomy view of things. Let's be thankful there is to be a Donation. I'm sure it will turn out all right."

As for the children, they are full of the coming event. They clap their hands, and cry, "I'm glad we are going to have a 'Do' (pronounced with the o long)." Even the baby appears to enter into the general joy; and, in his own broken English, repeats the exultant exclamations of his brother and sisters.

And now there is much consideration of the weather probabilities. Should a great snowstorm come, and the roads be consequently blocked, or heavy, the Donation will have to be postponed; and

things that are put off are seldom so successful as those held on the day originally appointed.

At last, Tuesday dawns cold, but clear, with roads in first-rate condition for sleighing. All within the house tells of busy preparations. It is true, there will not be any need to prepare food for the entertainment of the expected visitors, as they will bring with them enough and to spare. Still, there are many things to be done. The rooms must be put into a tidy condition. The lamps must all be cleaned and trimmed, and some others borrowed for the occasion, as every part of the house will be required for the accommodation of the numerous comers. Tom and his father repair to the village hall, and cart thence several forms and chairs; for those which suffice for the ordinary needs of the family will be totally inadequate when it grows to such proportions that it includes almost all the "brothers and sisters" in church-fellowship, beside a great many outside friends. As the afternoon draws to a close, the finishing stroke is given to the work of setting the house in order. All the apartments look very inviting, illuminated as they are with a great array of lights.

Now the members of the household give attention to their own appearance. Presently, they are dressed in all their best. Tom is commissioned to take the gentlemen into a room where they may divest themselves of overcoats and hats. The girls are to conduct the ladies upstairs to the best bedroom where they may relieve themselves of their wraps. The good housewife is radiant as she superintends arrangements in the kitchen. The stove is burning brightly; the large boiler, filled with water, stands upon it, ready for making tea and coffee when the guests arrive. Table-cloths, plates, cups and saucers, and other such requisites, supplemented from the church stores, are all in readiness.

The pastor, standing in the front hall, wearing his best Donation smile, looks the very pattern of Christian benignity. At these times, he acts the part of a pious lady who, though very deaf, was the means of attracting many people to the church she attended. Her explanation of success in that respect was, "I smile them in, and I smile them out." So with the pastor at the Donation; he has a happy look, a hearty hand-shake, and a cordial word of greeting for each fresh arrival. Nor is such a pleasant manner assumed merely with a view to self-interest. He always greets any callers at his house—except sewing-machine agents,—with a cheery aspect; and when they come, as now, with a desire to show their regard for him, he feels that it behoves him to receive them in a spirit of unfeigned love. It takes him all his time to welcome every visitor. Now he is outside, making room in stable, or barn, for another horse; and now he is shaking hands with some lady in the house, and telling her where to find his wife. It is his endeavour to neglect no one; and, during the evening, he manages to get a word with every person present. Sometimes, he will sit, for a minute or two, talking with some elderly member; then he will chat with a deacon; anon, he will joke in a harmless way with some young friends. He does his best to make all feel at ease, and he is particular to pay special attention to any who seem to be unnoticed by others.

In one sense, he is host to-night; in another, he and his family are guests; for the friends take complete charge of the house, spread the table, and invite the usual occupants to feast on the good things provided. And what a large company has assembled! Every room is crowded; and in the most commodious one, a banquet is set forth to which nearly every lady has contributed a share. So many people are gathered that they will have to take turns in sitting down; and, for two hours and more, the fair waiters will be kept busy supplying the needs of the happy though hungry crowd. At the first table, places of honour are found for the pastor and his wife. Their children prefer to wait until the younger portion of the assembly participate.

Meanwhile, in other parts of the house, there are likewise scenes of enjoyment. In the parlour, some of the older folk are engrossed in conversation; and in a room at other times empty, there is the sound of abounding life, for there the juveniles are indulging in some merry games. As for the study,—it has now become “the receipt of custom;” and at the desk are seated two brethren, one of whom takes charge of the cash offerings, while the other enters the name of the donor, and the estimated value of the gift, whether it be in money or goods. Upon this list, every family will be represented. It is customary to hand the provisions to the pastor, or his wife; the cash is retained until later in the evening, when the formal presentation takes place.

That ceremony is very interesting, and concludes the proceedings. The visitors are summoned into one of the rooms; and, as many as are able to wedge their way in, answer to the summons. Hither also are conducted the parson and his spouse, for whom a conspicuous position has been reserved. Then a chairman is nominated, who, after calling the meeting to order, asks some brother to make the presentation. This is done in a few cordial words expressive of esteem for the minister and his lady, the amount brought in is stated, and the pecuniary portion of it is handed over to the pastor. The fortunate possessor grasps his new treasure, (occasionally tied up for the nonce in a pocket-handkerchief,) and returns thanks. This he tries to do in a humorous manner, as he knows that his sermon style is hardly suited to the occasion. He says that he read in the newspapers, the other day, of a strange freak of anatomy,—a boy whose heart was discovered to be on the right side of his body. He is sure that the friends before him have all got their hearts on the right side; not in any abnormal way, but in a far better sense. He and his family are exceedingly grateful for all that has been so kindly given them;—particularly, for the money. They are aware that he has lately acquired a new horse, and the sum which they have handed him will pay for that noble animal, all but the tip of his tail, and he trusts that, too, will ere long be out of debt! He could say much more; but he wishes to make way for his wife, who, he can assure them, is a wonderful speaker. If they heard the lectures she sometimes gives him, they would be astonished at her fluency!

This little piece of raillery creates much laughter; for they all know that the lady in question, though a devoted worker, is no plat-

form woman. She beams her thanks upon those around, but cannot be induced to play the orator. Some other friends are called upon for speeches, one or two of whom respond; while others, upon hearing their names mentioned, beat a hasty retreat. After the singing of—

“God be with you till we meet again,”

there is a general dispersion. Soon, the last sleigh has driven out of the yard, and the music of its bells has died away into deeper silence.

The family then take a look round, repairing first to the pantry, which is richly stocked. The children have another helping of cake and pie, and are then put to bed, for it is far past their usual hour for retiring. Father and mother sit up for a while longer, go over the incidents of the evening, count the bills and coins, and examine the many additions made to their basket and store. Before they betake themselves to slumber, they do not forget to thank their Heavenly Father, who has heard their prayer, and who knows what things His children have need of, before they ask Him. The Parsonage is a happy home that night; and, if it can be, even happier are the homes of those who have ministered to the joy of that family, for “it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

* * * *

We have thus given a sketch of a Donation, which, if not exactly veritable history, is not altogether fictitious. It is all in accord with what has happened to ourselves, and many other servants of Christ.

Never shall we forget our *first* Donation. It was soon after coming as strangers into New Brunswick. Our previous work in Canada had been in a town pastorate, where Donations are not in vogue. Upon coming into this Province, we took charge, temporarily, of a large field consisting of three churches, covering a wide tract of country in what some might consider the backwoods. Here there was no house for the minister, and no residence could then be procured where one might have neighbours close at hand. A good sister, a member of the church, living elsewhere, placed at our disposal a disused and partially-furnished farmhouse. This we accepted gratefully, as we had sold our furniture at a sacrifice before leaving Quebec, and our finances were somewhat straitened. The house was not specially attractive, though it possessed the advantage of being in the heart of nature. It had not been occupied for some time, and its situation was rather lonely. It stood on an extensive piece of grass land, and its front door was a long distance from the road. Upon that road, on either hand, were two tenanted farms; but they were scarcely within shouting distance. The most noticeable object that met the eye, on one side, was a private burial-ground, (quite a frequent sight in this part of Canada,) where some of the previous occupants of the dwelling were sleeping their last sleep. Often, as we returned, of an evening, from a meeting, have our eyes turned, as if fascinated, to that spot with its little clump of trees where the memorial stones loomed white in the moonlight.

It was peculiarly dull for the wife, when we were away for a day or two at a time on our pastoral rounds. Our children, then, were

very small, and were not much company at night. The house, too, standing on a knoll, was a target for all the winds of heaven, and many an ominous sound might be heard by ears made sensitive by an active imagination. Though the wife was not of a poetical temperament, had little share of superstitious dread, and was normally a woman of sound nerves, yet often did she feel rather depressed when sitting alone after nightfall.

But, not many weeks after we entered on our abode there, we had a pleasant invasion which banished all thoughts of ghosts, and made us remember that, though we had no very near neighbours, there were many not far off who answered to the Scriptural definition of that character. One afternoon, a team drove up, and left a barrel of flour. Then came another, bringing a load of wood; and, later, we began to see several approaching sleighs. Soon, a considerable company had arrived, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present were some excellent singers, and the old house became resonant with song. Some hymns will always be associated in our minds with that happy time. How well we remember that favourite into which new life and meaning were infused,—

“There is a land of pure delight,”—

with a tune then new to us, and the chorus,—

“When the first trumpet sounds, I’ll be there.”

That night we tasted afresh the sweetness of Christian fellowship, and thanked God for those who had not forgotten to entertain strangers. Many serviceable things were left behind when the kind friends departed. There were mats for the floor, garments for the children, butter, eggs, tea, sugar, and other necessities for the table,—not to speak of a roll of dollar bills. It was not, however, these tangible tokens of kindness that made us so greatly appreciate that visitation; but the fact that there were so many who had thought about us, and whose hearts were warm towards us.

If our *first* Donation leaves so bright a spot in our memories, neither is our *last* likely to be erased from the tablets of our mind. We were now no longer strangers in a strange land, nor were we away from the haunts of men. We were living in the main street of the flourishing little town of Hillsborough, and under the shadow of the large Baptist church, with its massive tower. Our friends had met to give us a farewell expression of their esteem before we left for the old land. The joy of the meeting was touched with a little of sadness, as we thought how soon pastor and people would be widely separated by an intervening ocean; for they had learnt to love one another, and ties had been formed that no distance can sever, nor eternity itself unbind. Ah! how we feel, at such times, the transitoriness of earthly things, and yet the everlastingness of those things (among them, Christian love,) which are spiritual! There is deep feeling now, in the speaking, as a purse is handed to the pastor; and he, in words tremulous with emotion, thanks those who have thus again shown their affection towards him. Afterwards, he and his family receive some private proofs of the regard in which they are

held. And then there comes the final "Good-bye," when they take train, and the platform is crowded with well-wishers,—among them a minister and members of another denomination,—to have one more grasp of the hand. The last glimpse is seen through eyes dim with weeping; but the heart is sustained by the thought of that day when there shall be no more sea, and God Himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

We fear that we cannot convey to English readers any adequate idea of the goodness of Canadian Baptists to their pastors. Not only do they give on the occasion of the annual Donation; they are most ingenious in devising opportunities for the display of their appreciation. Particularly, do they hasten to supply any need that is apparent to them. It is no unusual thing to present the minister and his wife with fur garments, carriage robes, or even a sleigh. We had not been in our first permanent pastorate, in New Brunswick, more than a week or two when we were waited upon by a deputation, representative of a large number of our hearers, who asked our acceptance of a handsome fur coat.

And not merely collectively, but also individually, do they delight to show their generosity. When making visits at the homes of his flock, the pastor often receives something in the shape of produce to carry home. At Christmas, especially, the preacher and his family will be kindly remembered. We have received, at that season, as many as six turkeys, besides geese, chickens, beef, etc. Some readers may wonder what is done with such a supply, and fear that, unless additional mouths are called into requisition, it must go to waste. Oh, no! one of the advantages of the Canadian winter is that it preserves what in England would be perishable. In that favoured land, we just freeze what we wish to keep, place it in a barrel packed with snow, and draw out as demand requires.

And Yule-tide is made bright by many other gifts adapted to the various members of the family, and needs of the household.

* * * *

In closing this discursive article, we cannot forbear referring to a novel surprise to which we were treated one Christmas Eve. Early in the evening, several friends, mostly young, came and took possession of our study, from which they proceeded to order us, forbidding us to enter again until they had worked their will. We accordingly took refuge in the dining-room on the opposite side of the hall-way. The children had already retired, and were sound asleep. Husband and wife crouched together, and waited in trembling suspense. Presently, they heard some heavy body being dragged in through the front door, and evidently deposited in our intellectual *sanctum*, from whence, now and again, mysterious noises proceeded. The listeners drew closer together, and sought, in whispers, to keep up one another's courage. After what appeared an age, we heard one and another of our strange visitants leaving the house, and sometimes there would be a sound of laughter.

Waiting until we think we may venture with safety, hand in hand we pass into the deserted study. What a sight strikes upon our

vision! There, at one end of the room, is a giant Christmas tree, whose top reaches even unto the ceiling. How richly its spreading branches are laden! Here is something for "Pa," something for "Ma," warm fur-trimmed bonnets for the girls, a beautifully painted hand-sled for the boy, and other presents too numerous now to specify.

Next morning, the children awake very early. They are eager to know what "Santa Claus" has brought. In their bedroom, they find well-filled stockings, previously prepared by their parents with a view to sustaining the reputation of that wonderful personage. Then we suggest that he may have dropped something in the study. Half-dressed as they are, they hurry into that retreat of learning, and peering through the uncertain light discover the outlines of a mammoth tree. How quickly they return, with a joy shadowed by fear, to tell the tidings to father and mother! With a look of incredulity, we accompany them; and, at the spectacle which greets us, appear greatly astonished as well as genuinely pleased. To this hour, our children believe that "Santa Claus" wrought that piece of magic. We have never attempted to disillusionize them; for we ourselves are firm believers in that benevolent old gentleman. Is he not the personification of that spirit of love to little children which was born at Bethlehem?

While we are on this subject, we desire to put in a plea for that which was the best-beloved of all the philanthropic schemes set on foot by our now glorified President. As we write these closing words, we see before us an iron box, and upon it, in the light of the Christmas candles, we discern the inscription, "Donations for the Stockwell Orphanage." If our readers will heed that silent but powerful appeal, we shall take it as a personal favour, for we owe more to that beneficent Institution than our poor pen can write; and in helping it, they will be showing kindness to One greater and better far, even to Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(Continued from Vol. xxxvii., page 609.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(a) *The Testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ (Continued).*

Let us advance one step further in this argument. Even on His way to the cross, and in the unutterable agonies of Calvary, Christ quoted sentence after sentence from the Old Testament Scriptures to enemies and disciples alike as prophetic, God-inspired, and explanatory of His actions and sufferings. When the multitude, in the one passing glimpse they seemed to get of His glory as Messiah,

exclaimed, "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest;" and even the children cried in the temple, "Hosanna to the Son of David," He said to the chief priests and scribes, "Yea; have ye never *read*, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?" (Matthew xxi. 16.) And when the dark shadow of the coming betrayal cast its gloom across all spirits at the paschal feast in the upper room, Christ pointed out to His inner bodyguard* of loyal followers that there was a needs be for it,—it must be so, "that the *Scripture* may be fulfilled, He that eateth bread with Me hath lifted up his heel against Me" (John xiii. 18). "The Son of man indeed goeth as it is *written* of Him; but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had never been born" (Mark xiv. 21). After the glad yet tearful institution of the Lord's supper, "when they had sung a hymn," and gone out into the mount of Olives, Jesus said to them, "All ye shall be offended because of Me this night: for *it is written*, I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered (Mark xiv. 26, 27; Matthew xxvi. 31); "For I say unto you, that this *that is written* must yet be accomplished in Me, And He was reckoned among the transgressors, for the things concerning Me have an end" (Luke xxii. 37).

Thus, also, in the strange weird sadness of the garden scene, our Lord rebuked His impetuous defender, Peter, in the words, "Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels? But *how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled that thus it must be?*" "In that same hour said Jesus to the multitudes, Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take Me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on Me. But all this was done, *that the Scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled* (Matthew xxvi. 52—56; Mark xiv. 48, 49); and, *pre-eminently and finally, on the cross*, when "reproach had broken His heart" at the hiding of the Father's face as "He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin," Christ, our beloved, suffering Substitute, and Saviour, broke the silence of His infinite and unknown agonies, through the three hours' darkness, with the piteous death-cry from the twenty-second Psalm, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" "After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, *that the Scripture might be fulfilled*, saith, I thirst;" and every prediction concerning His crucifixion being consummated, immediately exclaimed, "It is finished;" and then gently breathed His spirit into the guardianship of God with words quoted from another Psalm (the 31st) "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit: and having said thus, He gave up the ghost" (Matthew xxvii. 46; Mark xv. 34; John xix. 28—30; Luke xxiii. 46). Thus, both in the ministry of life and in the unparalleled agony of death, our blessed Redeemer testified, with unbroken tenacity, His unswerving belief in the God-breathed utterances of Moses, David, and "all the prophets;" and, in the light of such a witness, we may well pity and pray for those critics who, to the wonder of mortals, the

mourning of angels, and the exulting of devils, dare impertinently and blasphemously to contravene this unequivocal testimony of our unimpeachable and sovereign Lord, Jesus Christ.

There is, however, another school of thought, much more reverent in its criticism of our Lord, but possibly even more dangerous and seductive under the guise of an apparently plausible position. Christ—these teachers affirm,—being circumscribed by the limitations of His humanity, was deficient in His knowledge; and, therefore, as man, ignorantly and mistakenly endorsed many incidents and utterances of the Old Testament Scriptures, which a fuller acquaintance with facts, and a higher education would have caused Him (as it does them!) to deny. Now that, in the great mystery of the Incarnation, the Son of God "made Himself of no reputation," "and being found in fashion, as a man, He humbled ("emptied"—Greek, "ekenosen"—) Himself (Philippians ii. 5—8), we readily admit. That "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" (Luke ii. 52); and that there is much difficulty encompassing the interpretation of such an utterance as "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in Heaven, neither the Son, but the Father" (Mark xiii. 32); but further than this we dare not go, since this theory, while saving the honour and character of our Divine Redeemer, appears to directly impugn and assail His essential Deity. Thus, while "Accommodationists" would rob us of Christ's integrity, "Limitationists" would apparently undermine His Godhead, if they could.

We must ever remember that, when "the Word" which, "in the beginning was with God," and "was God," "became flesh," and "the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father," "expounded" and revealed God (John i. 1—4; 14—18); Jesus Christ, while possessed of a dual nature, was ONE PERSON, (NOT TWO,) who, all through His earth-life, continually manifested both the human and Divine elements in His unique and perfect personality. When the weary, worn-out "Son of man" was aroused from slumber by His affrighted disciples in the Gennesaret storm, He, as "Son of God," commanded the winds and waves into "a great calm" (Mark iv. 37—41). When the humanity of Jesus wept in sympathy with Mary and Martha at their brother's grave, His Godhead issued the mandate, "Lazarus, come forth;" and, from the corruption of death, the man was resurrected (John xi. 33—45). Yet there were not two Christs, two Redeemers; but one, "the very same Jesus;" while, even if there were, occasionally, not only a veiling, but also a restraining of the Divine nature, through the handicapping influences of the human nature of our beloved Saviour,—which we do not for a moment concede;—yet, surely, our Lord's opinion, even as teacher and man, is worthy of more weight and credence than the *dicta* of any modern critic whose judgment, however sagacious and impartial, must necessarily be formed from evidence two millenniums further away from the original source of the Old Testament Manuscripts and Writings than that possessed by Christ and His apostles; and in the competition between present-day scholarship, however excellent, and the

findings of the Founder of Christianity, and that great Hebraist, Paul, there can be no hesitancy whatever on the part of Christian men in unreservedly accepting the conclusions of the latter.

But the acts and speeches, miracles and records of our Divine Lord remove this question altogether outside the range of any possible controversy; at least, to those who respect the teachings of the Gospel memoirs. On only one occasion, in the first thirty years of the Saviour's life, is the veil lifted, and a slight glimpse given us of His inner mind and methods; and that, singularly enough, by the biographer Luke, *prior* to the words already quoted, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" (ii. 52); and subsequent to the testimony recorded immediately after Christ's Incarnation, "And the Child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him" (ii. 40). When "twelve years old,"—one year before the age at which Jewish lads, according to custom, accept personal instead of parental responsibility for their thoughts and actions,—at the feast of the Passover, "The Child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and His mother" "seeking him" "it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers" (ii. 42—52). Surely, in the light of this wonderful incident, and the impression it created upon "all that heard Him," we may well ask, was this,—any more than the evidence of the astonished Jews, some twenty years subsequently, "And the Jews marvelled, saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" (John vii. 15), indicative of a limited knowledge, or of Divine omniscience? Certainly Joseph and Mary did not teach our Lord this wisdom, nor did He learn it at the feet of His antagonists! Whence, then, came it, and that wonderful power to read the secret thoughts and sentiments of friend and foe alike? Verily, there can be but one feasible answer given; JESUS WAS GOD; and, therefore, "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for He knew what was in man" (John ii. 24, 25).

Thus, the quiet prayerfulness of godly Nathanael, the soul-anxiety of Zacchæus the publican, the hypocritical captiousness of Simon, Christ's host, the hidden sins of the poor woman at Sychar's well, the vacillation and unreliability of His disciples, the treachery of Judas, and the quarrelling of the apostles, all stand revealed to Christ as fully as though petitions and murmurings had sounded *directly* on His ears (John i. 46—50; Luke xix. 3—6; vii. 39, 40; John iv. 17—19; 29; vi. 61—66; xiii. 21—28; Luke ix. 46, 47); while, especially in His contentions with the scribes and Pharisees, we get familiarized with such phrases as "*Jesus knew their thoughts*," "and He answered them,"—although, in many cases, they had only silently watched and criticised,—the omniscience of the Divine Redeemer reading the innermost reasonings, reflections, and plottings of His opponents' hearts as they spake *within* themselves. "There were certain of the scribes sitting there, and *reasoning in their hearts*, 'Why doth this man thus

speaking blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only? And immediately when Jesus perceived *in His spirit* that they *so reasoned within themselves*, He said unto them, Why reason ye these things *in your hearts?*" (Mark ii. 6—8; see also Matthew ix. 3, 4; xii. 25; Luke vi. 7, 8; xi. 17, 38, 39; xiv. 1—5.)

In the light of such statements, it seems almost incredible that any believer in the Gospels should still maintain this God-dishonouring tenet of the Saviour's circumscribed knowledge. Yet, even were it true, assuredly such limitations must, at any rate, have ceased AFTER THE RESURRECTION. We look, accordingly, with great concern, to see what attitude was adopted by the risen Jesus towards the question of Old Testament Inspiration; and, somewhat to our surprise, find, not only the same wonderful reverence as of yore manifested by the Lord in handling "The Sacred Writings," but His revelation of Himself as the Risen One brought home to His disciples, on the occasion of the remarkable walk to Emmaus, through the overwhelming and enlightening evidence and exposition of "Moses and all the prophets." And herein is a truly wonderful thing,—to meet the *scepticism* and disappointment of these two lonely broken-hearted followers, Christ did not disclose His majesty, make bare His glory, or work a mighty miracle, but simply, *through a course of Bible study*, proved to their burning hearts, on the authority of the opened Scriptures, that, in the eternal purposes of God, He, the Crucified, must rise again, and "enter into His glory." "Then He said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning at *Moses and all the prophets*, He expounded unto them *in ALL the Scriptures* the things concerning Himself" (Luke xxiv. 25—27); and, again, unto "the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them," in the upper room, He said, "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were *written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms*, concerning Me. Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, *Thus it is written*, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His Name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke xxiv. 44—47). Confronted with this unreserved, comprehensive, and deliberate endorsement, by our risen Lord, of "all the Scriptures" in "the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms," does any critic seriously assert, in order to evade the inevitable issue of Plenary Inspiration, that *Jesus Christ, in resurrection power and glory, was really deficient in knowledge, ignorant of history, and handicapped by the limitations of a human body?* We can scarcely conceive it possible; yet, if he does make such an assertion, it can only be by a necessary, although perhaps unintentional, denial of our risen Saviour's essential Deity and God-

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.

Another volume of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*—the 47th,—is now completed, and can shortly be obtained through all booksellers or colporteurs, or direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, post free for 7s. In "The British Monthly Christmas Number," recently issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll writes:—"We do not know more refreshing, awakening, suggestive, warning, and comforting pages in religious literature than those of 'The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.' For ministers and teachers they are simply indispensable. The preacher who does not possess some volumes of 'The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit,'—the more the better,—who does not read them to kindle his own soul, is poorly furnished for his work. It is by those who speak in the spirit of Spurgeon that England will be raised from its religious lethargy. Better part with all commentaries, German and otherwise, and be content with the Bible of Spurgeon, than neglect this signal trumpet-voice."

Such a testimony, from such a keen literary critic, ought not to pass unheeded. While heartily thanking Dr. Nicoll for giving it, we hope it will have its due weight with all whom it concerns. We wish that every deacon, in all English-speaking countries, would see that *his* pastor was supplied with this "indispensable" part of his ministerial equipment, and that all Sunday-school superintendents would take care that *their* teachers were similarly "furnished" for their work. Then might we begin to hope that England, and other lands, too, would be "raised" from their "religious lethargy."

Messrs. Robert Banks and Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C., have published, at 2d. and 4d., *The Baptist Almanack and Directory for*

1902. Every year, it increases in value by reason of the extra care taken to ensure accuracy in the information and in the biographical and other articles that it contains. There is an excellent portrait of Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, with a brief sketch of his remarkable career; and the frontispiece is a charming photographic group of Pastor and Mrs. E. H. Ellis and their four children. This alone should give the Almanack great acceptance with the congregation at the East London Tabernacle, where our brother begins his stated ministry with the New Year; but there are many other interesting items in the little book which should secure for it a hearty welcome in all Baptist homes.

The Bible Union Handbook and Christian Worker's Companion for 1902 (Partridge and Co.) is a compilation full of good things. Our readers will be pleased to know that, among the writers quoted, are C. H. Spurgeon, D. L. Moody, Thomas Spurgeon, F. E. Marsh, and Mark Guy Pearse. The minimum subscription for membership in the Bible Union is one shilling, and each subscriber receives a copy of the Handbook free. All communications should be addressed to Pastor William S. Wyle, Lee Mount, Salcombe, South Devon; or to Mr. E. Tanton, "San Remo," Tonbridge, Kent.

The Golden Rule, published by the Sunday School Union, at 2s., is another Annual that can be commended without hesitation or reserve. It is to be hoped that its circulation will help its readers to carry out the message of the children's hymn:—

"Never lose the golden rule,
Keep it still in view;—
'Do to others as you would
They should do to you.'"

From the Sunday School Union also comes the volume of *Notes on the Scripture Lessons for 1902*, a bulky book, abundantly illustrated, and containing much helpful material for a teacher who really studies the lesson, and honestly uses these "Notes" to supplement, and not to supplant, his own prayerful labours. There are some useful "Hints on Lesson Preparation;" a list of books for teachers, not all reliable; a list of the kings of Judah and Israel; a brief Bible Dictionary; two maps; an Index to the Lessons, and a Textual Index. All this, beside the Lessons, for 2s. 6d. net; what more ought any teacher to need, except that "Divine Light" and "Divine Presence" of which Mr. Spooner rightly speaks in his Introduction.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have sent us *The Minister's Pocket Diary and Clerical Vade Mecum for 1902*, price 2s., which is equally suited to the requirements of a Nonconformist pastor or an Episcopal clergyman, and supplies a vast amount of useful information in a conveniently portable form.

The Annuals issued from Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, — *The British Messenger*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, and *Good News*, — are always reliable and welcome, for they are full of the Gospel from cover to cover. They ought to be circulated by millions. The set can be obtained for 2s. or 3s.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have sent us five *New Year Booklets*, price one penny each. They are similar in style to those issued in previous years, but we do not notice anything specially striking in any one of them, so we simply mention the titles and the names of the writers: — *El Shaddai*, by Rev. G. MARTIN CLARKE; *Can we Believe the Bible?* by Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A.; "*The Outgoings shall be thine*," by SOPHIA M. NUGENT; *The Minister's Dream*, by CHARLOTTE MURRAY; and *The Divine Art of Loving*, by Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

From the same publishers comes a sixpenny booklet, — *Nobility's True Badge*, by E. ADELINE SMITH, — containing a text of Scripture, and apt quotations in poetry and prose, to make up a set of daily readings for a month, inculcating kindness to animals. It is worthy of widespread distribution, for its lessons are greatly needed in these days.

One of the most quaintly illustrated fairy tales that we have seen for a long time is *The Wonderful Story of Dunder van Haeden*, by E. CHESTERTON, published by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, 8, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C., at 2s. 6d. net. We have seen a company of little children gazing at the queer pictures, and listening, open-mouthed, to the strange tale about the head of —

"Dunder van Haeden,
In the city of Leyden;"

and when it was finished, paying it the highest compliment in their power by crying, "Oh, read us it again, please!"

Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons have issued, at 2s. 6d. net, a pocket edition, in one volume, of JOHN BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Holy War*, and *Grace Abounding*. It is printed in clear type, on thin India paper, and is well bound. It would make a most acceptable present to a friend, and should help to bring into greater prominence the works of the great allegorist which are not so well known as his popular *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Studies of the Man Paul. By ROBERT E. SPEER. Partridge and Co.

ONE of the fullest and finest books for preachers on the apostle Paul, that has ever appeared. Every page is crowded with thoughts and suggestions that should bear fruit in public speech. Here, for a shilling and sixpence, a deacon, or other minister's friend, can find the book that will give new inspiration to the pastor, and so bring refreshing to the donor's own soul in turn.

Why does not some enterprising publisher or bookseller get a list specially printed of books suitable as presents to pastors, and see that it reaches their deacons just before Christmas or the New Year? We make the suggestion in all seriousness, and without charge, and would place these "Studies" high up on such a list.

Life's Journey. By J. J. Part-
ridge and Co.

A PAMPHLET-PARADLE, full of gracious teachings as to life's true path, and the danger of wandering into By-path Meadow. It will reach some whom more direct teaching would repel, and we gladly welcome it on that account.

Notes.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Readers living in London, or friends from the country who may be in town on Tuesday, December 31, may be glad to be reminded that there will (D.V.) be a **WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE**, as usual, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on the last night of the year, commencing at 11 o'clock, the address to be given by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

Friends in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle may like to know that a **NEW LATE SERVICE** has been arranged, in the lecture-hall, every Lord's-day evening (except the first in the month), beginning at ten minutes past eight. The Secretary (Elder Savager) writes: "We have already to thank God for setting His seal to the ministry of the Word. These extra meetings are intended to take the place of the open-air services. They commenced on November 10, and will be continued (D.V.) throughout the winter months. Pastor C. B. Sawday has the oversight; and we hope, by systematic visitation of the immediate neighbourhood, to get some, at least, of the non-church-goers to attend. For the most part, however, the audience is composed of those who attend the previous service in the Tabernacle. We are believing that this extra effort will be much blessed of God."

The following singular instance of blessing, through the reading of one of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, was recently reported to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon; it is somewhat remarkable that the discourse referred to should have been founded upon the incident which is the subject of Mrs. Spurgeon's "Personal Notes on a Text" in the present number of the Magazine:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,

"When I was twenty years old, I was deeply convicted of sin; and the more I tried to be good, the worse I saw myself to be in the sight of God. I was in business at the time, near Edinburgh; and became so anxious about my soul that I was not able to work, so had to go to my father's house at Bathgate.

"One day, whilst walking on a country road, I found a penny; at the time, I had no money on me; and when I got into the town, I bought a 'Christian Herald' with it. I was in an awful state of despair; and I thought that, if I read one of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, I might get some light. I did read it, but felt no better.

"The next day, a remarkable thing happened. I met a man who had another 'Christian Herald,' and I asked him to exchange with me, which he did; and it was while reading his copy of the paper that I saw Jesus as my Saviour. The text was, 'Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.' I have still got the paper, and have often read the Sermon.

"After that, I continued in business until 1893, when the Lord called me to go to the heathen. . . . My wife and I have been labouring in Southern India, in connection with the Ceylon and India General Mission.

"I trust this little account of my conversion will encourage you to go on praying that God will still use your good husband's Sermons."

The first of the new issue of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in POLISH has come to hand. It is the one entitled 'Jesus, the Substitute for His People.' 7,000 copies of it have been printed, and the trans-

lator, Dr. Pindor, writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"In the name of the many friends and admirers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in this country, I express our very best thanks for this kind gift, and pray God to bless it wherever it goes." Our readers, especially those who have helped to provide the funds for the foreign translations, will be sure to present a similar petition.

Don Angel I. Bianco, of Tangier, is continuing the monthly issue of SPANISH translations of the Sermons. He has now reached No. 5, the discourse which, in English, is entitled "The Great Arbitration Case." Prayer is desired on behalf of these Sermons also.

Many friends have been interested in the extraordinary photographic freak which has produced a number of imaginary figures in the shrubbery in the central illustration of *John Ploughman's Almanack for 1902*. It is purely an optical illusion, for there were no persons there when the snap-shot was taken. If any of our readers have not discovered the figures, they may be pleased to be told that, if they will look straight up from the horse's collar, they will see the form of a lady with her right hand up to her face. Then, above the man on the left of the group, a couple can be discerned,—a white-headed old man and a girl. But, most wonderful of all, in a direct line with the hay at the back of the cart, is a remarkably good portrait of "John Ploughman" himself, without his hat, and leaning upon that ivory-handled walking-stick which was his inseparable companion whenever he took his walks abroad in the later years of his life on earth. We have no sort of superstitious belief concerning the figures among the trees; but there they are, plainly enough for all who have eyes to see them.

The secretary of THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY writes, on December 4:—"We have just held a very successful four days' Gospel Temperance Mission. On Sunday, November 24, the Pastor preached two splendid Gospel Temperance Sermons, in the morning appealing especially to our own church-members to abstain; and we have much reason to thank God that in many cases, the appeal was not made in vain. On the Monday, Pastor T. Spurgeon presiding,

two excellent addresses were given by Brethren Cartwright and Skinner, of the College; solos by Mr. Chamberlain. On the Tuesday, Pastor C. B. Sawday presiding, the speakers were Brethren Noble and Fraser, of the College; the Orphanage choir and handbell ringers taking part in the proceedings. On the Wednesday, Deacon C. P. Johnston presiding, the soloist was Miss Russell, and the speaker Brother Stanton, of the College. On the Thursday (baptismal service), the Pastor preached, and Mr. Chamberlain sang.

"Altogether, we took about 80 pledges, and there were two or three cases of conversion. We also know of some pledges taken by our members in their own homes. Gospel Temperance work was never more encouraging at the Tabernacle than it is at present.

"This evening, we have had a visit from our old friend, Capt. Clarke, R.N., who gave, to a fair audience, a breezy lecture, entitled 'The Two Voyages.'

"On January 1, we are (D.V.) to have a visit from Pastor John Wilson, of Woolwich Tabernacle."

The annual meeting of the HADDON HALL TRACT SOCIETY AND BENEVOLENT FUND was held on Wednesday, Nov. 27th. G. H. Dean, Esq., J.P. was to have presided, but was unavoidably detained. After a short report from the Secretary, Mr. Taylor, Pastor T. E. Howe, of Ilderton Road Chapel, D. G. Legg, Esq., of the Religious Tract Society, and Evangelist J. Mayze delivered unusually interesting and appropriate addresses. Nearly £70 was given or promised towards the £120, which is the usual annual income of the Benevolent Fund. An interesting incident in the meeting was the presentation of a copy of the four volumes of *Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Standard Life* to Mr. and Mrs. Cox, who have long opened their house for the Society's Sunday-afternoon prayer-meeting, but are now leaving the neighbourhood.

We give extracts from the Tract Society's Report:—"The Society, under the able and earnest leadership Mr. J. Standing, has had a year of happy and prosperous work. Some 40 distributors are regularly visiting quite 1,500 families. Not only are loan tracts, in covers, exchanged at each visit of the regular distributor; but, occasionally, the *Haddon Hall Evangelist* and notices of special meetings at the Hall are also left at the houses. This

Society, therefore, keeps the work at the Hall in touch with absolutely all the immediate neighbourhood.

"The distributors meet upon the second Sunday of each month to take tea together, followed by prayer and conference. It may be interesting to our readers to give a slight sketch of their last meeting, Sunday, November 10. Mr. J. A. gave an interesting report of three persons he had found upon his district eager and willing to receive the good news of the Gospel. He has the greatest hope that God has begun to work in these hearts, and anticipates that he will be able to report their conversion to God. Miss M. D. spoke of being away from the district for some time, and receiving a very hearty welcome from the inhabitants upon her return. Mr. H. R. S. spoke of the great wickedness and indifference he found upon his district. He said that, though he had visited over ten years, he was unable to see the good done by his efforts. He believed, however, that God would have him visit where the Divine Word is so greatly needed. He expressed his desire to stick to the work till God called him away. Others also spoke of their difficulties or encouragements in the work."

"In connection with the work of the Tract Society, it was found, some time ago, that the distributors were constantly coming across cases of great temporal need. A Benevolent Fund was therefore started, and has now an annual income of about £120. During the past twelve months, 1,224 tickets for coals and provisions were distributed. Money from the Society is never given, but only gifts in kind. We believe that this timely help has prevented a vast amount of suffering in our neighbourhood, and made way for a quiet hearing of the Gospel where otherwise the pinch of poverty would have prevented its reception.

"Mr. Olney adds his personal testimony of what he has seen of the work of the Tract Society and Benevolent Fund, especially with regard to the following most interesting case. One of the distributors reported a man seriously ill. He had asked to see him, and, although the request was granted, not the slightest desire was shown to hear about the Saviour. The distributor, however, informed the President, and Mr. Olney went. He found him extremely ill; and, after a little quiet talk about his sickness, gained the

man's confidence, and was able to pray with him, and point him to the Saviour. After a few visits, this friend passed away, rejoicing in Jesus. It was an incident of apparently determined resistance to the hearing of the truth, and a gracious victory of the Saviour's love over sin and unbelief. But for our Tract Society, this man would probably have died in the darkness in which he had lived."

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. W. V. Burch, at Summertown, Oxford; Mr. D. Fraser, at Bedworth and Longford, near Coventry; and Mr. C. Potter, at Commercial Road, Oxford.

Mr. J. Easter has gone, from Diss, to Wattisham, Bildeston, Suffolk. Last month, we mentioned that Mr. H. Jenner was removing, from Waterbeach, to Walsworth Road, Hitchin; but we find that the church to which he is going is the one at Tilehouse Street.

The President of the Pastors' College desires to thank an anonymous friend for the gift of a valuable silver keyless watch, "for one of the students." Mr. Spurgeon has arranged that it shall be presented to the best all-round man as indicated by the December examinations.

COLPORTEAGE.—In all the districts, the colporteurs have had a busy month; and if, in some cases, the business returns have not quite reached the usual standard it has not been their fault, but must be attributed to lack of spending-money in the villages.

Several enquiries as to new districts have been received, which give hope that, with the New Year, fresh agencies will be established.

The lantern lecture has been given in quite a number of places in Somersetshire, and also in Hampshire, affording interest, and yielding welcome assistance to the funds.

On November 19, by the arrangement of Mr. H. Mears, a public meeting was held at the Shaftesbury Hall, Ealing. Mr. Councillor Hedges presided, the Vicar was one of the speakers, and Rev. G. Gleghorn, J. W. Berry, Esq., the colporteur, and the Secretary, took part. A collection was taken on behalf of the Colportage funds. The Secretary has visited the new district near Stowmarket, and on November 24, took services at the Congregational Chapel,

Mendlesham, where Mr. J. H. Seager, the new colporteur, is actively working to secure a prosperous cause.

An energetic effort to obtain funds has resulted in a greatly improved list of contributions; but, at the time of going to press, a considerable sum is yet needed to give hope of avoiding a deficit upon the year's balance-sheet.

Interesting reports from Districts have been received, of which the following are samples:—

A brother writes:—"Calling at a house, last month, I got into conversation with a servant, who came to the door. As I spoke to her concerning sin and salvation, tears of penitence fell from her eyes, and I have great reason to think that she there and then accepted Jesus as her Saviour."

Another of our agents says:—"We had a blessed Sabbath at our little chapel yesterday; at the close of my appeal in the evening, a man and his wife both left the meeting weeping, in evident concern about their souls."

A further letter tells the history of a Marked Testament:—"A Christian man, who had purchased a Marked Testament, went from this District to Guy's Hospital. While awaiting an operation, which had been arranged, he read out of the Book to other patients; and, before leaving was enabled to rejoice over the conversion of three persons as a result of those readings."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—November 28, thirteenth.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 9th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
Miss A. Bidewell	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harvey Piper	2	2	0
Mr. Anderton	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	4	0	0
Mr. R. Brazil	3	0	0
Pastor J. J. Knight	1	0	0
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Executor of estate the late Miss Palmer	100	0	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	2	0	0
Mr. W. Bridges	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Contribution from Portslade Baptist Church, per Pastor H. J. Dyer ...	2	0	0
Mr. P. Davies, per Mrs. James Withers	0	10	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mr. John Robinson	1	1	0
Proceeds of annual tea and meeting, including collection £25 15s. 10d.	50	12	1
Weekly offerings and collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	36	11	4
	<u>£220</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>11</u>

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 9th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Church	0	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Missionary Union	45	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. T. Stevens	0	10	0
J. G. P.	2	0	0
	<u>£47</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>0</u>

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Receipts from November 15th to December 9th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	173	0	6
Miss Higgs	10	0	0
Miss Emma Higgs	10	0	0
Mrs. Smith	2	0	0
Mr. R. Brazil	2	0	0
Deposit interest	1	17	9

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Everett	5	0	0
Miss J. Johnson	0	10	0
Mrs. Haddock	1	0	0
	<u>£205</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>3</u>

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 9th, 1901.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss E. Moores	7	5	0	Miss J. Turnbull	0	10	0
Miss L. Stuchbery	1	0	0	D., Aberdeen	0	5	0
Master F. R. Linsell	0	3	6	Mrs. J. J. Hicks	0	10	6
Miss E. S. White	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Mackie	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Coward	0	3	6	Bloomfield Road Bible-class Mutual			
Mrs. Hodgson	1	0	0	Improvement Society, per Mr.			
Mrs. Dudfield	10	10	0	A. G. Rolstone	0	14	0
Mr. W. Hastie Kennedy	1	1	0	"Home Magazine," per Mr. G.			
Mr. Geo. Tolley	0	10	0	Clarke	7	5	0
Miss L. Armstrong	0	2	6	Miss Watts	2	2	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	5	0	0	Part proceeds sale of work, Maesteg,			
Collected by Mr. T. F. Bromham	0	10	1	per Mr. W. Jenkins	12	0	0
Mr. W. E. Coysh	0	10	6	Mr. A. Cowell	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. E. Coysh	2	18	0	Miss Hardiman	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Beard	0	14	0	Miss H. Clark	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. Hensby	0	5	0	Kaapminden, per Mr. R. E. Kemp	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Hose	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Thomson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Howard Moore, J.P.	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Church	0	13	11
Miss Spackman	0	5	0	Miss G. Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	100	0	0	Attercliffe Baptist Church, Sheffield,			
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0	per Rev. J. Gyles Williams	10	15	2
Mrs. A. Smith	0	10	0	Mr. W. Linklater	0	4	0
Master D. Freeman	0	5	6	Rosebery Park Baptist Sunday-			
Sympathy	0	10	0	school, Bournemouth, per Mr. D.			
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	0	9	4	Banks	0	11	7
Collected by Miss G. Harvie	0	5	6	Collected by Miss Grove	2	4	4
Collected by Miss D. Butler	0	6	0	Bunkers, per the Editor of the			
Young women of the Y.P.S.C.E.,				"Christian Herald"	0	5	0
Victoria Baptist Chapel, Deal, per				Mr. C. White	0	10	0
Miss F. Pledge	2	11	7	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Collected by Miss M. Rayner	0	5	1	S. F. H., Rockcarry	0	2	5
Collected by Mrs. Holland	0	6	6	Zion Y.P.S.C.E., Bacup, per Mr.			
Collected by Mrs. Mapleston	0	2	6	J. H. Sharp	0	15	4
Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per				Glamorgan	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	11	6	Mrs. Clarke, in loving memory of			
Collected by Mrs. Jordan	0	10	6	W. T. Clarke	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	8	3	Mrs. Keevil	10	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Harrison	0	3	0	Sympathy	0	10	0
Collected by Miss N. Fowler	0	12	0	Collected by Master A. E. Edgerton	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	14	0	Mr. H. R. Dalglish	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Williams	0	5	0	Per Messrs. Passmore and			
Collected by the Misses Bath and				Alabaster:—			
Curtis	0	6	0	Mrs. E. W. Winter	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Everett	2	17	6	Mr. D. Scott	0	13	5
Collected by Mrs. Holder	0	19	0				
Collected by Mrs. Stevenson	0	10	6				
Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0	6	0				
Miss Barrett	0	5	0				
Miss L. Backhurst	1	1	0				
Postal order, Welshpool	1	0	0				
Collected by Mr. C. S. Pellatt	0	17	0				
Collected by Mrs. E. Chubb	0	5	0				
Collected by Mr. T. M. Powell	0	3	6				
Collected by Miss Q. Jackson	0	1	2				
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	0	14	6				
Collected by Miss H. Wood	0	5	0				
Collected by Mrs. E. E. Moase	0	5	6				
Collected by Miss L. Stanley	0	6	0				
Collected by Mr. W. Boys	0	14	8				
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0				
Collected by Miss I. Hills	0	6	0				
Stamps, Burnley (Insurance-money)	0	2	6				
Collected by Miss G. Farnfield	0	7	0				
Collected by Mrs. Pankhurst	0	5	0				
Mrs. E. M. Chalke	0	10	6				
Collected by Miss Gates	0	5	0				
Collected by Miss D. Towers	0	2	4				
Mrs. M. H. Spry	1	0	0				
W. A.	0	5	0				
Collected by Mr. Burn	0	2	4				
Miss J. Pearce	0	5	0				
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—							
Mr. A. Cumpsey	0	10	6				
Mrs. A. Nagle	1	0	0				
Anonymous	10	0	0				
	11	10	6				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. R. White	0	2	6	Herne Hill Baptist Chapel	2	0	0
Miss Pinkstone	0	2	6	Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wim-	12	13	10
Postal order, Creetown	0	1	0	bledon	9	0	0
Mr. A. Hutton	1	0	0	Whitefield Memorial Congregational			
Mr. F. W. Kay	0	10	0	Church	10	0	0
Miss R. E. Taylor	1	0	0	Harlesden Congregational Church	10	0	0
Mrs. Garrett	5	0	0	Literary Society	10	0	0
Mr. F. C. N. Holloway	1	0	0	Victoria Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth	10	0	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Flower Mission, per Miss L. A.			
A friend	1	0	0	Higgs	5	0	0
Miss K. E. Lathbury	0	10	0	RECEIVED AT COLLECTORS'			
Mrs. H. Olney	0	3	0	MEETING, TUESDAY, NO-			
Mr. J. Hardy	0	5	0	VEMBER 19TH, 1901:-			
Mr. J. W. Harmer	0	6	0	Boxes:-			
Miss Gregory	0	5	0	Ashwell, Miss E.	0	1	11
Miss Fort	1	1	0	Angus, Mrs.	0	5	2
Mr. R. Baxter Booth	1	1	0	Ashwell, Miss E.	0	1	1
Mr. J. Lewis	0	10	0	Austin, Miss	0	4	4
Miss Wells	0	10	0	Andrews, Mrs.	0	5	8
Miss C. Sladen	0	2	6	Adey, Miss	0	1	7
Mrs. J. E. Maunder	2	0	0	Bone, Master F. H.	0	1	6
Mrs. C. Wilson	0	5	0	Butler, Mrs.	1	3	4
Executor of the late Mr. Richard				Brooking, Mrs.	0	11	9
Wain	300	0	0	Bingham, Mrs.	0	8	2
Executors of the late Miss Eliza				Bacon, Miss	0	5	6
Bartlett	276	1	5	Boswell, Mrs.	0	17	7
Mr. J. South	1	12	0	Bolton, Mrs.	0	9	4
God's tenth	0	10	0	Burton, Mrs.	2	8	3
Mrs. Wright	0	4	0	Bell, Miss	0	1	6
Mrs. E. Gregory	2	0	0	Belleine, Miss C.	0	3	5
Mrs. Kelly	1	1	0	Belleine, Miss F.	0	2	1
Mr. J. Bridges	0	5	0	Buhicrosan, Miss	0	6	3
Crystal Palace, per Pastor Thos.				Ball, Mrs.	0	3	5
Spurgeon	5	0	0	Bishop, Mrs.	0	2	3
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	Belben, Miss	0	2	8
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FUND:-				Bradbury, Miss	0	2	10
Mrs. Shearman	2	2	0	Blake, Master E.	0	1	10
Mrs. Tice	0	10	6	Clow, Miss Ethel	0	9	2
S. B. S.	1	1	0	Crowder, Mrs.	0	15	8
Bessie	5	5	0	Cook, Mrs. M.	0	2	0
Mrs. Lovatt	0	2	6	Cuthbert, Miss	0	2	7
Mrs. Gamar	2	2	0	Cornish, Miss	0	3	11
Miss P. White	0	2	6	Ching, Miss	0	3	3
Mr. A. Hutton	0	5	0	Carpenter, Miss	0	3	0
Miss F. E. Lang	0	5	0	Dobson, Mr.	1	8	3
H. E. S.	1	1	0	Davies, Mrs.	0	11	0
Mrs. Murdoch	0	2	6	Dyer, Miss	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Clover	0	5	0	Davies, Mrs.	0	5	8
CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLEC-				Ellis, Miss E.	1	14	0
TIONS:-				Ellis, Mrs.	0	2	4
Mr. R. J. Reuter	0	2	6	Evans, Miss	0	1	9
SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:-				Ellis, Miss M.	0	6	0
Mrs. Green	2	0	0	English, Miss L.	0	1	8
Mrs. E. Mackie	0	10	0	Felton, Miss Jessie	0	5	4
Mrs. G. Howes	0	5	0	Fitzgerald, Mrs.	0	6	9
Mr. A. Hutton	0	5	0	Fowler, Mrs.	0	1	8
Mr. F. W. Kay	0	10	0	Fryer, Master D.	0	5	9
Per Mrs. J. Withers:-				Field, Mrs.	0	4	6
Mr. E. P. Collier	1	0	0	Frost, Miss	0	3	0
Mrs. S. J. Collier	1	0	0	Gaskell, Master R.	0	2	4
Mr. P. Davies	1	0	0	Grant, Miss	1	0	0
Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0	Glaves, Miss	0	2	8
Mr. T. Wells	0	5	0	Hill, Mr. G. C.	0	3	1
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6	Hall, Miss L.	0	5	3
MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH				Horton, Mrs.	0	7	2
AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOR:-				Hart, Master	0	1	6
Brasted	5	17	9	Hurst, Mrs.	0	4	6
Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road	0	10	6	Hornal, Miss M.	0	2	10
Surrey Chapel Children's Mission	1	5	0	Hollobone, Mrs.	0	5	4
Richmond Street Sunday-school:-				Hobbs, Miss E.	0	8	1
For expenses	1	0	0	Horne, Miss	0	2	7
Sale of programmes	0	10	1	Herd, Mrs.	0	5	6
Mount Zion Sunday-school, White				Hertzell, Mrs.	0	9	10
Lion Street:-				Jewhurst, Miss	0	5	9
Proceeds of meeting	7	3	6	Johnston, Miss	1	17	10
Collected by scholars	2	16	6	Jenkins, Miss	0	2	1
Sale of hymn sheets	0	6	6	Jifkins, Mrs.	0	2	2
Paradise Road, Clapham, P.S.E.	10	6	6	Jcal, Mrs.	0	2	6
	2	4	0	Knights, Miss C.	0	1	3
				Kerridge, Miss	1	15	0
				Kerridge, Miss N.	1	9	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Larkman, Miss ...	0	10	3	Wood, Miss ...	0	10	6			
Lambourne, Mrs. ...	0	5	0	Walker, Miss A. ...	0	14	2			
Liddiatt, Miss ...	0	3	6	Whittington, Mrs. ...	0	12	7			
Latt, Master E. ...	0	1	1	Wilkes, Miss ...	0	3	4			
Legg, Miss K. A. ...	0	2	8	Willis, Miss ...	0	12	3			
McLennan, Miss ...	0	4	7	Walters, Mr. W. H. ...	1	5	6			
Montague, Mrs. ...	0	10	4	Watling, Mrs. ...	1	5	0			
Manning, Misses ...	0	13	2	Weller, Miss ...	0	12	0			
Marsh, Miss ...	0	5	0	Webb, Master K. ...	0	2	5			
Murby, Miss ...	0	1	7	Weeks, Miss ...	0	5	2			
Mallison, Mrs. ...	0	8	11	Young, Miss ...	0	1	5			
Middleton, Mrs. ...	0	2	0	Young, Miss ...	0	2	0			
Manwaring, Miss D. ...	0	2	5	Boxes under a shilling ...	0	8	0			
Messent, Master H. ...	0	3	2	Odd farthings and half						
Mackey, Mrs. ...	0	11	0	pence ...	0	2	3			
May, Miss ...	0	5	10					46	2	0
Marshall, Mrs. ...	0	8	4	Books:—						
Ogilvie, Mr. D. J. ...	0	1	0	Broughton, Mrs. ...	0	7	0			
Orton, Miss ...	0	5	3	Coleman, Mrs. ...	0	15	0			
Peck, Miss ...	0	4	4	Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—						
Pavey, Miss ...	1	2	2	Messrs. Pocock						
Pearson, Master A. ...	0	2	3	Bros. ...	2	2	0			
Parker, Mrs. ...	0	9	8	Mr. W. W. Thompson	2	2	0			
Perkins, Miss W. K. ...	0	2	5	Mrs. J. L. Auckland	1	1	0			
Perrin, Master A. ...	0	1	6	Mrs. Everidge	1	0	0			
Perry, Master ...	0	4	3	Mrs. Martin ...	0	5	0			
Price, Mrs. ...	0	2	3					6	10	0
Richardson, Miss ...	0	14	10	Howes, Mr. C. ...	0	10	0			
Richardson, Miss ...	0	1	1	Price, Mr. ...	0	17	0			
Roberts, Master ...	0	3	8	Saunders, Mr. W. E. (the				4	10	0
Russell, Mrs. ...	0	4	4	late) ...						13 9 0
Randall, Master H. ...	0	6	2	Donations:—						
Rymill, Miss ...	0	2	11	Barrow, Mr. S. jun. ...	25	0	0			
Stainthorpe, Miss ...	0	1	10	Barr, Mr. ...	0	2	6			
Stainthorpe, Miss E. ...	0	4	9	Blakeley, Miss ...	0	2	6			
Spencer, Miss ...	0	1	2	Dykes, Mrs. W. ...	1	4	0			
Skinner, Master ...	0	2	2	Everett, Mrs., and Son	0	5	0			
Shires, Miss B. ...	0	1	7	Jones, Miss M. ...	0	5	0			
Skinner, Miss Grace ...	0	2	11	P per, Mr. E. W. Harvey,						
Stevenson, Miss ...	0	7	9	per Mr. F. Thompson...	5	5	0			
Stewart, Miss J. ...	0	2	5	Seed, Mrs. and Miss, per						
Thomas, Master ...	0	1	2	Miss Tarrant ...	1	0	0			
Tungate, Mrs. ...	0	5	4	A friend, per Mr. Holland	0	2	6			
Thorn, Master ...	0	3	7					33	6	6
Thomas, Miss ...	0	2	8							
Usherwood, Mrs. ...	0	2	8					£1,051	15	2
Vears, Mrs. ...	0	10	0							
Wren, Mrs. ...	0	5	1							
Westwood, Mr. W. P. ...	1	14	0							

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM NOVEMBER 15TH TO DECEMBER 7TH, 1901.

Provisions:—37 lbs. Meat, Mr. Gunn; 1 box Christmas Fruit, Mr. Alfred Tilley; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; half ton of Jam, Mr. G. H. Dean; 1 Sheep, Mr. W. J. Graham; 1 box of Flour, The Coombs "Eureka" Acrated Flour Co., Ltd.; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—25 Articles, Mrs. Joyce; 5 Articles, Mrs. G. A. Bailey; 36 yards Flannelette, Mr. John King; 2 Articles, Anon.; 6 Articles, S. M. W.; 70 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 18 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 17 Holland Pinafores, The Hounslow Providence Baptist Sewing Meeting, per Miss S. P. Mortimer; 16 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Gregory; 9 Articles, 1 Quilt, Anon.; 33 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill, per Mrs. H. A. Cunningham; 26 Articles, Mrs. Proctor; 6 yards Flannelette, Miss Gregory.

Boys' CLOTHING:—6 Night Shirts, Mrs. Curtis; 1 Shirt, Mrs. Melhuish.

GENERAL:—A parcel of Periodicals, Master F. R. Linsell; a quantity of Goods, for Sale-room, Mrs. M. Hunt.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 8th, 1901.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny ...	11	5	0	Penrhicweither, per Alderman R.			
Mendlesham, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	11	5	0	Cory, J.P. ...	11	5	0
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood				Sellindge, per Miss Goble ...	0	2	6
Bros. ...	10	0	0	Horsforth, per Miss C. E. Bilbrough	11	5	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Sinall-				Maldon, per Mr. A. J. Sadd ...	7	10	0
wood ...	8	15	0	Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P., D.L.	11	5	0
				Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James	4	0	0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Opington, per Mr. W. Jones	...	11	5	0	Mr. George H. Dean, J.P.	...	10	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	...	11	5	0	Mrs. Olney	...	1	1	0
Maldon, per Rev. C. D. Gooding	...	4	0	0	Mr. William Olney	...	2	2	0
Ringley, per Rev. J. Martin	...	11	5	0	Sir George Williams	...	2	2	0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds, J.F.	...	10	0	0	Mr. W. Payne	...	1	1	0
North Newton, per Mr. F. Adams	...	11	5	0	Proceeds of lantern lectures at Liminster, etc., per Mr. W. D. Dunning	...	2	18	0
		£145	12	6	Proceeds of public meeting at Ealing, per Mr. H. Mears	...	2	12	6
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—					Mr. R. Spink	...	1	0	0
		£	s.	d.	Surrey Mission, Pirbright, per Rev. E. Roberts	...	7	10	0
Mrs. E. Gregory	...	£1	0	0	Mr. John Lamont	...	1	1	0
GENERAL FUND:—					Mrs. Browne	...	1	1	0
		£	s.	d.	Mr. W. H. Willcox	...	2	2	0
Miss Hancock	...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Dennis	...	0	5	0
Le Limited, per Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	...	5	5	0	Mr. Alfred Culverhouse	...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Gregory	...	0	10	0	Mrs. E. A. Jensen	...	2	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	...	2	2	0	C. P.	...	1	0	0
Miss Dransfield	...	0	10	6	Mr. Daniel Murchie	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Brazil	...	4	0	0
Mrs. E. Nagle	...	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Church	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Bridger	...	0	5	0
Mr. John Davies	...	0	10	6	Mrs. Smith, Java	...	4	0	0
Special offering, Peterborough	...	0	3	8	Mrs. J. R. Haywood	...	1	0	0
Miss Fletcher	...	0	7	6	Mr. John Marnham, J.P.	...	2	2	0
Mr. Arthur Pearce	...	0	10	0	Mr. A. S. Tatnell	...	5	0	0
Mrs. F. Upton	...	5	5	0	Mr. H. N. Philcox	...	0	5	0
Collections at Mendlesham, per Mr. J. H. Teager	...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Stocks	...	0	2	6
President's Birthday Fund	...	25	0	0	Mr. C. Goddard Clarke, J.P., L.C.C.	...	1	1	0
Proceeds of lantern lecture at New Winsor, per Mr. E. Piercey	...	0	7	6	Mr. F. Adams	...	0	10	6
					Mrs. F. Adams	...	0	10	6
							£100	19	8

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

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

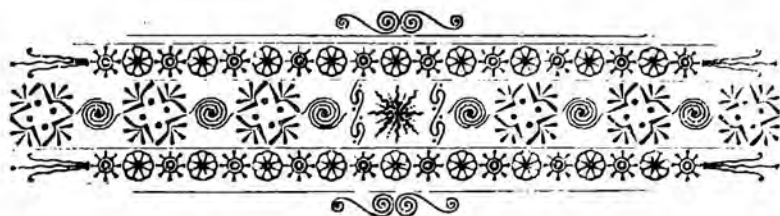
		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
W. S.	...	1	0	0	Mr. H. Higbed	...	0	5	0
A thankoffering from Miss H—	...	2	0	0	C. P.	...	1	0	0
Anonymous (with £10 for College, £3 for College Missions, £10 for Orphanage, £2 for Colportage, and £5 for Book Fund)	...	10	0	0	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—				
					"Grateful"	...	0	8	6
							£14	13	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.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

Earliest Recollections of C. H. Spurgeon.

BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF,

WITH ONE OF THE EARLIEST SERMONS OF C. H. SPURGEON, PREACHED
AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.



IT was on a Thursday evening, in the month of July, 1854, that I heard the beloved C. H. Spurgeon preach a sermon from Psalm lxxxiv. 6: "*Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.*" The Revised Version renders this text thus, "Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs." Since I first heard C. H. Spurgeon, of ever-

blessed memory, at New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, I have often had to pass "through the valley of Weeping," and the remembrance of that early Sermon has often been to me as "a place of springs." Dear old New Park Street Chapel! The memory of that blessed "place of springs," how sweet it is to-day, and will be through the eternal ages, for it was there I found Jesus, my Saviour!



NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL AS IT IS NOW.*

Here are my recollections of that early sermon by C. H. Spurgeon on "THE VALLEY OF WEEPING."

Pilgrimage to some shrine seems to be an essential part of most religions. The tribes of Israel made yearly journeys to Jerusalem, that, at one great altar, they might sacrifice unto the Lord their God. Borrowing the idea, probably, from the Jews, we find the teachers

* This illustration, and the one on the previous page, are reproduced from *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, which is published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, and contains many interesting details concerning Mr. Spurgeon's services at New Park Street Chapel.

of false religions inculcating the same custom of pilgrimage to the shrines of their idol gods. The disciples of Brahma are required to undertake long and painful journeys to the temple of Juggernaut, or to the banks of their sacred river, the Ganges. The Mohammedan has his Kibla of worship; and, if he be a thoroughly devout follower of the false prophet, he must, once in his life, offer special petitions at Mecca. And have we not heard of the palmer plodding his weary way to the holy sepulchre, and of the Canterbury pilgrims going to the tomb of Thomas à Becket?

The religion of our God, the revelation of our merciful Father, who is in Heaven, does not deal thus with His children. God's religion prescribes no pilgrimage to any earthly shrine. It knows nothing of any local restrictions. It speaks in this wise: "Ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

. . . The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Our God cannot be worshipped truly and spiritually by any merely outward observances.

Yet spiritual pilgrimage is one of the leading ideas of the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Each Christian is mystically a pilgrim. His rest is not here. He is not a citizen of earth. Here the believer has no abiding city. He is journeying to a shrine unseen by any mortal eye, whither his fathers have already arrived. His one object is to complete this life-journey. He came into this world, not to dwell in it, but to march through it in haste. In the fullest and truest sense, the Christian is ever a pilgrim. To a thoughtful Christian, nothing can be more pleasing than to mark the footprints of the good Shepherd's flock, and to trace the track they have left in the blood-besprinkled way. The biography of the Christian life is an interesting subject of study. To enter in by the Wicket Gate, to sit in the Arbour by the hillside, to lie and sleep in the Chamber of Peace in the House Beautiful, to stand on the Delectable Mountains, or to walk among the spice-beds of the Land Beulah, yields far sweeter pleasure than fairy dreams, or tales coloured by the fancy of the narrator.

All parts, however, of the Valley of Weeping are not so inviting. We love not to enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death, nor to draw nigh to the mountains of leopards, nor the lions' dens, yet even these places must be traversed in the course of our pilgrimage. Our text suggests to us, with regard to the Christian's pilgrimage, *a gloomy place, a toilsome effort, and a Heavenly supply*. Dear hearer, come with me now to THE VALLEY OF WEEPING, into which you either have entered, or you will one day have to enter if you are a pilgrim to Zion's City bound.

I. First, consider THE VALLEY OF WEEPING AS A GLOOMY PLACE. The best description given of the Valley of Baca seems to be that it was a defile through which a portion of the tribes had to pass on their journey to the city of their solemnities. It was a place noted for its dryness, and therefore pits were dug there for the purpose

of holding rain-water for the thirsty wayfarers as they passed through the valley. But, possibly, the psalmist looked, not so much at the place, as at its name, which signifies, "Valley of Sorrow, or Tears." The Septuagint translates it, "The Valley of Lamentation"; and the Latin Vulgate, "The Vale of Tears." We may therefore read the verse thus, "Who passing through the Valley of Weeping make it a well."

Of this valley, we may observe, first, that *it is a place much frequented*. The way to Zion lies through its glooms. Many of God's chosen ones are carried from their mother's breast to glory, and thus escape this dreary place; but all others of God's children have to pass through it. Some seem to be almost always in it. They can just dimly recollect happier days, but those are past long ago. They have, for some time, been the children of grief. They seldom eat a crust unmoistened by a tear. Sorrow's wormwood is their daily salad. Perhaps, some sudden calamity has snatched away the gourd which covered their head; and, like Jonah, they think they do well to be angry even unto death. A haze, dark and heavy, hangs like a pall before their eyes, and clothes life's scenery with gloom and sadness. Some are linked for life with ungodly partners, and their days are made bitter, and their lives a burden. Various are the causes of grief. The chains of melancholy differ in their size and material. "Bound in affliction and iron," art thou saying, "He hath made my chain heavy." O child of grief, remember that the vale of tears is a much frequented place! Thou art not alone in thy distress; sorrow has a numerous family. Say not, "I am *the* man that hath seen affliction," for there are others in the furnace with thee. Remember, moreover, that the King of kings once went through this valley, and here He obtained His name, "A Man of sorrows." And it was while passing through this valley that He became "acquainted with grief."

But, blessed be God, all His people are not thus clad in sackcloth, and filled with bitterness. Some of them can sing for joy of heart, and, like the lark, rise to heaven's gate, carolling notes of praise. Yet, be it observed, there is not one of the children of God who has not had his Valley of Baca. He of the flashing eye and cheerful countenance was once walking in its dark and dreary paths. He who danced before the ark had cried unto the Lord "out of the depths." He whom you heard in prayer, with full heart blessing his Maker, was lately in his bed-chamber, crying out with Job, "Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together!" (Job vi. 2,) and also with Jeremiah, "He hath filled me with bitterness, He hath made me drunken with wormwood" (Lamentations iii. 15). O poor mourner, say not that *thou* art a target for all the arrows of the Almighty; take not to thyself the pre-eminence in woe, for thy fellows have trodden the valley, too, and upon them are the scars of the thorns and the briars of the dreary pathway.

Secondly, *this valley is exceedingly unpleasant*. We love to ascend the mountains of myrrh, and hills of frankincense, rather than to descend into this dismal region, for tribulation is not joyous, but griev-

ous. Disguise sorrow as we may, it is sorrow still. No pilgrim ever wished to enter here, though there have been many who have rejoiced in the midst of its darkest and most gloomy paths. In "the Valley of the Shadow of Death," they have feared no evil, for Jesus has been with them, and He has comforted them.

Now let me briefly tell you why this valley is so unpleasant to the Heaven-bound traveller. It is so because *he can find no water in it*. Earthly joys fail us continually; and all created cisterns, one after another, are dried up. A hot, dry wind steals away every drop of comfort, and, hungry and thirsty, our soul fainteth within us. No fruit of sweetness grows here. This valley well answers the description of Dr. Watts,—

"It yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy."

Travelling in this valley is, moreover, disagreeable because *the way is rough and rugged*. In some parts of the Christian journey, we are led into green pastures and beside the still waters, but this valley is thorny, stony, and flinty, and in every way uncomfortable. True, there are many labourers, called Promises, ever at work breaking the stones, and helping passengers over the more difficult places; but, for all that, journeying through it is very rough work for all, but especially for those pilgrims who are weak and ready to halt.

It is also frequently *a place of darkness*. The vale of tears lies very low, and descends far beneath the surface of the earth. Some parts of it, indeed, are tunnelled through rocks of anguish. The chief cause of its darkness is that, on either side of the valley, there are high mountains, called the mountains of sin. These rise so high that they obscure the light of the sun. Behind these Andes of guilt, God hides His face, and we are troubled. Then how densely dark the pathway becomes! Indeed, this is the very worst thing that can be said of this valley; for, if it were not so dark, pilgrims would not so much dread passing through it.

The soul of the Christian traveller is also often discouraged because of *the length of the way*. Through the darkness of the valley it seems as though it had no termination, for, although it is known that the dark river of death flows across its extremity, yet, in the darkest seasons, the Celestial City, on the other side of the stream, cannot be seen. This is the Egyptian darkness which may be felt; and, like solid piles of ebony, at such times it appears to have in it an adamant hardness.

Besides, this valley is *much haunted*. Evil spirits are very common in it. When a man is in the Valley of Baca, Satan will soon be at him. Like the bandit, he waylays us in the roughest and darkest part of our way. This greatly deepens and intensifies the horror of the place.

But, thirdly, *this valley is very healthful*. In all the King's dominions, save alone the royal pavilion in glory, there is no spot more conducive to the health of the soul than this. The air from the sea of affliction is extremely beneficial to invalid Christians.

Continued prosperity, like a warm atmosphere, has a tendency to unbind the sinews, and to soften the bones; but the cold winds of trouble make us sturdy, hardy, and well braced in every part of our being. Unbroken success often leads to an undervaluing of mercies, and to forgetfulness of the Giver; but the withdrawal of the sunshine leads us to look for the sun.

Fourthly, *this valley is a very safe place*. We are not so likely to stumble in rough ways as in smooth and slippery places. Better walk on rugged rocks than on ice. If we lose our roll, it is in the Harbour of Ease, not in the Valley of Baca.

Fifthly, *this valley is, therefore, a profitable place*. It is said that stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well even when they cannot be discerned from the top of a mountain. It is certain that many things are seen in the valley of adversity which are not even dreamt of by the man who is on the summit of the mountain of prosperity. We need affliction, as the trees need the winter, that we may collect sap and nourishment for future blossoms and fruit. Sorrow is as necessary to the soul as medicine is to the body.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the laud where sorrow is unknown.”

The benefits to be derived in the vale of tears are greater than its horrors, and far outnumber its disadvantages. There was a fiction, once, of a golden cup at the foot of the rainbow. It would have been no fiction had they put the golden cup in the rainbow of the dark cloud of trouble. In this Valley of Baca, there are mines of gold and of all manner of precious things; and, sometimes, even in the dark, one may perceive the diamonds glisten. Many a pilgrim has here been made “rich to all the intents of bliss.”

II. Observe, in the second place, **THE PILGRIMS’ TOILSOME EFFORT**: “Who passing through the Valley of Baca make it a well.”

When Eastern shepherds travel, if they find no water, they dig a well, and thus obtain a plentiful supply for themselves and for their cattle. So did Isaac, and so also did the princes and the nobles for Israel in the wilderness. When we are thirsty, and there is no water to be found in the pools, we must dig deeply for it. Calvin translates our text, “They, passing through the Valley of Weeping, will together make it a fountain; the rain also will cover the cisterns (or reservoirs).”

This teaches us that *comfort may be obtained even in the Valley of Baca*. We often look for comfort, and fancy that there is none. Like Hagar, the child of our hope is given up, and we lie down to die; but why should we die when there is water to be had, if we will but seek for it? Let no man say, “My case is hopeless”; let none say, “I am in the valley of weeping, and can never again know joy.” There is hope; there is “the water of life” to cheer our fainting souls.

This text also teaches us that *comfort must be obtained by exertion*. Well-digging is hard labour; but it is better to dig for water than to die of thirst. Much of the misery Christians feel arises from inaction.

Cold numbs the hand if it be not exercised. We are bound to use every Scriptural means to obtain the good we need. The sanctuary, the prayer-meeting, the Holy Scriptures, the Lord's supper, the company of the saints, private prayer and meditation,—all these revive and refresh the soul. We must dig the wells. If there be rocky granite, we must bore a way through it; and, what a mercy it is that, if the well has ever so small a bore, the water will flow through it!

This text further teaches us that *the comfort obtained by one is often of use to others*; just as the wells dug by one company of travellers would suffice for the company that came after them. I read some book full of consolation, which is like Jonathan's rod, dropping with honey. "Ah!" I think, "my brother has been here before me, and dug this well." "*Songs in the Night*" could only have been written by that nightingale in the thorns, Susanna Harrison. Many a "*Night of Weeping*," a "*Midnight Harmonies*," an "*Eternal Day*," "*A Crook in the Lot*," "*A Comfort for Mourners*," has been a well dug by a pilgrim for himself, which has proved just as useful for others. Specially we notice this in the Psalms. "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" (Psalm xlii. 11). The psalmist dug that well *for himself*; yet how many are still drinking of its refreshing waters! Travellers have been delighted to see the footprints of a man on a barren shore, and we love to see the waymarks of the pilgrim band of Christians as we pass through this vale of tears. Yea, the very refuse and *débris* of the preceding camp have often furnished food for the stragglers behind.

III. We may now notice, in the third place, THE HEAVENLY SUPPLY: "The rain also filleth the pools."

The pilgrims dig the well; but, strangely enough, it fills from the top instead of from the bottom. We use the means, but the blessing does not lie in the means. We dig a well, but God fills it with rain. "The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord." The means are connected with the end; but they do not, of themselves, produce the end. The rain fills the pools, so that the wells become useful as reservoirs for the water.

Grace may well be compared to rain for *its purity*, for *its coming alone from above*, and from *the sovereignty which gives, or withholds, the showers*. But we must linger in this valley no longer, only desiring that you, dear hearers, may have showers of blessing, and that the wells you have dug may be filled with water. Oh, what are means and ordinances without the smile of Heaven? They are as clouds without rain, and pools without water. But when the Holy Spirit blesses the means, then we "go from strength to strength" until we appear before God in Zion. May the Lord bless the means now, for Christ's sake! Amen.

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(On the following Thursday evening, Mr. Spurgeon preached from Psalm lxxxiv. 7. My recollections of that Sermon, "Onward and

Heavenward," shall be given, if the Lord will, next month. When the now glorified C. H. Spurgeon was here below, and passing "through the valley of Baca," he dug a well, and called it, "THE CHEQUE BOOK OF THE BANK OF FAITH. BEING PRECIOUS PROMISES ARRANGED FOR DAILY USE. WITH BRIEF EXPERIMENTAL COMMENTS." How many thousands will drink of that well of blessing for very many years to come! Readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," if you have not possessed yourselves of that ever-springing well of living water, secure it at once from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.—T. W. M.)

Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."—Luke xxii. 61.

I HAVE been trying to picture to myself the details of this memorable scene in the hall of the high priest's palace, but I have failed signally; the awful tragedy therein enacted overwhelmed me with its dread significance; the lights of the picture were too evanescent, the shadows too deep and dark for my pen or pencil to portray; I have been able only to sketch in, or outline, a few points which may help us faintly to realize the impressiveness of the spectacle, and set us wondering at the patience, pity, and power of our Divine Redeemer.

Standing patiently at the upper end of the room,—for was it not said of Him, in the olden time, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter"?—the Master waits for His accusers. Lower down are congregated the soldiers, servants, lookers-on, and members of the high priest's household; and these, having kindled a fire, are talking over the strange events of the last few hours, and enjoying, in anticipation, the coming trial and verdict on the wonderful Man who has claimed to be the King of the Jews and the Son of the Most High God.

Peter joins himself to this motley crowd, hoping to escape observation, yet eager to see what would be the end of the matter which was assuming so serious and unexpected an aspect. He has already proved a traitor to his Master, for he "forsook Him, and fled," with the other disciples, notwithstanding his proud boast of loyalty and fidelity, so lately uttered. Now he is sullen, angry, disappointed, and fiercely reckless, ready to do Satan's bidding even to speaking falsely, and perjuring his own soul. Unable to conceal his identity, he is recognized and questioned by three different persons, on three distinct occasions, and each time he disclaims all knowledge of his Lord, following up the denial with oaths and curses!

One can imagine a great babble of voices and turmoil of sounds resounding through the hall;—did Peter think that his words would be lost in the din, and never reach the Master's ears? Or, did he not think at all? Did fierce and evil passions pour into his soul in such a torrent that he was carried away by them, and knew not what he did? An old writer says, "Christ takes more notice of what we say and do than we think He does;" and Peter soon became aware

that, though he had forsaken his best Friend, that Friend did not forget him; but concerned Himself about His poor sinning disciple, even while His own heart was breaking under the burden of a world's guilt and misery.

At the third utterance of Peter's shameful denial, the crisis of his iniquity is reached, the Lord's prediction is fulfilled, and the silent Figure at the far end of the place,—hitherto motionless,—turns round, and fixes its searching gaze on *one* among the noisy crowd gathered round the fire. *And what a look was this, think you?* That moment was the turning-point of Peter's spiritual life;—in that instant, was accomplished the change of heart which made a saint out of a sinner; and when "the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter," the angels sang together for joy over a soul repentant and returning,—saved with an everlasting salvation.

Can you imagine what that glance of his suffering Lord must have meant to the miserable and guilty servant? It doubtless gathered into its significant regard all the sweet communings, the patient teachings, the tender experiences of the past three years,—years spent in a friendship so close, and overflowing with memories so sacred and solemn that the marvel is how Peter could have dismissed them for an instant from his heart; and it said, as plainly as if words had been spoken, "What, Peter! hast thou so soon forsaken Me? It was but a few hours ago that thou didst say, 'Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death;' and now, thou canst not stand against the silly taunts of a few men and maids! It is less time still since thou wast with Me in Gethsemane, when I, thy Lord and Master was 'sore amazed, and very heavy,' and my soul was 'exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;' yet thou art now declaring, with blasphemous vehemence, 'I know not the Man of whom ye speak.'"

Ah! that look was given by eyes that could read the inmost soul, and see every thought of the heart;—eyes that were full of *truth*, which Peter had despised;—of *pity*, which his pride had never dreamed of needing;—of *love and pardon*, of which he was so unworthy;—ay, and eyes that shone with the consciousness of Divine power and strength, though now they surveyed a scene of the deepest humiliation and self-sacrifice. As by an electric flash, Peter's heart was illumined, and he could see all his sin, and selfishness, and shame; his awful danger, too, was revealed, for it showed him the brink of the precipice on which he stood;—nay, more, it snatched him from it, and drove him from the place, a humbled, repentant sinner, never again to boast of himself and his doings, but henceforth to live only to the glory of the Blessed One against whom he had so vilely transgressed, and whose Name he had so cruelly disowned.

* * * *

"He went out and wept bitterly."

Years afterward, this same Peter, writing to "the strangers" scattered throughout many lands, who believed in the Lord Jesus, very

possibly made a pathetic reference to his own discipline of sorrow when he desired for them that, *after they had "suffered a while,"* "the God of all grace" would make them perfect, "stablish, strengthen, settle" them.

Dear reader, has the loving Saviour ever "turned, and looked upon" *you* in like fashion as He did upon Peter? Peter's particular sin of open denial may or may not have been yours; but the evil in Peter's heart dwells within us also, and we, too, have been faithless, have forsaken Him, have put self first, and Christ last, and grieved Him unspeakably by following "afar off." Surely, we must all confess to having known a sadly similar experience. We have sinned, in thought, or word, or deed; deliberately and wilfully sinned, driven to it by the tumultuous desires of our own hearts, or by some specious device of Satan to entrap our souls;—we have sinned against light and knowledge, sinned with the consciousness that we were grieving our dear Lord, yet hugging our iniquity close, and finding a fierce joy in our rebellion. Then the Lord has "turned, and looked upon" us, and our hearts melted like wax before the fire, the love of sin fled like clouds before the rising sun, and our contrite souls were prostrate at the feet of Him whose infinite love had conquered, and cleansed, and pardoned us. "Dear Lord," we cried,—

"Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart."

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An amazing fact in this sad history is, that Peter *loved* his Master, even though he denied Him. His sin dragged him down very deep; but Christ raised him up quickly, and set his feet upon a rock which, in future, never failed him. You remember that the Lord afterwards insisted upon a thrice-repeated confession of his love, as if to remind him that He had heard the three denials, and they were now to be obliterated and covered up for ever by a flood-tide of love, and assurance of favour.

It is well for us that the Lord Jesus does not treat us as we treat Him; but would it not be better still if, by His proffered and all-powerful grace, we "kept ourselves in the love of God," and walked before Him in righteousness and holiness all our days?

Let the consideration of our Saviour's sweet compassion, as pictured in this story of Peter, and repeated in the experience of many believers,—His watchfulness over us,—His sympathy with us,—His readiness to pardon,—His joy in receiving back His wayward, wandering sheep, fill our souls with adoring love, and work in us a very tender watchfulness against sin, and an absolute dependence on His grace to bind our fickle, faithless hearts to Him.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

LEVI PALMER.—(THE PRESIDENT'S WREATH.)



IT may or may not be true that a man's handwriting reveals his character. Certain it is that his letters are the exposition of his heart. For many a long day, I have been privileged to receive a letter from Pastor Levi Palmer, of Taunton, almost every Saturday. He knew the value of a word of cheer on the eve of the Sabbath. For him Miss Havergal's Consecration Hymn had an extra couplet,—

Take my pen, and let it send
A word in season to a friend.

How appropriate his messages often proved, the following fact will indicate. Once, as I was preparing a discourse on the siege of Jericho, this word from him was put into my hand:—"Give them another blast of the ram's horn to-morrow."

I hardly expected a communication from my "special correspondent" on the evening of Saturday, December 28, for a delightful

note from him had reached me only a day or two previously; but, oh! what sorrow filled my heart when I received a letter, by the last post, to say that he had fallen on sleep! I could only say to my wife, "Levi is dead!" and, for a while stare, dry-eyed with astonishment, at the sad, sad news. Then tears and prayers began to flow, for I fervently loved this man of God.

An invitation to give an address on the occasion of the funeral was irresistible, and the scenes and sounds of that solemn time will linger with me for aye and for aye. Taunton's testimony was unmistakable. The chapel was a veritable Bochim. Thousands of mourners thronged the route, and pressed around the grave. All sorts and conditions of men were there, and the leading spirits of all the churches counted it an honour to walk in procession behind our brother's bier. Even those with whom he had crossed swords, and such as had no sympathy with his views and his work, esteemed *himself*, and helped to swell a truly notable tribute to "a hard-working minister." Excellence and diligence do tell, after all.

Levi Palmer was a faithful pastor. For twenty-four years, he had gone in and out amongst the flock at Albemarle Chapel, Taunton, tending the sheep and feeding the lambs. He loved his people, and longed for their spiritual well-being. He preached the Gospel faithfully to them, and he took pains to follow up his earnest word. Like Jonathan's lad, he ran to find out the arrows which had been shot. His preaching was expository, practical, personal, and powerful. I heard him more than once; and, as I had taken notes of a Sunday-school anniversary sermon of his, I was able to reproduce his own appeal, as from a phonograph, with which to close my address at the funeral. This was better than any words of mine. "*The best way to profit by the memory of departed dear ones,*" said he, "*is to walk with their God.*"

Our brother loved the old theology. He rejoiced in Puritan literature, and had so imbibed its spirit that his own style was quaint, and terse, and pithy. Moreover, he was something of a poet;—not a rhymester, but a true prose poet. Of Browning's limpid well he was never tired of drinking. But he loved the Bible best of all books. Right well he knew it, and right skilfully he handled it. Had he been spared to complete his "Practical Commentary on the Epistles of John," it would, I am persuaded, have occupied honourable place amongst the expositions of that storehouse of love and grace, for it is able, and helpful in great degree. I could even wish that the thirty monthly parts already issued might appear in book form. Three-quarters of this loaf would be better than none of such bread.

Whosoever is responsible for securing for ministers of the Gospel the credit of being indolent, it is certain that no one ever dreamed of calling Levi Palmer lazy. He was a whole-souled Christian worker. He never spared himself. He was always abounding in the work of the Lord. He was always happy at it; and what is more, he was always happy in being always at it.

He was a plodder; for though his gifts were by no means small, they were hardly of the brilliant and popular order. All was sterling and solid, however. He was a true genius, for he took pains with

everything. He died in harness. We may say of him what the simple notice of the sudden death of a fisherman said,—“His nets were set.”

The secret of his strength lay here,—he lived near to God. I never heard him make any claim to special sanctity. His holiness was of the unconscious sort. In many a letter has he lamented the earthliness of which others failed to find more than the faintest trace. When one, misled by his Christian name, asked me of his nationality, I felt that I could truly say that he was a son of faithful Abraham, and an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.

I glorify God in him on this behalf also,—he loved the poor. When need occurred, he fought their battles for them; he bound up their many wounds with the consolation wherewith he himself was comforted of God; and, best of all, he preached the Gospel to them.

Little wonder is there that he had a marvellous influence over men, that he gathered four hundred to his Bible-class, and that, when he lectured on Social Topics, the people flocked to hear, and the press eagerly reported his words.

Our Conference has sustained a terrible loss by the removal of this dear brother. Some among us can remember his strong and timely message in support of “the faith once for all delivered to the saints.” He stood firm in the time of stress and test. I had ventured to ask him for a paper for 1902, and he had consented to read one; but I cannot discover whether he had settled on a subject.

Loving reference will be made to him at our next convocation. Being dead, he will yet speak. Here is a sweet word that came recently from his pen, entitled “All-in-all” :—

“A member of the Albemarle Church has, during the past month, parted with a dear sister just outside the gate of Heaven. Speaking of Christ, her last words were, ‘All-in-all.’ The more we know of Jesus, the more precious does He become. If Christ were anything less than All-in-all, He could not satisfy us. If there is a page, on the diary of the past year, where Jesus does not appear, it were better that that page had never been written. In our great things, and in our little things, it must be Jesus, only Jesus. The clouds of our sky must be His veil, and the sunshine His smile; but cloud or sunshine, it is *Jesus, only Jesus*. *The year began with His Name upon our lips; and, if spared, the Name that closes the year will be—Jesus.*”

“We want Christ to be in all we do,—or say,—or purpose,—or plan. In public, we desire to walk with Him; and in private, to talk with Him. When we eat and drink, we would discern the presence of the Lord. Our faith must rest on Christ, and Christ alone. He is the All and in all of our hope, for without Him our sky would have no brightness. The supreme object of our love is Jesus. The Heaven of the past is full of Christ; and were it not for Him, there would be no Heaven in the future. The year has been busy, and probably it has been crowded too full of engagements, and not full enough of communion; but, in closing it, we are ‘determined not to know anything among men, save Christ, and Him crucified.’ He is—All-in-all.”

Agreeable to the above is the fact that, whereas death was so sudden

that no parting testimony was possible, the last words he was heard to utter were "Lord Jesus."

I know more than one servant of God who turned aside from Levi Palmer's grave resolving to live and labour, God helping them, more devotedly and painstakingly than ever. What better wreath can any of us lay upon his resting-place?

My Lady's Garden.

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

II.—FROST AND THAW.

NOW rooks fly low through the frost-fog, glad to share with smaller birds what may be found on the lawn or rubbish heap; now robins, with the familiarity of sturdy beggars, haunt kitchen doors; now, too, patrician singers, driven by adversity, advance timidly up the front walk. Two thrushes, a blackbird, and a couple of starlings are, at this present, making tracks for crumbs. They remind one of the ancient wassailers. Even as I watch them, I almost expect them to make common cause, and sing,—

"Us poor wassailers,
As wassailing we go,
With footsteps sore,
From door to door,
We trudge through sleet and snow."

The old blackbird looks quite equal to such an occasion. An ancient piper! It is Browning who bids us beware of pipers, and, if we have promised them ought, to "keep our promise." The relics of our breakfast will satisfy the mute minstrels upon our lawn. Our leavings will be a banquet for the lot of them, if they do but divide fairly what they get. But there's the rub. The two starlings are young birds. It is their first season of frost and snow. But, though they have had no previous experience, they know how to go for the choice pieces. I once saw six starlings round a dish of bones. Really, for such well-dressed gentlemen, they were most greedy. Two got into the dish, and one balanced himself on the top of a greasy knuckle. "Well," I mused, "the glossily-dressed can be grabbers, and will soil themselves for spoil."

Much sentiment prevails in My Lady's Garden on the feeding of the birds. Regardless of the cold, the maidens of the household—tall, willowy, with a poise of figure charming to an artist's eye,—scatter the largess to their feathered pensioners. So have we seen, on snowy days, robins perched expectant; and on the retirement of the almsgiver, these robins, followed by birds from unobserved vantage places, have swarmed like boys round a soup-kitchen. There is no doubt that the wild birds suffer severely during protracted cold. Some people say you only attract a nuisance by feeding them. Be that as it may, I, for one, cannot steel my heart against a thrush who diffidently advances to my door. I know he would not come so close if he were not hungry,—a hard-up gentleman, through no fault of his own. So I feed him,

and think, "He cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed."

"Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,
The timid robin comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

"And leave your door upon the latch,
For whosoever comes;
The poorer they, more welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.

"All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out the crumbs."

* * * *

Anon, the frost-fog lifts; visions of blue come and go, showing that the higher heavens are clear, and that the icy winding-sheet is earth-woven. How true this is of the death-clothes of spiritual depression and unbelief! There are breaks, which ought to show the soul that there is nothing but this earth-begotten cloud between it and God. No thunder-nimbus of condemnation lowers from Heaven. The lightnings of the skies exhausted themselves at Calvary. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." The shroud of the soul is made up of the earth-clinging, wraith-like exhalations of unbelief.

* * * *

When the sun breaks through, what a hoary glory Nature shows! Wondrous trees with a background of pink fog. Elms which shine in the frost as the huge candelabra of a mythic palace; drooping birches, the closed male catkins candied with frost; pines,—green-coated foresters,—silvered with the morning mist, in solemn array as though waiting for a king. On such days, in mid-winter, one revels in a fairy-land of fantastic tracery. Here, what are the mere threads of the hanging root of some creeping plant, become tangles of Medusa hair, and the knob of the stem the dreaded head. Again a web.—yes, webs in mid-winter, for there are flies on mild days,—well, a web suspended in the hoar frost,—what a beautiful piece of lattice-work is revealed! Look, too, at the glistening berries of the ivy, holly, hip, haw, and privet, the natural colours covered by the fine lace of the frost. Yet all this evanescent beauty is dependent on a few degrees of temperature.

The moon at its full was shining brilliantly, the valley was wreathed in white fog, the roads were iron, when we passed by My Lady's Garden on our way to the midnight post. Every tree wore the sparkling raiment of the hoar frost; even common fences seemed set in brilliants, and windows were covered with ice sprays. There had been snow a few days before. The moon shone on a white world. We were about early, next morning. The ferns had disappeared from the windows, the fences were black, the trees strangely bare, and the drip, drip, from the eaves, proclaimed a thaw. Had it been day when the change came, we should have noticed the first sign of it in the dropping of the ice festoons from the trees. The slackening of the cold's grasp will be felt in the higher regions first. Herein is a simile as to what

happens in spiritual things. When the reason yields, it is a presage that the whole walk and way of a man will follow.

The disappearance of the hoar frost leaves the landscape disenchanted and depressed. Black days, lowering clouds, and a reeking atmosphere follow, when all the world looks sombre, and low forms of fungi flourish in the prevalent damp. Then from the hills swollen torrents rush down, and rivers spread their overflow upon miles of plain. An initiated eye can always tell when a thaw is approaching. Sometimes, a white, mottled, electric cloud will appear in the South. At others, cirrus tails, pointing West, are a sign of the nearing gale. One cirrus cloud, very high up, may be enough to indicate a coming cyclone. The atmosphere may be still, the wind North, the frost severe; but that airy, blue-white cloud overhead, will tell the instructed observer that a change probably lies within the period of the next sunrise. The cyclone from the Atlantic will usually take the path of least resistance. Say it reaches Ireland, and travels towards the Hebrides. The wind, swirling round the depression to the South of it, will be first S.E., then S.W., and finally, as the storm passes to the North Sea, N.W. The S.E. change of wind, bringing a current of warm air, will be, to most people, the obvious reason for the break-up of the frost. Yet it will be upon the previous and less obvious signs that the trained observer will have based his forecasts. Coming into touch with the subtle moods of Nature has its own reward. Here, too, he who cares to read into the very heart of things can turn the facts to figures. That the initiated can tell when a thaw is coming, can be translated in a Gospel sense. The hard dry eye moistens; the features relax; the knees bend. "He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow."

* * * *

Let us walk amid the trees of My Lady's Garden. Now is the time to admire the colours of the rinds of the various young woods. The weeping ash is grey green, the stem running in ridges to the three buds at each node. It is Tennyson who refers to the black "ash buds in the front of March." The new wood of the horse-chestnut is grey, with a dust of rose. The "shoes" at the nodes are very clearly marked. Each "shoe" has six or seven nails. The young limes have shining ruddy stems and buds, very healthy-looking, as if they enjoyed their tossing in the rough wind. Press the walnut when and where you will, and aromatics exude. Try the young buds. Try the stump from whence has dropped the withered leaf. Both are alike sweet-scented. The young wood is brownish red, and the nodes are similar to those of the chestnut. But the enduring fragrance holds me. In the bleak mid-winter, it is there. When the scents of other things steal forth, as Spring draws near, the walnut buds are odorous, and when leaves drop, and death sets in, still is it sweet.

I write these lines at a time of deep emotion. For thirty years, I knew a man, whose fragrance of Christian character remained the same under all conditions. I first saw him at the Pastors' College,—a mere boy,—like the young walnut tree in My Lady's Garden. I knew him intimately all through the years till, at last, I saw him as a wide-

spreading tree, covered as with leaves of healing, bending under fruit, a resting-place for the tired of wing. The name of my friend,—Pastor Levi Palmer, of Taunton. A sudden wind has struck this noble tree; but the wind that felled it has served to carry the fragrance of its essential oil far and wide.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XCVIII.—PASTOR A. W. BEAN, KELVINSIDE, GLASGOW.



THE subject of our sketch was born in the year 1876, under the shadow of the Wallace Monument, near Stirling; and was the only child of Alexander and Margaret F. Bean. His father was an Alloa merchant, who had retired from business to reside in that neighbourhood. Immediately after his marriage, Mr. Alexander Bean began to display symptoms of paralysis of the spinal cord; and within six months after the birth of his son, had become a complete invalid. So the first eleven years of the life of ALBERT WILLIAM BEAN were passed amid scenes of more or less constant

pain;—a sombre background to boyhood,—but the outcome has been a tender sympathy with all suffering and sorrowing ones. In this state of things, the son's training devolved entirely upon his mother; and to her praise be it said that she made it a rule to find out the best that was in her boy to do, and then to urge him to be satisfied with nothing less than his best. This lofty standard she has always kept before him, and has never allowed herself to drop out of sympathy with her son's highest interests.

When four years of age, (having previously learned to read,) the boy entered Alloa Academy, which was under the care of Rector McFarlane. He remained there for seven years, taking prizes in every class, and laying the basis of a sound classical education. In April, 1887, after acute suffering, his father died at the age of fifty-three. A few months later, the boy entered Dollar Academy, under the principalship of Dr. George Thom. His studies were found to be so far advanced as to permit of his entering the second class right away, and for six years he gave himself most earnestly to the study of Higher English, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Modern Languages, and Science. In this school also, our young friend took prizes and certificates each year. He was medallist in English, in classics (a year before his time), and "dux medallist" in his final year.

It was at the commencement of his life at Dollar that Mr. Bean's religious experience became definite. His mother's prayers, influence, and personal dealing resulted in his being brought to decision for Christ; and association with a band of Christian young men helped to strengthen him in this decision. Then came public testimony in various halls, occasional papers at Y.M.C.A. meetings, a mid-day prayer-meeting for boys in the headmaster's room at Dollar Academy, and summer holidays spent in evangelistic work among the fishermen along the North-East coast.

Our friend had been brought up as a Presbyterian, and naturally became a member of that communion. At the same time, at the request of his minister, he became a Sunday-school teacher. He was then only fourteen years of age. Not long after this, a discussion arose, in the Greek Testament class which he attended, as to the meaning of the word "*baptizo*." The teacher of the class, himself a "true blue" Presbyterian, explained that the only meaning of the word in New Testament Greek was "to immerse," adding Dean Stanley's reason for the discontinuance of the apostolic practice. But our young student did not consider climatic conditions a sufficient reason for altering the mode of observing our Lord's institution, and was accordingly immersed by Pastor Walter Richards, then of Frazerburgh. The spiritual nourishment assimilated by mind and heart, during these years of his first love, in addition to the Word of the Lord, consisted of the weekly Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon, and anything else that he could procure that had come from the lips or the pen of that great "preacher of the age."

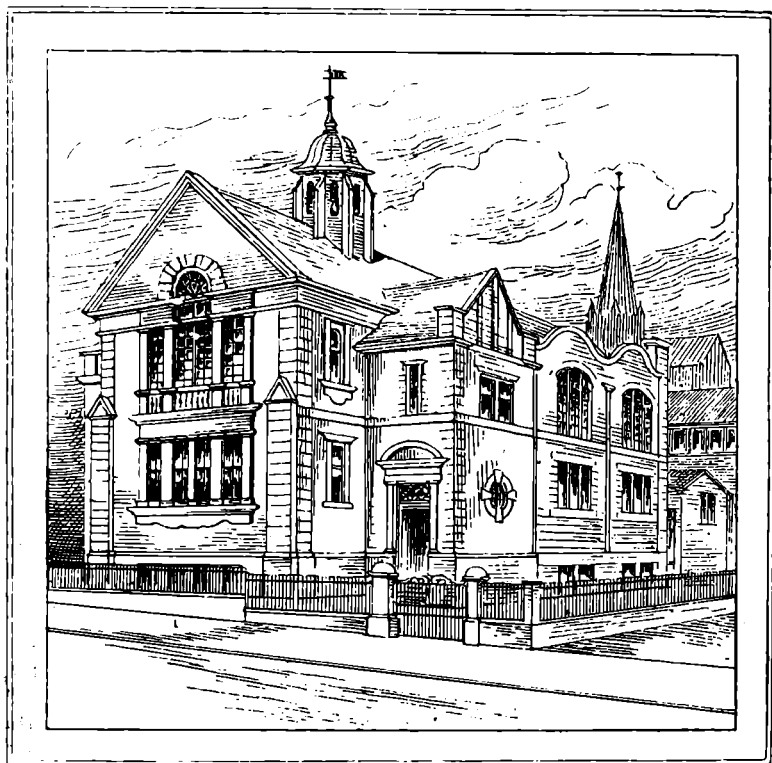
At the close of his Academy curriculum, Mr. Bean won, by competitive examination, a scholarship of £30, tenable for three years.

On going up to Edinburgh University, he passed the matriculation examination in Arts; but, as he intended to devote his life to medical mission work abroad, he directed his studies towards that end. At the close of his first year's medical study, however, a breakdown in health necessitated his relinquishing the idea of foreign service. After four months' rest, he entered the Divinity Hall of the University, where he spent two sessions in the study of Hebrew and Biblical Criticism, Antiquities, and Exegesis. He was then advised to apply for admission to the Pastors' College, and did so. He was accepted, and entered in January, 1896. Simultaneously, he carried on a student-pastorate at Forest Row, Sussex; but, at the end of June, his studies were again interrupted by illness. Six months were then passed in Edinburgh, during which time he was obliged to rest entirely, except for some tutorial work which was done in the evenings. A month spent in the Isle of Wight completed his recovery, and he then returned to Newington Butts, where he continued his studies till June, 1897. (Since entering the ministry, Mr. Bean has spent one winter session at Glasgow University.)

At the date above-mentioned, Principal McCaig, as one of the Council of the Pioneer Mission, approached Mr. Bean with reference to his willingness to start a Baptist cause in a suburb of Glasgow. Interviews with Pastor E. A. Carter, Founder and Director of the Mission, resulted in his proceeding to Glasgow to commence a Baptist church in the North Kelvinside district. In this locality, there is a population of about forty thousand persons, very inadequately supplied with churches. It is chiefly a working-class neighbourhood, though it has its residential quarter. A hall was hired, and the opening services were held on August 16th, 1897. From the first, tokens of the Divine blessing attended the preaching of the Word; so that, within six weeks of the commencement of the work, a constitution was drawn up, and a church duly formed. During the four years of its existence, over two hundred and twenty persons have been received into membership.

In addition to the usual public services on Sundays, and on Wednesday evenings, there are the meetings of two Christian Endeavour Societies, with a joint attendance of forty. Flower and Sermon distribution is carried on in the summer months, and open-air meetings all the year round. A Women's prayer-meeting, conducted by the pastor's mother, has been a source of much blessing to the church; and a sewing party, by making garments to order, has been able to give a yearly contribution to the Building Fund. There are also a well-conducted Sunday-school and a good Bible-class.

The hall, in which the work was commenced, was soon found to be very unsuitable for the purpose. It was situated above stables, and adjoining cowsheds. A Building Fund was accordingly inaugurated; and, after careful investigations, a site on a front street was selected, and great were the rejoicings when it was announced that the proprietors of the vacant ground were prepared to accept the comparatively low figure of £25 per annum.



It was agreed to erect, on this site, a building—of which we are able to give the accompanying view,—to seat 500 persons,—with halls below,—at a cost of £3,500. The church has now succeeded in raising £670 in cash, and has been promised additional contributions to the extent of about £250. Beside these amounts, £750 in loans free of interest can be counted on.

The work carried on by Mr. Bean in North Kelvinside, has received the recognition and encouragement of the officials of the Scottish Baptist Union, and the practical support of such well-known gentlemen as Sir Thomas Glen Coats, Bart., Alderman R. Cory, J.P., the late Henry Wood, Esq., Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, and Pastor Archibald G. Brown, not to speak of the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and the Principal of the Pastors' College.

The services of Mr. Bean in the North Kelvinside district have been much appreciated, not only by the members of his own church, but also by the general public. Reference has already been made to the scarcity of churches in the district, and Mr. Bean has been called upon, in times of sickness, to minister to people of all denominations and of no denomination. He might, in fact, be termed the parish minister of North Kelvinside. His pulpit work is of a

high order. He possesses an accurate and forcible style, and has the gift of presenting the Gospel message in a clear and effective manner.

The need of a suitable place of worship has been more acutely felt since April, 1901, when the church was obliged to remove to the Maryhill Public Hall, a long way off from the centre of its activities, and from its prospective site. This has considerably increased the difficulties with which the church has had to contend; for, in addition to the £25 ground annual, it pays £52 a year for the use of this hall on Sundays and on Wednesday evenings. Extra meetings are one to two pounds more. All sectional agencies have to meet in private houses, and the Sunday-school, which used to number about one hundred and twenty, has been rent in twain. It has become imperative that North Kelvinside Baptist Church should erect, as soon as possible, a building of its own in the district where the work was begun. An appeal is now being earnestly made to the lovers of the Gospel throughout the country to help this needy cause. This is all the more necessary because the church has decided not to hold a bazaar. Contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor A. W. Bean, 13, Huntly Terrace, Kelvinside North, Glasgow.

Owing to pressure from the proprietors of the ground, building operations will have to be commenced very soon; and it is most desirable that the original design should be carried out without any diminution through lack of funds. Readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" are therefore urged to help as generously and as speedily as they can.

W. A.

A True Work of Mercy.

AMONGST the many good works of the Church of God in the Metropolis, perhaps none are so much needed and few are so little known as the Indigent Blind Visiting Society. It carries on its gracious ministry by means of *visitors who are themselves blind*, and therefore able to give sympathy to those they visit which no one, not similarly afflicted, could possibly give. The chief object of the Society is to carry to the homes of its constituency "the Gospel of the grace of God." A secondary object is the collecting of blind people in Bible-classes and district meetings, where they can listen to addresses and Gospel songs, especially suited to their condition. A further useful branch of this Society's operations is to examine into the temporal circumstances of those deprived of their sight, and to give advice concerning trades, to help into various institutions for the blind, or to relieve with temporary assistance as the funds of the Society will allow.

A few years ago, the sad condition of the blind folk of London was laid upon the heart of a lady who has consecrated her wealth to the service of God. At her invitation, Mr. W. Mead, the Superintendent of the Society, has gathered together into various meetings, in different parts of London, large numbers of the blind during each autumn. A tea is given at each meeting; a religious service is then

held, and little presents are distributed at the close. In this way, under the auspices of this Society, and by the kindness of this lady, a *vast London Mission for the Blind is annually held* during the autumn and winter months. For the end of the year 1901, a series of eleven meetings was arranged by these friends. The average attendance, at each gathering, is about 300 blind people and their guides. Not only are they regaled with good cheer, which lets sunshine into their darkened lives; but, better still, they hear the Gospel of Jesus in speech and song. As a sample of one of these meetings, the following short sketch may be given.

On Monday evening, November 18, 200 or more blind folk and their guides were gathered to a substantial tea in the schoolroom of the Congregational Church, High Street, Deptford, kindly lent for the purpose. After the tea, the guests were led into another room, where the meeting was held. Mr. W. Mead, mentioned above, presided. Upon the platform were the kind hostess and other friends; amongst them being Mr. Tennant, who, during the spring and summer months, throws open the garden of his private house to entertain parties of 30 to 40 blind people and their friends. This gentleman is a member of Canon Webb-Peploe's congregation, and takes great interest in these afflicted ones.

After prayer, Mr. W. Mead—who makes a capital chairman, and sees very much further into the needs of a meeting as it progresses, and the right way to manage it, than many a chairman with two good eyes—gave a few words of welcome. The lady, who had provided the tea and kind gifts, spoke for a few minutes, and gave out a hymn. Mr. Tennant then engaged in prayer, after which one of the agents of the Blind Society, Mr. Natras, sang a solo. We need hardly remind our readers how eagerly blind folk always welcome music and song, and at no time during the meeting did the first notes of a solo fail to elicit the deepest and most profound attention. Great was the joy of the audience when they were privileged to take up the chorus with the singing, although the harmonies were not always very striking. When Mr. Natras had sung, the chairman gave an account of the last similar tea and meeting, which were held at the Pilgrim Fathers' Congregational Church, New Kent Road, including a sketch of Pastor A. G. Brown's address at that meeting upon the word "Salvation." He told how Mr. Brown pointed out that there are only three adjectives in the New Testament to describe salvation,—“great,” “eternal,” and “common.” He said that Mr. Brown dwelt upon the adjective “common,” and graphically drew a picture of the grass common in the centre of the village, where the workman's foot and the squire's tread were equally welcome because the common was free to all. Upon this figure, Mr. Mead said, Mr. Brown had built an address of earnest invitation to the one Saviour, who is free to all who come unto Him.

Mr. F. Spencer Johnson then sang one of his touching solos; after which the writer was privileged to speak a few words. His subject was, “A personal Saviour.” At the close of the address, the congregation bowed their heads in silent prayer, and not a whisper was heard while, it is hoped, the heart of one afflicted friend after another

uttered the suggested confession of faith, "I take Him as my personal Saviour." After the season of solemn silence, there were other solos, an appeal by Mr. Mead on behalf of the children, and a closing prayer by him, especially for the little ones. Then came the welcome distribution, by the lady already mentioned, of orders for coal, and gifts of books for the guides.

As we passed through Deptford, on going from the meeting, the two great theatres, on each side of the New Cross Road, were flaunting their blaze of light; and at the doors of one were crowds of people waiting for admission. We thought how much more real joy had been experienced by helpers and helped in the schoolroom which we had just left.

The readers of the "Sword and Trowel" can share a little in the good work which Job carried on, and of which he said, "I was eyes to the blind." They may also share, although in an inferior way, in the work of our dear Master Himself, for He came "to open blind eyes." Mr. W. Mead, 95, Gurney Road, Stratford, E., or the Secretary of the Society, 81, Red Lion Square, will be glad to receive any contributions towards the work the Society is doing. Of course, it will be distinctly understood that no subscriptions are asked concerning these Winter Mission gatherings, as all expenses are met out of the one lady's private purse. But the general service of the Society, amongst the many hundreds of blind people in London, needs more regular and generous support than it has yet received from the Church of Christ in general. It is hoped that this brief article will lead to other hearts being stirred by the blessed Spirit, so that the burden resting upon the shoulders of the officers of this Society may be lessened, and the homes overshadowed by physical darkness may be brightened by still more loving and frequent help through its agents.

WILLIAM OLNEY.

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

IV.—A TYPICAL SUNDAY ON A COUNTRY FIELD.

THOSE people who imagine that being a minister means wearing black clothes, talking "goody-goody" talk, and drinking tea, might have the sphere of their imagination considerably enlarged if they could spend a Sunday with a Baptist pastor in some rural part of Canada. They would learn that there is no harder working man in the world than such a devoted servant of Christ. And not only does he labour indefatigably upon the first day of the week; every following day brings with it a pressure of work that makes the utmost demand upon his resources both physical and mental. Certainly, he is not likely to fall into any infernally-devised mischief for lack of useful occupation.

The present race of preachers, however, even in the most sparsely populated districts, does not have to engage in the toil or endure the hardship which fell to the lot of their predecessors years ago. The

planting of Baptist principles in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick called into play heroic qualities of the highest type, and many of the pioneer "Gospellers" were men of an apostolic stamp. They travelled hundreds of miles, in the winter usually on snow-shoes, passing through large spaces of country where human habitations were few and far between, and wending their way through forests where wild beasts were unpleasantly plentiful. They contented themselves with the barest accommodation, cheerfully partook of the homeliest fare, and eagerly availed themselves of every opportunity, in private or public, for making known the way of salvation.

Sometimes, they had to encounter not a little opposition,—now from the sin-hardened settlers who dreaded any interference with their godless mode of life, and again from the self-constituted religious guides who regarded the advent of such ardent evangelists as a defiance of their ecclesiastical authority, and the new teaching as a schismatic disturbance of the regularly established order of doctrine and worship.

But if there was a repetition of some of those difficulties which beset the first heralds of the cross, there was also a repetition of those spiritual successes which crowned their self-denying endeavours. Under such ministries, wonderful revivals took place, and "mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed." Sinners were converted;—among them, often, notorious characters;—and New Testament churches were formed. It could be said with joy, "This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden."

Into the labours of those revered fathers of the faith, their successors of to-day have entered, and are ever ready, with gratitude, to acknowledge their indebtedness to them. They feel that the best tribute they can pay to the memory of those noble men is to reproduce their spirit, adhere tenaciously to the truth they proclaimed, jealously guard from the encroachments of error and worldliness the churches they founded, and multiply the results of their consecrated service.

While the work, to-day, in New Brunswick, is more fully organized than in the early times to which we have referred, and while there is therefore not the need for such wide itineraries with their varied trials; yet, what is lacking in the extent of ground covered by one man is, perhaps, quite equalized in arduousness by the more frequently recurring efforts among the same people, and the wearing round of constant pastoral duties. Undoubtedly, the work in one of these rustic spheres is no child's play. Even now, one pastor has generally the oversight of several churches. Such grouping is necessitated by the scattered state of the population, and the consequent weakness of some of the causes, and the inability of any separate one to wholly support a preacher.

At the time of which we write, we had charge of three distinct churches, and we preached once for each every Sunday. To have started from home in the morning, gone our entire round, and returned to our own roof-tree at night, would have involved a drive of nearly thirty miles. We accomplished this feat on more than one occasion; but usually arranged to spend either Saturday or Sunday night at

one of our outlying preaching-stations, thus lessening our Sabbath day's journey by about ten miles.

In the present instance, we start out on Saturday, after an early dinner. It is the month of February, and the thermometer is away down. We are well equipped for a cold drive; and could we suddenly appear in Piccadilly dressed as now, we should create a mild sensation. We are clad in that fine fur coat of which mention was made last month, upon our head is a cap (a present from our former church in Quebec,) made of a valuable skin, our feet are encased in a loose-fitting pair of overshoes, and our hands are covered with double-knitted mittens. We pay no respect to the picturesque aspect of our costume; convenience and comfort are our sole considerations. Natives have informed us that the feet are warmer in roomy overshoes, and we have accordingly adopted the suggestion. But our experience has proved that even lined gloves are no protection against the penetrating frost. To separate the fingers is to invite suffering. Even when shielded as above described, there have been days when the cold was so intense that, after a short drive, we have hardly been able to endure the pain in our hands. On most days, however, such armour as that to which we have adverted is sufficient to secure immunity from positive discomfort. Indeed, when thus attired, driving is often a source of much pleasure. Canadian winters are very enjoyable, and the sports for which they afford scope are famous all the world over.

After a "Good-bye" to our family, we have harnessed the horse, put him in the sleigh, and are now seated with the warm robe wrapped tightly about us. Driving past our front door, we turn sharply to the left, and are upon the main road. What a magnificent sweep of country lies before and below us! In the summer, the scenery here is delightful, the whole district being well watered. Away on the right lies the beautiful Jemseg (the word probably of Indian origin), from which the village derives its name. The course of this river is only short; it has lately issued from the Grand Lake, and three miles further on it will be lost in the mighty St. John with which it is now flowing parallel. Lying between the Jemseg and the St. John are what are termed "intervals," dotted with barns, which produce phenomenal crops of hay. Just now, these pastures are covered over with snow, and these lovely waters are locked in ice. Places in summer separated by watery depths, and only reached by boat, are now linked together, and are open to easy communication. One can literally go over, if not through, the flood on foot. The St. John River, especially, is a great highway at this time of the year. From this point, to the city which bears its name, is some fifty miles; but such a journey is commonly undertaken by many people. Farmers carry in sled-loads of produce, and return with ample supplies for domestic use. Country store-keepers drive in for fresh stocks of merchandise. Other persons go on visits to friends in town. Now and again, an intrepid youth will accomplish the entire distance on skates.

We must not now dwell upon these attractive or venturesome enterprises, or we shall never take our readers upon the route we have

mapped out. In pursuing our journey, we pass several pleasant-looking homes, each standing in its own grounds. Most of the inhabitants do more or less farming, though many of them derive their chief means of livelihood from seafaring. Quite a few are owners and captains of coasting schooners, which trade between New Brunswick and American ports. Numbers of such vessels have been built hereabouts. The principal cargo carried by them is lumber. The mingling of the agricultural and nautical in the character of the men is peculiarly agreeable, and imparts to their manners a heartiness and breeziness particularly acceptable to a son of Britannia.

As we take note of the dwellings, and think of their inmates, we are urging our way onward. But our progress is not rapid. (We are writing of a period before we became possessed of the redoubtable "Topsy.") John, our horse, is by no means a dangerous animal. He never loses his head, even at election times. If ever a horse took for his motto, "Slow and Sure," John is that horse. And thereby hangs a tale. John was our first purchase in the equine line. For a while we had been content to borrow; but such a state of things could not well continue. When it became necessary to procure a steed for our own sole use, we received many tempting offers, and added not a little to our knowledge of horses and men. Whether admiration kept pace with knowledge, in the matter of human nature, we had, perhaps, better not state. We almost felt that we were in the position of a minister of whom we have somewhere heard. His wife, who was very lame, came into church quite late one Sunday, and was limping up the aisle as he announced his text, and that text happened to be, "I have seen an end of all perfection."

It is said that all things come to him who waits, and at last a horse came to us. Whether he was worth waiting for we will leave the reader to determine. One day, a stranger drove into the village, riding in a dilapidated cart, with harness somewhat the worse for wear. The horse he drove appeared to be superior to its environment, and was a really noble-looking animal. His proprietor was an odd individual, to whom no less a writer than Charles Dickens could have done justice. He wore a coat of a jockey cut, green with age, and tight-fitting nether garments. His features were not of a specially intellectual cast, and had upon them an expression as if he deprecated any question as to his honesty. He spoke in direct and decisive tones, and his voice had a manly ring of sincerity rendered all the more impressive by the pathos which caused it at times to tremble. He explained that he was in financial difficulties, and would part with his complete "turn-out" for a ridiculously small amount of cash. All the impartial judges of horseflesh in the village were called into consultation, and pronounced the offer a great bargain. We, therefore, promptly closed with it. The gentleman, with whom we transacted this piece of business, informed us that the horse's name was "John," and seemed to be deeply affected at parting with his dumb friend. So greatly did he feel the separation, that he soon quitted the neighbourhood. Everybody professed to think we were fortunate in our acquisition, and the only fear entertained was lest there should be a bill of sale against our new property, and we should

have to deliver it up to the representatives of the law. Such a fear was found to be groundless. But other misgivings took its place. We learnt that John had spent several more birthdays than his previous owner had led us to suppose. And, ere long, we also discovered that he was very feeble upon his feet, and that, with a little driving, they would soon "play out." Almost every method of shoeing was tried, but without lasting success. Though we fed him well, and treated him with the greatest care, John grew more and more unfit for travel, until driving became a torture both to himself and his master. Eventually, we took the advice of a friend, and had him shot. He was given honourable burial, and we think of him yet with tenderness and regret, and say, "Peace to his ashes!"

But we are anticipating. At this time, we had not ceased to hope concerning John; and, though rather deliberate in his movements, he managed to answer the end for which we had bought him. So he is carrying us at a respectable rate. We have now reached a pretty village in which there are Episcopal and Methodist churches, as well as a Baptist Sunday-school. After driving five miles further along a road which has no special point of interest, we arrive at our first destination. Here we have a choice of several kind homes in which to quarter ourselves for the night. We have decided to stay about half a mile from the meeting-house, and on our way thither we call upon other families. At last, we reach our resting-place. It is a large residence, standing on an eminence a little off from the road. We know that, though a private dwelling, we shall here find excellent accommodation for man and beast. It belongs to a widowed lady, whose only son manages the extensive farm which adjoins it. This kind sister possesses some means, and is of a generous nature. She reminds us of a good woman who said to George Whitefield, "My house will hold a hundred, and my heart will hold ten thousand. Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." She comes of a worthy stock; her father, a lumberman in a large way of business, was one of the best friends to Baptist ministers in this whole country, and her brother, a distinguished member of the Provincial Parliament, is the chief supporter of our work in another part of the field.

Our horse has been taken from the sleigh, and is now standing in a warm stall. We shall have no further concern about that useful creature till we need him to-morrow. Meanwhile, he will be in clover, and will have an enjoyable respite from his arduous duties. In most places, the minister's horse receives the requisite attention and care; but there are a few exceptions. John used to hear a good deal of our sermons as we rehearsed them *en route*, and we hoped they were making some impression upon him. Alas! these good effects were completely nullified by the inconsistent action of one of our members. He asked us how many oats our horse took; and, being told, undertook to give John the quantity mentioned; but, after our back was turned, never produced a single grain. It seems a pity that men and horses should condemn a creed because of the faulty doings of those who profess it; but such is the case. At the present time, John has no cause for complaint, and is treated as well, relatively, as his master. Upon entering the house, we are kindly received by

our hostess and her daughters, who make enquiries concerning our family. The table is soon spread, and we do justice to an ample meal. In Canada, tea and supper are combined; and the combination produces very satisfactory results. After thus regaling ourselves, we find our way to the comfortable sitting-room, and spend a pleasant and profitable evening in conversation, interspersed with music. Then we retire to the guest-chamber, which is to us like that called Peace, in which Christian rested in the Palace Beautiful. Commending ourselves and those dear to us to God, we are visited with the sleep which the Lord gives to His beloved.

Upon the Sunday morning, we rise refreshed, and feeling fit for the work which awaits us. In Canada, we are happy to say, Sabbath observance is very general. As we proceed to our meeting, we notice others making for the same hallowed spot. The church building is a neat little edifice, holding between one hundred and fifty and two hundred persons. Though small, it is large enough for the requirements of the locality. Within, there is a nicely-carpeted rostrum, with desk, in front of which is an American organ. The place is fairly well filled; though, as elsewhere, the congregation is often larger in the evening. An English visitor would notice some slight differences in the service from that to which he is accustomed at home. It is not so long, for one thing, occupying little more than an hour. Shall we dare to say it is not so tedious? The whole service is bright, spirited, and pointed. It begins with a hymn, which is sung with heartiness. This is followed by a brief Scripture reading accompanied with comments; then comes an earnest prayer. The notices are read, another hymn succeeds. Now follows the sermon, about which it becomes us to say little. It is sound in doctrine, fervent in spirit, its delivery is not deficient in energy, and it is listened to with respectful attention. One advantage a Canadian country minister has; and that is, in the amount of preparation required for the pulpit. One discourse a Sunday will suffice him, as he is not likely to address the same congregation twice on the same day. Were a devoted admirer to follow him from place to place, he might meet with a similar experience to that of a gentleman of whom, no doubt, our readers have heard. He went, one Sunday morning, to a church, and listened to a somewhat indifferent sermon on the text: "Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." He went to another church, in the afternoon, and was surprised to find the same preacher in the pulpit, who took the same text, and delivered the same sermon. In the evening, he went to a church in a totally different part of the city; but was amazed to find still the same divine in the pulpit, with the identical text, and exactly the same sermon. Next morning, the much-suffering hearer heard the tolling of a knell; and being asked who was dead, said it must be Simon's wife's mother, for he had been told, three times yesterday, that she was sick of a fever. We have never afflicted our hearers with an exposition of that text; but we preached, in Canada, on a subsequent stage of the same incident under the title of "the cure of a good man's mother-in-law." Our text was, "He touched her hand, and the fever left her: and she arose, and ministered unto them" (Matthew viii. 15). As we have done with

that discourse, we hereby hand the outline to our brethren. It is as follows:—

I. WHAT JESUS DID. ("He touched her hand.")

II. WHAT THE FEVER DID. ("Left her.")

III. WHAT SHE DID. ("Arose, and ministered unto them.")

The sermon, good or bad, comes to an end, and is succeeded by a hymn and the Benediction. Then there are cordial greetings, and the pastor is deluged with invitations to dinner. He elects to accept that proffered by one of his deacons. This brother is a farmer, who has a genial presence, and who is as kind as he looks. As the members of his family have all wisely attended meeting, the meal will not be hot or elaborate; but it will be wholesome and abundant. It is got ready with despatch, as the good folk know we have a long drive before we reach our next appointment. Yes, there are nearly twelve miles to cover. For a few miles, we go over the same ground as yesterday, and then, turning to the right, pass along a secluded road. Part of the way, we shall go through woods in which quite a number of bears find a home. The reader need not be alarmed. Bruin is not likely to molest us. He is shy of human company, and never offers fight unless first attacked. We only met one man in Canada who had suffered any injury from that denizen of the forest; and, in his case, the animal had first been wounded by a gunshot. This man had one leg badly mauled, and might have been fatally hurt had not a companion finished his assailant with another shot. It is very seldom that one sights a bear when pursuing the usual ways of travel. Once, we had that experience. It was just after our arrival in New Brunswick, and before we owned a horse. We were walking, one Sunday, to our preaching-station. Away ahead of us, we saw a large bear deliberately cross the road with its head inclined to the ground. It was on the edge of a wood, into which it disappeared, and we saw it no more. Bears, moose, and other wild animals are still found in Canada, and quite a deal of trapping is done, and a number of Americans visit New Brunswick every year for the sporting facilities it affords. We have no time, even had we inclination, for such sports; we are content with nobler quarry, and are of the same mind as Mr. Whitefield, who said, over a century ago, "I love to range the American woods, hunting for sinners."

After driving for over two hours, we catch a glimpse between the trees of the gleam of water, and soon the fine expanse of the Grand Lake lies before us. This inland sea is about thirty miles in length, and in places as much as six miles broad. As we have wandered by its shores, it has reminded us of the sea of Galilee, and we have thought that some of those who live in its vicinity must be like the first followers of the Lamb. Here are some of them now gathered in front of the plain white-painted meeting-house. Others are approaching from different directions. Here is a sleigh rapidly driven, and yonder is a double-horse sled loaded with a goodly freight of humanity. A covered shed is set apart for the minister's horse, which ready hands volunteer to tie and blanket. The church holds about three hundred; and, by the time service is under way, is filled. The order of worship is the same as that of the morning, only that the

preacher, by this time, has got warmed up to his work, and speaks with more liberty than he did earlier in the day. His hearers, too, are, if anything, more enthusiastic, and their evident enjoyment stimulates him to do his best. Many of them are in humble circumstances; but they are kindness itself. They crowd round him at the close of the service, and press him to come to supper. All these solicitations he courteously but firmly refuses, as he wishes to reach home, and get a cup of tea, and a little quiet, in the privacy of his own abode, before the evening service. Six miles lie between him and that land of Beulah; but the road is good, and John knows the way home as well as his driver, and needs little urging. Soon we arrive at Jemseg Comer, and pass within our own gateway. We stable our tired horse, and place our sleigh under cover. Our children cluster about the door to kiss us, and are as glad and excited at our return as if we had been away on a polar expedition. Their mother is no less pleased; and, as we sit at our table, this domestic bliss is sweeter to our taste than any of the delicacies of which we partake. We conduct worship with our family, and then spend a few minutes meditating in view of the next service. We have no more driving, and only a step or two to walk, as the house of prayer is just across the road. It is larger than the other structures in which we have ministered to-day, and the congregation is the greatest of the three. Though a little fatigued, we enjoy preaching even more than on the previous occasions. A close observer would notice certain different characteristics in this people. They are livelier in temperament, more demonstrative in manner, and enter into the service with greater gusto. The singing is specially good. The organist is a trained musician, and possesses a splendid voice; there is also an efficient choir. But these leaders do not monopolize the service of song; their efforts are supported and augmented by the congregation at large, and the worship is characterized by a pleasing whole-heartedness. The platform allows free play for the movements of the preacher, and he goes into his sermon with zest, and abandons himself to the subject with downright goodwill. The audience appears to enjoy it quite as much as the speaker does, and it is to be hoped that impressions are produced that will be lasting in their beneficial effect. After the last "Good-night" has been spoken to his hearers, the pastor begins to feel a little reaction from the exciting toil of the day, and finds it a relief to quietly read a few lines in some volume that does not require too much study before he betakes himself to his welcome couch.

* * * *

We have given, above, a faithful account of a pastor's Sunday labour on a country field, which is typical of scores of other Sundays. There are exceptional times when travelling is much harder than in the instance narrated. We have driven through furious storms, which have well-nigh blinded us; we have faced gales that threatened to lift us bodily out of our vehicle; we have had to carry a snow-shovel in order to clear the road in front of our horse; we have got stuck in a drift, and had to take refuge in the nearest house; we have several times been thrown out of our sleigh; and, once, we

drove at night through a field filled with the stumps of trees as the snow-blocked highway was impassable. Sometimes, we have found it impossible to reach our preaching-place, and have been consoled by knowing that, if we could not get there, it would not be very likely that our people would be able to do so. These are a few of the trials incidental to a country preacher's work in Canada. Though the summer is an easier season for him, yet even then there are days when the sultry air, especially in the woods, makes driving anything but agreeable. There are other times in the year when he will have to pass through mud and mire of which those only acquainted with the good roads in England can form but little idea. The spring is peculiarly trying in this respect, as the frost coming out of the ground plays havoc with the soil, particularly where it is of a clayey nature.

We think our readers will allow that the men who work in such fields are worthy of their salt, and are not to be classed among the unemployed. Though the world knows little of them, yet they are dear to God; they are doing a noble part in the uprearing of the spiritual temple; their names and deeds are recorded in Heaven; and to each such devoted labourer the great Master will presently say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(Continued from page 38.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(a) *The Testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ (Concluded).*

Nor is this all, for the ascended Jesus goes even further, and QUOTES SCRIPTURE FROM THE GLORY; and that, too, with special emphasis upon what some regard as certain old-time legends from the Pentateuch. When "He that liveth, and was dead;" and is "alive for evermore," said unto His servant, John, "Fear not; I am the first and the last:" "Write, To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God," "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna" (Revelation ii. 7, 17); thereby endorsing *incidents in the Eden Paradise*, and the miraculous wilderness provision made by God for Israel, was our Lord encompassed by the ignorances and limitations of humanity? When He spoke to the Laodiceans as "the Amen, the faithful and true Witness, the beginning of the creation of God" (iii. 14); or when rebuking the church at Pergamos, He spoke warning words to "them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication" (ii. 14): was He only alluding to an *allegorical and mythical person* mentioned in the Book of Numbers? When "He that is holy, He that is true. He that hath *the key of David*, He that openeth, and no man shutteth;

and shutteth, and no man openeth" (iii. 7), cheered the church at Philadelphia by pledges of aid and blessing, was He deliberately applying or *misapplying a quotation from Isaiah as applicable to Himself*? When "the Son of God, who hath His eyes like unto a flame of fire" (ii. 18), promised to the faithful in Thyatira, "To him that overcometh will I give power over the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of My Father" (ii. 27), did He discredit, or accept as *God-inspired and prophetic, the burning utterances of a maledictory Psalm*? Are these allusions to a *past* notorious individual mentioned in the record of *Moses*, to a *present* fact foretold in the prophecy of *Isaiah*, and to a *future* event predicted in "*the Book of Psalms*" accidental, haphazard, and illusory; or are they not rather in harmony with that great plan whereby, in life, in death, in resurrection, and in glory, Jesus, our adorable Redeemer, who exclaimed, "The Scripture cannot be broken," continuously bore witness to the authority and Inspiration of "Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms"? Were such incidental references, in "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him" (i. 1), as those to "Jezebel" mentioned in the *historical* Book of Kings, "Michael" in *Daniel's* "Scriptures of truth," and "the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb," recited in the records of "*the Exodus*," inspired or uninspired, intentional or unintentional (ii. 20; xii. 7; xv. 3); and was the final claim of our Divine Lord, the "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last" (xxii. 13), to be "the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star" (xxii. 16), merely a highly-poetical termination to an unmeaning book of splendid imagery, or a definite assertion that He, in Himself, fulfilled the prediction alike of godly Isaiah and ungodly Balaam, who, the one willingly, and the other unwillingly, spake words given to them direct from God Himself?

Frankly, if the memoirs and teachings of the Gospels and "the Revelation" be reliable, we can conceive no "*via media*" between a Christ discredited in character, and shorn of His omniscience, or an absolute and unqualified acceptance of those Old Testament Scriptures which our Divine Lord always treated with punctilious and scrupulous reverence as the "*ipsissima verba*" of His almighty Father; while the splendid *benediction* upon the devout reader, with which the Apocalypse opens, linked with the solemn *malediction* upon that man who "adds to" or "takes away from the words of the Book of this Prophecy" (i. 3; xxii. 18, 19), make us tremble for the fate of those who, in the name of a fickle and superficial learning, presume to amend, revise, excise, or augment the very utterances of the eternal God.*

Thus we have, in direct antagonism to the "findings" of the higher critics, not only the *claims* of the Holy Ghost; and, as we shall shortly see, the self-witness of the Divine Spirit to His own Writings; but also the undeviating testimony of our Lord Jesus Christ; and behind,

* Of course, this criticism, as already pointed out, does not refer to greater accuracy in the translation of the Holy Scriptures, or to any prayerful and sanctified effort to obtain the truest verbiage of the best copies of the original manuscripts.

and at the back of all the Saviour's words, and miracles, and dogmatic teachings, the sanctions, commandments, and authority of *God the Father, whose honour and wisdom are therefore invalidated and impaired*, "for He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him" (John iii. 34), *if "the Messiah," "the Christ," "the Sent One," "the Anointed One," was in His earth-life defective in His utterances, or limited in His knowledge.*

A few citations, from one Gospel alone, will easily establish this:—
 "Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do: . . . that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him" (John v. 19, 23). "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me" (vi. 45). "Jesus answered them, and said, My doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me" (vii. 16). "He that sent Me is true; and I speak to the world *those things which I have heard of Him* . . . I do nothing of Myself; but as *My Father hath taught Me, I speak* these things; . . . the truth, which I have heard of God. . . . He that is of God heareth *God's words*: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God" (viii. 26, 28, 40, 47). "This commandment have I received of My Father" (x. 18). "And if any man hear My words, and believe 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. For I have not spoken of Myself; but the Father which sent Me, He gave me a commandment, *WHAT I should say, and WHAT I should speak.* And I know that His command is life everlasting: *whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto Me, so I speak*" (xii. 47—50). "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of Myself. . . . He that loveth Me not keepeth not My sayings: and the word which ye hear is not Mine, but the Father's which sent Me. . . . As the Father gave Me commandment, even so I do" (xiv. 10, 24, 31). "All things that I have *heard* of My Father I have made known unto you" (xv. 15). "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" (xvii. 8). (See more fully John v. 17—47; vi. 27—58; vii. 15—18; viii. 16—47; x. 18; xii. 47—50; xiv. 10, 24, 31; xv. 15; xvi. 15; xvii. 8.) By these passages we note how even our Divine Lord, as "Son of man," and as "the only-begotten Son of the Father," invariably supported His position and assertions by a definite claim of God the Father's supreme authority, from whom He received, not only the commandments, but *the very words which He delivered*; so that the rejection of Christ's evidence involves a denial of the Father, and of the Son, especially as the former, by direct and open testimony, thrice; at the commencement, continuance, and close of the

Saviour's ministry, at His baptism, on the transfiguration mount, and when the shadow of the cross clouded the Redeemer's spirit (Matthew iii. 16, 17; xvii. 5; John xii. 27, 28), emphasized His appointment of and delight in His Son's witness and ministry. Therefore, if the higher criticism be valid, we are driven either to utterly impugn the entire veracity and force of the Sacred Scriptures, or else, accepting these as authoritative and inspired, to confront such modern theologians with THE UNIMPEACHABLE AND UNDIVIDED WITNESS OF THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

* * * *

(b) *The Testimony of the Apostles.*

It is a significant fact, and pregnant with weighty argument, that on no single occasion, in the course of our Lord's intricate controversies with scribes and Rabbis, Pharisees and Sadducees, was His appeal to Moses, and the Psalmist, and the Prophets repudiated, rejected as invalid, or in any way disputed. Indeed, Christ's antagonists maintained, as firmly and unreservedly as He Himself did, the authority and Inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures, while the most advanced and Ritualistic section among the Jews (the Sadducees) bowed to reasonings based upon the historical records of Exodus; and, as we have already noted, even the devil himself succumbed to utterances from the Book of Deuteronomy (Matthew xxii. 29—34; iv. 4, 7, 10).

Now, that this verdict of contemporary Jewish history (endorsed as it was also by the strong statements of Josephus,) should be in complete harmony with the testimony of the Lord Jesus, is in itself a remarkable evidence of the high esteem in which "the Sacred Writings" were held by that nation, unto whom "were committed the oracles of God" (Romans iii. 2); especially when we remember the scrupulous accuracy with which not only verses and sentences and words were memorized, but also the extreme care wherewith letters, and even particles of a letter, were often noted down and counted. Accordingly, we have arrayed against the so-called "findings" of certain modern progressive divines the solid testimony of all that was strong, erudite, religious, and reliable in the whole Jewish national life;—priests and common people, Pharisees and Sadducees, who were nineteen hundred years nearer the original sources of evidence than the sceptical and in many cases superficial critics of the present day, being alike fully persuaded that Moses wrote the Pentateuch. Thus, the group of expectant saints, "waiting for the consolation of Israel," "gave thanks unto the Lord" by the Holy Ghost for the accomplishment of those promises of redemption which God "*spake by the mouth of His holy prophets* which have been since the world began" (Luke i., ii.); and, thirty years afterwards, John the Baptist claimed that his own ministry was a fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy, and Philip argued with Nathanael concerning the Messiahship of Jesus, "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph" (John i. 23, 41, 45); while, two years later, the people and rulers, reasoning out the same question, "Shall Christ come out of Galilee?" made the whole conclusion hinge upon the, to them, unimpeachable authority of the psalmist David, and a single

verse in Micah,—an obscure minor prophet! "Hath not *the Scripture* said, That Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?" (John vii. 40—52;)—the citation of Scripture proving, in all such cases, a final court of appeal concerning every controversy, and a conclusion of all argument.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find that Matthew, and, following him, the other Gospellers, speak throughout their entire writings in language of the simplest faith concerning fulfilled prophecy, and make allusion after allusion, in perfect confidence, to Old Testament incidents and teachings. Indeed, there seems a quiet, unambiguous assertion of the supreme authority, absolute accuracy, and fullest Inspiration of the Old Testament Books, right through the Gospels, the Acts, and all the New Testament Epistles;—the suggestion of a partial or limited inspiration never seeming even to occur to the apostles and other representatives of our Lord and Saviour.

Mark, for example, opens by heralding in the ministry of John the Baptist with the emphatic testimony, "As it is written in the prophets,"—quoting from *Isaiah, the first of the major, and Malachi, the last of the minor prophets*;—and incidentally mentions, in connection with the closing scenes of the Redeemer's life, "And the *Scripture* was fulfilled, which saith, And He was numbered with the transgressors" (Mark i. 2, 3; xv. 28). The Letter to the Galatians, full of deep theological argument, equally with the Epistle of James, weighted with solemn practical truth, abounds with illustrations and incidents drawn from *the historical Books*, while "The Revelation" suggests, in analogy and metaphor, inevitable comparisons with, and references to, nearly every phase and style of Old Testament writing,—poetical, prophetic, and historical.

We cannot, obviously, trace out this line of argument in all its many ramifications and conclusions; but, for our present purpose, it may suffice to assert that any position, which assails the accuracy and Inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures must, necessarily, also undermine the character or knowledge of Matthew, John, Peter, Paul, and the remainder of Christ's apostles. Thus, we have, not only the affirmations of the Lord Jesus, and behind Him those of God the Father, and, as we shall afterwards see, the witness of the Holy Spirit, but the learning and undivided faith of the (in great measure hostile) Jewish nation, and the unwavering testimony of all the apostles ranged alongside the full-orbed Inspiration of Moses, the Psalmist, and "all the Prophets." Surely, this in itself should be sufficient to cause any thoughtful man to pause, and pray, and shudder ere walking over, possibly carelessly, to join the ranks of those opposing forces, who shift their ground, their arguments, and their "findings", like men who tread a quagmire, (as indeed they do!) or are swayed, in weathercock fashion, by variable and conflicting winds of earthly thought and evanescent criticism.

Let us, however, in this connection, look at five Books, totally different in style and purpose, which we may fairly take as representative of the entire New Testament;—the Gospel of Matthew, a memoir of our beloved Saviour;—the Acts, a historical record of the Early

Church;—the Epistle to the Romans, a doctrinal and practical treatise;—the Book of Hebrews, concerned with priesthood, sacrifice, and worship;—and the little Letter of Jude, dealing with apostasy and prophetic hope;—and we shall easily discover that they all, abounding as they do with quotations, incidents, illustrations, and arguments from the Old Testament writings, are so interwoven in thought and reasoning with these, as to *depend absolutely for their own cohesion and integrity upon the Inspiration and authority of "the Law and the Prophets."*

Matthew, including, as it of course does, the utterances of the Lord Jesus, contains nearly *one hundred* citations, references, and allusions to the Old Testament Books, mentioning by name Moses, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Jonah (viii. 4; xxii. 43—45; iv. 14—16; ii. 17; xxiv. 15; xii. 39—41); and quoting freely from such prophets as Hosea, Micah, Zechariah, and Malachi (ii. 15; 5, 6; xxi. 4, 5; xi. 10). The Acts, amid the solemn scenes of the upper room and Pentecost, opens with direct appeals to David, Joel, Samuel, "and all the prophets," and ends with warnings drawn from Moses and Isaiah (i. 16; ii. 16—21; iii. 24; xxviii. 23—27;) while the apostles, in the most fearless manner, whether answering anxious sinners or facing hostile priests and people, simply crowded their addresses with proofs from David, Moses, Isaiah, and even Habakkuk (ii. 25—31; iii. 22; xiii. 40—47). Speaking in holy prayer to almighty God, the disciples reverentially quote the Lord's own words, "*by the mouth of Thy servant David*;" Stephen, arguing for his life in the power of the Holy Ghost, delivers his entire apology from the Historical Books of the Old Testament, quotation following quotation, and incident succeeding incident; Philip, speaking to the eunuch, leads him to the Lord Jesus out of the prophet Isaiah; James, at the anxious council meeting in Jerusalem, bases his important "sentence" upon an argument drawn from the prophet Amos; "Paul, as his manner was, reasoned with them (the Jews) out of *the Scriptures*;" the Bereans were counted "more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched *the Scriptures* daily, whether those things were so;" Apollos, the wonderful orator, displayed great power and eloquence in preaching because he was "*mighty in the Scriptures*" (iv. 25, 26; vii. viii. 28—35; xv. 15—17; xvii. 2, 11; xviii. 24); and, in fact, it is utterly impossible to read through such addresses as those delivered by Peter in the earlier, and Paul in the latter portion of the Acts, without the most profound conviction that these men, speaking through the direct guidance of the Holy Ghost, staked absolutely all upon "those things which God hath spoken by the mouth of *all His holy prophets since the world began*" (ii. iii. 12—26; iv. 8—12; x. 34—43; xiii. 16—41; xxiv. 14—16; xxvi. 1—24; xxviii. 23—28).

Next glance at that memorable Epistle addressed "to all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints." Note its commencement: "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the Gospel of God, (which He had promised afore by *His prophets in the Holy Scriptures*,) concerning His Son Jesus

Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead;"—and its conclusion: "Now to Him that is of power to stablish you according to my gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest, and by *the Scriptures of the prophets*, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith; to God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever, Amen." (Romans i. 1—4; xvi. 25—27.) In this remarkable Book, to say nothing of quite a multitude of allusions to history, type, and teaching, there are at least sixty *direct* quotations from the Old Testament Scriptures constituting *one-seventh portion of the entire Epistle*; the phrase, "it is written," occurs no less than eighteen times as conclusive and final in the apostle's argument (i. 17; ii. 24; iii. 4, 10; iv. 17, 23; viii. 36; ix. 13, 33; x. 5, 15; xi. 8, 26; xii. 19; xiv. 11; xv. 3, 9, 21); prophets like Moses, Isaiah, David, and Hosea are mentioned by name (x. 19, 20; xi. 9; ix. 25); and citations from Kings, Proverbs, Ezekiel, Joel, Habakkuk, and Malachi are produced as authoritative (xi. 2; xii. 19; ii. 24; x. 13; i. 17; ix. 13); while, in establishing the cardinal doctrines of justification by faith, the sovereignty of God, and the freeness of the Gospel offer: "whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed;" the existence in days of worst apostasy of "a remnant according to the election of grace;" and the fact that "whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of *the Scriptures* might have hope;" Paul invariably appeals to "the Scripture" or "Scriptures", and, in one instance, to that weird Horeb incident narrated in the *Historical Book of Kings*, "Wot ye not what *the Scripture* saith of Elias?" (iv. 3; ix. 17; x. 11; xi. 2; xv. 4). It is, therefore, evident that any criticism which discredits or mutilates the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and especially the prophet Isaiah, dislocates and destroys the teaching, reasoning, and authority of the Epistle to the Romans.

And here it may be strongly emphasized that, in making his eighteen quotations from "the Evangelical prophet," the apostle had evidently no knowledge of the modern theory of a dual authorship of Isaiah, since not only are his citations nearly equally divided, eight being from the first thirty-nine, and ten from the last twenty-seven chapters of the Book, but he deliberately quotes two utterances, in the ninth chapter of his Epistle, *under Isaiah's name*, both from chapters PRECEDING the fortieth, and two more, in his tenth chapter, "*as Esaias saith*," SUBSEQUENT to the fortieth chapter of his prophecy (ix. 27, 29; x. 16, 20). Similarly, the apostle Matthew, in recording incidents relating to the Saviour's life, writes, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet," referring to the ninth, fifty-third, and forty-second chapters respectively (Matthew iv. 14; viii. 17; xii. 17). John the Baptist, quoting from the fortieth chapter, says, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias" (John i. 23); and our Lord exclaims, alluding to the *twenty-ninth*

chapter, "Well hath Esaias prophesied;" while, in the synagogue at Nazareth, He read from the *sixty-first* chapter of "the Book of the prophet Esaias," and applying the words to Himself, said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears" (Mark vii. 6; Luke iv. 17—21). John the beloved, also, in accounting for the rejection of Jesus by the Jews, gives an explanation based upon "the saying of Esaias the prophet;" and, in two verses immediately succeeding each other, quotes from the earlier and latter portions of Isaiah, indiscriminately, (or, perhaps I should rather say, discriminately, and deliberately,) as the utterances and predictions of God, through *one* man (John xii. 38—41); and Luke, the historian, describes the eunuch reading from the fifty-third chapter of "Esaias the prophet;" and Paul, citing warning words from the sixth chapter, "Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet" (Acts viii. 28—35; xxviii. 25—27). Thus, if the modern "two Isaiahs" theory be correct, the Divinely-ordained apostles Matthew, John, and Paul, the Inspired historians, Mark and Luke, the God-appointed preacher, John the Baptist, and, above all, our adorable Lord and Saviour, were ignorant and destitute of the knowledge and learning assumed by certain ephemeral divinity professors of the boastful nineteenth century. In the face of such a tremendous, and we must, in all kindness, say blasphemous assertion, surely we may be pardoned the satire of quoting a sentence from the lips of a notorious though anti-Christian authority, hoping however, that its attendant consequences will not overtake these hardy critics, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?" (Acts xix. 15.)

(To be continued next month.)

Christmas at the Stockwell Orphanage.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

IT was a very pretty sight when the children, seated at the table, gave rounds of ringing cheers, which were called for by the Head Master, to welcome the President and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon. The Hall was decorated with flowers and evergreens, and a large number of many-coloured paper lanterns swung overhead. The decorations were carried out, as usual, under the direction of the Head Teacher, Mr. F. A. Simmonds. Before each child was placed a box of figs, a cosaque, and an orange; and, in due course, these were appropriated in turn to the accompaniment of ringing cheers for the kind donors. Mr. William Higgs, as Treasurer, and Mr. V. J. Charlesworth, as Head Master, responded to the cheers for the Trustees and the Staff, the President having paid a generous tribute to all, in calling for this clamorous vote from the youngsters. Several of the Trustees and a goodly number of friends were present to wait upon the favoured guests, who did full justice to the usual Christmas fare of roast beef and plum pudding. The Medical Officer, Dr. Soper, presented the premier boy, elected for this honour by the votes of his schoolmates, with a silver watch; and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon presented the premier girl with a similar gift on behalf of the donor, Mrs. Frederick Fisher, who was unable to be present. Amongst the presents, a list of which was read by the President, we noticed that upwards of a thousand plates

had been given by a friend whose interest in the Orphanage has been expressed before in a similar tangible form.

When the Secretary, Mr. F. C. Ladds, rose to address the children, they knew that his speech would conclude with an announcement which would result in their enriching to the extent of a shilling each, and so they cheered right lustily. For many years, new shillings were given; but, this year, new coins were not to be had. It is needless to add that the Victorian shillings were gratefully received, even though they had not come fresh from the Mint. As on former occasions, the new shillings for the boys were the gift of Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore and Sons, and those for the girls were subscribed by the members of the Board of Management. There was an additional surprise for the girls, when Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon placed in the hands of each one a bright sixpence, the gift of Mrs. Stevens, who was an interested spectator from the platform.

Many of the presents to the Orphanage kept the larder replenished for several days, and the memory of Christmas Day lingered long after the New Year had dawned. It is always a matter for regret that the kind donors are not able to witness the pleasure which their generosity affords; but, in the service of silent memory, which is always a feature in the programme for the day, they were not forgotten; and many a prayer was breathed for blessings upon them and their families as they assembled around their own fireside.

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 now issued *John Ploughman's Talk*, by C. H. SPURGEON, in paper covers, at sixpence. This work has already reached the four hundred and thirty-fifth thousand, so that, if all "John Ploughman's" friends will order copies, and circulate them as widely as possible, it will not be long before the total exceeds half a million. More than a whole generation of readers has passed away since these homely, striking, proverbial papers first appeared in "The Sword and the Trowel," and their message is just as timely to-day as it was then. Let every reader of the Magazine order a dozen copies at once, and put them into the hands of those to whom they are likely to be of service.

By some omission, the sixty-first Annual Report of THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY has only just reached us. We have so often commended the good work that is being done by this unobtrusive yet

needful Society, that it is only necessary just to remind our readers that its object is to aid in producing and circulating faithful and complete versions of the Word of God, and to urge them to help its funds as often and as generously as they can. All communications should be addressed to the Acting-Secretary, Rev. P. G. Scorey, 19, Furnival Street, London, E.C.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have published a sixpenny packet of poetical Leaflets, by Miss ADA R. HABERSHON, which ought to have a very wide circulation. They were written during the intervals of a long illness, and they bear abundant traces of the fact that, while the writer was in the furnace of pain, there was One with her like unto the Son of God. "Apart with Him," which gives the title to the series, is a real gem, which will flash comfort and joy into many a sick-room. The same may be said of "The Sunbeam and the Prism," and "Training Days." In fact, all

the nine are admirable, and there are about four of each in the packet. "The Little City" is a choice parable from Ecclesiastes ix., applied in a most original and ingenious manner to the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Three packets can be obtained for 1s. 4d. from A. R. H., 27, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, London, W.

Messrs. W. G. Wheeler and Co., 19, Paternoster Row, E.C., have published, at a shilling, *The Young Folks' Scripture Characters Roll*, by ALBERT MIDLANE. Containing thirty-one of our venerable friend's versifications of Biblical incidents, printed in bold type, and conveying Gospel messages in a pleasing fashion, this roll will be a welcome addition to the furnishing of any schoolroom in which it is hung up, and its poetic teaching will help to impress the truth upon youthful memories and hearts.

We are pleased to see that the *Advice to 20th Century Business Juniors, and Others*, by PHI RHO CHI, published by Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son, has reached its 30th thousand. We have had practical proof of its usefulness, and are glad to confirm our previous commendations of it. It can still be obtained in paper covers at 4d., but we specially recommend the present edition, in leatherette, at a shilling net.

Messrs. Charles Griffin and Co. have issued, at 10s. 6d., the twenty-seventh edition of *Eadie's Biblical Cyclopædia*, thoroughly revised, reset in new type, and in all respects brought down to date. It contains nearly 700 pages, 4 excellent coloured maps, and 27 beautifully-executed photographic plates, which make it to be quite a work of art. There is no need to commend a work which has attained a world-wide reputation, and which, on the whole, is so well-deserved. We do not endorse all its teaching; we think, for instance, that a much better explanation of being "baptized for the dead" might be

given; but, as a rule, the information is reliable, and the instruction in harmony with the Word of God.

Some late *Annuals* came after our previous notices were published. *Hand and Heart*, issued from "Home Words" Publishing Office, is a collection of bright illustrated tales. *The Young Man*, and *The Home Messenger*, published by Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son, well maintain their former high reputation.

Hear the Other Side Again, is the title of another penny pamphlet, issued by our brother, Pastor T. WHITESIDE, Ballymena, and in which he tells why he was baptized, and further vindicates the Baptist position.

A Frank Talk about Gambling and Betting, by ROBERT E. SPEER, published by Messrs. Partridge and Co., at 3d., should be put into the hands of all who are being caught in the net of one of the greatest and the foulest of our many national or international sins.

The Schools and Schoolmasters of Christ. By J. FARQUHAR, M.A. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THE modest form in which these studies are offered to the reader does not prepare him for the admirable substance of them. They furnish a new line of thinking in reference to the life of our Lord, fresh and suggestive to the last degree. An open-eyed preacher should find here scores of sermons,—not ready-made, but hinted at in pregnant word and sentence. Mr. Farquhar has the clear vision that sees what others miss, and the pithy diction that tells without waste of a syllable. For half-a-crown, this little unpretentious book will provide a year's week-night sermons to any man who is grateful for suggestions, and will honestly work out a hint from a "seer." Our author lights his own fire, but he leaves plenty of kindling wood for others who come after him.

The Word of God VERSUS the "Higher Criticism." By Pastor W. FULLER GOOCH. Office of "The Bible League," 186, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

THE price asked for this booklet is twopence; but, in our judgment, it is worth its weight in gold.

The leisured scholar will, of course, read those larger treatises written on this vital subject; but the rank and file will make better use of this pound of red-hot shot than they could of a magazine of ammunition. Get a dozen copies, friend, and put them into the right hands. God and man will bless you for the deed.

Pictorial Sermons in Industries.

By Rev. GEORGE MENZIES.
Arthur H. Stockwell.

HAD the beloved C. H. S. still been in the editorial chair, he would have heartily hailed the appearance of this admirable volume from one of his own men. It was always a source of great joy to him to see the brethren handling the pen to profit. This series of sermons is of considerable merit; one might imagine that the preacher had been "Jack of all trades," and had made himself master of them all, for he is so well informed concerning the various industries of which he treats. Evidently, he has used his eyes and his ears to good purpose. Such discourses, judiciously blended with others of another sort, are likely to prove a blessing to both hearers and readers, for they touch life at so many points, and awaken and sustain interest, and show that the preacher and the message he delivers are not altogether other-worldly.

We trust that a second and a third edition of this well-illustrated book will soon be required, for it is worthy of wide circulation.

The Romance of a Northamptonshire Baptist Church. A Brief History of Rushden and the Old Baptists. By Rev. W. F. HARRIS. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

ANOTHER work by one of "our own men" who sat at the feet of the beloved Founder of the Pastors' College. Though this little book treats of what was, a few years ago, a village church, it is of more than local interest, and should be read by all lovers of the denomination. It is well that a record should be made, wherever possible, of the struggles and victories of those who founded and upheld the churches of our land. We owe it to the sires who have made England largely what it is; we owe it, no less, to those who are to follow us. Coming generations will need the inspiration which the records of the past can supply. Readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" will be interested in knowing that, in 1856, C. H. Spurgeon visited Rushden, and preached in the open air; and that, just forty years afterwards, his son and successor at the Tabernacle also visited the same place, and likewise preached, in the open air, to a large concourse of people. Most appreciative mention is made, in this volume, of this pleasing instance of history repeating itself.

The Brave Boys of Derry. By W. STANLEY MARTIN. Morgan and Scott.

ANOTHER of the shilling series of Protestant books which ought to be circulated by millions. It should be in every Sunday-school library, and the librarian should take care to keep it constantly before the youthful readers. Such volumes as this, and the others in the series, will help to keep England from falling again under the cruel domination of the Papacy.

Notes.

All readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" will be delighted to hear that my son Thomas has been prevailed upon to accept the sole Editorship of the Magazine, and that he hopes next

month to enter on his new duties. This arrangement will free me from a responsibility which was becoming too heavy for me, and I believe it will secure to the Magazine the full success

and prosperity which it deserves. I gladly relinquish my part in its guidance and direction, for I know I am placing it in hands far abler and more skilful than my own: but I hope, if my health will permit, to continue my occasional contribution to its pages.

I think I see a brighter and busier future for the good old "S. and T.," and, under the management of the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, it should not only have a very warm welcome from the members of that important Church, but a far wider circulation amongst all professing Christians. In retiring from the management of the Magazine, I desire to acknowledge the faithful services of Mr. Harrauld as my helper, and heartily thank all who have by their articles contributed to its interest and value, together with the wide circle of readers by whose sympathy and prayers I have ever felt encouraged.

No assurance from me is needed that the Magazine will be kept up to its old standard in interest, integrity, and defence of the truths so dear to our hearts. My son's principles and practice have shone before the Church and the world with a clear and steady light these many years; and, in committing to his care the Magazine his father loved and so ably edited, I have no fears, or doubts, or questionings as to the way in which he will control and conduct it.—S. S.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has received the following very interesting letter from Mr. W. T. Macgregor, the Assistant-Governor of the Edinburgh City Poor House, Craiglockhart, Slateford:—

"Dear Madam,—I think I am in a position to give you a new and altogether unique illustration of the helpfulness of your little Illustrated Almanack; and as I know you are deeply interested in the whereabouts and doings of these daily messengers, I take the liberty of disclosing a little of the personal history of the one in my possession.

"How much we are indebted sometimes, to those who do not enjoy the full light of reason which we ourselves possess, and how many lessons they may teach us! At my writing-table, here, there sits opposite me a man who has seen better days, but who is now an inmate of the lunatic wards of this Institution. He has many strange say-

ings and ways, which, however, only endear him to those who can appreciate his steady application to the business for the day. Among the usual delusions of the insane,—coming in for a fortune, heir to an estate, marriage to a rich wife, etc., etc., my lunatic assistant has a great craving for DAILY TEXTS!!!! I used to have a daily calendar on the mantelpiece, but the exit of 1901 saw its exit also. Alas! my trusted friend looked as though he would not survive the loss of his daily counsellor. So I procured one of your Almanacks; and, now, 'Richard is himself again.'

"But that is only part of the story. Not content with appropriating the text for his own daily meditation, and shouting it across the table at me, my friend insists that everyone who comes into the office *shall* hear the text for the day, *volens, volens*. And when I tell you that my office door is scarcely shut ten minutes in succession, through people coming in on various matters of business, think, Mrs. Spurgeon, of the number of times your text is repeated. I leave the rest of the story to your imagination, and now retire from your notice, apologising for having troubled you with this letter."

By general consent, the WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE AT THE TABERNACLE, on New Year's Eve, is considered to have been one of the most successful ever held. The great building was practically full; and it was plainly evident that many in the congregation were not in the habit of attending any place of worship, yet they listened most attentively to the Pastor's earnest address on the word "Watch," and to Madame Annie Ryall's sweet singing of appropriate Gospel melodies. Pastor C. B. Sawday engaged in prayer in the course of the service which was closed, just after midnight, with the usual hearty New Year greetings from pulpit to pew, and from pew to pulpit.

The Secretary of THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY writes:—"On Wednesday, January 1st, we had a very able address from our old friend, Pastor John Wilson, of Woolwich. Unfortunately, our meetings are not attended so well as we think they should be, considering the really good lecturers we get from time to time. However, I suppose that New Year's Day made

a difference to some, while our Sunday-school friends had a meeting for the parents of scholars, at the same time, in the adjoining schoolroom.

"On February 5th, we are to have a visit from Pastor Thos. Richardson, of Rotherhithe Free Church, when we hope our friends and supporters will favour us with their presence."

Under the title of "A Mission for Believers," three days' meetings were held, from January 7th to 9th, in HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD. The gatherings were not advertised very widely, as they were intended specially for the benefit of the children of God engaged in work in connection with that place; yet between 250 and 300 came together each evening. From commencement to close, each meeting was characterized by the felt presence of God. A quiet and subdued spirit over the audiences betokened an earnest desire for Divine teaching and blessing. The speakers were Professor W. Hackney, M.A., of the Pastors' College, Mr. R. Wright Hay, Assistant to Pastor Frank H. White, and Pastor W. Fuller Gooch. These brethren, without any consultation, were led to take subjects which exactly fitted in with one another; it was as though they had previously decided upon the succession of themes. Mr. Hackney spoke upon the new nature in the believer being "begotten of God." Mr. Wright Hay spoke upon "being filled with the Spirit"—the strength and equipment of the new nature. Mr. Fuller Gooch took as his subject the practical outcome of the indwelling Spirit,—wisdom, power, patience, and usefulness. Many, who were present, will ever have to thank God for such messages.

This "Note" is published in order that other congregations and churches may be encouraged to institute local Conferences, or meetings for God's people, at which the deeper truths of the Word may be expounded to those in our churches who can never visit the larger united Conferences of Christians. The outcome of such "Missions for Believers" will be a great growth in the Christian life, and a great impetus to the work amongst the unsaved.

The TABERNACLE ANNUAL CHURCH-MEETING was held on Wednesday, January 22. A large number of the

members met for tea, and a still larger company gathered afterwards in the Tabernacle. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided; and, after Psalm 136 had been sung, and prayer had been offered by Mr. W. J. Orsman, J.P., the Pastor read Psalm 138; and the statistics for the year were read by Mr. J. T. Dunn, the Church Secretary. They were as follows:—Increase, by baptism, 125; profession (having been previously baptized), 17; dismission from other churches, 32; decrease, by transfer to other churches, 115; names removed for non-attendance, 68; friends joining other churches without letter, 23; removed at their own request, 3; for inconsistent conduct, 4; "gone home," 54; leaving a net decrease of 93, and the total number of names on the books, 3,563. In connection with the church, there are 21 mission-stations, with 6,781 sittings, and 22 Sunday-schools, with 569 teachers, and 7,974 scholars,—an increase of about 800 during the past year.

The Pastor, in a cheering address, referred to the hopeful side of the statistics, as well as to the items that were not so favourable, and specially mentioned Gipsy Smith's mission, the open-air services, the winter campaign in the lecture-hall, the Gospel Temperance mission and meetings, the Sunday-school ("always a source of unmingled delight"), the Young Christians' Missionary Union, the College. Orphanage, and Colportage; and said that it was a cause for the deepest thanksgiving that "all the work goes on, goes on happily, goes on heartily, goes on with the manifest smile of God resting upon it;" and closed by asking the members to support him in his new position as Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel."

Mr. James E. Passmore presented the church accounts, showing total receipts of £5,660 os 8d., and a balance in hand on every fund; and he was heartily thanked for his services, and unanimously re-elected as Treasurer. Mr. Frank Thompson read the College accounts, which also showed a balance in hand in each department; and the usual vote, pledging increased sympathy and support, was enthusiastically passed. Mr. F. H. Ford reported about £800 in hand towards the Sunday-school Extension Fund, and after addresses by Mr. S. R. Pearce and Pastor C. B. Sawday, further contributions were given to the Fund.

Mr. William Olney gave a solemn and weighty closing address, urging upon the members the thought of the indwelling Christ overmastering us, and after leading the large assembly in prayer, the meeting was appropriately concluded with the Doxology and Benediction.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. S. A. Dyke, from Woonsocket, Rhode Island, back to Toronto; Mr. H. H. Hill, from Kirkby-in-Ashfield, to Brixham, Devonshire; Mr. A. Parker, late of Harpole, to Lord's Hill, Shropshire; Mr. A. H. Stote, from Perry, Oklahoma, to Russell, Iowa, U.S.A.; Mr. G. Wainwright, from Geelong, Victoria, to Dunedin, New Zealand; and Mr. L. A. Wilson-Haffenden, from Stroud, to Foot's Cray, Kent.

In Memoriam—To the writer of this paragraph, Monday, December 30, 1901, was a "record" day in a very solemn sense, for he then received official intimation of the home-going of three of his fellow-students,—Pastors Levi Palmer, of Taunton; C. H. Thomas, of Waterlooville; and Matthew Morris. The last-named brother passed away, in Queensland, in October, but the news of his sudden death came on the very day that brought the tidings concerning those who were in College with him. The President and Pastor H. T. Spufford have referred to Brother Palmer, or we would have written at greater length concerning him, for we also loved him very dearly. Brother Thomas was not a member of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, but there was no one of "our own men" who was more faithful and loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ, and it has been proved, since his decease, that he must have worked for years, in constant pain, with the heroism of a martyr. Brother Morris was another of the brethren who shared with Mr. Thomas and the writer the high privilege of living at Professor Gracey's during the happy student days of long ago; he and they are taken, some are left for a little while longer. May the Lord graciously comfort all the mourners, and keep us who survive faithful even unto death!—J. W. H.

COLPORTEGE.—It is pleasing to be able to announce, thus early in the year, that a new District is being arranged at Hayle, Cornwall. The

colporteur has been selected, and it is hoped, next month, to intimate that work has been commenced among the warm-hearted population of the West Country.

The closing month of 1901 proved a fairly good one for sales in most Districts; and, notwithstanding the depressed condition of trade generally, during the year, the total sales were in excess of those in the previous year. It is also a cause for much gratitude to God that the strenuous efforts, on behalf of the General Fund, during the closing months of 1901, resulted in securing an increase of income upon that of several previous years. This happy conclusion has been partly attained through the loyal co-operation of many of the colporteurs, some of whom helped by lectures or meetings, others by a chapel collection, and some by collecting boxes and cards.

Reports of spiritual success have not been lacking; and, among the rest, the following little sketch has been sent in by a lady:—

"It was a bright scene, just before Christmas, in a Railway Mission Hall. The colporteur had brought his pack, and, by request, was displaying his attractive wares before the members of a Mothers' Meeting. There were Wall Texts, Motto Cards, and Christmas goods, including bright, cheap Books for Children. These were readily exchanged for the coins of the mothers. Then more solid wares were put forward,—Bibles, Testaments, Books, Almanacks, etc., and the women were interested and pleased, while a goodly number became purchasers. The buying and selling being finished, a hymn was sung; and then the colporteur, in impressive tones, led off in most earnest prayer, and brought the mothers face to face with those things which concern the soul and God. As he left the gathering, the pleasant reflection was left upon the minds of those most deeply concerned in the proceedings that much good would probably follow the visit; the Books would be read with interest and profit; and the Texts, adorning the walls (in many cases, the only bright thing to catch the eye), would probably become a continuous blessing through all the months and weeks of 1902."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,—January 2, seven; at Haddon Hall,—January 2, four.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1901, to January 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
M. H. B. S.	6	10	0	Mr. G. H. Biddlecombe	0	2	6
Collection at Wimbledon Baptist				Contribution from East Ham Baptist			
Chapel, per Pastor C. Ingram ...	6	1	3	Church, per Pastor R. C. Sloan ...	1	1	0
"Anonymous," per Mrs. C. H.				Miss B. Larkman	0	5	0
Spurgeon	10	0	0	Mr. Lefevre, per Pastor H. K.			
Mr. John Cameron	50	0	0	Kempton	1	1	0
Miss Nelson	0	5	0	Collection at Canterbury Baptist			
Collection and donations from				Chapel, per Pastor H. K.			
Vernon Baptist Church, per Pastor				Kempton	4	3	8
D. H. Moore	10	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	25	0	0	Contribution from Slough Baptist			
Colonel R. Parry-Nisbet, C.I.E. ...	5	5	0	Church, per Pastor T. Cousens ...	1	10	0
Mr. Alex. Christie	2	0	0	Miss A. Redpath	0	10	0
Mr. H. Donkin	1	0	0	Pastor G. Freeman	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Bullman	0	10	0	Mr. Critchett	0	10	0
Collection at Toxteth Tabernacle,				Rev. R. J. Beeclyff	0	2	6
Liverpool, per Pastor H. O.				"Remembrancer"	0	5	0
Mackey	5	13	2	Mr. T. Brewer	3	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	0	0	R. W. N.	2	2	0
The Misses Oyler	0	10	0	"Dear Grannie"	1	0	0
Miss S. E. Mannington	0	5	0	Weekly offerings and collections at			
Mr. Scott	0	5	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle	39	3	6
Part collection at Drummond Road							
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. A.							
Burleigh	1	1	0				
					£176	2	1

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1901, to January 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"Anonymous," per Mrs. C. H.				Mr. Russell	0	10	0
Spurgeon	3	0	0	Mr. Percy	0	10	0
Miss Nellie Haseltine	0	5	0	Mr. Dickie	0	5	0
Mr. Alex. Christie	2	0	0	Beulah Baptist Chapel Sunday-			
Pastors' College Students' Mission-				school, Bexhill-on-Sea ...	3	4	3
ary Association	4	15	9	Mrs. Hockey's Class	0	10	0
"For Christ's sake"	0	5	0	Mr. Hockey's Class	1	1	3
Miss S. E. Mannington	0	5	0				
Miss Tarrant	0	5	0	"Dear Grannie"	4	15	6
Mr. E. Johnson	1	1	0				
Mr. Higgs	1	0	0				
Mr. Harden	1	1	0				
					£20	18	3

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1901, to January 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	205	6	3	Miss E. Jones	0	1	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	5	0	0	Mr. Opie Rodway	0	2	0
Miss A. Badenoch	0	10	0	Mr. Savager	0	2	0
Miss C. Warren	0	10	0	Miss C. Elliott	0	10	6
Mr. J. W. and Miss Harrauld ...	10	0	0	Mr. Barfoot	0	10	0
Miss Daltry	0	10	0	Miss E. A. Field	0	10	0
Mrs. Philpot	2	12	0	Mrs. K. B. Wheeler	25	0	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	1	0	Mrs. Spelman	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Oborn	0	10	0
Miss Hancock	0	5	0				
Mrs. Everett	0	2	6				
					£258	11	3

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 10th, 1901, to January 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. H. Edwards	2	0	0	Mrs. A. L. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. J. O'Gram	1	0	0	Misses A. J. and E. Gould	3	0	0
Battersea Chapel Sunday-school,				B. J. T.	0	5	0
per Mr. G. J. Rowley	1	1	0	Mr. E. Vincent	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Chesterfield	1	0	0	Mrs. M. Snelling	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Jackson	1	0	0	Mr. E. Frisby	2	2	0
Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	0	10	0	Miss H. McKelvie	1	0	0
Miss E. Hendrie	0	10	0	Misses Cunningham	2	2	0
Mr. Thos. Young	0	5	0	Postal order, Bramdean	0	4	6
Hirst, S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. Felton	0	10	0
Mr. James Clark	64	0	0	Miss E. M. Hicks	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Hassell	1	1	0	Miss H. E. Sampson	0	5	6
Mr. A. A. Stephens	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. Bland	0	3	0
Mr. George Wood	0	7	6	Mrs. J. L. Pring	0	2	6
Mrs. K. Perry	0	5	0	Mrs. Pople	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Banks	0	5	0	Miss Ferguson	0	7	6
Miss Hewlett	0	5	0	Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Mrs. Oyler	0	5	0	Master R. T. Jackman	0	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Lockyear	1	0	0	Miss Lightbound	0	2	6
Mr. J. Patmore	0	2	0	Mrs. E. Williams	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Stringer	0	2	6	Mr. G. G. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. T. Knight	5	0	0	Mrs. E. Perryman	0	3	0
Mrs. Blott	5	0	0	Mr. R. Culyer	0	5	0
Mr. H. White	1	1	0	Miss E. Milroy	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Yallop	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Holder	1	15	6
Mr. J. Kearry	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Bellyse	0	10	0
Mr. O. Owens	0	5	0	A. and M. S.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Waite	0	2	6	M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
Edith	0	1	0	Mr. J. Wates	2	2	0
Master Livsey	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	2	0	0
Mrs. W. W. Nicoll	1	0	0	Mrs. Clarke	0	5	0
Miss S. Cabban	0	5	0	Miss J. Bowler	0	1	6
Mrs. J. M. Haywood	1	0	0	Mrs. Geo. Cadbury	100	0	0
Miss E. Nelson	0	5	0	Mr. J. Marnham	5	5	0
The Trustees of the Delmar Charitable Trust, per Mr. H. Verden	5	5	0	Mr. T. Brown	13	0	0
Mrs. Grout	5	0	0	Mr. J. Bishop	0	2	6
Mr. Poulter	1	1	0	Mrs. Pells	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	1	0	0	Miss L. R. Treves	1	1	0
Miss L. E. Knight	0	10	0	Mr. H. J. Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. G. Cousins	0	5	0	Mr. E. West	2	2	0
Mrs. J. Stiff	2	0	0	Mrs. T. Richards	2	2	0
Mrs. Coad	0	1	0	Mrs. H. Jelley	0	10	0
Misses E. and S. Charles	0	1	6	Mr. J. Wickham	0	5	0
Miss L. A. Scott	0	5	3	Mrs. E. A. Munton	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. Beament	0	6	0	Mr. J. Jackson	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. H. Clark	0	5	0	Anonymous	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Farley	3	6	1	Mrs. J. L. Bradley	0	10	0
Mr. R. D. Pedley, F.R.C.S.	5	0	0	Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Davies	2	0	0	Mrs. Williams	0	2	6
Mr. J. Harris	1	0	0	Miss S. Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. E. W. Diver	0	5	0	Rev. S. R. Young	0	5	0
Mr. F. Patterson	0	5	0	Miss Peck	0	12	0
Postal order, Northampton	0	5	0	Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Mrs. C. R. Curtis	1	1	0	Mrs. Dodwell, senr.	0	11	0
Miss Sizmur	0	5	0	Miss E. Barton	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Megaw:				Mr. W. Fyson, sen.	0	10	0
A friend	0	10	0	Postal order, Salisbury	0	5	0
Mr. R. C. Martin	0	5	0	Mr. W. T. Flew	0	10	0
Mrs. J. McElderry	0	2	0	A friend, Sheerness	0	5	0
Mrs. T. B. Hamilton	0	1	0	Mr. J. Ball	0	10	0
Mr. Megaw	0	2	0	Grey; Mold	0	5	0
Mrs. Megaw	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Knight	0	5	0
				Mr. J. Walker	0	2	0
				Miss N. Mizen	0	2	6
Mr. J. Marshall	0	10	0	Mr. W. Miles	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Howland	0	5	0	Mrs. Best	0	5	0
Mrs. Rennard	1	0	0	Mrs. Thomas	0	10	0
Mr. A. J. Robbins	5	0	0	A well-wisher near Bicester	0	10	0
Mr. D. Boyd	1	0	0	Mrs. C. Mumby	2	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Bulger	0	6	0
Mrs. B. Fox	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. C. Bolton	0	6	0
Mrs. Layzell	0	3	6	Mr. J. Cameron	25	0	0
Mary Campbell	0	1	6	Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	5	5	0
L. B.	0	2	0	S. B., Ltd.	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. B. Jones	1	1	0	Mrs. A. Barefoot	0	5	0
Mr. Tatnell	1	1	0	Mr. E. G. Courtis	0	10	0
Miss Buckland	1	0	0	Mr. E. Laphorn	2	2	0
Mrs. Shaw	0	10	0	Mr. A. G. Beeton	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Ju. Hubble	0	10	6	Mrs. C. H. Gibson	1	0	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	6	Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mrs. Hoddy	0	10	0	Rev. J. Crouch	0	5	0
Mrs. Hawkes	0	10	0	Postal order, Almond Bank, Perth	0	2	6
Mr. C. Buchel, per Pastor C.				Mr. and Mrs. King, Arbroath	0	15	0
Spurgeon	3	3	0	Mrs. Pilgrim	0	5	0
Mr. W. Coles	2	0	0	Mr. W. Haigh	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. King	0	5	0	Mr. H. R. Parker	2	0	0
Mr. T. D. Ransford	5	0	0	Mr. H. Hurrell	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Upward, J.P.	2	2	0	Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Bond	2	2	0	Collected by Mr. G. Finch	2	0	8
Mr. A. Wells	2	2	0	Mrs. Ironside	1	0	0
Mrs. Biddle	2	2	0	Mr. T. Ward	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0	Mr. N. Papworth	0	5	0
Mrs. and Miss Lowe	1	10	0	Mr. J. W. Wright	0	10	0
Mrs. Milne	0	10	0	Miss M. A. Seale	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Creasey	1	10	0	Mr. J. Bettinson	2	5	0
Mrs. Conder	1	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Lees	1	1	0
Mr. W. Dunn	1	5	0	Mrs. E. Ashton	1	1	0
Mr. S. W. Jarvis	1	1	0	Mrs. Downing	1	0	0
Messrs. Hine Bros.	1	1	0	Mrs. Gardner	1	0	0
Mr. H. Holder	1	1	0	Mr. A. W. Sutton	1	1	0
Carrow Sunday-school, Norwich,				Mr. E. P. Walker	0	10	0
per Mr. W. Reeder	1	1	0	Mrs. E. M. Walker	0	10	0
Mr. L. Atkinson	1	1	0	Mr. T. Church	1	0	0
Mr. T. Hooley	1	1	0	Mr. R. Adcock	0	10	6
Mrs. Vergette	1	0	0	Mr. T. Bedford	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Norton	1	0	0	Mr. R. Allen	0	2	6
Mrs. B. Mings	1	0	0	H. M. F.	0	2	0
Mr. J. Briggs	1	0	0	Mrs. M. Wright	0	10	0
Miss L. Francis	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Chudley	1	1	0
Miss J. Spencer	1	1	0	Miss J. Stewart	0	10	0
Mr. H. Colman	2	0	0	Mr. J. Hill	10	0	0
Mr. W. Squibb	3	0	0	Collected by Miss Hunter	1	12	6
Major H. Imbusch	1	0	3	Mr. D. Binie	0	5	0
Mrs. Payne	0	5	0	Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0
P. W. Leicester	0	2	0	Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rushton	0	12	6	Postal order, Dumbarton	0	5	0
Per F. R. T.				Mr. T. Smith	0	6	8
Mrs. Keen	0	5	0	Miss S. Clout	0	2	6
Mr. S. Pwettress	0	5	0	Mrs. Alexander	0	2	6
	0	10	0	Miss Murray Gartshore	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. White	0	10	6	Mr. S. Banfield	0	10	6
Postal order, Scots Gap	0	5	0	Miss S. Standen	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Holbrook	0	15	0	Miss E. L. Tarver	0	2	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson	1	7	6	Miss E. Elven	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. A. C. Smith	1	0	0	Mr. E. B. King	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Voysey	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Waumsley	0	10	0
Miss Knott	0	5	0	Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
Miss R. Dale	0	5	0	Mr. G. Bantick	0	5	0
Miss Hooper	0	10	0	E. G.	0	2	6
Mr. J. D. Barrett	0	5	0	Mrs. Beach, per Pastor H. S.			
Mrs. Mitchell	0	2	6	Boulton	0	10	0
Miss Gregg	0	1	6	Mrs. E. Jones	0	10	6
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	3	0	Mr. F. Whittle	2	0	0
Mr. C. Price	1	1	0	Mr. S. Priddy	0	10	0
Friends, per Mr. J. Hutson	0	6	9	Miss E. Macnicoll	1	0	0
Stamps, Kettering	0	2	6	Mr. T. J. Peake	2	2	0
H. D.	0	1	0	Mr. J. Scott	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Lewis	0	10	0	Mrs. R. Evans	0	5	0
Miss M. M. Thomas	0	0	3	Collected by Mr. F. R. Freeman	0	13	0
C. F.	0	1	6	Mr. J. Hall	2	2	0
Mr. G. S. Wilkins	1	1	0	Mr. F. West	1	10	0
A country minister	0	5	0	Mr. A. Levitt	1	1	0
Mrs. Doughty	0	1	0	Misses H. and J. Coles	1	1	0
Mr. R. Inglis	1	1	0	An old boy	0	2	6
Mr. F. Kent	0	11	0	Miss Mason	0	2	0
Miss Harding	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. Kite	0	5	0
Per Mrs. Mott:				Postal order, Morecambe	0	1	0
A friend of the little				Miss A. Stevenson	0	1	0
ones	4	0	0	Mr. R. H. Smart	0	5	0
Mrs. Davies	1	0	0	A. W.	0	10	0
Mr. D. Miller	0	10	0	S. and N.	5	0	0
Collected per Mrs. Mott	2	10	0	Mr. G. Russell	1	0	0
	8	0	0	Mrs. M. Hewkley	1	0	0
Miss F. Stock, per Miss Fryer	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Parry	1	0	0
Mr. J. Haseltine	0	5	0	Mr. H. A. Harverson	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. W. A. Britcher	1	5	0	Miss M. C. Hart	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Suter	1	1	0	Miss E. Bowden	0	5	0
Mr. W. S. Cowell	1	0	0	Mr. E. Mounsey	1	0	0
Mary, Lockerbie	0	5	0	Mr. Jacobs	0	5	0
Miss Potter	0	5	0	Mr. C. Price, per Pastor T. Spur-			
Mrs. Simpson	0	10	0	geon	0	10	0
Stamps, Kilmarnock	0	7	0	Mr. H. Higbed	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith	1	2	0	Mr. M. Oliver	0	5	6
Mr. A. Scott	5	10	0	Mr. J. Help	0	1	0
A drop in the ocean, Hastings	0	10	0	Mrs. Pepperdine	0	2	6
Mrs. J. B. Near	0	2	6	Mr. J. McIlroy	0	15	0
Mrs. E. Warrington	1	1	0	Mr. F. F. Norman	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Jervis	0	2	6	Miss J. Crerar	0	2	0
Mr. M. Groves	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Wight	1	0	0
Mrs. Geo. Stopford	1	0	0	Mrs. Lloyd	0	5	0
Mr. G. Jiffkins	0	1	6	Mr. J. Cameron	0	5	0
Mr. J. T. Hart	1	1	0	Mr. J. Niblett	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Laver	2	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. Sloan	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Harris	0	7	6	Mrs. E. Watson	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Daintree	0	5	0	Mr. H. Ridley	0	10	0
Mrs. C. H. Thrower	0	10	0	Miss Ware	0	2	6
Mr. F. Bayes	0	10	6	Mr. M. S. Tait	0	5	0
Mr. W. B. Scott	2	0	0	Mr. F. Allen	0	6	3
Mr. J. F. Harris	2	0	0	Miss E. Millar	0	5	0
Mr. W. Loveday	0	10	0	Mr. G. Sargent	0	2	6
Mrs. Sharpington	0	10	0	Mrs. T. Couper	0	2	6
Miss Sharpington	0	10	0	Miss Seivwright	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	1	0	0	Mrs. E. H. Williams	0	5	0
Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per				Mrs. R. Stewart	0	2	6
Mr. E. Johnson	1	0	0	Miss Priestley	0	5	0
Mr. G. Eldridge	0	7	6	The Misses Walters	5	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Kilborne	0	10	0	Mr. H. S. Prewett	1	1	0
Miss Newcombe	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Nicholl	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Rogers	0	14	0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0
Mr. T. Davies, J.P., L.C.C.	1	1	0	Stamps, Balham	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Walker	1	0	0	Miss M. McEwing	1	0	0
A friend, Workop	0	5	0	Mr. W. Grant	1	10	0
Miss E. Howard	0	5	0	Messrs. Wills and Packham, Ltd.	5	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0	Mr. T. Harris	3	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0	Postal order, Abernethy	0	2	6
Miss P. Exton	0	10	0	Mr. D. Grant	1	0	0
Miss M. Clarke and pupils	0	4	0	Mrs. M. A. Parry	1	0	0
Mrs. Melhuish	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Halsey	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. A. J. Powell	0	7	0	Mr. W. Hiner	0	5	0
Miss M. M. Hodges	0	10	0	Mr. T. Bowler	0	5	1
Miss L. N. Furner	0	5	0	Mrs. J. G. Van Rijn	5	13	5
R. W.	0	10	0	Mr. A. O. Nelson	5	5	0
Mr. R. David	0	10	0	Mr. E. Essex	1	1	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0	Collected by Mr. T. Weir	1	0	0
Mr. R. Rees	0	1	0	Mr. F. F. Doggett	2	0	0
Mr. S. Wellman	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. J. Perrett	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. H. Gill	0	5	0	Mr. B. C. Forder	1	8	0
Mr. W. Howard	1	0	0	Mrs. M. Hoare	1	1	0
Miss Speare	0	5	0	Mr. T. W. Worringham	1	1	0
Mrs. Boulter	1	0	0	Mr. J. McCutcheon	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Sear	0	15	0	Miss S. Green	0	0	8
Rosie's money-box	0	5	0	A lover of the Lord's work, Ayr	0	1	0
Mrs. Page	2	10	0	Collected by Mrs. M. R. Sharman	1	0	0
Mr. W. Church, junr.	0	5	0	Mr. T. Trounson, in memoriam	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hillier	0	3	6	Miss A. McClumpha	1	0	0
Mrs. Harvey	0	2	6	Postal order, London, S.E.	0	1	0
Mrs. Clegg	0	1	0	Collected by Miss A. Lewindou	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coupland	0	2	0	Mrs. Leeks	0	2	6
Mr. W. Knight	1	0	0	Servants and friends at Kinlet			
Stamps, Luton	0	0	5	Hall, per Mrs. Pugh	1	9	0
Mrs. M. Wreatham	0	5	0	Rev. W. May	0	5	0
Mr. Mitchell	0	10	0	A friend, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	32	4	0
Mr. D. Pile	1	0	0	Mr. F. Higgs	2	2	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0	Mr. M. Romag	1	0	0
Mr. E. C. Messeder	0	10	0	Mr. R. G. Battley	2	0	0
Mr. J. S. Raven	1	0	0	Mr. J. Warren	1	0	0
Mrs. Nethercoat	0	5	0	Mrs. Allen	0	2	0
Miss Green	1	0	0	Postal order, Cowes	0	2	6
Mr. J. W. Newcombe	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Spiller	0	7	6
Mr. J. Storey	2	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Shears	0	4	0
Mr. J. Richards	1	1	0	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Mr. J. Dawson	0	2	6	Stamps, Canterbury	0	0	4
Stainwick Society of C.E., per Mr.				Mr. J. Owers	1	1	0
S. Pettit	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Straw	0	16	0
Mr. L. Clayton	0	10	0	Mrs. S. H. Rugg	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Smith	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Rice	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Plant	0	10	0	Mrs. Underhay	0	2	6
Mr. W. Dennis	1	0	0	A widow's mite, Glenlyon	0	2	6
In memoriam, Eliza Ann Lythgoe	0	10	6	Mr. J. S. Hanson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Pullum	1	1	0	Postal order, Penryn	0	2	6
Mr. D. Watkins	0	10	0	Mr. T. Bevan	0	10	0
Mr. A. Cave	0	10	6	A commercial traveller	25	0	0
S. and E.	0	4	6	Mr. E. Goodman	1	0	0
Miss E. Girdlestone	2	10	0	Mrs. Brierley	0	2	0
Mrs. Hertzell and Mrs. Mallison	0	2	0	Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. P. Barlow	1	1	0	Mr. W. A. Weightman	2	2	0
Mr. T. Thomas	1	1	0	Wishaw Baptist Sunday-school, per			
Mr. H. G. Wood	1	0	0	Mr. T. Prentice	0	15	0
Mr. J. Barnes	1	10	0	Mr. J. H. Wale	1	0	0
Mr. F. Jervis	0	10	0	Mr. Cornish	0	3	0
Mr. C. Careless	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Skeet	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Frost	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Short	0	10	0
Mr. J. Brown	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Pointer	0	5	0
Miss M. Montgomery	2	5	0	An orphan	0	2	0
Mr. H. Skinner	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Dickerson	0	2	0
Miss M. A. Hardy	0	4	6	Mr. R. Middleton	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Hughes	0	5	0	Mrs. Bickford	0	3	6
Mr. E. Norledge	0	2	6	A. R., Portsmouth	1	0	0
Little Melton Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. R. Carr	1	1	0	Stamps, Brechin	0	1	0
Postal order, Tamworth	0	5	0	Mrs. Gardner	0	2	0
Mr. W. Wilshire	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. F. T. Mitchell	0	10	0	Mr. T. Farrow	1	0	0
A friend, Brechin	0	15	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Elford	0	12	6
Mrs. E. Illman	0	3	0	Mr. G. F. Dean	5	5	0
Miss J. Miller	0	1	0	Mr. R. Wilkinson	0	10	0
F. P. and E. P.	0	3	0	Mr. A. Law	3	5	0
Mrs. R. Wedderburn	0	2	6	Mr. J. E. Hullett	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Freestone	0	7	0	Mr. F. Prior	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Plummer	0	3	0	Miss M. Lang	0	5	0
Mr. A. Chilman	0	5	0	Messrs. Horn and Co. and employees	1	10	0
Miss A. M. Richards	0	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. Collier	3	0	0
Mrs. Roe	0	2	0	Mr. T. Stocker	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Davis	0	5	0	Miss L. and Masters W. and B. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. J. Barber	0	10	0	Mr. T. Pameley	0	2	6
Mr. S. Buick	0	2	6	Mr. T. Houghton	2	0	0
Rev. E. Evans	0	5	0	Mrs. Heatley	0	5	0
Messrs. McCammon and Sprott	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. Bush	0	10	0
Postal order, Winchester	0	1	0	Stamps, Stow	0	1	0
Mr. R. Norris	0	5	0	Mrs. G. Blake	0	7	0
Mr. A. Harris	0	2	0	Mrs. Reid	0	1	0
Mr. G. Sturrock	1	0	0	Mrs. Thomson	0	10	0
Mr. F. Fisher	2	10	0	Mrs. A. Andrew	0	1	0
Mr. G. H. Creek	14	0	0	Mrs. A. Miller	0	1	3
Acton Lane Sunday-school, Harlesden, per Mr. U. Maggs	1	7	0	Mr. J. O. Cadwaladr	0	2	6
Postal order, Shorncliffe	0	2	6	Mr. J. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. G. E. Gaunt	5	0	0	A. J., Upper Brynammon	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. G. F. Smith	3	8	0	Collected by Miss Wigney	0	14	6
Rev. W. J. Mayers	0	5	0	L. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. J. M. Chester, In memoriam, Mr. C. Chester	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Hoyles	0	8	0
Mrs. Godfrey's class	0	10	0	Mrs. I. Lister	1	0	0
The Misses E. and F. Lloyd	1	4	8	Mrs. S. Peoples	0	10	0
Mr. H. R. Halford	1	1	0	Postal order, Cambridge	0	1	0
Mrs. H. R. Halford	0	5	0	S. M. P.	0	5	0
Mr. P. Geeson's Bible-class, Melton Mowbray	0	6	0	Miss Macduff	2	2	0
Mr. H. W. Dove	0	10	0	Mrs. J. T. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. T. Field	0	5	0	Mrs. E. A. Thomson	0	2	6
Mr. G. Pedley	2	2	0	Miss L. C. Greenlees	0	5	0
Mr. E. O. Epworth, per Mr. Chamberlain, Matt. xxv. 40	0	8	6	Mr. J. Webb	0	1	0
Miss S. A. Harrison	0	5	0	Mrs. Tutton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cobain	0	10	0	Mr. P. A. Taffs	0	5	0
Mr. Carrington's Bible-class, Colchester, per Mrs. F. Weaver	0	10	0	Stamps, Hawick	0	5	0
Mr. J. Luckham	0	10	0	Miss M. M. Clarke	0	4	0
Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0	Mrs. Adams' Bible-class, Battersea Park Tabernacle	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Burgess	0	1	0	Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Archer	2	2	0	Miss Wood	0	2	6
Mr. T. W. Beveridge	0	10	0	Mr. W. Smith	0	3	0
Mr. F. Cave	1	1	0	Miss A. Waters	0	1	0
Mr. J. Hodge	0	10	0	Miss B. Larkman	0	5	0
Mr. J. Harris	0	10	0	Postal order, Guildtown	0	5	0
F. J. S.	2	0	0	Mr. E. J. Raby	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Llewellyn	2	2	0	Postal order, Battersea Park Road	0	5	0
				Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	0	2	6
				Mr. J. Bird	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Porter	0	5	0	Withington Congregational Church,			
Mr. and Mrs. J. White and friends	0	1	0	per Mr. Vaughan	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Pilling	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. A. Carman	0	2	0
Miss J. Clark	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Rutter	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Ross	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. A. Lockett	0	5	0
Postal order, Kincardine	0	2	6	Collected by Messrs. Edgeley and			
Mr. J. Watt	0	4	0	Co.'s Coal-porter's box	1	7	0
Mrs. E. McClure	0	10	0	Mr. C. B. Brooke	5	5	0
Mr. S. Storr	0	5	0	Mr. W. Higgs	20	0	0
Postal order, Cardiff	0	2	6	Mr. J. H. Carpenter	1	0	0
Mrs. A. T. Cocks	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Weekes	1	0	0
Mr. J. Macbeth	1	0	0	Misses F. and J. Weekes	0	10	0
Part collection Christmas morning				Baptist Sunday-school, Rothesay,			
service, Long Sutton Baptist				per Miss J. Duncan	0	10	0
Chapel, per Pastor A. C. Batts	2	0	0	Miss Ellison	1	0	0
Christmas morning service, English				Miss Nurse	0	3	0
Baptist Church, Llandudno, per				Per Rev. W. Sexton:—			
Mr. R. E. Towler	1	13	6	Collected by Miss Daft	0	11	0
Christmas morning service, York-				Collected by Master G. R.			
town Baptist Chapel, Camberley,				Shaw	1	4	0
per Pastor F. Burnett	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. W. Page	1	3	10
Christmas Day collection, Droitwich							
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J.				Mr. F. W. Collen	2	18	10
Nelmes	0	11	0	Collected by Mr. T. Ackland	5	5	0
The Misses Roberts	1	1	0	Mrs. Hodges	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. J. Simco	0	6	0	Mrs. C. Stockdale	0	10	0
Mr. W. Baddon	3	0	0	Collected by Miss Britton	0	10	0
Mr. H. T. Trevanion	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Mason	2	0	0
Mr. G. F. Goldspink	2	0	0	Miss Duckett's Bible-class	1	17	6
Mr. E. J. Reed	2	2	0	A few friends at Downs Chapel,			
Mrs. Hunt and friends, per				Clapton, per Mr. W. Payne	4	18	0
Pastor J. E. Jasper	3	12	6	Mrs. C. Scruby	0	11	0
Postal order, Beckenham	0	10	0	Mr. W. F. Whittle	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Whitaker	0	2	6	Stamps, Builth Wells	0	2	6
United Christmas morning service,				Mr. C. Voysey	0	10	0
Murley and George Street Baptist				Miss Bovey	0	2	0
Chapels, Plymouth, per Mr. J.				Miss E. Hobson	0	2	6
Seymour	5	0	0	Mr. J. Duncan	0	2	6
Mr. Jas. Scott	2	2	0	Mr. H. Mills	0	5	0
Y.P.C.S., Zion Chapel, Swaffham				Mr. C. Le Quesne	5	0	0
Prior, per Miss Asbee	0	15	0	Mrs. Claridge	0	10	0
Miss L. P. Burgess	0	2	6	Stamps, Haverhill	0	2	0
Mrs. A. S. Romaines	0	5	0	Mrs. Finlay	0	4	0
Mr. J. Herbert	0	2	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Long Pres-			
Mr. W. Norton	0	1	0	ton, per Miss Brennand	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Moore	0	2	6	English Baptist Sunday-school,			
Miss J. P. Woodman, In memory of				Porth, per Mr. J. H. Williams	0	10	0
our dear father	0	5	0	Mr. J. Beatty	0	3	6
Mr. W. Wain, junr.	0	5	0	Mrs. Reeves Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. W. Gilbert	0	2	6	Mr. E. S. Midgley	1	1	0
Mr. G. Middleton	0	10	0	Miss Spry	0	5	0
Mrs. Crabbe	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Cousens	1	1	0
Mr. W. A. Bradley	0	6	0	Miss M. Spink	0	8	0
Mr. S. Carlisle	0	10	0	Penge Tabernacle, per Mr. A. N.			
J. G. C.	0	2	6	Chew	5	2	2
A thankoffering, Mark, Coventry	0	10	0	Mr. A. Collin	0	5	0
Mrs. Terry	0	1	0	Mr. J. Webb	0	5	0
Mr. F. Rees	0	5	0	Sutton Baptist Chapel, per Mr.			
Mrs. J. Ogg	0	3	0	Geo. Carr	5	5	0
Mr. W. Hancock	0	2	0	Mrs. Newland, per Pastor T. Spur-			
Inasmuch, a thankoffering	0	2	0	geon	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Matthews	1	0	0	Half-year's interest on £4,800 at			
Mr. J. Robertson	0	10	0	5 per cent. Deb. Stock, Messrs.			
Mr. J. Rowlands	0	2	0	Cory Bros. and Co., Ltd.	113	0	0
Mr. E. F. Brook	3	0	0	A reader of the "Christian World,"			
Mr. J. Trelease	0	5	0	per Messrs. J. Clarke and Co.	1	0	0
Captain C. Trelease	1	0	0	Mr. J. Ferguson	0	5	0
Masters C. S. and V. E. Jones	0	5	0	Mr. H. W. J. Adams	0	10	0
Mrs. McIlwraith	0	10	0	Miss E. Wilmot	0	4	0
Miss J. Chapman	0	5	0	Mr. T. Wright	0	1	0
Mr. L. Lake, senr., Christmas				Mr. A. Peel	5	0	0
breakfast-table collection	0	14	0	Postal order, West Malling	0	2	6
Mr. W. Morgan	0	10	0	Lighthouse Sunday-school, Bow, per			
Mr. G. H. Biddlecombe	0	7	6	Mr. A. Logan	1	0	0
Mr. W. Thomson	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Blant	0	14	6
Mr. D. G. Overall	0	3	0	Mr. R. M. Scott	0	13	0
A friend, Cossington	0	7	6	Miss L. Parnell, per Miss H. E.			
Mr. W. Gould	0	2	6	Sampson	0	3	1
Postal order, Appleby	0	5	0	A country friend	0	5	0
Mr. W. Morris	0	5	0	Mrs. H. Bray	0	10	0
Mr. A. A. Walter	0	2	6	Mr. J. Sims	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. W. Adcock	0	5	0	Mr. J. H. Mills	1	5	0
Mr. R. Phillips	0	2	0	Mr. W. S. Hardy	2	0	0
Mr. J. Hannaia	1	1	0	Mr. R. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mrs. Dunn	0	2	6	Mr. R. C. Jones	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Youens	0	10	0	Collected by Master Lindsay	0	1	2
Collected by Miss E. Powell	0	16	0	Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	2	7
Mrs. and the Misses Senyard	1	0	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	6	0
Mr. H. A. Hall	0	5	0	Moiety of collection at Watchnight			
Mr. H. Donkin	1	0	0	service, West Cliff Tabernacle,			
Mr. Mendham	1	0	0	Bournemouth, per Pastor G. D.			
Mr. Worth	1	1	0	Hooper	1	0	0
Mrs. Donaldson	0	5	0	Mr. S. Amery	0	10	0
Miss F. Cook	0	5	0	Mrs. Infield and friend	0	2	6
Mrs. Welford	0	5	0	Mrs. E. A. Calder	50	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox (toward the support				Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gorringer	5	0	0
of three orphans for a year)	50	0	0	Collected at barn services, per Mr.			
Mr. I. Austin	0	5	0	E. J. Gorringer	2	0	4
Stamps, Abergavenny	0	2	0	Miss Grant	1	0	0
Mr. E. Martell	3	0	0	Mrs. Sissons	0	5	0
Miss A. Baker (presentation Alman-				Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1	10	0
acks	0	5	0	Emmanuel Baptist Sunday-school,			
St. Leonard's Baptist Church, per				Harringay, per Mr. G. K. S.			
Mr. J. Stockbridge	2	15	1	Edgley	1	11	0
Nunington Wesleyan Sunday-school,				Collected by Mrs. A. W. Curwood	1	7	0
per Miss S. Dixon	0	10	0	Miss A. L. Myers	0	4	1
Mr. D. Macintyre	0	2	6	Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
Miss S. E. Rude	0	10	0	Mr. J. Taylor, junr.	0	4	0
Miss M. Rudman	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Burnett	0	15	0
Mr. R. Howett	0	5	0	Miss P. Hubbard	0	5	0
Mrs. Haywood	0	5	0	Postal order, Swansea	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Lovell	0	2	6	Per Pastor E. Spurrier:—			
M. A. C.	0	5	0	G. C.	1	0	0
Mr. D. G. B. White	0	2	6	Mr. A. Blaxill	0	10	0
Miss G. M. Perkins	0	6	0	Mr. H. Arnold	1	1	0
Mr. G. Wakeham	1	0	0	Box at High Street, Col-			
Mr. J. Addington	0	10	0	chester	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. Beere	1	0	0	Pastor E. and Mrs. Spur-			
Girls of Otley Sunday-school, per				rier	0	8	6
Miss Barker	0	8	0				
Boys of Otley Sunday-school, per				Mrs. E. Martin	0	8	0
Mr. Dunnett	0	8	0	Mr. A. J. Foxwell	1	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	5	0	0	Mr. S. E. Barton	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. Twyman, per Mrs. Stark	0	5	0
Miss E. Tempest	0	10	0	Mr. S. Cole	0	10	0
Miss E. Burton	0	1	0	Miss G. Turner	0	3	0
Rev. T. Matthew	0	10	0	Mr. W. G. Healing	1	0	0
Mr. D. McKercher	0	5	0	Miss Thompson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6	Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0
Mrs. J. C. Macquarie	0	4	6	Blenau Gwent Sunday-school, per			
Miss M. Russell	0	10	0	Mr. W. Spencer	0	15	0
Young Ladies' Bible-class, Shore-				Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson	0	10	0
ditch Tabernacle, per Mr. J. Frost	0	10	0	Miss Rumming	0	5	0
Mrs. Orr White	5	0	0	Mr. D. H. Wood	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bann	0	5	0	Mrs. Roberts	0	2	6
Miss C. Thomson	1	0	0	Mrs. W. A. Manaton	0	10	0
Miss M. O'Brien	0	1	6	Postal order, Netherfield Road,			
Readers of the "Baptist," per Mrs.				Liverpool	2	0	0
L. Shorey	0	16	0	Mothers' Meeting, Garland Street			
Mr. A. Stace	1	0	0	Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, per			
Mr. E. Hankin	0	10	0	Mrs. Harriss	0	7	6
Mr. J. Hart	1	0	0	Mr. J. Ocock	5	0	0
Boyer Street Sunday-school, Derby,				Mrs. W. Jeeves	0	5	0
per Mr. S. T. Hudson	0	7	6	Mr. T. Morley	1	0	0
The late Miss M. J. Warren, per				Mr. Lefevre	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Hill	0	10	0	Christmas morning service, Barry,			
A friend, per Miss G. Thorpe	0	1	0	per Rev. L. T. Evans	0	5	6
Mr. W. J. Murphy	2	0	0	United Christmas morning service,			
Mr. J. Jackson	3	0	0	Bideford, per Pastor F. Durbin	2	16	0
Mr. J. Woodward	0	5	0	Mrs. Deboham	0	3	0
Mrs. S. A. Evans	0	5	0	Mr. W. Page	0	5	0
Mr. R. Pope Frost, M.A., J.P.	2	0	0	Christmas Day collection, Atms-			
Miss Scoles	1	1	0	houses Mission Chapel, per Mr. J.			
Mr. and Mrs. Osborn	0	5	0	Daniels	5	7	1
Mr. T. Fleetwood	0	10	0	Miss M. Hair	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Morris	0	2	0	Mr. J. Henson	0	2	6
Mrs. E. F. T. Vatcher	1	0	0	Mr. T. Whitehouse	0	3	3
Mrs. Gray	0	1	0	Mr. L. Thomas	0	4	0
Miss J. Redmond	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Tullis	1	17	0
Mrs. W. Piper	1	0	0	Pastor R. Bastable	0	2	0
A widow's mite, Hornsey	0	1	0	Mrs. M. McKenzie	0	10	0
Mrs. E. A. Burson	0	2	6	Mr. D. Thwaites	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Waterhouse	0	2	6	Mrs. Dodds	0	5	0
M. Shoreham, Sussex	0	5	0	Mrs. Coventry, per Mrs. J. Withers	0	2	0
Mr. F. Jackson	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Wren	0	2	0
Miss Stevens	0	10	0	Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Neale	1	1	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Cheddar Baptist Chapel, per Rev.			
United Watchnight service, Sandown, per Rev. M. Lister Gaunt	0	10	0	J. W. Padfield	0	7	6
Collected by Miss N. Hamer	2	15	6	Mr. T. Tippet	0	2	0
Misses A. and E. Pashley	1	0	0	Rev. E. H. Brown	0	4	6
Mizpah	0	10	0	Per Pastor E. R. Pullen:—			
Mrs. J. Gregory	0	2	0	Shirley Baptist Sunday-school	0	8	9
Collected by Mr. A. Lowe	0	16	0	Shirley Baptist Chapel,			
Stamps, Grimsby	0	2	6	Christmas Day service	0	9	3
Christmas morning service, Nottingham Tabernacle, per Pastor W. Kirk Bryce	2	5	0		0	18	0
Mr. J. Lister	2	2	0	Mr. J. F. Spencer	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0	Miss Chippendale, In memoriam, 1892	5	0	0
Mr. A. Bagster	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Jefferies	0	5	0
Miss Harding	0	1	0	Pastor W. Jenkins	0	2	6
Mr. A. Briscoe	5	0	0	Friends, per Mr. A. Hedley	0	10	0
Mr. G. Smith	0	4	6	Mrs. S. E. Hall	2	10	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	0	10	6	Mrs. Conway, per Mr. S. Gage	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Schofield	1	0	0	Mrs. Bawtree	1	1	0
Mr. R. T. Bull	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Simmons	0	5	0
Collected by Miss R. Patten	0	4	6	Moiety Christmas morning service collection, Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, per Pastor S. J. Baker	0	8	3
Mr. W. K. A. Rudd	0	10	0	Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mainland	0	2	0	Mrs. Ives	0	10	0
Mr. J. McCallister	0	1	0	Lossiemouth Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Per Mr. R. Giles:—				Collected by Miss J. Permaine	1	15	0
Sunday dinner-table box	0	15	0	Scotch note, Aberdeen	1	0	0
In lieu of Christmas cards	0	5	0	Clement	0	5	0
In memory of Bertie	0	10	0	A. P.	0	5	0
In memory of Bertie's mother	0	10	0	Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0
	2	0	0	Mr. T. Mills	0	1	6
Girls of Edgehill College, per Mrs. R. A. W. Rees	0	10	6	A friend, Leamington	0	3	0
Mrs. Greene	0	5	0	Mr. J. Scott	1	0	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	5	0	Miss J. M. Hutton	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Robertson	0	1	0	A working-man	0	2	6
Miss Mulligan	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Humphrey	2	1	3
Miss A. Parker	1	1	0	L. W.	0	2	0
Messrs. Francis Nicholls, White, and Co.	1	1	0	Pastor G. K. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. J. C. Toovey	0	10	0	Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Collected by Mrs. E. Vincent	0	10	6
West Brompton Railway Mission, per Mr. J. W. Gooding	1	1	0	Rev. W. Courtall	0	5	0
Per Pastor H. Jones				Pastor M. Matthews	0	10	0
The Misses A., J., and C. Jones	0	3	0	Pastor A. G. Haste	0	2	6
The Misses M. and G. James	0	2	0	Mr. H. Cole	0	10	0
	0	5	0	Mrs. Weekly	0	5	0
T. B. L.	1	0	0	Mrs. Maddison	1	0	0
Mrs. Talbot	0	5	0	Mrs. and the Misses King	0	11	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. King	0	5	0	Mr. P. E. Chapman	1	0	0
Mrs. Rhodes	0	2	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	5	0
Miss Sewell	5	5	0	Postal order, Byfleet Station	0	2	6
Mr. P. Davies	13	10	10	J. B. Strathaven	1	0	0
Upton Snodsbury Sunday-school, per Mr. G. Belcher	0	8	0	Collected by Mrs. Tucker	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Young	0	10	0	Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0
Mr. G. Baker	0	10	0	Miss A. Collins	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hallam	0	2	6	A sermon reader, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mr. W. B. Nichols	0	15	0	Miss E. Weale	0	5	0
Postal order, Buih Wells	0	2	6	Mr. J. Millard	0	2	6
Whitestone Baptist Church, Hereford, per Pastor W. Price	0	13	0	Mizpah	0	5	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	6	Miss D. Watson	0	8	0
Mr. H. S. Jones	0	2	6	Mr. W. Peacop	1	0	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0	M. A. G.	1	0	6
Miss E. Newman	0	2	6	Master B. Wilson	0	1	6
Mr. G. Huntley	1	1	0	Miss Brooks	0	10	6
Mr. T. Manley	2	0	0	Mr. F. Arthur	0	5	0
Mrs. Sturdy	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Whately	0	5	0
Mr. J. Turner, per Mr. J. W. Andrew	0	10	0	Collected by Widow Adlem:—			
Mrs. A. Boddington	0	10	0	Church of England	0	5	0
Miss A. Seeder	0	5	0	Hunt and Son	0	2	0
				M. H.	0	1	0
				O. H. S.	0	1	0
				Friends	0	5	3
				Adlem family	0	8	6
					1	2	9
				Mrs. Adcock	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Hedges	0	2	0
Miss York	0	10	6
Mr. G. Rendall	0	5	0
Victoria Street Baptist Sunday-school, Galashiels, per Mr. G. B. Johnston	0	11	0
A friend, Dublin	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Rees	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cooper	0	5	0
Miss Vowles	1	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Damant	0	7	6
Mr. G. Fisher	5	0	0
Collected by M. A. F.	0	2	6
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
A friend	0	5	0
In dear memory of J. H., who died 28th November	1	1	0
Bexhill Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	0	17	0
Messrs. T. W. Johnston	2	0	0
Box at Tabernacle Gates	1	1	9
Per E. and R. Ward:—			
Dear Grannie	1	0	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0
Mrs. Leaver	0	5	0
Mr. C. Pinnell	1	0	0
Miss E. Botsford and friends	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. G. S. C. Eveleigh	0	10	0
Pastor A. Macdougall and family	0	10	0
Mr. A. Moar	0	2	0
Mrs. Owen	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. P. Perrin	0	9	0
Collected by Miss S. Hughes	0	10	0
Miss M. Morgan	0	1	0
Mr. T. Fordham	2	2	0
Miss A. Foxwell	1	1	0
Mr. Bray	1	0	0
Rev. J. Kempton	0	5	0
Mr. Ward	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Willcox	0	5	0
Mrs. Lodge	0	5	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald," per the Editor:—			
Postal order, N 39, 302356	0	15	0
Postal order, D 15, 63217	0	2	6
Clara	0	17	6
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	3	6
Collected by Master Drake	0	6	0
Mr. H. H. Bolton	0	1	4
Mrs. J. R. Evans	5	0	0
Miss H. E. A. Jensen	5	0	0
Mrs. Spooner	1	0	0
Miss J. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	2	6
Mrs. Crome	0	5	0
Miss Jewhurst	0	10	0
Cymro	0	2	0
R. W. N.	0	11	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Clifton	1	1	0
Mrs. F. E. Davies	0	15	0
"My Countess"	0	3	0
A friend from Bedford	2	0	0
Per Miss Tarrant:—			
Miss Johnson	2	10	0
A soldier and his family at Woolwich	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. William Crawford	0	10	0
Executor of the late Mrs. Eliza Smith	13	10	0
Executor of the late Mr. Richard Wain	37	12	3
Orphan Boys' collecting cards, as per list	30	7	9
Orphan Girls' collecting cards, as per list	52	9	7
	48	8	7

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Rees	0	10	0	
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0	
Mr. Geo. Wood	0	2	6	
Mr. A. Sluce	0	10	0	
Mr. and Mrs. H. Crees	1	0	0	
Mr. J. Wood	1	10	0	
Mr. T. W. Benson	0	2	0	
Mrs. E. Sheppard	0	2	0	
Postal order, Tabernacle Street, E.C.	0	2	6	
Mr. J. H. Jackson	1	1	0	
Mrs. J. Stiff	1	0	0	
Mrs. M. Corbyn	0	5	0	
Mrs. Coad	0	5	0	
Miss H. Wood	1	1	0	
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pavey	0	5	0	
Miss M. Faith	0	5	0	
Mrs. E. Allmay	0	2	6	
Miss B. M. Swift	0	10	0	
Per Miss A. Thatcher:—				
Mrs. Mannington	0	5	0	
Mrs. Mannington (Lewes)	0	5	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mannington	0	5	0	
Miss Caffyn	0	5	0	
The Misses Hamsher	0	4	0	
Mrs. Faulconer	0	3	0	
Miss Porter	0	2	6	
Mrs. J. Gay	0	2	6	
Miss M. Thatcher	0	2	6	
Miss Thatcher	0	2	6	
Mrs. Warner	1	17	0	
J. B. C.	0	10	0	
Mr. J. Cutler	0	10	0	
Mr. E. F. Davies	0	10	0	
Mrs. Ellwood	3	0	0	
Mr. E. Vincent	0	2	6	
Mr. G. G. Johnson	0	2	6	
Mrs. Pringle	1	0	0	
C. H. J. A.	0	2	6	
Mrs. E. Perryman	0	2	0	
Mrs. G. D. Edwards	1	0	0	
Mr. C. F. Alldis	0	5	0	
Mrs. Hooper	0	2	6	
Miss J. Bowler	0	1	0	
Mrs. L. M. Brown	1	1	0	
Mr. J. Goodchild	1	0	0	
Centenary Baptist Sunday-school, March, per Mr. P. H. Davies	0	14	0	
Mrs. Gregory	0	2	6	
Mrs. S. Watts	0	5	0	
Miss A. Norton	0	10	0	
Postal order, Tatham Street, Sunderland	0	15	0	
Mrs. C. R. Stevens	0	10	0	
Mr. J. R. Read	0	3	6	
Mr. Geo. Tingey	1	0	0	
Lady West	0	5	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Clow	0	5	0	
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	2	0	
Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	0	1	0	
Mr. E. Jones	0	10	0	
Mr. R. Edwards	0	5	0	
Mrs. Ryott	0	5	0	
Miss Haward	0	2	6	
Miss Dains	0	10	0	
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	10	0	
Mrs. B. M. Harrison	0	10	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Langley	0	10	0	
Mrs. E. L. Hunter	0	5	0	
Miss C. H. Martin	0	5	0	
Mrs. Patterson	0	5	0	
Mrs. Nash	0	3	0	
Mr. W. Miles	0	2	6	
Mr. I. J. Carter	0	5	0	
Mr. G. W. Camps	0	2	6	
Mrs. Nixon	0	10	0	
Mrs. E. W. Lock	0	5	0	
Mrs. Best	0	5	0	
Mrs. B. Veall	0	2	6	

	£	s.	d.
Miss Marr ...	0	2	0
Mrs. S. A. Cousins ...	0	1	6
Stamps, Carnforth ...	0	1	0
Mr. J. Connell ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Hawkes ...	0	10	0
Mrs. D. Sharpe ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. W. Thompson ...	2	2	0
Miss F. Hall ...	0	10	0
Miss E. J. Jackson ...	0	10	0
A member of Rev. W. W. Block-			
sidge's Bible-class, New Brompton	0	5	0
Mr. G. C. Heard ...	1	1	0
Mr. C. Freeman ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Jeffreys ...	0	10	0
Miss B. Bashall ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Conder ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Fear ...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Hardy ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Balli ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Lambrick ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Keene ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Lane ...	2	0	0
Mr. W. Willett ...	0	10	0
Postal order, Royston ...	0	10	0
Miss Scarfe ...	0	1	0
Miss Gregg ...	0	0	6
Mrs. Whiting ...	0	5	0
Miss G. H. Stirling ...	0	3	0
Mrs. M. A. Pearce ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Baldwin ...	0	1	0
Mr. J. Logan ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Roberts ...	0	5	0
Miss M. Rowlands ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. Edwards ...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Roberts ...	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Dales ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Steward ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. S. Wilkins ...	1	1	0
Miss M. Blyth ...	0	2	6
Mr. T. Lawrence ...	0	2	0
Miss M. C. Irwin ...	0	1	0
A country minister ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Rainbott, scnr. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. K. Stace ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Grout ...	0	3	0
Miss Mathew ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Hiner ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Guthrie ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. R. Billing ...	0	4	0
Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	5	0
A friend, per Miss Cook ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Bayes ...	0	2	6
Postal order, Almond Bank, Perth	0	2	6
Mr. J. Phillips ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Pilgrim ...	0	5	0
Mrs. G. E. Chapman ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Hall ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Baines ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Edwards ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bettinson ...	0	15	0
Mr. D. Davies ...	1	10	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	2	0	0
Mr. H. Proctor ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Harvey ...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Dobson ...	1	1	0
Mr. R. Allen ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Hood ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Reid ...	0	5	0
Mr. Howe ...	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss E. G. Lang ...	0	7	0
Postal order, Hatton Garden ...	0	2	6
Rev. J. Steele ...	0	10	6
Miss Mason ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Cook ...	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Munro ...	0	5	0
Miss Scott ...	0	2	6
Miss Cornborough ...	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Cox ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Rugg ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Vincent ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Gager ...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. and Miss Dury ...	0	3	0
Miss I. Kemp ...	0	2	0
The Misses M. and G. Harland ...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Ongley ...	0	3	0
Miss A. Stevenson ...	0	0	6
Rev. J. Kemp ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Pleasant ...	0	10	6
Mr. R. H. Smart ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Gray ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. West ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Royce ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. Russell ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Howells, J.P. ...	3	3	0
Mrs. M. Hewkley ...	1	0	0
Mr. S. A. Harris ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Hoy ...	1	0	0
Mr. P. W. Durant ...	1	0	0
A Christmas gift from Tunbridge Wells	1	0	0
Mr. H. H. Dove ...	0	5	0
The Misses A. and M. Payne ...	0	3	6
Mrs. A. Drayson ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Simpson ...	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. Cox ...	0	10	6
Mrs. S. Evans ...	0	5	0
Mr. D. Clarke ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Speed ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Workman ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Nathan ...	0	5	0
Miss M. Hall ...	0	2	6
Miss A. Nash ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. Jifkins ...	0	1	6
Master R. Maidment ...	0	2	6
Postal order, Findhorn ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Newcombe ...	0	10	0
Endymion ...	0	10	0
Pastor and Mrs. Barnard ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson ...	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Walker ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith ...	1	10	0
In memoriam, W. L. M. ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson ...	0	5	6
Mrs. Wilson ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dowson ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Melhuish ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Watson ...	0	10	6
Miss M. M. Hodges ...	0	5	0
Miss Wilson ...	0	3	6
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay ...	0	1	0
Mr. S. Wellman ...	0	10	6
Mr. A. Ross ...	1	1	0
Mr. D. Parkins ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Buckmaster ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Page ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Penning ...	0	6	0
Postal order, Peckham ...	1	0	0
Miss S. Crowe ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Barker ...	0	2	0
West Mersea C.E.S., per Mrs. Watson	0	2	6
Miss Bluett ...	0	5	0
Mr. L. Clayton ...	0	5	0
Mr. B. Davies ...	0	5	0
Mr. D. Thomas ...	0	2	6
Miss Cunningham ...	0	5	0
Misses A. and L. Rowland	0	5	0
A well-wisher ...	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Franklin ...	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Wilson ...	0	6	0
Miss I. Allen ...	0	3	0
Miss M. Holliday ...	0	2	6
Miss Proudfoot ...	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Collin ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Milne ...	0	2	0
Miss E. Larcombe ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Clydesdale ...	0	15	0
Mrs. Ward ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. McIlroy ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Tolley ...	0	7	6
Mrs. R. Fakeley and family ...	1	5	0
Mr. F. Watkins ...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Welch ...	0	1	6	Mrs. S. Anthony ...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Jones ...	0	2	6	The Misses Horton ...	0	5	0
Mrs. S. A. Reed ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Wood ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Goodman ...	0	10	6	Mr. M. Phillips ...	0	15	0
Per Mr. T. Crozier:—				Miss S. Nice ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Crozier ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Havill ...	0	3	7
Mr. A. S. Crozier ...	0	1	0	Mr. E. Avery ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Crozier ...	0	4	0	Mrs. W. Deacon ...	0	2	6
				Mrs. M. A. Chapman ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. McKimm ...	0	2	6	Mr. M. McAlister ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Catt ...	0	2	6	Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	14	0	0
Mr. W. Layle ...	0	5	0	Mr. F. W. Grose ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Hicks ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Beckley ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Stone ...	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Barnard ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar ...	0	2	6	Miss Horsburgh ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Garrett ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Luckham ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Nivison ...	0	7	6	Mrs. I. J. Brown ...	0	7	6
Mr. A. C. Malley ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. Davis ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Nichol ...	0	2	0	Mrs. C. Thomson ...	0	2	6
Mr. R. Stewart ...	0	2	6	Psalm cxlvi. 9 ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Terry ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Parker ...	0	1	7
Mrs. Scutt ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. H. Rich ...	0	2	6
The Misses A. and R. Stocker	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Norrisb	0	5	0
Mrs. Lovering ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Gardner ...	0	2	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Bentley ...	0	2	6
Miss M. McEwing ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Le Feuvre ...	0	2	0
Mr. S. How ...	1	1	0	Per Miss Pocock ...	0	2	6
Friends at "Hill View," Champion				Mr. H. Dean ...	0	2	6
Hill, S.E. ...	2	0	0	Postal order, Rushton ...	0	1	6
Mr. S. J. Fowler, J.P. ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hewson ...	0	10	0
M. A. B. ...	0	10	0	Miss M. Salmond ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson ...	1	0	0	Mrs. S. J. Smith ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parris ...	2	2	0	Mr. W. Loveland ...	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Castleton ...	1	1	0	Mr. T. Basson ...	0	2	6
Mr. F. H. Brown ...	1	5	0	Mrs. G. Wellstood ...	0	2	6
Miss Steele ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Willis ...	0	10	0
A friend, A. M. ...	0	3	0	Mrs. A. Broom ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Hyslop ...	1	0	0	Mr. L. Hainsworth ...	0	3	6
Postal order, West Croydon ...	0	1	6	Miss Roby ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Riching ...	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Morrison ...	0	5	0
A friend, Hexham ...	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Miller ...	0	1	3
Miss H. Marshall ...	0	5	0	A friend, stamps ...	0	0	6
Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school,				An invalid, Woodbridge	0	0	6
Sittingbourne, per Mr. H. Packer	2	0	0	Mrs. E. Owen ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Trotman ...	1	1	0	Mrs. C. May ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Allen ...	0	1	0	Mrs. G. J. Broackes ...	0	10	6
Postal order, Teignmouth ...	0	1	0	Mr. J. H. Eldridge ...	0	2	6
J. F. ...	0	5	0	Mrs. M. J. Bishop ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Straw ...	0	5	4	Rev. J. F. Linn ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. West ...	0	10	0	Mr. B. Farrow and friends	0	5	0
Mr. J. Plant ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Peach ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. Pearce ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Aubrey ...	0	5	0
"For Christ's sake" ...	0	1	0	Mr. W. Grace ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. Cave ...	0	10	6	Mrs. James ...	0	2	6
Mr. H. C. Trimnell ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Reeves ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Coombes ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Bird ...	0	1	0
Mr. C. Willsher ...	0	2	6	Mr. S. H. Warren ...	0	5	0
Mr. O. Clabon ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. White and friends	0	3	0
Mrs. Chandler ...	0	3	0	Mr. J. W. Moxon ...	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Wood ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. Ingle ...	0	2	6
Per Mr. and Mrs. G. Fryer:—				Mr. J. Jones ...	0	5	0
Sermon-readers ...	0	6	1	Miss L. Ireland ...	0	3	6
Mrs. Stephen ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Watson ...	0	3	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fryer ...	0	1	0	Mr. R. Nelson ...	1	0	0
				Mr. H. Bell ...	0	10	0
Father of six ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Brouard ...	0	5	0
A friend, Brechin ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Pickering ...	0	1	0
Miss J. Miller ...	0	1	0	Mr. J. Riley ...	0	1	0
Miss Brame ...	0	5	0	Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore and			
Mr. D. Rippet ...	0	2	6	Sons (a shilling for each boy)	11	0	0
Mrs. Barrow ...	0	5	0	The Trustees of the Orphanage (a			
Pastor and Mrs. R. E. Sears	0	5	0	shilling for each girl	11	10	0
Mrs. Stephens ...	0	1	6	Rev. J. R. Hadler ...	0	5	0
Mr. F. J. Hurst ...	0	5	0	A friend, cash ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Rolfe ...	0	2	2	Mr. J. Pilley ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter ...	0	5	0	Mr. N. H. Saker ...	0	10	0
Miss Camps ...	0	5	0	Stamps, Birmingham ...	0	1	0
S. M. ...	0	8	0	Miss Speth ...	0	5	0
Miss N. Johnson ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. A. Carman	0	1	0
Mrs. J. Stamp ...	0	2	6	Stamps, Waltham Cross ...	0	0	6
Mrs. H. Lunn ...	0	5	0	Well-wisher, Liverpool...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Riddington	1	0	0
Miss A. Johnson	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. G. Forfeitt	5	0	0
Mr. T. Stark	0	5	0
Mr. Remington	0	5	6
Miss C. Bray	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Gunter	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sutherland	0	2	2
Mr. J. N. Vick	0	10	6
Mr. R. Foulayson	0	1	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	3	0
Mrs. Wiltshire	0	2	6
Mr. Lefevre	0	10	6
Postal order, Bardswell, Suffolk	0	6	0
Staines Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Holden	0	10	0
CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLECTIONS:—			
Miss Gray	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Morris	0	15	0
Postal order, Victoria Road, Cowes	0	1	9
Rev. J. Collins	0	2	0
Miss Treves	1	0	0
Mr. Twyman	0	5	0
Mr. C. J. Reeve	0	10	0
Mrs. Hills	0	2	6
Mr. Petts	0	1	0
Miss Larwill	0	4	3
Mrs. Wayland	0	8	0
Mr. Walker	0	5	0
Miss N. Kerridge	0	10	6
Bulwell, per Pastor W. Slater	0	10	6
Govilon Baptist Chapel, Abergavenny, per Pastor T. H. Williams	2	17	0
Teignmouth, per Mrs. Thorpe	0	5	1
Mr. J. C. Jarvis	0	6	0
Mrs. Duggan and family	0	3	0
"Matthews children"	0	10	6
Mrs. G. King	0	2	0
Per Miss Tarrant	0	7	0
Mrs. M. E. Long	0	5	0
Miss F. Perkins	0	10	6
Per Mr. and Mrs. Cattell:—			
Mr. Whiteman	0	10	0
Mrs. Jones	0	7	6
Mr. West	0	5	0
Mr. Davey	0	4	1
Mr. Geer	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cattell	0	5	0
	1	12	7
Mrs. Wenham	0	6	0
Dereham, per Mrs. Leech	5	12	3
George Street Baptist Chapel, Ryde, per Mr. W. H. Daish	3	16	0
Brabourne, per Pastor A. F. Cotton	1	17	0
Pembury, per Pastor P. J. Walker	2	7	6
Queen's Road Chapel, Wimbledon, per Mr. C. James	1	0	0
Miss H. K. Turner	0	8	6
Shirley Baptist Church, per Pastor E. R. Pullen	1	14	6
Wallington Baptist C.E.S., per Miss E. C. Smith	8	2	6
Ramoth Baptist Church, Cowbridge, per Pastor O. Jones	3	3	6
Mr. J. Twyman	0	10	0
Per Miss R. Daniell:—			
Miss H. James	0	10	0
Mrs. W. J. Fox	0	8	10
Mr. T. S. Edwards	0	5	0
Mrs. Thomas (Clifton)	0	5	0
Mrs. F. J. Davies	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Jones	0	5	0
Miss Harring	0	4	0
Mrs. J. Griffiths	0	4	0
Mrs. W. H. Davies	0	3	6
Mrs. Richards	0	3	6
Mrs. G. A. Davies	0	2	0
Mrs. S. Price	0	2	6
Mrs. Thompson (Fence)	0	2	6
Mrs. D. Jenkins	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. J. Phillips	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Thoms	0	1	0
Mrs. Heard	0	1	0
	3	7	10
Waltham Cross, per Pastor T. Douglas	9	16	0
Wellington Street Baptist Chapel, Luton, per Pastor W. J. Harris	1	11	8
Highgate Road Chapel Men's Bible-class, per Mr. C. Weight	2	16	0
Ibstock, per Pastor A. E. Johnson	1	18	6
Chatham, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby	0	19	3
Per Miss Harrauld:—			
Junior C.E. and friends,			
Thornton Heath	1	4	6
Junior C.E. Carol Singers	0	15	0
Miss D. Liley	0	9	0
	2	8	6
Brentford, per Pastor T. G. Pollard	2	14	0
Plumstead, per Mr. A. G. Rolstone	2	8	6
Antrim Road Baptist Chapel, Belfast, per Mr. H. H. Graham	2	0	0
Longley Road Chapel, Tooting, per Pastor G. Hunt Rumsey	8	16	7
MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—			
Ryde	18	1	10
Freshwater	5	7	6
Sandown	8	0	0
Portsmouth, collected by Mrs. Dugan	7	10	0
Fareham	4	9	4
Ventnor:—			
Proceeds of meeting	4	0	3
Mr. W. Roff	0	10	0
	4	10	3
Gosport	11	12	0
Newport, Isle of Wight	6	5	0
Elm Grove, Southsea	11	19	7
John Ploughman Gospel Temperance Society	1	10	0
Streatham Baptist Chapel	2	11	0
Great Central Hall, Bermondsey	7	0	0
"Guild of the brave poor things"	2	2	0
SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—			
Mrs. Coad	0	1	0
Mrs. L. M. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	1	0
Miss M. Rowlands	0	2	6
A widow's mite	0	1	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	2	0	0
Mrs. Bossingham	0	5	0
Miss Mason	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Kite	0	2	6
Miss A. Stevenson	0	0	6
Mrs. M. Walker	0	10	0
Mrs. Page	2	10	0
Mr. W. Church, junr.	0	5	0
Mr. L. Clayton	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Bowden	0	5	0
Mr. A. O. Nelson	5	0	0
Mrs. Allen	0	2	0
Miss J. Miller	0	1	0
Mrs. A. Barnard	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardner	0	1	0
Mr. T. Hill	0	2	0
Mr. D. G. Overall	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. A. Carman	0	1	0
Mr. G. Wakeham	0	10	0
Miss C. Thomson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Osborn	0	5	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	3	0
Mrs. G. K. Smith	1	0	0
Collected at Watchnight service at Lewes Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. P. Morris			
	2	8	6
Mrs. Lodge	0	2	6
	£2,058	5	0

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Adams, W., 75; Aspden, G., £1 15; Barlow, H., 125 8d; Brookman, R., £1 15; Burgess, J., 55; Bedford, R. and M., £1 25; Burns, H., 105; Brand, A., £1 35 6d; Beazley, H., 125 6d; Boots, F., 55; Barnard, P., 55 3d; Beckett, P., 55; Bray, S., 25 6d; Bann, F., 55; Balderston, L., 85; Bond, W. J., 105 6d; Bridgman, B., 35 6d; Baggaley, J., 125; Carey, A., 25 6d; Coppington, G., 35 6d; Cander, G., £1 75 9d; Camden, W., £1 15; Cooper, E., 85; Curry, C., 35; Collett, F., 145 3d; Clayton, T., 45; Daniels, M. L., 55; Dawkins, L., 105; Dunster, C., 55 3d; Durrant, H., 65 6d; Dollittle, J., 25; Darby, R., 45 2d; Day, W., 55; Davies, W., 25; Emmett, J., 85 6d; Edwards, P. and C., 115 1d; Evans, G., £1 15; French, S. J., 55; Friday, E., 65; Fuller, W., 65; Fudge, F., 105 9d; Goodyear, P., 45; Golding, W., 65 3d; Geard, J., 105 4d; Greene, A. E., £1 15; Gill, R., 95; Griffin, W., £1 15 11d; Golds, W., 75 8d; Halsall, J., 55 6d; Haddock, B., £1 25; Hughes, S., 25; Heritage, W., 25; Horton, G., 35 8d; Harris, L., £1 15 6d; Howe, H., 105; Hayes, H., 55 6d; Ibell, E., £1 15; Jilkins, W., £1 15; Jeffreys, P., 35; Jones, T., 25 6d; Kimber, J., 35 3d; Kirby, M., 35; Knight, C., £1 15; Kimber, T., £1 15; Lowe, A., 55; Lock, T., 55 5d; Miller, F., £1 15; Myerson, H., 105 6d; Moss, G., 35; M'Mechan, O., 45 6d; Maisey, H., 155; North, W., £1 15; Neat, W., 135; Olrod, T., 35 6d; Preston, V., 55; Pateman, R., 95 4d; Pritchard, D., 45; Patient, T., 35 10d; Parsons, F., 95; Page, N., 175; Parrymore, W., £1 45 2d; Pratt, S., 85 3d; Ribbons, H., 35; Rooksby, F., 85 1d; Strachan, B., 145 6d; Swan, B., 55; Stradwick, F., 55 7d; Smith, J., 25; Stannard, H., 55; Stevenson, A., 155; Shurley, E., 105; Sharpe, L., 45 7d; Temple, A., 45; Tarrant, H., 135; Thomas, L., 55; Talbot, H., 45; Upton, W., 115; Vercocoe, H. G., 65; Warner, S., 105; Wood, R., 55; Walklett, B., £1 15; Witchlow, G., 65 6d; Whatley, T., 55 6d; Wells, F., 25 6d; Weller, H., 35 6d; Weller, F., 115 3d; Wells, E., 105 6d; White, F., 55; Willmore, H., 15; Watson, J., 4d; Wakeling, H., 75 9d; Wybrew, H., £1 65 9d.—Total, £52 95 7d.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Adams, E., £1 15; Ayling, A., 6d; Ablitt, M., £1; Abbott, A. F., 155; Addis, E., 25; Atkins, F., 25 6d; Burns, A., 105; Birch, K., 15; Brookling, N., 55 8d; Batchelor, B., 35 3d; Bennett, E., 135 2d; Bolton, A. M., £1 05 6d; Barter, A., 75; Billson, E., 75 6d; Brock, A., 25 7d; Campbell, A., 105; Cottrell, M., 115; Cole, M. A., 65; Cole, D., 165; Clark, W., 55; Cavalier, R., 85; Cunningham, E., £1 15; Camden, D., £1 15; Civil, E., 35 4d; Choat, R., 45 6d; Cole, C., 15; Cook, E., 105; Day, P., £1 15; Davis, A., 45; Dines, E., 25; Everson, L., £1 15 3d; Ensom, E., 25 6d; Fields, D. M., 55; Friend, M., £1 15; Fernley, O., 25 6d; Friday, C., 95; Finch, D., £1; Gosling, E., 6d; Greene, D., £1 15; Glover, A., 35; Harper, A., 15 6d; Haylock, F., 135 1d; Hutchinson, F., 105; Hawkins, F., 25; Hearnmen, E., 175; Halls, M., 45; Jervis, A., 35; Jackson, M., 115; Jackson, N., 105; Jeffries, L., 75 6d; Kelsey, E. L., 65; Kendall, E., 75 6d; Kent, E., £1 15; Knowles, E., 25 6d; Leaver, E., £1 15; Low, E. A., 15; Lockett, F. M., 105; Lambourne, E., 45 6d; Maytum, G., £1 15; Morgan, M., 85; Mountfield, G., 75 6d; Myers, F., 45 6d; Merrifield, E. and M., 55 6d; Mountford, F., 15; Miller, A., £1 15; Martin, M., 35 2d; Munday, J., 15; Mitchell, J., 25; Maidment, A., 25 6d; McGregor, M., 105 6d; Mohan, M., 55; Nichols, M., 65; Oliver, B., 15; Oates, G., 125 6d; Preedy, D., £1 15; Porter, L., 65 1d; Pooley, L., 165; Pain, E., 35; Page, M., 45 6d; Palmer, E., 25 6d; Price, V., 45; Perks, L., 65; Prior, M., £1 15; Plowright, G., 15; Platt, O., 45; Poppe, N., 65 6d; Plumley, W., 45; Paulden, R., 55 6d; Peterson, L., 85; Rawlins, A., £1 15; Roynance, M., 155; Sadler, M., 15; Salmon, G., 15 6d; Staples, M., 65 6d; Smith, W., 105; Siggins, W., 35 1d; Sawyer, L., 145; Spurgin, G., 35 1d; Scouse, M., 35; Thomas, L., 125 6d; Westcott, L., £1; White, E., 105 6d; Williamson, R., 25 2d; Worsley, F., 55; Warrell, F., £1 15; White, M., 55; Waldron, N., 55; Warr, L., 15; Williams, M., 65 2d; Wooldridge, E., 135; Woodward M., 75; Wilson, W., £1 35.—Total, £48 85 7d.

LIST OF PRESENTS FROM DECEMBER 7TH, 1901, TO JANUARY 14TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—1 sack Flour, 1 case Oranges, Mrs. Gatward; 8 Rabbits, Mr. C. Dewar; 1 box Biscuits, Mrs. S. Holder; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. Collins; 1 sack Flour, Mr. C. P. Clover; 28 lbs. mixed Sweets, Mr. F. J. Rumsey; 1 sack Flour, Mr. C. Wagstaff; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Taylor; 150 Oranges, 2 bottles Sweets, Mr. E. Newman; 5 cwt. assorted Jams, Messrs. Chivers and Son, Ltd.; 1 sack Flour, 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Medcalfe; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. J. Walton; 2 boxes Valencia, 2 boxes Currants, 42 lbs. Moist Sugar, 14 lbs. Peel, 1 lb. Spice, Mr. J. Daintree; 35 Bullocks' Hearts and a quantity of Suet, Mr. Stephen West; 25 lbs. Tea, Butler's Wharf, Ltd.; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. M. Goddard; 20 dozen assorted Mineral Waters, Messrs. Maugham and Co.; 1 cwt. mixed Sweets, Messrs. J. Pascall and Co.; 2 barrels Apples, Mr. S. Perry; 12 dozen packets Sweetmeat, Mr. H. E. Iscard; 10 bags Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 1 case Oranges, Mr. J. Bath; 42 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 68 quarters Bread, Mr. R. W. Wright; 50 quarters Bread, Mr. J. Law; 1 box Biscuits, Anon, 1 load Firewood, Messrs. Jous Smith and Co.; 30 lbs. Beef, Mr. W. Gunn; 3 cwt. Jam, Mr. Francis Nixon; 1 cwt. Cake, Messrs. Peak, Freau and Co.; 3 casks broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmers, Ltd.; 3 Apple Trees, A Friend, Norwich.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—39 Articles, Miss Poole; 12 Articles, Miss E. Morris; 24 yards Flannel, Miss Hulbert; 4 Articles (for Sale Room), 6 yards Dress Material, 34 yards Flannel, Mrs. Street; 37 yards Print, 7 Articles, some odd Fancy Articles, Mrs. Corby; 77 Articles, 3 Dolls (No. 4 House), Miss Butler; 66 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 34 Articles, Miss Harris and Friends; 43 Articles, The Niton Baptist Sewing Party, per Mrs. Attrill; 12 Articles, Miss Cockshaw; 275 yards Dress Material, Miss E. J. Emery; 2 yards Flannel, 4 Dolls, Miss. Moon; 7

Articles, Mrs. M. O. Sellar; 12 Articles, Mrs. C. Mason; 24 Articles, Mrs. M. Gardiner; 74 Articles, West Croydon Tabernacle, Young Women's Bible-class, per Miss J. Chandler; 10 Articles, Mrs. Green; 42 Articles, Ladies' Working Party, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, per Mrs. M. Aylett; 23 Articles, Mrs. Mellor; 46 Articles, The Dorcas Society, Chiswick Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. M. Martin; 49 Articles, Ladies' Sewing Circle, Brighton Road Baptist Chapel, S. Croydon, per Mrs. Pollard; 21 Articles, Miss M. Hunter; 22 Articles, 4 Dolls, The Uckfield Baptist Chapel, per Miss L. M. Dumsday; 20 Articles, The Niton Baptist Christian Endeavour Society, per Miss R. Niblett; 36 Articles (No. 6 Girls' House), St. George's Baptist Church Benevolent Society, per Mrs. F. West; 1 Dress, Miss Taylor, per Miss Manly; 14 Articles, Mrs. J. White; 74 Articles, 11 yards Cloth, Mrs. A. Blant; 9 Articles, 2 Dolls, Mrs. M. Towell; 10 Articles, Mrs. Marsland; 25 Articles, Mrs. M. Perrin; 12 Articles, Miss Winch; 42 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 4 pairs Gloves, Mrs. H. Morrison; 42 Articles, Young Women's Bible Class, Shooter's Hill Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Falkner; 10 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 18 Articles, Mrs. R. Mason; 9 Articles, Mrs. Girdlestone.

Boys' CLOTHING:—12 pairs Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 5 Articles, The Niton Baptist Sewing Party, per Mrs. Attrill; 11 Shirts, Ladies' Sewing Circle, Brighton Road Baptist Chapel, S. Croydon, per Mrs. Pollard; 10 Articles, The Uckfield Baptist Chapel, per Miss L. M. Dumsday; 14 Shirts (No. 9 House), St. George's Baptist Church Benevolent Society, per Mrs. F. West; 4 Articles, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 4 dozen Mufflers, Mrs. F. Upton; 13 Articles, Mrs. A. Blant; 32 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Burgess.

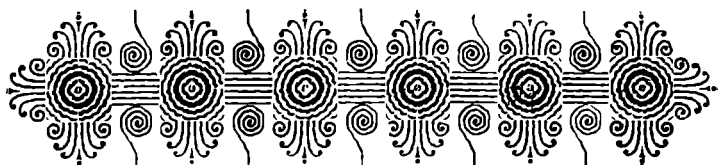
GENERAL:—A quantity of Christmas Cards, Mr. T. Spreadbury; 40 packets Sweets (No. 4 House), Miss Butler; A Motto for each child, Mr. Humphreys, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; A Calendar for Members of Staff, A friend, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; A Parcel of Magazines, Mrs. J. L. Pring; 2 Scrap-books and a quantity of Christmas Cards, Mr. J. Dunkley; A Christmas Parcel of Books, The Religious Tract Society; a quantity of Christmas Cards, Young Women's Bible Class, W. Croydon Baptist Chapel, per Miss J. Chandler; 2 Games and some small Toys, The Uckfield Baptist Chapel, per Miss L. M. Dumsday; 3 Cushions, 1 Bag, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 5 Scrap-books, 3 Games, Miss E. Barrett; Some Christmas Cards, etc., Miss J. Proud; 1 Scrap-book, a few Oddments, Mrs. A. Blant; 16 Pocket Knives (for Choir Boys), Miss E. Kirtley; 1 Bed Spread, Mrs. Overbury; A few Christmas Cards, Mrs. E. Duggan; a quantity of Old Cloth Buttons, Miss E. Cubitt; Packet of Sweets for each Boy, Mrs. Mackay; Christmas Gift for each Boy in No. 7 House, Mrs. Isles; 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. T. Van Rijn (In memory of the late Rev. J. T. Van Rijn).

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1901, to January 14th, 1902.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat, F.S.S.	...	10 0 0	Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood ...	10 0 0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	...	60 0 0	Cowling Hill, per Messrs. J. Wilson and Son	10 0 0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies	...	3 12 9	East Dereham, per Mr. T. Phillips	11 5 0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	...	10 0 0	Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James	2 15 6
Axbridge, per Mr. C. Burcham:—				<u>£205 3 3</u>
Mr. J. F. Lawrence	...	1 1 0	AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—	
Mrs. R. Clark	...	1 0 0		£ s. d.
Mr. J. Storrs Fry	...	1 0 0	Mr. J. T. Crosher	2 0 0
Mrs. Tanner	...	1 1 0	Mrs. E. Williams	0 10 0
Mr. Sidney Hill	...	0 10 0	Mr. S. Storr	0 5 0
Mrs. Thompson	...	0 12 6	Mrs. Morton	0 5 0
Mr. S. B. Pumphrey	...	0 5 0	Mrs. Hayworth	0 5 0
Mr. H. Bobbett	...	0 10 0	Mr. G. Fisher, per Mr. G. Freeman	2 0 0
Mrs. Charleton	...	2 2 0	E. S. B.	0 5 0
Mrs. Brooks	...	0 5 0	Mrs. T. Edwards, per Mr. S. Bartlett	0 10 0
Mrs. Wilkins	...	0 5 0	Mr. S. Bartlett	0 2 10
		8 11 6		<u>£6 2 10</u>
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—			GENERAL FUND:—	
Mr. Alfred Camburn	...	0 10 0		£ s. d.
Mr. H. D. Headley	...	0 10 0	Mr. Thomas Harris	10 0 0
Miss Bell	...	0 5 0	Mr. S. R. Pearce	1 1 0
Mrs. Maycock	...	0 2 0	Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	1 1 0
A. B. C.	...	0 1 6	Mr. W. Beer	0 2 6
		1 8 6	Mr. W. Mannington	3 0 0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	...	11 5 0	Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0 5 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans and Sons	...	10 0 0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0 5 0
Eastchurch, per L. H.	...	45 0 0	Pastor C. B. Sawday	0 10 0
Mendlesham, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	...	11 5 0		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Frank Gough	5	0	0	Collection after service, by Mr. T. Bendall, at Rivenhall, per Mrs. F. Springett	0	6	10
Mr. W. D. Hodges	0	10	6	Professor W. Hackney, M.A.	1	1	0
Miss J. Wood	0	5	0	Mr. W. Hodge	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Clissold	1	0	0	Mr. W. Miller Higgs	2	0	0
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0	Mr. Oliver Hockey	2	2	0
The Misses Passmore	2	0	0	Mr. H. G. Budden	1	0	0
Mr. J. Alderton	0	10	0	Mr. Joseph Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Dawson	1	0	0	Mrs. Joseph B. Mead	1	1	0
Dr. Weymouth, M.A.	1	1	0	Mr. Edward Johnson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Higginbottom	0	10	0	Mr. J. P. C. Haddock	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer Smith	0	5	0	Per Mr. T. Boulton:—			
Mr. J. G. Priestley	1	0	0	Friends at Aldington	0	6	8
Mr. H. W. Hillman	0	2	6	Friends at Offenham	0	4	6
Miss Gunner	0	5	0	Friends at Ashton-under-Hill	0	10	0
Mrs. T. Fuller	0	4	0	Friends at Harrington	0	8	6
Mr. J. Hall	5	0	0	Friends at Charlton	0	4	7
Mrs. John Walker	0	5	0	A Christmas morning gathering at Baptist Chapel, Evesham	0	18	0
Mr. Charles Phillips	1	1	0	Mr. E. Priestley	2	12	3
Mr. C. B. Sowerby	0	5	0	Mr. A. Cochran	0	4	0
Alderman R. Cory, J.P.	2	0	0	Collection at New Town Mission Church, Upper Norwood, per Mr. G. Willoughby	1	2	0
Miss Dally, per Mr. G. Freeman	0	10	0	Open Air Mission, per Mr. F. Cockrem	2	2	0
Miss Sadler	0	5	0	Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mrs. Curtis	1	0	0	Mrs. Hoskin	1	1	0
Mr. F. Fisher	2	2	0	99230	10	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. Linscott	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. S.	0	10	0	Mr. G. W. Macalpine, J.P.	1	1	0
Mr. John Cameron	25	0	0	Mr. G. T. Stevens	0	10	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	10	0	0	Miss Passmore	3	0	0
Col. R. Parry-Nisbet, C.I.E.	5	5	0	Master Harold Spurgeon	0	1	0
F. W. Reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	1	6	Miss Vera Spurgeon	0	1	0
Mr. Frank Thompson	1	10	0	Bexhill Baptist Chapel Mothers' Meeting	0	5	0
Lieut.-General Coote Syngé-Hutchinson	3	0	0	E. S. B.	0	5	0
M. S.	2	2	0	R. W. N.	1	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown	0	10	0	Miss Lizzie Elliott	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Squibb	0	10	0	COLLECTING BOXES AND CARDS:—			
Mr. Edward Ingle	0	2	6	Ladies' Colportage Working Society	0	8	8
Principal A. McCaig, M.A., LL.D.	0	10	6	Miss Johnson	0	6	2
Mr. F. Sexton	0	10	0	Mr. J. H. Chown	0	3	6
Mrs. Bowsher	0	3	0	Mrs. Curtis	0	14	10
Mrs. A. Mott	0	5	0	Mr. J. Morey	0	5	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0	Mrs. Raffield	1	2	8
Mrs. L. W. Rooksbridge, per Mr. E. Garrett	0	1	0	Miss E. Carver	0	13	0
Mr. H. H. Seaton	0	10	6	Miss Kathleen Collier	0	8	6
Mrs. Snelling	1	0	0	Miss Cobbold	0	7	6
Mr. L. Barber, J.P.	0	10	0	Mr. A. J. Gill	0	10	0
Mr. L. Llewellyn	1	0	0	Mr. F. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. T. Fuller	0	2	6	Colportage Depot	0	10	6
Mr. Edward Mounsey	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Wigney	1	7	0
Collection at Swaffham Prior, per Mr. F. Collier	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wigney	0	7	6
Mr. W. Bird, profit on sale of poems	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Wilmot	0	12	6
Mr. J. W. Ottaway, per Mr. A. Portingall	0	2	6	Master Henry May	0	12	11
Mr. James Gilpin	0	7	6	Miss Lizzie Johnston	0	16	0
Mr. Charles Muir	0	10	0	Mrs. Portingall	0	8	0
Mr. M. Llewellyn	1	1	0	Mr. F. Bannister	0	2	0
Mr. C. Neale	0	3	0	Mr. F. G. Rose	0	6	0
Stockwell Orphanage Boys' Christian Band, per Mr. W. J. Evans	0	5	7	Miss Lily Piercey	0	5	0
Collection at North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs	0	3	6	Mr. J. W. Andrew	0	16	0
Proceeds of lecture at Melksham, per Mr. A. Walker	0	15	0	Mr. H. Webb	0	4	6
Miss Brown	1	0	0	Miss Grace Gould	0	5	0
Proceeds of lectures at Fritham, etc., per Mr. R. Bellamy	1	10	0	Mr. J. P. Allen	0	5	3
Dr. John Tauner	1	1	0	Mr. G. A. Bird	0	11	0
Collection after barn service, by Mr. T. Bendall, at Totham, per Miss M. J. Foster	0	11	6	Mr. T. M. Mead	0	13	0
Mr. H. W. Bristow	0	3	6	Mr. A. R. Richards	1	0	3
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	0	0	Mr. W. D. Dunning	0	5	0
Mr. Christie	2	0	0	Mr. S. Hynard	1	4	0
Mr. Donaldson	0	5	0	Mr. Nettle	0	5	0
Collection at Bower Chalke Chapel, per Mr. W. Hardiman	0	14	0	Mr. T. M. Mead	0	2	6
				Mr. G. Mead	0	1	6
				Miss Dorothy Llewellyn	0	10	0
				Miss Eunice Cooper	0	5	4
				Mr. and Mrs. F. Weeks	0	5	0



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MARCH, 1902.

Between Ourselves.

TO READERS OF "THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL."



DEAR FRIENDS,

Unaccustomed as I am to the use of the editorial "We," I shrink from employing it until compelled to. Moreover, a *letter* seems to bring us into closer touch with each other than an "Editorial" could, and I desire to take my readers into my confidence somewhat as I assume the responsibility of conducting this time-honoured Magazine.

Providence has thrust this task upon me. Personally, I would greatly have preferred to remain a mere contributor, as I have been for nearly five and twenty years. I have stepped into none of the honourable positions which, one by one, have fallen to my lot, without great surprise, and no little diffidence; and this latest call is no exception to the rule.

Instinctively I have turned to Vol. I., No. 1., for no higher ambition fires me than to maintain the original design of my beloved father. In January, 1865, he wrote:—"Our Magazine is intended to report the efforts of those Churches and Associations which are more or less intimately connected with the Lord's work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and to advocate those views of doctrine and Church order which are most certainly received among us. It will address itself to those faithful friends, scattered everywhere, who are our well-wishers and supporters in our work of faith and labour of love. It 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.

"Our first and last object is to do practical service, and to excite others to active exertion. We shall supply interesting reading upon

general topics, but our chief aim will be to arouse believers to action, and to suggest to them plans by which the Kingdom of Jesus may be extended. 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."

These "Aims and Intentions" were carried out to the letter by the late Editor for seven and twenty years; they have been by no means forgotten since he was called away; and I, for my part, desire to perpetuate them.

This year's programme has already been announced;—a right good programme, too! I hope, however, gradually to summon new helpers; and, possibly, to introduce some modifications and additions. It is on my heart to draw the Sword more frequently against Intemperance, and to do a little Trowel-work among the young people of our families.

It is, I think, desirable that the Magazine should chronicle more in detail the work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church and its Institutions. This will not, I hope, lessen its value to non-members, while it should intensify its interest to all who are members of our great flock, and to every worker in and helper of our many agencies.

Wonderful to relate, I shall be able, for a long time to come, to print articles to which the ever-welcome initials "C. H. S." are attached.

We all rejoiced exceedingly to read, in last month's number, my dear mother's promise to write as often as her health permits. Long may she be spared to seek out such "acceptable words" as we have come to look for from her pen! None of the former writers will drop out, I trust, although our list of contributors will be extended. Moreover, I am to have the willing and welcome aid, as sub-editor, of Mr. Harrauld, who has for twenty-four years rendered faithful and efficient service.

May I express the hope that all, who prize the Magazine, will seek to recommend it? A largely-increased circulation would be a real encouragement to the new Editor.

It only remains for me to assure my readers of my deep desire to be of real help to them in their Christian life and service; and to request of them very special prayer that, for this additional responsibility, I may receive fresh supplies of grace and wisdom.

One of my "Sunbeam" friends has sent me a promise which I mean to plead, and a verse that I must never forget. The promise is, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee" (Isaiah xli. 13); and the verse runs,—

"I will hold thy right hand,' oh! sweet assurance,
When by our pen we seek to make Him known.
His hand will guide, if we but seek that guidance,
Though in the words *our* character be shown."

Such glad experience I beg you, my readers, to crave for

Yours in the service of King Jesus,

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Earliest Recollections of C. H. Spurgeon.

BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF,

WITH THE REMEMBRANCE OF A SERMON, DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,
AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK, JULY, 1854.

ON Thursday evening, September 28th, 1854, I was one of twelve who were baptized by the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon at New Park Street Chapel. That was nearly forty-eight years ago, and "HIS grace hath kept me to this day." Hallelujah! It was, if I remember rightly, on the last Thursday evening of July, 1854, that Mr. Spurgeon preached from Psalm lxxxiv. 7, in continuation of the Sermon he had preached from the preceding verse the week before. Here are my recollections of that discourse, which was entitled, "Onward and Heavenward," but might equally well have borne the title of—

"EXCELSIOR."

"They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

Last Thursday evening, we saw the spiritual pilgrims in "THE VALLEY OF WEeping," refreshed from wells which their own labour had made, but which God's mercy and grace had filled. But "the Valley of Baca" is not the end of the spiritual journey; the pilgrims pass "through the Valley of Baca," but they do not dwell therein. Healthful as the Valley of Weeping may be, profitable as that Valley certainly is, there is in it no abiding city. The pilgrim's watchword is still, "Onward and upward;" their Leader's order is ever, "Go forward." Heaven is only to be reached by constant marching. "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted," is the trumpet call, and the pilgrims obeying it are on the march.

Our text is a sort of panoramic description of the whole of the Christian pilgrimage, in which we may observe, first, *a constant progress*; secondly, *a general meeting*; and, thirdly, *a glorious consummation*.

I. Here is, first, A CONSTANT PROGRESS: "They go from strength to strength."

The text says, "*They go*;" and this is true of Christian pilgrims all their life through. Do you see that army of God's elect, with their banner, on which is inscribed "JEHOVAH NISSI," waving in the air, and the cloudy pillar of guidance in the sky? They may be halting for a moment, but "*they go*." They are like a regiment of soldiers travelling through our own country. When they come into a town, they are billeted for the night; but, in the morning, "*they go*."

Yes, those who compose "the sacramental host of God's elect" are not men to settle on these low grounds, for their home is in "fairer worlds on high;" and, therefore, onward and upward "*they go*." O Christian pilgrim, remember that, if thou art sitting in a sweet arbour of rest, or lying in the green pastures which grow by the river of the water of life, thou hast but a short time for sitting or resting, for hear ye not the shout, "THEY GO! THEY GO"? From scenes of

bliss, from the chamber of communion, or the banqueting house of joy. "*they go.*" As good soldiers, inured to wearying marches, they stand firmly upon their feet, they have put on their shoes of iron and brass, their loins are girt with truth, their swords are drawn, and their shields uplifted. The host is moving; the army is on its march. "They go! They go!" Hell may oppose them with its might; the world may marshal against them its hosts; the flesh may encumber their journey; but all shall be unavailing, for the King is in the midst of them. They are invincible through His omnipotence; and again the shout is heard, "They go! They go!"

Up, loiterer! dost thou wish to be missing when the muster-roll is called? "Awake thou that sleepest," for the army is far in advance. Run, as for thy life, for know thou that only runners in the race can win the crown. O my Christian brethren, are not many of us sadly in the rear? Our position is that of stragglers out of rank. Let us strive to overtake the troops, let us hasten to join our fellows; for, if *we tarry, they* may not; they cannot, for the Word of inspiration saith, "They go! They go!" There should be no standing still, no turning to the right or to the left, nor lingering in the plain; but we should each remember that it is written, "*They go.*"

But, further, it is said, "*They go from strength to strength.*" There are various renderings of these words, all of which contain the idea of progress.

First, there is the good translation of our own Authorized Version, "*from strength to strength.*" That is, they grow stronger and stronger. Usually, if we are walking, we go from strength to *weakness*; we start fresh, and in good order for our journey; but, by-and-by, the road is rough, and the sun is hot, so we sit down a while, by the wayside, and then again pursue our weary way. But the Christian pilgrim, having obtained continual supplies of grace, is as vigorous after years of toilsome travel and struggle as when he first set out. He may not be quite so elate and buoyant, nor perhaps quite so hot and hasty in his zeal as he once was, but he is just as strong; and he travels, if more slowly, quite as surely. Some grey-haired veterans have been as firm in their grasp of truth, and quite as zealous in diffusing it, as they were in their younger days; but, alas! it must be confessed that it is often otherwise. However, the promise stands good, "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Some sit down, and trouble themselves about the future. "Alas!" say they, "we go from affliction to affliction." Very true, O ye of little faith; but, even then, ye go "from strength to strength." You shall never find a bundle of affliction which has not bound up in the midst of it sufficient strength. Thou must not judge a future trial by thy present portion of strength. True, thou art not strong enough now to face the trial that is to come upon thee at some future time, but thou shalt go "from strength to strength." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Look at yonder rivulet. If thou shouldst ask it how it will have water enough next summer, for it is all running away as

quickly as it can, what would be its answer? Would it not say, "Man, I have enough water for the day; and although every drop of this water will be gone by to-morrow, I shall always have a fresh stream running in, so that, if thou passest by some twenty years hence, I shall be as full as I am now, though the water is always rushing away, and the stream is ever flowing onward"? Ah, little faith! the fountain cannot be dried; fresh necessities shall have fresh mercies. Yea, so far from decreasing in strength, thou shalt wax stronger and stronger. Like the sun in the heavens, thou shalt shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. There shall be an increase in spiritual power, for thou shalt advance "from strength to strength."

One Jewish Rabbi renders our text, "*from company to company*," and this is the rendering given in the margin of our Bibles. You know that the Israelites used to go up to the temple in bands; and some would start sooner, or come from a shorter distance, and these would be in advance of the others. There might have been one band before, and another a mile or two behind, and some again at a distance behind these. Some young men, who were impatient to get to Zion, would run and overtake one company, and keep with them a little while; but, seeing another troop in front, they would run after them, and so go "*from company to company*" until they were in the very first rank. This is what we all should strive to do. We should not say, "Well, I am doing as much as some others of my fellow-travellers; and that is enough for me." We should rather say, "There is such an one who is doing much more than I am doing, who is making greater advances than I am making; I must emulate him;" and when you have overtaken that one, then there will be someone still beyond to urge you onward and Heavenward. So, still press on "*from company to company*."

There is the band of Sunday-school scholars, and some boy is journeying in that company. Well, let him move on till he is in the senior classes; let him hasten to give himself to Christ, and join the church, and then run on to unite with the army of teachers in the school; nor let him tarry even then, but seek evermore to get beyond, and to join the first cohort of the soldiers of the cross.

Of similar import is the rendering of our text by another learned Rabbi: "*from class to class*,"—that is, from a lower to a higher form in the school of Christ; from the class of weepers to the class of Little Faiths; from thence to the singing class of joyful believers; then to the reading class, consisting of those who can read their titles clear to mansions in the skies; then to the College of Confidence, where we take the degree of Assurance, and can append to our names the honourable title of "Sinner Saved."

Another version of our text reads, "*from the house of the sanctuary to the house of doctrine*;" or, from doctrine to doctrine; and, truly, if this be not a good rendering, it is good divinity. All doctrines are not to be learned at once. There are some who puzzle their heads about election; but let them first learn the elementary principles of "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Yea, let them, above and before all things, try to learn the doctrine of the atonement, and get well grounded in that; and of the rest it may well

be said, "Then shall they know, as they follow on to know the Lord." There are some things over which people have stumbled at one time, but which have since become as marrow and fatness to them. Let no one imagine that theology is a science to be learned in an hour or two. Some men get hold of one book, and they think there is everything in that. Poor things, let them read a little more, and their mistake may be corrected. A little head-knowledge in religion is a dangerous thing. Go on, and you shall learn. And, oh, the peace of mind a man has who has come to grasp the scheme of grace, and see all the parts thereof compacted together! Thus believers go from doctrine to doctrine.

Dr. Gill mentions, as one meaning of our text, "*from victory to victory*," conquering and to conquer, like Wellington marching through the Peninsula. As soon as one battle is over, the Philistines are upon us again; "but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thou hast slain one foe, but here comes another; thou killest him, and ere thou canst wipe thy sword, or rest thyself, another foe is the herald of another victory. He falls, and thou canst write another name on thy list of conquered foes. On the Duke of Wellington's funeral car were the names of his victories; it would take a great space to write down all the victories of believers in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Death, the last enemy, is even now destroyed. The Christian, in his last struggle, may write "*Vici*" on his shield.

Matthew Henry gives another rendering to the words of our text, "*from virtue to virtue*." There are some of the virtues which bloom at the moment of the new creation; the others are there in their seeds, but not yet in their perfectly developed form. We must "add to our faith, virtue," or courage. This is a grace seldom possessed; and then next to courage comes patience, which is a plant of later birth; and then comes experience. So, you see, we go from one virtue to another virtue. My brother, is there one grace in which thou dost feel thyself to be deficient? Then, seek after it, that it may be truly said of thee that thou goest "*from virtue to virtue*." The graces of the believer are gregarious, they never come alone. If you have one virtue, you may confidently expect to have others. Put into exercise whatever virtue you have; just as the fowlers bring their own birds out to sing, so that others may come to them, even so let one grace sing, and thus lure others into your heart.

How pregnant with meaning is God's Holy Word! As David said of the sword of Goliath, so may we say of God's blessed Book, "The Sword of the Spirit," "There is none like that; give it me." We must never expect to know all God's Word, when a single sentence thereof contains such a profundity of meaning.

Gather together in your mind all the ideas thus given to you, then you will know and understand what it is to "*go from strength to strength*." May it be our honour and happiness thus to go on our journey with our faces Zionward!

II. Here is, next, A GENERAL MEETING: "Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

Scattered as the sons of God are, they are all converging towards one centre; they have all one point of attraction to which they tend. Their various paths lead to the same home in Heaven. Here we find the safe arrival of every pilgrim most certainly declared: "Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." The ignorant, the feeble, the poor, the sickly, the unknown, and the unnoticed, all are there. The tried, the afflicted, the persecuted, the tempest-tossed, and the tempted ones, are all there. And the backsliding, sinful, wandering one, now restored, and pardoned, and purified, is there, too. He is a good admiral who brings every ship safely into harbour. He is a good shepherd who can gather all his scattered sheep, bring them through the glens and ravines, and pen them all safely in the fold. Let one be away, and the flock would not be complete; but, sweet thought! every one of the Good Shepherd's flock shall appear before God in Zion. Oh, if one were absent! Could it be said that some David's seat is empty, then there would be weeping in that land of joy; but it can never be so. There will be no untenanted mansion in Heaven, no vacant seat, no crown wanting a wearer, no harp with silent strings for lack of a player. Surely the completeness of our Father's family circle will be a theme for Heaven's highest praise. O weary traveller, believe not the suggestions of unbelief, heed not the insinuations of Satan; for the Lord hath said it, and it must be accomplished, "Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

III. Now, observe, in the third place, A GLORIOUS CONSUMMATION: "Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

The crown of a Christian's joy is the thought of appearing before God. What is the presence of royalty, what the *levée* of monarchs, what the palace of marble and the hall of ivory, if once compared with the grand presentation before the King of kings? How men will crowd to see a Cæsar, to behold an emperor! This glorious appearing casts into the shade all earthly vanities and pompous pageants! Yes, our eyes shall see the King in His beauty, and then will our cup of joy be filled to its brim. To stand before the Lamb, will be the highest and sweetest enjoyment of the glorified. To behold the angels will be but to see the courtiers of Heaven. We shall walk the golden streets; the harp of joy will be in our hand, and the crown of life on our head; but that vision of our Lord, that rapturous sight, that gaze of surpassing blessedness, shall engage all our powers, shall steep our ransomed and beatified spirits in an ocean of sacred and unutterable bliss.

Are not, then, my dear hearers, my beloved fellow-travellers, the glories of the new world worth all the pains and toils of our weary travel? "Upward, and onward, and Heavenward," must still be our motto. Let us gird up our loins, grasp anew our staff, and press forward. Let us tarry not, but "go from strength to strength," until every one of us "In Zion appeareth before God."

"So they rom strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength,
Until in Zion they appear
Before the Lord at length."

Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee."—Isaiah xli. 10.

ALTHOUGH my dear friends will be reading this "Personal Note" in the month of March, I am writing it in January, very close to the anniversary of that dark day of sorrow when my best-beloved was taken from me, and I saw him no more. They will therefore feel no surprise at the direction my thoughts have taken.

"Ten years after" is a notable point from which to look back and recall all the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. On that memorable night, desolate and sorely stricken, I, like Hezekiah, turned my face to the wall, and wept, and cried to the Lord in my distress, and the answer was whispered to my soul in the words of the above text, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee."

I need not tell over again the sweet story of the Lord's comforting grace at that time,*—how the precious promise hushed and quieted my heart, mingled peace with my pain, and so strengthened my faith that I felt prepared to do, or to bear, all the will of my God which lay before me. But I would now speak of the years which have followed; and record with joy and gratitude the fact that, ever since then, these same words have been my solace and stay; they are the covenant of the Lord with my soul, His bond of love, His assurance of protection, His pledge of power and willingness to rule and bless my life, and to carry me safely to my journey's end.

Unexpected blessings and unimaginable mercies were enfolded in the one brief sentence, but "there hath not failed one word of all His good promise, which He promised" to me in that silent midnight hour. He has led me by a way which I knew not, fed me with both earthly and Heavenly manna, and surrounded me with constant tokens of His unmerited love and favour. Oh, for the power to extol and magnify the Lord who hath dealt so bountifully with me!

* * * *

Father, my heart is full of praise, it can hold no more; it is like a chalice so filled that it runneth over, it can no longer contain the joy of thanksgiving which is poured into it! If I did not bless Thy Name, and speak aloud of Thy goodness, I should be the most ungrateful creature in Thy great universe; and all the days, in which Thou hast loved and cared for me, would bid their hours and minutes cry out against my thanklessness, and bear swift witness to Thy never-failing, faithful love. Lord, if Thou wilt help me to sing of Thy mercy and grace, if Thou wilt touch the key-note of thanksgiving in my soul, and bring forth the sweet melody of grateful praise which Thou hast written there, Thou wilt awaken echoes in other hearts, and set all Thy children singing psalms of joy and gladness unto Thy Name. For Thy

* *Ten Years After! A Sequel to "Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund."* By Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. (Passmore and Alabaster, 3s. 6d.)

kindness to me, O my Lord, is not a unique instance of Thy grace;—all Thy loved ones are partakers of the same goodness and mercy which have followed me all my days, and they are ready to join in the acclamation of “glory, honour, praise, and power,” with which I now salute Thee, my King and my God!

“Praise *waiteth* for Thee,” dear Lord, in many a silent soul, and I would fain be the means of evoking it, and thus of “glorifying” Thee. Even as, in the early mornings of spring and summer, one little brown insignificant sparrow can, with his twitterings, awaken the



still sleeping song-birds of the wood, till every throat gives forth its music, and a full chorus of rich melody resounds from earth to sky;—so would I, by my few weak words, arouse God's sweet songsters,—His high-soaring larks, His tender-toned thrushes, His loud-voiced blackbirds,—even the soft cadences of His mournful doves, to swell the glorious concert of grateful love which is His due, and should be a perpetual thankoffering from the lips of those who owe everything to His mercy. “It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O most High.”

* * * *

“Fear thou not; for I am with thee;” is an assurance of such infinite depth and meaning, that it should for ever banish doubts and fears from the heart to which the Holy Spirit has applied it. Let me beg you, dear reader, to consider for a moment the possibilities of such a Divine promise. It is practically illimitable in its extent and energy; it utterly sweeps away all objections, surmises, difficulties, and anxieties; it is loving in its purpose, explicit in its pledge, and almighty in its power; available under any stress of circumstance, and sufficient to meet the greatest need of which a child of God could be the subject. Surely, when God speaks words of such authority and power, we are bound to believe and rejoice in them.

But now, as a matter of fact, dear friends, do we take God at His word, and rest complacently upon His assurance? Alas! no;—not always. We are far too prone to doubt and distrust; and, sometimes,

when sorrow and affliction come upon us, instead of being quiet, and remembering His "Fear thou not, for I am with thee," we turn for help and comfort anywhere and to anyone rather than to our faithful and pitiful God. Then, when we have so sinned, there are no longer any songs to be heard; no sweet praises rise from our lips,—only murmurings, and repinings, and mournful sighs. We have dared to doubt Him, and He hides His face in displeasure, and all our joy is gone.

Are we not foolish? Nay, folly is not the right word to describe behaviour so wicked and inexcusable. I have read of a Christian lady, who took a "pledge" against doubting God, just as an inebriate, who desired to reform, would pledge himself to be an abstainer. And her testimony was to the effect that it helped her greatly; for, though the unbelieving thoughts would often clamour at her heart for entrance, her compact with the Lord was a solemn one, and she said, "I never dared to admit the first doubt," and so her life was one full song of praise, and she blessed the Lord continually.

Dear Lord, help each one of us to enrol our name at once among Thy "chief singers." Enable us to "go before," as David's choir-leaders went, to "make His praise glorious." Serving the Lord by singing is sweet service indeed. Some of us can do no more; let us see to it that we do no less.

"Sing, till we feel our hearts,
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs."

My Lady's Garden.

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

III.—WINTER SINGERS.

THERE is a dell, flanked with trees, filled with brushwood, and resonant with the song of birds, in the meadow hard by My Lady's Garden. When I first entered this dell, I made a startling discovery. In it was a disused gasometer half full of water. The meadow once formed part of a great estate; and, in this dingle, far from the house, the light for the Hall was stored. The sight of the ruined gasholder took my thoughts back to the high days at the mansion, when money flowed like water. Now, all is gone. The last owner died miserably. I saw the splendid furniture "on view" before the sale, when earls elbowed Jews and dealers in the crowd that came to see. Far other company had walked those corridors, and figured in the state-rooms. Then, there was an influx of the plebs,—plebs unmistakable!

One of these squires had a bitter quarrel with a neighbour for years and years. The old fellow used to stick his spud in his enemy's trees out of spite. This was in the coarse, stern days. We are all gentlemen now? Well, this ancient vampire and his foe sleep side by side in the chancel of the parish church!

But that quarrel was in the long ago. It was the sight of the staved-in gasometer, half full of stagnant water, that set me story-telling.

* * * *

This dingle is a favourite haunt of mine, but I always keep on the windward side of the turgid water. In March, the glossy leaves of the celandine form a thick carpet, and a few mild days will stud the prevailing green with hundreds of the golden flowers. It is in this dell, out of the way of the East wind, that the hazel ventures to unfurl its yellow catkins to the January sun. Here, too, on the slopes, the elder pushes out its green sprouts to delude you with the idea that Spring is about. In April, the lower branches of two or three wild cherry trees burst into blossom prematurely, while the upper boughs are covered with swollen pink buds. The mouth of the copse faces due South; the sides are steep, and clothed with bush and trees. Hence, the cold winds are shut out; and, in the hollow, the warm sunshine coaxes forth the early flowers.

There used to be primroses in the dingles hereabout; but the ruthless search after these lovely harbingers of Spring has been such, of late years,—presumably for political purposes,—that they have well-nigh disappeared. These lines are not likely to reach the eyes of thieves, else there would be some sense in upbraiding those who thrust a trowel under the root of every precious woodland plant they see. In this way, the rare ferns have gone, the primrose also, and the orchis; while, should a cult arise to claim the wood anemone, or the lily of the valley, these would share the same fate. When the craze for shamrock seized the British public, all kinds of nondescripts prowled about after anything in the shape of trefoil, or that would pass for it. We heard of a lady, (of course, a Londoner,) who bought a fine bunch of groundsel for shamrock! Why not start a sensible cult? A groundsel cult, for instance! There is an abundance of the weed that could well be spared. It would only be missed by farmers, gardeners, and goldfinches. By the way, it is a pretty sight to see these lovely birds pecking away at groundsel when it is in seed.

* * * *

Now that, at last, I have mentioned birds, I am reminded that this sketch is headed "Winter Singers." Alas! I have not yet spoken of them. That is the worst of Nature. There is always such a tendency to step aside. It requires quite a discipline to keep to a set path. For instance, I should like to tell you how the rabbits flick in and out of their burrows, on this little hillside, when the April sun is shining. Or I should take your arm, and walk you to the dell when the wild hyacinths have flecked it all over with blue. Some other time I will, for this hollow is close to My Lady's Garden. We should not stray many yards, and there would be no need to call the way to it "By-path Meadow." My Lady's Garden, the orchard where the apples hung in November, the meadow, and the dell, are an "Enchanted Ground" without ill consequences, while I might go so far as to say that the walk under the privet hedge, and the sunny hollow, are a kind of Beulah-land all the year round. I hope to prove this bit by bit.

* * * *

Ah! there is a thrush on my lawn, driven in by stress of weather. Now I have really got hold of my subject.

Did you ever hear the birds sing in January? Did you ever walk through an avenue of pine and birch,—ah! the scent of it,—on a soft November Lord's-day morning? I have, and listened to praise in an unknown tongue. As I have walked, I have translated, and it has done me good. That little hedge accentor, I have interpreted as saying, "It's very misty, but it is not cold enough to hide in a hole yet. I wish it were nesting-time; but, as it is not, I won't be dull. There is Jack Robin whistling, and Jenny Wren is having quite a solo. I'll join in, and make it a trio. When the blackcap and the nightingale come back, and the song thrush has got over the sulks, they will drown my little pipe. Well, I can while the dark winter away with song; so, here's for a carol before Christmas."

The birds that remain with us through the cold season number among them some remarkable singers. There is the missel thrush, whose clear ringing notes may be heard above the gales which usher in the winter. He seems to glory in trying his voice against the elements, for he chooses to sing in the most inclement weather. In this, he is an example to bipeds with greater responsibility. I once heard an old widow woman, whose singing reminds me now of the missel thrush. It was on a wild October night. The ancient dame sat in her poor cottage with her feet in the ashes of a burnt-out fire. She was alone; and, as I listened, before lifting the latch, I heard her quaver forth,—

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

I remember another. Her vessel of life, almost a wreck, was making its way before the storm to the "desired haven." They lifted her up, for she said, "Let me sing once more;" and she sang, loud and clear,—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee."

And yet another. He had been "with Christ at sea" for many a year. But he was making his last voyage, and the breakers beat upon the bar. Then he struck up,—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!"

He could get no further. His daughters sang the rest, while he beat time, and so he crossed over. Winter singers indeed!

* * * *

There are many starlings round about My Lady's Garden. I have heard their note scores of times when the snow has lain thick upon the

lawn. The wagtail frequents a pond near by. You would think, from his important ways, that he was a leading member of the feathered choir. When the February sun is shining, he will perch on a pollard by the water, and warble forth a rehearsal of his summer ditty, soft, low, and sweet. But of all the birds that face the raw air of the breaking winter, the skylark inspires me most with hope. I have seen him lift himself with beating wings when the snow reefs have been melting from the sides of the hill. Up from the recovered sod he has soared, a veritable figure of resurrection.

And what shall I more say? Are not the tits, that twitter in the trees of the hollow; the water-ousel, who makes a stage of a stone; the yellow-hammer, who sometimes builds extremely early; the wood pigeon, and the wren, among the call-birds of the cold season? Have any of my readers recognized the cheerful note of the British wren? To recognize it, would be to appreciate it;—to wonder, indeed, that so small a bird should be able to make so much melody. It was in relation to one of this tribe that the pretty story was told, years ago, of the boy who slowly let the clutched stone fall from his hand, and when asked why he did not throw at the bird, replied, "I couldn't, 'cos he sung so." Naturalists call the wren by the jaw-splitting name of *Troglodytes*, which signifies a diver into caves. There are some humans of whom this may be said, but I never heard that such were celebrated for making a melody of life. It was the voice of God which brought Elijah to the mouth of his cave.

My friends, the wrens, might be charged with overcrowding, considering that, in very cold weather, six or seven may be found huddled together in one nest. But, as they have plenty of fresh air, I suppose they will not be prosecuted. Let but a few stray beams of sunshine show, or a soft South wind blow, and there will be a flutter in the domicile, and a struggle to see which can get outside to make the most noise.

Sing on, ye choristers, through Arctic days! I, for one, owe you a debt of gratitude. Your notes bid me to make the best of things till the mists shall have rolled away.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XCIX.—PASTOR ERNEST BAKER, CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

ONE of "our own men," PASTOR ERNEST BAKER, is this year President of the Baptist Union of South Africa; a fact which affords a suitable opportunity for giving to the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" a brief sketch of his life and work.

He was born at Hailsham, Sussex, in 1869; and was nurtured in a Strict Baptist church, not affiliated with, but similar in faith to the churches of Gadsby's Connection, whose teaching is generally known as hyper-Calvinistic. On leaving school, he was indentured to the printing and reporting on the staff of "The Eastbourne Chronicle." During these newspaper days, he was instrumental in starting the Hailsham branch of the Y.M.C.A., of which he was the Secretary until he entered the Pastors' College; and it was also during those days that

he learnt that it was the duty of man to repent and believe,—a duty denied by the hyper-Calvinists, and his connection with them was therefore necessarily severed.

It was, however, among them that he was converted and baptized; and, whilst not adhering stringently to their tenets, he gladly acknowledges his indebtedness to the gracious influences brought to bear upon him during those years of early training in their midst. His ancestors have been office-bearers in this church since its formation, a century ago; and the day on which he was baptized was the 90th anniversary of the baptism of four of his great-uncles in connection with this same church. Indeed, to complete the narrative of the history of this church, one must go back to the days of the siege of Gibraltar. The defender of Gibraltar, General Elliott, was created a peer for his successful defence of the Rock, and took the title of Lord Heathfield,—his seat near Hailsham. His gardener, a man who served under him at Gibraltar, became converted, developed into a successful evangelist, and was known as "the Apostle of Sussex." He founded several churches of the Congregational order, the principal meeting-place of which was named after him,—*"John Gilbert's Chapel."* A lady, who lived next door to the house in which, many years later, the subject of this sketch was born, used to walk to this chapel every Sunday, in all weathers, a return journey of sixteen miles. Through the influence of John Gilbert's preaching, she was instrumental in establishing the church in which Mr. Baker was brought up, and converted; and it is interesting to note that, when his connection with that church ceased, it was the pulpit of *"John Gilbert's Chapel"* that was opened to him by the pastor, Rev. J. Lemm, whom Mr. Baker assisted in conducting the services. Very soon after this, he left *"The Eastbourne Chronicle,"* to enter the Pastors' College, to be trained for the ministry.

On the completion of his College course, he was selected by Principal David Gracey for work in South Africa; and, in the month of September, 1891, he sailed for Cape Town. On arrival, he was invited to undertake work at Wynberg, the premier suburb of Cape Town, and there he was instrumental in successfully establishing the cause to-day known as the Wynberg Baptist Church. Two years from the time of his arrival in the Colony, he was invited to succeed Rev. L. Nuttall as the pastor of the metropolitan Baptist Church in Cape Town, where he has laboured with ever-increasing success for the past eight years. The church-membership, at the commencement of his ministry, was 168; to-day, the roll, which undergoes an annual revision, shows a membership of over 300.

The church is essentially missionary in its spirit, having a mission-station of its own at Mpotula, in Tembuland, where three missionaries labour, (Rev. E. and Mrs. Eve, and Miss Thorpe,) who are entirely supported by the Cape Town Church.

At the commencement of Mr. Baker's ministry, there was a debt of £1,750 on the chapel. Following the example of Pastor A. G. Brown, an annual Thanksgiving Day was instituted, in the place of the usual bazaar; and, on these occasions, the pastor is in the vestry throughout the day to receive freewill offerings. The result has been, that the debt has been reduced to £250. The success of the Thanksgiving

Day was so marked that other Baptist churches in South Africa have been encouraged to adopt the same method of raising funds for the Lord's work.

There are three healthy branches in connection with the Cape Town Church, and these are worked by a good staff of local preachers. Mr. Baker has also been used in the organizing of the Cape Town Church Council, of which he has been the Secretary for over four years, and has now been called to its chair.



PASTOR ERNEST BAKER, CAPE TOWN.

In connection with the Baptist Union of South Africa, Mr. Baker founded "The South African Baptist," and edited it for the first four years. At the last session of the Union before the commencement of the war, he was, by the unanimous vote of the brethren, chosen to fill the Presidential chair; to fulfil the duties of that position, has been no sinecure during the terrible times through which the country has been passing. It has fallen to his lot to organize help for the temporary assistance of the pastors (and churches) of our denomination, in the two late Republics, who were in straitened circumstances by reason of the war.

During his presidency, the South African Baptist Union and Missionary Aid Society has been formed in England, to help to carry on the work of the denomination in South Africa.

At the beginning of the war, Mr. Baker was active in helping to establish the Osborne-Howe Soldiers' Homes; and, for this purpose, paid three visits to the front; and, on one of these occasions, he was requested by the Governor, Sir Alfred (now, Lord) Milner, to take a Christmas present to the men of one of the Cape Town volunteer regiments. He has also collected and distributed literature to nearly two hundred camps, personally packing up about 1,000 parcels, containing nearly 100,000 publications, amongst which were 12,000 of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, which were sent out to him by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.

At the close of the eighth year of his pastorate, Mr. Baker was laid aside with an abscess in the inner ear, which necessitated a serious operation to preserve life. His people have sent him for a change to the home-land, and are looking forward to his return re-invigorated for the resumption of his labours among them, and for the prosecution of the work which the new era, upon the establishment of peace, will bring to the country.

JOHN RUSSELL.

Wynberg, South Africa.

For Ever Loved.

Ephesians i. 5.

BEHIND ME beams the choice of God;
He chose me, in His Son,
Before He spread the skies abroad,
Or stars in beauty shone.

Above me shines the home of bliss, —
The Father's house on high,
Where dwells eternal blessedness,
And nought is known but joy.

Before me spreads the path I tread
With Him who made me His,
Who on the cross of Calvary bled
That I might share His bliss.

Within me is the witness sure
That I am born of God, —
That I shall to the end endure.
"Beyond the swelling flood."

"I live; yet,"—oh, how blest!—"not I,"
'Tis Jesus lives in me; —
My Lord, my life, my full supply,
And mine eternally.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Newman Hall.

THE home-going of our beloved friend, on the 18th of February, within three months of his 86th birthday, removes an interesting personality, and terminates a very gracious and honourable career. A man of wide reading and of considerable elocutionary ability, he never failed to interest an audience: a Christian of a very devout type, his preaching was uniformly Evangelical. While a student for the ministry, at Highbury College, he took the degree of B.A., and, subsequently, that of LL.B., at the London University. The degree of D.D. was



Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

an honour conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh.

His first pastorate, at Albion Chapel, Hull, commenced in 1842. He laboured there for 12 years; and, in 1854, he succeeded James Sherman at Surrey Chapel. In 1876, he opened Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, which was erected at a cost of about £63,000, the larger portion of this sum having been raised by his exertions. Here he laboured till 1892; and, at the age of seventy-five, he resigned the pastorate, having thus completed a ministry of 50 years. The last ten years of his life, which should have proved a period of leisure, were occupied with literary work, and special preaching engagements in all parts of the country. Those who knew him best loved him most, and can bear unequivocal testimony to the transparency of his character, the sincerity of his zeal in his abundant labours, and to his unswerving purpose "not to know anything among men, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

His advent to London being coincident with that of C. H. Spurgeon, and as they were near neighbours, each rejoiced in the other's success. Newman Hall's regard for Mr. Spurgeon amounted to reverence; and he never betrayed a feeling of jealousy as Surrey Chapel became

overshadowed by the Tabernacle. Circulating by millions, his booklets, "Come to Jesus," "Follow Jesus," etc., etc., carried his ministry far beyond the range of the human voice; and many will be his "crown of rejoicing," whom he never saw, and of whom he never heard. In his quiet retreat at Hampstead, he gathered up his reminiscences, and gave his Autobiography to the world in a volume full of interest; and there it was that he awaited the call in the calm evening with which his long day of service closed.

V. J. C.

"Pass the Sugar, Please."

I heard recently of a Christian worker, in a certain Institution, who had many graces, but few gifts. He made it his business to extend a cordial welcome to visitors. He would conduct them to a seat, then hasten off to get them some tea, and call upon those sitting nearest to pass the sugar. Thus he gained the name, amongst his fellow-workers, of "Pass the sugar, please." Would God all the Lord's servants were like-minded!

THOUGH he wasn't intellectual, and he couldn't make a speech, He'd the happy knack of setting people perfectly at ease; He would seat them at a table while he fetched the cup that cheers, And ask the nearest neighbour to "pass the sugar, please."

So his comrades came to call him by the phrase he used so well;—
To his credit 'twas they said it, not to irritate or teaze;—
It's a name to be desired above Esquire, or Duke, or Lord,
This most simple, but suggestive, Mr. "Pass the sugar, please."

He could not pray in public, and he wasn't born to lead;
There was plenty in him, doubtless, but I think he'd lost the keys;
Yet his love was overflowing, to his Saviour and to men,
And it crystallized in saying, "Will you pass the sugar, please?"

Some folk I know, alas! are colder than coldest charity,
Pray don't invite them to the meeting, or, sure enough, we'll freeze;
And some are sour as sourest crabs, I'll be bound they'll turn the milk,
I thought as much,—the tea's just horrid!—*do* "pass the sugar, please."

No thanks, with mustard I'm supplied, and with vinegar as well,
There's no need to beg, and pray, and cry for condiments like these;
Of pepper I've sufficient quite, as of pickles, chillies, sauce;
"Cayenne?" So kind of you, but, no;—will you "pass **THE SUGAR**, please"?

So I'll entertain the strangers, p'raps they're angels in disguise;
The darling children shall be welcome to climb upon my knees;
There's no chance to be a Solomon, a Solon, or a sage;
Yet e'en blunt-witted I may be a "Pass the sugar, please."

T. S.

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

V.—A WOOD-SPLITTING FROLIC AT THE PARSONAGE.

WE observe a puzzled look upon the reader's face as he notes the above heading. He thinks there must be some typographical error in the second word, and that it should be "side-splitting." "No doubt," he says to himself, "the writer is going to relate a funny incident in which the Parsonage kitten plays a conspicuous part."

Will the reader permit us to assure him that there is no mistake in the wording of the title, and that we do not intend, at present, to introduce him to the clerical cat? We are not, however, surprised at his bewilderment, for we are using the word "frolic" in a sense not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries, though we would respectfully remind the reader that those etymological authorities warrant the employment of the word only of human beings, and differentiate it from the word "gambol", which is applied to lower animals.

In New Brunswick, a "Frolic" has a specific meaning, and denotes a function partly social and partly industrial. It describes a kindly custom originating in the days when hired labour was difficult to obtain, and neighbours came to one another's help in the matter of farm work or other undertakings needing more than one pair of hands. It might be the building of a house, the raising of a barn, the ploughing of a piece of land, or the gathering of a crop. In order to facilitate such enterprises, a man would invite his acquaintances to come on a particular day, and assist him. He would be expected to entertain them to meals; but there was no thought of pecuniary remuneration. This was called "Making a Frolic." Such an occasion would be regarded as a pleasant deviation from the routine of solitary toil, and an opportunity for friendly intercourse as well as mutual help. The gathering would have in it much of the nature of a "merry-making", and for this reason it is likely that the word "Frolic" was given to it.

That excellent custom still obtains in many parts of the country. It is frequently observed on behalf of those who are in circumstances of need. Many a poor widow or man laid aside by sickness, and others overtaken by misfortune, are thus helped at a pinch by those who have strength and time at their disposal.

Among the objects of these kind attentions, the country minister takes his place. His parishioners are always willing to lend a hand in any work that conduces to the welfare of himself and family. We have been host at more than one "Frolic", and would like to put on record our gratitude for the kindness of those who engaged in it. Our "Frolics" were usually held for the purpose of providing fuel for the winter. At that time, our salary was small; but we had some compensations. Our firing cost us next to nothing, and that is an important consideration in a cold country. In Canada, comparatively little coal is used, and English people can hardly guess what large quantities of wood are required to keep houses warm when frost and snow prevail. Woe betide those who are not prepared in time! Often are they reduced to most ignominious expedients to find the wherewithal to

burn. There are times in the year when, if not previously provided, it is almost impossible to get wood for love or money. The roads may not be in a fit state for hauling it, those who deal in it may have disposed of all except what is needed for their own personal use, or they may be too busy with other work to attend to such calls. It therefore behoves those who desire any measure of comfort to early lay in a sufficient supply. It is usual to keep a year's store ahead. One winter witnesses preparations for the following winter.

At the time of which we now treat, we were greatly favoured. The Parsonage was an old farmhouse which, with an adjacent hundred acres of land, was left for the use of the church. Upon the said land there was a good deal of timber, and from this enough was cut, year by year, to replenish the minister's wood-shed. We could write a little domestic drama entitled, "From Forest to Furnace." It would contain five scenes, as follows:—I.—Wood-chopping. II.—Wood-sawing. III.—Wood-splitting. IV.—Wood-piling. V.—Wood-burning.

The first scene is enacted while the snow is upon the ground. Several brethren hie them to the woods, and fell some large trees. Others with sleds haul these to the Parsonage yard. The second scene takes place weeks later, when a sawing-machine arrives, and the cumbersome logs are reduced to blocks of portable shape and size. The third scene is the subject of our present article, and is worthy of more detailed description.

It is early spring, and a period when our male hearers have a little leisure. We have intimated that, on a certain afternoon, we should be glad to see as many of our brethren as are able to visit us. This informal invitation is accepted by no less than twenty-one stalwart individuals. This is a record number in that community, and testifies to the wide esteem in which the pastor is held. Various ages are represented,—from youths of sixteen to fathers of sixty. Everybody is in good spirits, and each returns our greeting with much heartiness. Soon, there is a scene of animated labour upon which Mr. Gladstone would have looked with admiring eyes. With what deftness does each woodman wield his axe, as to the manner born! Every boy in Canada early acquires skill in the use of that peaceable weapon. No one, not thus trained from childhood, can attain to the same masterly familiarity with that cleaving steel. During the afternoon, in order that we may divert the suspicion of being merely an idle spectator of other men's toils, we endeavour to take a turn; but our performance is received with an ominous silence that does not encourage us to continue. We cut a poor figure in more senses than one, and are glad to retire, shortly, under the pretext of enquiring into the prospects for supper.

Within the house, our wife, aided by one or two other ladies, is engaged in cooking operations, for a hot meal has to be got ready for the band of men who, while they dull their axes, will be sharpening their appetites. Finding we are not urgently wanted inside, and are rather in the way, we take up a safe position at the side door, from whence we snatch furtive views of the scene of action without. It is a sight that does our eyes good. Thoreau, in that remarkable book, "Walden," tells with what pride and pleasure, when he was living his recluse life, he watched the growth of his wood-pile evening by evening.

It told him of something attempted and something done. If there is not so much pride (which is an objectionable thing,) in our case, there is even greater pleasure. How the heap accumulates! It grows almost as quickly, though not so mysteriously, as Jack's bean-stalk. In a few hours, as much wood has been cut as would have taken one person two or three weeks to "manufacture", as they call such a process in New Brunswick. Had that person been someone intimately known to ourselves, the accomplishment of such a task would have meant six months' hard labour. We are therefore devoutly thankful to the good brethren who have relieved us from so many repeated and irksome efforts, and we cannot help thinking that a pastor is to be congratulated who has more wood-splitters than hair-splitters in his congregation. We would far rather have our members come to chop logs for us, than to chop logic with us.

And now the whiz of the axe has ceased, and the buzz of conversation is plainly heard. We request our friends to come into the Parsonage, and there we produce abundance of hot and cold water, soap, towels, and other requisites for the making of a hasty toilet. Soon, with faces aglow after their exercise and ablutions, they are seated at a well-loaded table. The meal is not of an elegant character; but it is adapted to the needs of those for whom it is spread. One of the principal dishes is known as "potato scallop", into the mysteries of which we will not venture. It is a luxury beyond the dreams of an English epicure. There are also pork and beans, and other items which make up a most substantial *menu*. It appears to meet the tastes of our guests. There was once a grim lady, who told a tramp that, if he would saw up some wood, she would present him with a pie. With a look of suspicion upon his weather-beaten face, the tramp enquired, "Did you make the pie yourself, mum?" Our visitors ask no such awkward questions; but eat what is set before them, untroubled by any dark doubts. The increase of the wood-pile outside was a tedious performance compared with the decrease of the food-pile inside. Our brethren's expert use of the axe is surpassed, we may even say eclipsed, by the way in which they handle the knife and fork. Fortunately, we have laid in a sufficient stock of eatables, and there is enough and to spare. Though due attention is paid to eating, the charms of conversation are not despised. Many subjects pass under review, not without profit to those who discuss them. Some of our friends hasten away after supper, having "chores" to do at home. Others remain for a while, and join us in family worship. So ends our wood-splitting "Frolic."

* * * *

We think a "Frolic" furnishes useful lessons which are not unworthy of a place in a Magazine which is "a record of labour for the Lord."

For, is not such a "Frolic" a *labour of love*?

It is prompted by affection for the servant of God, and is as truly a holy work as preaching a sermon. Some superfine people, who have mistaken ideas of the nature of spirituality, might think of such a thing as utterly beneath their notice. "It is so material, you know!" Yes, and material things may have spiritual aspects. Stones and dust are very material things; yet regard for them may lead to a revival of spiritual power. Is it not written, "Thou shalt arise, and have mercy

upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come. For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof?" Long ago, George Herbert taught the world that drudgery may become divine, that even sweeping a room may be an action beautiful with meaning. We know that care for His servants is pleasing to Christ Himself. Whosoever gives a cup of cold water, in His Name, to those that belong to Him, shall in no wise lose a reward. A "Frolic" is a labour of love for those in need; it contains the very essence of that true neighbourliness defined by Jesus, and it is one of the best exhibitions of that spirit which bears one another's burdens, and so fulfils the law of Christ. Even the gravest Christian need not be ashamed to engage in such a frolic, and it would be better for the world if the principle which actuates it were in more general exercise.

A "Frolic" affords *an illustration of the benefits of co-operation.*

It is sometimes said that many can help one when one cannot help many. That is frequently the case. A number of people banded together can achieve great results. All can do something in contributing to a desired end. At our "Frolic", we proved afresh the truth of the adage, "Many hands make light work," and also the other old saying, "Union is strength." This is seen in all departments of life—domestic, social, commercial, political, and religious. Especially would we urge a consideration of it in connection with the last-named sphere of effort. If we could get all the people in our churches to unite in the worship of God, what an improvement there would be in the services of the sanctuary! If they would all gather, with one accord, at the prayer-meetings, what blessings would result! If they would all do something for Christ, how much more could be accomplished in the spread of the Kingdom! We have all heard of the sister who, after her pastor had preached on the text, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" went and asked him for a spade. How gladly would we provide spades or axes for those willing to use them! Let every house of prayer become the scene of frequent "Frolics" of this character!

There was once a grand "Frolic" in the olden time, and it was a wood-cutting "Frolic" into the bargain. The College, of which Elisha was President, needed a larger building for its growing work, and the students said to him, "Let us go, we pray thee, unto Jordan, and take thence every man a beam, and let us make us a place there, where we may dwell." Those words—"every man a beam" would make a fine motto for any church or society. Let it be generally adopted and acted upon.

As the word indicates, a "Frolic" is a *piece of real work performed in a merry spirit.*

The men came to their task as if to a picnic, and with a holiday air about them. How much more we could do, and with what greater ease, had we ever a cheerful spirit! It has often been said that it is not work, but worry, that kills. We have heard of a man who was employed to whitewash the interior of a church; and, as he worked, he whistled, keeping time the while with his brush. The solemn-visaged clergyman happened to enter, and was immensely shocked at the irreverent sounds. "My friend," said he, "if you must whistle, whistle something in keeping with the sacred character of this edifice."

"All right, sir," said the man, and immediately started the Dead March, suiting his action to the mournful nature of the music. The good rector saw that the work was likely to be dreadfully protracted if proceeded with at that poor dying rate; so he said, "My friend, you had better whistle that other tune, you seem to be more familiar with it."

Let us beware of doing our work in a doleful and discouraged way, whether that work be secular or sacred. The New Testament sets before us a high standard for life and labour. It bids us both serve and suffer in a spirit of triumph and rejoicing. Even slaves are exhorted to perform their menial duties as unto the Lord, and sordid occupations are touched with a celestial glory. And, most of all, is work of a directly spiritual kind to be undertaken with delight. As the Orphanage choir reminds us, we are to "sing as we go." Oh, to do all our heavenly business in a heavenly spirit! We are living in a pessimistic age; but we must not succumb to its joy-killing influence. More than ever are we called upon, in these dark days, to display the beauty, the victoriousness, and radiance of the Christ-like character. Even when subjected to fiery trials, believers are to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. As we go about our tasks, whether lowly or eminent, let us serve the Lord with gladness, remembering that His joy is our strength.

"Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(Continued from page 86.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(b) *The Testimony of the Apostles (Concluded).*

Then, again, take the Epistle to the Hebrews;—not only does that Book contain some forty-one direct quotations from the Old Testament Scriptures, but its teachings and arguments depend so absolutely upon the last half of Exodus, a few chapters in Leviticus, and certain Psalms, that, *if these were cut out of the Bible, the whole Letter to the Hebrews* (except, perhaps, two chapters,) *would necessarily vanish*; while the symbolism and ritual of the tabernacle priesthood, worship, and sacrifice,—typical and transitory though they were,—form not merely the scaffolding, but the very foundation of the apostle's reasoning, without which he could not deduce nor lay down his important teaching concerning Christ's finished sacrifice and the ascended Saviour's priestly intercession (chapters vii.—x).

For example, after the preface to the Epistle, the remainder of the first chapter consists exclusively, until the last verse, of six quotations strung together from the Book of Psalms, all heralded in by the significant assertion, "He (God) saith," and ranging from the second Psalm to the one hundred and tenth (i. 5—14). Nor is this all: profound conclusions concerning the believer's eternal security, and the second advent of grace and judgment are boldly proclaimed upon the authority of sentences cited from the minor prophets, Habakkuk and Haggai,

and nearly half the eighth chapter of the Epistle consists of one long quotation from Jeremiah (x. 37, 38; xii. 26; viii. 8—12); it being distinctly affirmed that the Holy Ghost spake through David, Moses, and Jeremiah (iii. 7; ix. 8; x. 15). The expression already alluded to, "He saith," and its cognates, occur with prodigal profusion through the Book (i. 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 13; ii. 12, 13; iii. 10, 11, 18; iv. 3, 4, 5, 7; v. 5, 6; vi. 14; vii. 21; viii. 5, 8, 13; x. 5, 7, 8, 9, 15, 30; xiii. 5); and strange, old-time incidents and histories are mentioned in language of the clearest simplicity and assured faith. Thus, the mysterious ministry and position of the angels (i.—ii.); the creation of the earth (i. 10; xi. 3); and God's own rest day in connection therewith (iv. 4); the supremacy of the first man over an unfallen creation (ii. 6—8); the superiority of Abel's sacrifice to Cain's, and Cain's consequent murder of his brother (xi. 4; xii. 24); the holy life and translation of Enoch without death (xi. 5); the faith of Noah, his ark-building and the flood (xi. 7); the literal existence of "the pilgrim fathers," Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob (ii. 16; vii. 1—10; xi. 8—21); the miraculous conception of Sarah's son (xi. 11, 12); the sudden, weird, sublime introduction and departure of the king-priest, Melchisedec (vii.); the sacrifice on Mount Moriah (vi. 13—15; xi. 17—19); the selling of Esau's birthright for a mess of pottage (xii. 16, 17); the carrying of Joseph's bones out of Egypt into Canaan (xi. 22); the hiding, preservation, and nobility of Moses, the paschal feast, and redemption of the children of Israel by blood, the dry passage through the Red sea, and the overthrow of the Egyptians (xi. 23—29); the thunders and judgments of Mount Sinai (xii. 18—21); the priesthood of Aaron, and the miraculous budding of his rod (v. 4; ix. 4); the leadership of Joshua (iv. 8); the falling of the walls of Jericho, the salvation of Rahab the harlot, the heroism "of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets" (xi. 30—32); are all spoken of as FACTS, not legends; and lessons, both doctrinal and practical, are deduced and driven home therefrom. Yea, the writer of the Epistle goes even further, for he argues, reasons, builds up, and overthrows theories from single words in his quotations, "Son", "God", "all", "my", "to-day", "my", "for ever", "new", "hearts", "son", "yet once more" (i. 5, 8; ii. 8, 12; iii. 7, and iv. 7; iii. 11, and iv. 5; v. 6; vii. 17, 21; viii. 8, 13; viii. 10, and x. 16; xii. 5; xii. 27); and even, occasionally, from the silences and omissions of the Old Testament Scriptures, just as a pause in music has a rhythmic eloquence that sound alone would fail to suggest (vii. 3, 14, etc.); and that, too, on no mean or unimportant themes,—the absolute, essential Deity, and unique Sonship of our Lord, and yet His kinship with His brethren; the superiority of His everlasting Melchisedec priesthood over that of Aaron and all his dying and fallible successors; the passing away of the old legal covenant of death and bondage, and the introduction of the new glad one of Gospel grace and liberty; the supremacy of the spiritual and eternal over that which was merely ritual, mundane, mechanical; and the final convulsion and overthrow of all anti-Christian powers and systems, "that those things which cannot be shaken may remain;"—these positions and truths are all enunciated, and, in many instances, regarded by the writer as *established and proven through*

the strong emphasis placed upon single words. Therefore, manifestly, and pre-eminently even above all other New Testament Books, the Epistle to the Hebrews becomes full of light and leading, or dark and valueless, according to our acceptance or rejection of the Verbal Inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures.

We have traced the application of this principle through a Gospel Memoir, a Historical Book, a Doctrinal Epistle, and a Treatise on spiritual sacrifice and worship; now let us glance at the little Letter of Jude,—nestling, as it does, upon the very threshold of Immanuel's Land, and the Golden City;—and written, because "there should be mockers in the last time," expressly to warn believers in "the common salvation," in days of deepening apostasy and lasciviousness, that they "should earnestly contend for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints" (v. 3, 18). Amid the tremendous solemnities of his profound convictions concerning present sin and coming judgment, and in the full consciousness that Paul and Peter had both penned their last words of pregnant warning (Jude 17, 2 Timothy, 2 Peter), the apostle writes his brief and only Epistle, in language of the strongest dogmatism, regarding past history as well as unfulfilled prophecy; and, after reading his Letter, we indignantly and instinctively repel the insinuation that such a man, of such a spirit, would recall to mind merely traditional legends,—much as nursery maids conjure up "bogies" to frighten into a doubtful and spasmodic goodness wicked children!—and yet, here they are! these disputed, ridiculed incidents of the Pentateuch,—the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire from heaven (v. 7); "the way of Cain," "the error of Balaam," "the gain-saying of Core" (v. 11); the destruction of the unbelieving Israelites in the wilderness (v. 5); the fall and consequent judgment of the rebellious angels (v. 6); the previously unrecorded prophecy of "Enoch, the seventh from Adam" (v. 14, 15); and the strange, mysterious disputation between Michael and the devil "about the body of Moses" (v. 9). How did Jude get and give these last-named circumstances, except upon the laws of Verbal Inspiration? Indeed, it is impossible to attach any credence or weight whatsoever to his Epistle unless we also accept, and that, too, in a frank and unreserved fashion, the absolute infallibility of the Books of Moses.

Nor do the ministries and writings of the apostles Peter and Paul anywhere indicate the smallest deviation from this same New Testament method of a full and authoritative endorsement of the Old Testament Scriptures. Thus we find Peter exclaiming, "The Holy Ghost *through* (Greek, *dia*,) the mouth of David spake" (Acts i. 16); "This is that which was spoken through the prophet Joel" (ii. 16); "David speaketh," etc. (ii. 25, 30, 31, 34); "God hath spoken through the mouth of all His holy prophets," . . . "Moses truly said," . . . "All the prophets from Samuel have spoken" (iii. 18—24). On the solemn day of Pentecost, *fully half* of the apostle's memorable sermon consisted of *the actual words of Joel and David* (ii. 14—36); and his address to Cornelius and the Gentile brethren concludes with the unqualified assertion, "To Him (Jesus) give all the prophets witness,

that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (x. 43); of the pre-Calvary prophets he writes, "The Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify" (1 Peter i. 11); "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Peter i. 21); and in his reasonings he quotes and applies Scriptures from Leviticus, Isaiah, and the Psalms (1 Peter i. 16; ii. 6, 7); while one entire argument practically hinges upon the single word "lord" used by Sarah to her husband Abraham (1 Peter iii. 6). The building, by Noah, of the ark, "wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved" from the flood which drowned "the world of the ungodly," is thrice mentioned (1 Peter iii. 20; 2 Peter ii. 5; iii. 6). The terrible condemnation of "the angels that sinned," the overthrow of "the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes," and the deliverance of "just Lot", the iniquity of Balaam, and even the miraculous testimony of "the dumb ass speaking with man's voice" (ii. 4; 6—8; 15, 16), are incidents alluded to by Peter as facts, not fables,—ancient judgments full of solemn warning to the apostate, profligate, and sceptical.

The greater portion of his "beloved brother Paul's" first recorded speech is also a recital of narratives from the Historical Books, "the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath day," and quotations from the Psalms of David, where "He (God) saith," and winds up with a powerful appeal to his hearers, "Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets" (Acts xiii. 27, 29, 32—35, 40). When anxious to persuade the Jews, he invariably "reasoned with them out of the Scriptures;" defending himself before Felix and Agrippa, he reiterated his creed of *Scriptural heresy*, "This I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing *all things which are written in the law and in the prophets*;" "having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come" (xvii. 2; xxiv. 14; xxvi. 22). If it be a matter of breaking through sectarian bondage, and preaching Gospel liberty to the Gentiles, maintaining reverence to those in lawful authority, giving the exclusive glory of man's salvation and righteousness to God, or advocating adequate ministerial payment, Paul clinches every argument or testimony with an "It is written," or, "The Scripture saith" (Acts xiii. 47; xxiii. 5; 1 Corinthians i. 31; 1 Timothy v. 18).

In the incomparable fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians,—possibly, the supremest utterance even of Divine revelation,—when defining the Gospel, the apostle says, "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, *according to the Scriptures*; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day *according to the Scriptures*;" and in emphasizing the ultimate Kingship of the risen Christ, the creation of "the first man Adam", and the triumphant swallowing up of death in victory, he quotes successively from David, Moses, and Isaiah (v. 3, 4; 25; 45; 54); concerning whom he says, in another place, "Well spake the Holy Ghost through Esaias" (Acts xxviii. 25); and so we find it in all his writings, whether by suggestion and implication, as in 2 Corinthians iii., or by direct citation, as further on in the same

Epistle, where "God hath said," or some such phrase occurs four times over in one chapter (vi. 2, 16, 17, 18).

Thus, for example, in Paul's deep and intricate argument with the Galatian Church, in a passage of sixty verses, he quotes no less than ten times from the Old Testament Scriptures, appealing principally to Genesis and Deuteronomy, and using such expressions as "The Scripture, *foreseeing*," "It is evident, for," "The Scripture hath," etc. (iii. 8; 10—13; 16; 22; iv. 22, 27, 30); and, on the historic sequences of events,—the giving of the covenant prior to the law, and the birth of Ishmael, "the son of the bondwoman," before Isaac, "the child of promise," demonstrates beyond all disputation our Christian liberty from legal fears and ceremonial bondage; and, indeed, like Peter, and our adorable Saviour, stakes all upon a singular noun in that old pledge given by "the Lord God Almighty" to a man some critics say never existed, "Now to Abraham and his seed were the promises made. He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ"* (iii. 6—18; iv. 22—31). Similarly, in the apostle's Letter to the Ephesians, a knowledge of the temple ritual, and of the marriage relationship *before* the Fall, is necessary to fully trace and appreciate the teaching of the second and fifth chapters (ii. 11—22; v. 22—33); while, at the same time, he also quotes, according to Divine precedent, from "Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms," to sustain his positions and doctrines on other matters (vi. 2; v. 14; iv. 8).

Not only, however, does Paul thus preach and reason from the literalism of Old Testament Scriptures; but, in common with our beloved Lord, and all His apostles, he also unreservedly accepts and endorses those facts and incidents from the Pentateuch which are, in certain "cultured" quarters to-day, discredited and despised;—the creation of Adam and Eve, the serpent's subtlety in tempting her, the woman's transgression, "being deceived," the fall of Adam through disobedience, and the transmission of sin, and the curse, and death, in consequence, upon the whole human race (1 Timothy ii. 13, 14; 2 Corinthians xi. 3; Romans v. 12—21). The blasted cities of the plain (Romans ix. 29); the literal existence of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Sarah, Hagar, and Rebecca, the miraculous birth of Isaac, and his superiority over Ishmael, the supremacy of Jacob over Esau by Divine decree (Romans iv. 1—3; 18—21; ix. 10—14; Galatians iv. 24, 25); the triumph of Moses and the overthrow of his opponents, Jannes and Jambres; the passage of the Israelites through the Red sea; the destruction of Pharaoh; the veil upon the prophet's face after communion with God; the smitten rock, the fiery serpents, and the judgments of God on His murmuring and disobedient people, etc. (2 Timothy iii. 8; 1 Corinthians x. 1; Romans ix. 17; 2 Corinthians iii. 13—18; 1 Corinthians x. 4—11); are incidentally alluded to, and, in every case, acute and practical deductions made therefrom for our

* It is important to notice that verse 17 proves that God's covenant with Abraham was one of free grace only,—the birth and subsequent circumcision of Ishmael occurring some twenty-three years later. (See also v. 2—4; and Romans iv. 10.) Note, in addition, how Paul reasons in Romans ix, 7 making all depend upon the one word "Isaac."

benefit and warning. What wonder, therefore, that, in the last Letter which the apostle wrote, he should enforce upon youthful Timothy how "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)?

Shall we?—need we?—can we?—say more, in concluding this endorsement of the Old Testament Writings, save that James, the blunt and practical, who brought the teaching of Christianity into the common places of daily life, equally with John, the mystic and prophet, who lived upon the heights of communion and fellowship with the God of light and love, stand here in fullest harmony with all the other witnesses; as the former reasons, "according to the Scripture," (ii. 8; 23; iv. 5, 6); and writes concerning Abraham and Isaac on the mount of sacrifice; Rahab and her salvation from the ruin of Jericho; "the patience of Job;" and Elijah's marvellous shutting and opening of the very windows of heaven (ii. 21, 25; v. 11, 17, 18); and the latter speaks of "that old serpent, called the devil, and Satan;" of Cain, his brother's murderer; of Balaam, mentioned in the Book of Numbers; of Jezebel, in the history of the kings; of Michael, in the prophecy of Daniel, "the song of Moses," "angels' food"; "the river" and the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God" (Revelation xii. 9; 1 John iii. 12; Revelation ii. 14, 20; xii. 7; xv. 3; ii. 17; ii. 7; xxii. 1, 2).

Verily, unless the apostles of our Lord were men who merely juggled with words, or "wrested the Scriptures to their own destruction," slaves to tradition, deficient in knowledge, dishonourable in character, and unreliable in statement, we must accept or reject the testimony of Matthew, Peter, Paul, James, Jude, and John, as we believe or discredit the writings of Moses, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Zechariah, and "all the prophets." Thus may I—nay, I must, "I can do no other, God help me!"—again repeat, if the Old Testament characters be mythical, the Old Testament histories legendary, the Old Testament teachings undependable, and the Old Testament prophecies illusory, we are forced to the terrible and irresistible conclusion that Jesus was not God, and His apostles were but dupes or charlatans;—but what of that? Mr. A. still preaches "sanitary reform" to large and fashionable congregations! Dr. B. exposes every Sunday the mistakes of Moses! Professor C. has shut Daniel in his den, and put Jonah under water! Mr. D. lectures on music, and has an occasional "seance"! The very Rev. Dr. E. tells us there is no hell, no judgment, no resurrection, and is, confidentially, not even sure of Heaven! "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;"—and when we do, it will gild our last moments with a glow of satisfaction to know that when we, and the preachers are buried and forgotten, Moses, David, Isaiah, and, above all, Paul, will live no longer in the memory of men,—or—or—will Peter's words (borrowed from Isaiah, too,) come true, "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; *but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever.*" And this is the Word which by the Gospel is preached unto you;" and will Daniel's prophecy have a resurrection,

"Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to *shame and everlasting contempt* (1 Peter i. 24, 25; Daniel xii. 2)?

(*To be continued next month.*)

Tidings from Tunisia.

MORE than three months have slipped away since I had the privilege of reporting on Gospel work here. Though hampered by sickness, the Medical Mission has gone on, as the record of 1,154 consultations, since November 1, bears witness.

* * * *

Passing down a native street in Sousse, lately, you might have beheld a strange scene,—

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER FOR RAIN,—

a group of little Moslem boys constantly crying out, "O Lord, send rain!" Between them, they carry a stick, and over it hangs a piece of rag; they stop at a door, and chant their cry, then a hand is pushed out, and some dirty water is poured over their rag, and they move on, still calling for rain.* Truly, the fields are sad to look upon. Instead of stretches of rich waving green, just patches here and there are seen, and these so stunted and poor that all hope of harvest has almost gone. Too little rain, and too much sunshine, may ruin crops, and men, and nations, all alike.

* * * *

THE CASE AND BARREL OF GOOD THINGS

from the Tabernacle arrived lately, and the first to benefit were the poor Arab children who come to our Sunday morning service. They enjoyed their "supper" immensely. They sat round the big bowls, and dipped their sops into the dish without feeling the lack of knife, fork, or spoon; and not only the meat, but even the bones disappeared before their excellent appetites. Great was their delight with the "sweeties"; and, after the lantern, the presents capped everything. The next morning, I met youngsters, whose entire clothing consisted of the shirt they had received the night before, while toys and dolls were very much in evidence. It was said that some of the smaller children had probably never tasted meat before, and we trust it was a supper according to the mind of Jesus.

* * * *

We have been cheered by—

A CASE OF CONVERSION—

of a man who, while a native of Morocco, first heard the Gospel, unmoved, in Tangier; then, travelling to the East, heard it, again in vain, in Alexandria; and now, after years, is brought to the Saviour in Tunisia.

News has come, from South Morocco, of a man converted, only just lately, whose heart was touched, years ago, by one who has since been "called home." Thus we see that, still, "one soweth and another

* Dr. Churcher also mentions some other very extraordinary rain processions; and, in a later letter, says some rain has fallen, so the fields look fresh and green, but it is feared that there will be hardly any harvest.

reapeth;" and the Word of the Lord faileth not, but accomplisheth that whereunto He hath sent it.

* * * *

IN OUR LORD'S TIME,

pain and sickness brought many into contact with Him, and so is it here. People return, again and again, after longer or shorter intervals, and hear the Gospel message. Just now, we have, staying in our baraka, a young man and his mother, who have returned several years for medicine. They confess Christ; and it is very pleasant to have the young man explaining and repeating after me the Gospel message to his countrymen. May the Lord increase the number of such witness-bearers for Him!

* * * *

THE SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE,

at the shop in town, continues with much to encourage us. Sometimes, the little place is crowded right out to the street. Good attention, and sometimes signs of conviction of sin, rejoice our hearts. An unusual thing happened the other day. While I was at the door, two native soldiers not only shook hands, but kissed me warmly on leaving the meeting. I thought it was very nice of them, but was glad it was myself, and not my wife, to whom they said "Good-bye" in this loving fashion.

I hope the new era for the "S. and T." may prove even brighter than the past; and *that*, to my mind, is hoping a great deal.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

A Feckless Crittur.

BY JAMES F. TAVINER, B.A., WITHINGTON, MANCHESTER.

"**Y**E ken the E.U. kirk, maister? Weel, keep you straight on till ye come til't. Syne, ye'll see a close. Mistress McFadyon's the third doon. Dinna chap, for she's aye lying. Gang in, an' ye'll see the body."

Following these instructions, I made my way to the house of mourning. It was a dark day for the women of the North. Over the wires, on the Wednesday, had come the news that the attack at Magersfontein had failed. On the Thursday and the Friday came the cost of the futile attempt. Then, from the lone farmhouse in the glen, the stunted dwellings in the city close, and the noble homes on the clustering hills, there went forth a moan, as sad, if not as shrill, as the lamentation of Rachel. The women of the Highlands mourn not their dead as do the mothers of Salem or the dwellers by the Nile, but the firstborn are the firstborn everywhere.

It is said that, to realize the dreadfulfulness of war, one must walk across a battlefield the day after the encounter. I have never done so. I did not see the yellow dust crimsoned with the Highland blood. I was not near them when they heard the roar of that fearful tempest, and felt the leaden spindrift beating in their faces; but I venture to assert that we, who went the weary round of the desolated homes of Moray, know something of what war means.

I had not met Widow McFadyon before; but, on that day, we all knew one another. To have heard that she was numbered with the stricken, was sufficient ground for including her in my list of calls. The close by the E.U. Church, I knew quite well,—a narrow way serving both as a short cut to the High Street and a drying-ground for the inhabitants.

You scarcely ever traversed it without passing beneath serried lines of flaunting linen. The front of the church looked out upon one of the most select thoroughfares; the side, upon the debilitated tenements of the close. This is a peculiar feature of our old-world city, that one wall of your house may face the local Park Lane, and another, the Ratcliff Highway.

The "third door doon" stood slightly open; and, remembering the futility of "chapping", I tapped, and entered. In a box-bedstead by the side wall was Widow McFadyon. She was "aye lying," for a stroke of paralysis, some years before, as I afterwards learnt, had left her helpless.

"Sit yersel' doon," was her greeting. "A'm gey pleased til see ye. A'm but sober, thank ye. Ay, ay! A'm juist a puir dottled auld crittur noo; thau' a mind the day when a ba' trampit throo the snaw til Forres an' hame agin, (fower an' twentich mile, ye ken,) as braw, ay, an' as bonny a lass, min' ye, as ye'd meet wi' ony day. But, hoots, ye dinna want tae be fashed wi' hearkenin' tae the blitherin' o' a feckless auld body like me. Ay, it's ma laddie! Ay, ay, puir bairn! Mebbe ye kent him? Na? Weel, weel, but he kent ye fine. 'Mither,' ses he, jokey-like, 'ca' canny, yon's the Bapteest meenister; mebbe he'll see ye."

"'An what for should a be afeard?' ses a.

"'Och, mither!' ses he, 'he'll speir ye gin yere savit.'

"'An' gey prood a'll be,' ses a, 'tae bear ma weetness. An' think shame tae yersel, Alec,' ses a, 'that ye canna dae the same.'

"For, ah! he was aye a wil' kin' o' loon, an' aye gangin' wi' the thochtless instid o' til the kirk. But wait till a show ye this, noo. Mebbe ye'll juist read it yersel', for ma sicht is no sae keen."

I took a stained and crumpled letter from her withered hand; and, by the light that struggled through the pigmy casement, read its contents.

"Dere Mother,

"I'm writing to tell you that I'm saved, too. I've been a wild loon in my day, and a sore weight to you, I doubt. But you were aye believing. I thought you a daft auld body, but it's me that was the feel. You mind the wee Testament you give me when I left you. I said I wudna forget to read it, and I havena. I've looked at it whiles, and its kind of gripped me, and brought me to the fountain. You will be thinking it long till I come back, but I'm aye thinking of you. When I do gang hame, I'll bear my testimony, too. . . ."

And there was much more in the same happy strain.

I folded the letter in silence as I mused on his "ganging hame," and the "testimony" he was bearing there. The flames leaped joyously in the grate, as though in harmony with the glad tidings. The shadows of evening crept about. I looked at the aged figure on the box-bed, and saw the reflection of the fire dancing in her upturned eyes. She was muttering something, . . . "in peace . . . seen Thy salvation."

By-and-by, she turned wearily towards me, and said, "Ay, ay, mebbe ye'll gie us a wee bit prayer. A'm a puir feckless crittur, but the Laird hes bin mindfu' o' me,—and ma bairn."

Lonely Graves in Queensland.

BY PASTOR W. HIGLETT, ALBION, BRISBANE.

WHEN Mrs. Hemans wrote "The Graves of a Household," Australia was an almost unknown territory; otherwise, it would probably have supplied another verse to that beautiful poem. The lonely graves in the Australian bush would be a surprising revelation to most English readers. To be buried in a corner of the home

paddock, or "meadow", as it would be called in England,—why, the very idea seems incredible; and yet, how could it be otherwise? Do you speak of cemeteries? There is not one within a hundred miles. Of churchyards? The nearest is, perhaps, fifty miles distant, and the only means of conveyance is the bullock waggon, the dray, or the spring-cart. It is altogether out of the question.

I had not been very long in Queensland when, passing through a selection, we came upon a little spot of land enclosed by a two-rail split fence, a single panel each way, thus making about eight feet square. In my ignorance, I supposed the fence was to protect cattle or persons from falling into some disused well or shaft; and, as our horses passed it, I made the suggestion to my companion. The reply I received was, to me, of a startling character; namely, that it was a grave. Since then, I have seen many such; but while the feeling of surprise has passed, other emotions are invariably aroused by the sight. I begin to wonder how much of the poetry, the romance, or the tragedy of life may be covered in that lonely grave. Who was the person? How did he die? Where were his kindred? Were they at his bedside, or far off in the dear home-land, and destined never to know what had become of their wandering boy? What bright day-dreams came to an end with his life? Did he count his life a failure as increasing weakness answered the question,—

"Will they bury me here, out here in the bush,
Where the forest trees over me wave,
With no prayer, and no bell, and no mourners around,
And no one to weep o'er my grave?"

These lonely graves belong either to the interior, or to the early days of the Colony. As districts become settled, burials take place in the churchyard; or, later on, in the orthodox cemetery, when the township is formed. But these pioneers of British settlement, who face the rough life of the West, how fares it with them in their closing days? All possible attention is given by friends and neighbours, (and the term "neighbours" will include all within, say, a ten-mile radius,) but a doctor is often beyond reach. The nearest may be fifty or sixty miles away, and would probably demand a guinea per mile for a visit. (In parenthesis, let me say that such is the usual charge, and it must be remembered that the visit means not only the horseback ride, but the long absence from his other duties. There are notable instances of professional generosity. I have known a doctor ride fully twenty miles to visit a sick woman. After giving the required attention, a few questions have disclosed the fact that the man was "a new chum," that he was on "his first job," and had not yet found money to purchase furniture and household requisites, whereupon the doctor has told him not to bother, and quietly mounted his horse for the twenty miles' ride home, leaving the man one of many debtors to his kindness.) To return,—when the sick man dies, someone is despatched to the nearest police constable or justice of the peace. That official satisfies himself, generally by personal visit, that there are no suspicious circumstances, and gives the certificate of registration of death. The grave is dug by the neighbours; if there is sawn timber available, a rough coffin is made; and the day following the death, the funeral takes place. Such is the history of these little enclosures, which are to be found here and there throughout the Australian bush. On sheep and cattle-stations, where there is more pretence of civilization, one frequently sees a little private graveyard; or, sometimes, the lower corner of the garden at the head-station is fenced off for the purpose. The graves, too, are well tended, and planted with flowers and shrubs, as in the old country.

I remember a somewhat pathetic instance of a lonely grave in a settled farming district, where I have more than once spent a few days. Now, there is a graveyard at the Baptist Church; and, more recently, a cemetery near the township. But some of the early pioneers died before so much progress had been made. About a stone's throw from a farmhouse, just beyond the barn, there was the now familiar grave, but suffering sadly from want of attention. Some straggling geraniums and a rose-bush still lived, but the rank grass was doing its best to strangle them, and the sawn paling fence threatened to let the cattle in at an early date. As we rode by, I asked the reason for such neglect, and the reply was as follows:—"Mr. — formerly owned this selection, and his first wife and child are buried there. Then he sold the place, and removed to—, and the present owner takes no interest in the graves." All this seemed natural. There are plenty of neglected graves in cemeteries and churchyards; yet what a deal of pathos seemed to lie behind it!

Lonely and forgotten graves! Yet not altogether forgotten; for, at the great day, when the sea shall give up its dead, the bush graves shall also yield up their prey; and the families, sundered far in life, and parted by death, shall be joined where sea no more divides, and where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick." Lonely graves! Yet some of the truest heroes are buried thus,—heroic in a more useful cause than those who lie beneath the South African veldt, for they were heroes of production, not destruction, pioneers of civilization and progress. Often, too, the saints of God sleep in these lonely graves; leaders of the people in a different sense from Moses, but occupying their God-given place, and concerning whom we may be pardoned if we accommodate Mrs. Alexander's lines,—

"O lonely graves in Southern land,
By forest, plain, or hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still!
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep,
Of him He loved so well."

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 Old Testament Narrative for Schools. Compiled in the Words of the Authorized Version. By MARCUS DODS, M.A., B.A. Nelson and Sons.

We are not in love with abbreviated Bibles, yet the purpose of this one seems altogether good. It is, in fact, a Text-book for schools, and, as such, is to be commended. It omits all repetition, as well as such passages as no one would wish to point out to children, or to read at family worship.

"Timothy did well enough without an expurgated copy of the

Scriptures," you say; but perhaps Eunice and Lois selected the appropriate portions for the child to read. Who can tell? At all events, as things are, nowadays, it seems good to us that such a copy of the Bible as this should be used in schools. Oh, that our youth may cleanse their ways by taking heed thereto according to the Word!

The New Biblical Guide. Vol. V. By Rev. J. URQUHART. Partridge and Co.

This new volume is a worthy companion to its valuable pre-

deceutors: we can give it no higher praise. The author deals lucidly and powerfully with many Bible difficulties; and, from recent research and discovery, shows how its statements are being continually confirmed. For Bible students generally, but emphatically for Sunday-school teachers, we know no better armoury against the assaults of unbelief and arrogant criticism than these volumes. To meet their special case, there is a cheap edition now being published at half-a-crown a volume,—one-third of the original price,—which ought to command a very large sale. We earnestly trust that every teacher of the young will secure these very able and useful volumes.

Did Moses Write the Pentateuch after all? By F. E. SPENCER, M.A.
Elliot Stock.

As we gave the original edition of this able and scholarly work a very hearty approval, we are the more glad to see that it is now issued at a cheaper price; and we trust it will thus secure a still larger circle of readers.

The attacks on the Old Testament are many to-day, and it is well to know what both Science and scholarship have to say on its behalf. Mr. Spencer is a qualified and enthusiastic expositor, who lets facts kill fantastic theories; and we are all his debtors for this useful service.

The Story of Joseph. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

EVERYONE familiar with Dr. Miller's books—and who is not?—will know exactly what to expect in these seven scenes from this Old Testament hero's life. They are vivid, interesting, pleasant, illustrative; and the lessons they teach are aptly applied. This is the kind of book that everybody can give to anybody, and feel very praiseworthy for having done so. We are not quite sure, however, whether this biography-made-sweet-and-simple has not been somewhat overdone of late; and, whether something to make readers think, as well as "feel

good," had not better have a turn. Still, of its own kind of writing, this is an excellent specimen.

Light from the Holy Hills. By KENNETH MOODY STUART, M.A.
Morgan and Scott.

A SERIES of fourteen sermons on the mountains of the Old Testament; written with a full geographical knowledge, and a fine spiritual instinct, with restraint and culture, in many places suggestive, and likely to be most useful. The graphic passage describing Jacob's vision charms us; and the argument against the sacrifice of the Mass, from the striking of the second rock by Moses, is ingenious. Mr. Moody Stuart follows worthily in his father's steps.

There are two evident misprints on page 27.

Elisha, the Prophet of Vision. By Rev. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

WE heartily welcome this little volume. Elisha has been somewhat overshadowed by his illustrious predecessor; here, his memory receives a good instalment of justice. This shilling book might easily have been made into a larger volume; it contains far more real thought and teaching than is to be found in many pretentious and expensive works. That congregation must have been highly favoured which listened to such Friday-morning addresses as these.

One sentence, on page 64, should be revised in the next edition, which ought soon to be needed. Speaking of the healing of Naaman, the author says, "It would be the first and only case, in the Old Testament, of the miraculous healing of leprosy,"—evidently overlooking the punishment and cure of Miriam, as recorded in Numbers xii. 10—16.

"Life for Evermore." By Rev. GEO. EVERARD, M.A. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

THIS shilling book will be valued,

not only for its intrinsic merit, but also because its saintly author was engaged in the compilation of it when he was called up to the "life for evermore." He must be quite at home in Heaven, for his heart had long been there.

"Christ Jesus the Lord," and How the Christian is conformed to Christ. By ROBERT BROWN. William Wileman.

MR. Robert Brown is a most painstaking and voluminous writer. We have many times reviewed his books. Here is a small pamphlet reprint of some chapters in his earlier works. We are not sure that we quite understand all that Mr. Brown says; but in everything he seeks the warrant of Scripture for his teaching, and what he says deserves careful attention.

"He Chose Twelve." A Study in Apostolic Character and Labour. By J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot. London: Partridge and Co.

A DELIGHTFUL series of New Testament portraits,—not only of the twelve who accompanied Jesus, but also of the great apostle, Paul, who made up the twelfth after the traitor's death. We have much enjoyed reading this little volume, and warmly advise every minister to get it, and read it carefully. Every chapter might suggest a week-night sermon, and happy will be the people who get a discourse provoked by the study of these fruitful papers. It is a book for which to thank God, as well as the under-author.

The Church's One Foundation: Christ and Recent Criticism. By Rev. W. R. NICOLL, M.A., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

MANY, who read these papers as they appeared in *The British Weekly*, will gladly welcome them in this permanent form. They are a splendid apologetic—in the best sense—for the Gospel. Cultured, fair, but trenchant in both con-

viction and utterance, they cannot but help to a firmer faith in and love for the Word of God. Modern destructive criticism had grown so arrogant and contemptuous, that some of its leaders were quite startled to find that *anything* could be said on the other side. But when it was said so ably, courteously, yet fearlessly, their astonishment was even greater. We wish some wealthy and generous Christian layman would make it his privilege to give every Free Church minister a copy of this valuable book. "Now, who will speak first?"

The Early Church. By PROFESSOR ORR, D.D. *Protestant Principles.* By J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D. *Ruling Ideas of our Lord.* By C. F. D'ARCY, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE are the first three volumes of a new series of handbooks entitled "Christian Study Manuals," and published at one shilling net. They bid fair to meet a very definite need; namely, of a terse and compact pocket volume on special lines of religious thought. Books of systematic theology are inevitably bulky; but these small treatises on sectional topics ought to command a very large sale amongst thoughtful men and women who have not the time to give to prolonged study.

Each volume is, in its own way, capable and forceful; but we feel a special attraction to Dr. D'Arcy's "Ruling Ideas of our Lord." It is an almost inspired title, and the treatment is vigorous and enriching. Dr. Gibson's exposition of "Protestant Principles" would be much more convincing in its arguments if it did not manifestly boggle at Scripture baptism, and if its author were to go the full length of his protest against Baptismal Regeneration, and abandon infant sprinkling. Until he does that, he will be fighting against priestcraft and superstition with one of his hands tied by a man-invented ceremony that pretends to be an ordinance of Christ. Bating this blemish, we give a warm welcome to this new series, congratulating both its editor and the publishers

on its admirable achieving and yet greater promise.

The Church Epistles. By E. W. BULLINGER, D.D. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

THIS is a volume of expositions and algebraic signs. The seven Epistles addressed to churches—Romans to Thessalonians, are here treated with all Dr. Bullinger's power of analysis, and so thoroughly that no one without a mathematical mind will be able to follow all the intricacies of his teaching.

After thoroughly studying this book, we find ourselves unable always to accept the author's idea of the structure of these inspired Letters. Something is, doubtless, to be said for the balance of sections and clauses, but we are persuaded that the Epistles are not so artificial as Dr. Bullinger would lead us to suppose. The reviewer of this volume once composed a sermon on the books of Euclid, and a man with imagination enough can support any system about anything.

There is much valuable teaching in this book, and plenty of proof of the author's undoubted learning and industry; but we hope he will excuse us for saying that there appears, in his writing, (we have no reason to suppose it is in his heart,) an arrogance of spirit which mars his best work. On page 173, he complains of being reviled and sneered at because he is attempting to recover the doctrine of the mystery of the body of Christ. We are sorry that anyone should sneer at any earnest effort to lead people into the truth; but what does Dr. Bullinger himself do, on pages 140 and 141, when he speaks, with such airy lightness of those who read their Bible in portions; (such men as George Müller, for instance;) or of those who hang texts on walls; or even of our simple brethren who talk of the four "Buts," the five "Therefore," or the six "Whys"? This is scathing, but we fancy that Dr. Bullinger is not himself always a sure guide; as

instance his treatment of Philippians i. 23, which he twists round to mean an earnest desire for the return of Christ, instead of what was evidently in the apostle's mind, an earnest desire to cast off his moorings to the present world. The wise student, however, especially if he has a large salt-cellar, will learn much from this book.

The Century Bible. The General Epistles. By W. H. BENNETT, M.A. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

HERE we have the Epistles of James, Peter, John, and Jude. We like our author best on the first Epistle, though there is much helpful matter on all. Mr. Bennett thinks that Peter and James made use of each other's work, and he makes it clear to a demonstration that II. Peter has strong affinities with the Epistle of Jude, though he leaves it an open question whether Peter is the author of the Second Epistle or not. "It is so frank and spontaneous," he says, "so earnest and spiritually-minded, that it was evidently written in good faith. . . . But there seems no satisfactory explanation of the references to the Pauline Epistles of Scripture if our Epistle was the work of Peter. . . . The view of Calvin, revived by some modern critics, that the actual author based his work on sayings or writings of the apostle, is by no means impossible." The volume worthily takes its place with those already issued.

Bible Characters. Vol. V. Stephen to Timothy. By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THIS volume maintains the high level of excellence which characterized its predecessors. The apostle Paul is the prominent figure in this corridor of Dr. Whyte's portrait gallery of Bible saints. There is here a fine series of views of the great apostle, which reveal his manysidedness, and enable us also to see much of the inner man which contributed so largely to the forma-

tion of that wonderful character which has commanded the attention of all the ages. Even those who do not possess the other volumes of this admirable series would do well to secure this one, as it is really a new Life of Paul, which helps us to know him as we never did so fully before. We are pleased to see, in the sketch of Stephen, that the author has a good word for deacons, a noble class of men who have not always had justice meted out to them. Fine tributes are also paid to the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon. We put this book on the shelf with its four companion volumes, fully assured that none of the five will lie idly there, but that all will be in frequent use whenever we want to renew our acquaintance with the Bible characters so graphically portrayed in their pages.

Apocalyptic Sketches. By Rev. J. MONRO GIBSON, M.A., D.D. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THE novelty-hunter will find little here to reward his search, for Dr. Gibson's expository "sketches" are eminently safe, sane, and reasonable. The enthusiast-fanatic, who prances with delight amid the gleaming mysteries of the Revelation, and mistakes his own crazy notions for Heavenly inspirations, will be equally disappointed. For, if there be any excess in this volume, it is one of caution and sobermindedness. This will, however, be its chief recommendation to many enquiring readers, and will give them valuable principles of interpretation rather than more or less fantastic applications of its visions to modern history. We by no means endorse all Dr. Gibson's expositions; but they are dignified and reverent, and this is no slight praise for an interpretation of the Apocalypse.

The Morning Watch for the Soldiers of the King. Devotional Meditations for every day in the year, selected and arranged by Rev. G. COATES. Arthur H. Stockwell.

A BEAUTIFUL title for a gracious and useful book of brief morning

readings. A wise selection has been made, and great judgment has been displayed in arranging the portion for each day. Mr. Coates is to be congratulated upon his good work. His graceful apology, in the Preface, will no doubt meet the case of any copyright that may have been infringed.

Times of Retirement, Devotional Meditations. By GEORGE MATHE-SON, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.E. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Rev. D. MACMILLAN. Nisbet and Co.

A CHARMING volume, daintily bound, filled with meditations rich in suggestiveness. The author possesses spiritual vision of a high order, with the power to describe what he sees so as to impress his readers with the reality of spiritual things. Occasionally, we are startled by some of his sentences, and we are unable to acquiesce in a few of his statements; but, on the whole, we find ourselves in agreement with him, and therefore cordially commend his work. The biographical sketch greatly adds to the interest and value of the volume.

What is Heaven? By F. E. MARSH. Marshall Brothers.

A CHARMING booklet on a choice theme, for Pastor Marsh makes Heaven to be Christ revealed, loved, and communed with. Eminently spiritual, though strikingly homiletic, it ought to be a prime favourite with the friends of "the King." It deserves to sell by tens of thousands.

What is Christian Science? By P. C. WOLCOTT, B.D. Partridge and Co.

WE are grateful for this tiny antidote to one of the latest impostures in the semi-religious world. The author has touched, with much skill and caustic satire, the manifest follies and frauds of this modern travesty of religion; and deserves the thanks of all sane men and women for so doing. It is a sorry thing that such a book should be necessary; but, being necessary, here it is.

The Missionary Speaker's Manual.

By Rev. A. BUCKLAND, M.A., and
Rev. J. D. MULLINS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

IT is a good idea to help busy men who may be called occasionally to speak on missionary platforms. Nothing that can be of use is omitted from this volume. We have "Hints to Missionary Deputations," "Missionary Sermons," "Missionary Prayers," and much illustrative matter. The Editors have culled their selections from many fields; and we commend their work, which, if not as interesting as we think it might have been made, is at least fresh and apt. The "Missionary Kalendar" and "Chronology" strike us as specially valuable.

Savage Life in New Guinea. By
CHARLES W. ABEL. London
Missionary Society.

ANOTHER half-crown missionary volume, most interestingly written specially for boys and girls, and abundantly illustrated. It is intended to depict "the Papuan in many moods," and admirably has the author succeeded in his object. This book, also, has to tell of missionary martyrs, for it was in New Guinea that "Tamate" Chalmers and his young colleague, Oliver F. Tomkins, were murdered by cannibals last April.

Last Letters and Further Records of Martyred Missionaries of the China Inland Mission. Edited by MARSHALL BROOMHALL, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

LAST LETTERS always have a pathetic interest, but the last letters of martyred missionaries must be trebly touching. If "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church,"—and we believe it is,—there ought to be a great ingathering in China, for the precious seed has been very plentifully sown, as the long lists in this half-crown volume show. Mr. Broomhall has executed his painful task with great tenderness and graciousness, as he did in his previous work, *Martyred Missionaries of the China Inland Mission*.

A Story Retold. "The Cambridge Seven." Morgan and Scott.

IN response to numerous requests, this sixpenny booklet has been prepared in order to tell once again the remarkable story of the calling out to China of "The Cambridge Seven." The portraits, and other admirable illustrations, with which the little work abounds, will help to prepare the way for the important messages it is intended to convey.

Toward the Sunrising. By J. K. H. DENNY. Marshall Brothers.

A DELIGHTFUL account of Christian work among the women of India for nearly forty years past. It is a modest but eloquent story, and is copiously illustrated from photographs that show all the varied aspects of Indian home-life. We wish every woman, who loves the Saviour, and is interested in the coming of His Kingdom, would read this unadorned record of Christ-like work among her heathen sisters. May it greatly enlarge the circle of sympathy and support to this noble work!

The Story of Catherine of Siena. By FLORENCE WITTS. Sunday School Union.

As a sketch of the life of the gracious Roman Catholic devotee, this little volume is admirable; but we gravely question whether it is right for Protestant and Evangelical publishers to help in glorifying Papist heroines. Surely we are not so barren of subjects for a Splendid Lives Series as to be driven to this! Rome does not spend her money to extol Protestant leaders, and she must surely smile at our doubtful liberality in glorifying her saints.

Religious Writers of England. By P. M. MUIR, D.D. A. and C. Black.

NECESSARILY, a very sketchy and imperfect outline only of an immense subject; but, in quality, exceedingly good. Dr. Muir is fair and liberal in his estimate of all the religious writers here treated;

and to read his work, is to be enlarged in sympathy as well as instructed. It is a very admirable handbook, giving glimpses into a vast world, and will lead to the studying of larger works by-and-by.

Henry Drummond. By J. Y. SIMPSON. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A FRIEND'S tribute of admiring love to a fascinating personality and a fine intellect. The new feature in this biography is a few letters hitherto unpublished, and they reveal the same manly religious character that the name of Drummond always calls up. There is one chapter missing from all biographies of this brilliant but erratic teacher;—who will write it?—the connection between his physical breakdown and his theological viewpoint. The writer who will dare to treat this frankly will do the finest service of any true friend to the memory of the friend of Moody and the one-time evangelist of cultured Scotland.

Some Unique Aspects of the Baptist Position. By E. C. PIKE, B.A. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THIS booklet is so good and so full of historical teaching about Baptists, that we wish the present edition, at sixpence, were sold right out, and an edition at a penny issued. Then it would deserve to sell by thousands, and we believe it would. The best way to secure this is to buy the present copies, and so lead the way to the cheaper ones. Mr. Pike has rendered excellent service to the denomination by the production of this capital brochure.

Notable Masters of Men. Modern Examples of Successful Lives. By EDWIN A. PRATT. Andrew Melrose.

A CAPITAL three-and-sixpenny book, with not a dull line in it from cover to cover. Just the thing for a prize or present for Master Jack. If it does not fire him with the ambition to wake up, and prove that there is grit in him, we shall be deceived both in Jack and in the book.

President McKinley: the Story of his Life. By DAVID WILLIAMSON. Andrew Melrose.

A BRIEF, bright outline of the history of the good and great man whose remarkable career was so tragically ended last September. Mention is made of his having joined the church while quite a lad; but Mr. Williamson omitted to say that his profession of faith was made in the Scriptural fashion, that is, by immersion in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Divine Song in its Human Echo. By Rev. J. G. GIBSON. Elliot Stock.

ANOTHER volume of admirable discourses,—clear, earnest, Scriptural,—and yet with no special distinction either of spiritual insight or literary style. Those who listened to them could not fail to be helped and taught; and as this edition is a specially cheap one,—37 sermons for half-a-crown,—we presume that they have already met with acceptance in previous editions. What a blessing it would be if such pure, Evangelical sermons were preached from *all* Anglican pulpits!

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

We propose to commence, in next month's issue, a series of papers entitled "Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress,—Drawn by C. H. Spurgeon." These will be compiled from Monday evening addresses delivered in 1866. We believe that they will prove inter-

esting and helpful to all our readers, and specially to would-be pilgrims. We expect to illustrate each of the twelve articles.

We rejoice to learn that PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON was again able to preach twice, at Greenwich, on Lord's-day, February 16th, after several

weeks' absence from his pulpit through severe attacks of influenza,—the malady from which other members of his family are still suffering. The preacher felt the reaction on the following day, but was thankful to report himself very much better than he had been. Though realizing that he would have to be careful for some time to come, he was hoping to be at the College on the Friday of that week.

During his last illness, DR. NEWMAN HALL was constantly and affectionately remembered in prayer at the Tabernacle: and, while he was well enough to hear such a communication, the Editor wrote to assure him of this token of sympathy from his former neighbours, who had pleaded that, at evening time, it might be light with him, and that Mrs. Newman Hall and his other relatives might be Divinely sustained in this time of trial and anxiety.

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Tabernacle Tidings.

The Mothers' Meeting annual free tea was given on Tuesday, January 21st. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon addressed the mothers at the tea-table. The evening meeting was presided over by Pastor C. B. Sawday, and addresses were delivered by Mr. F. J. Skinner, Mr. F. W. Butt-Thompson, and Mrs. Bartlett, interspersed with solos by Mrs. Batley and Miss Lane.

The Loan Tract Society workers, and members of the Mothers' Meeting, met in the College Buildings, on Tuesday, February 4th, under the presidency of Pastor J. W. Harrauld. A special feature of the meeting was the presentation by the Secretary, Mr. A. E. Millican, on behalf of the mothers and friends, to Mrs. Capel, of a work-table, as a token of esteem and regard, after twenty-one years of devoted service as leader of the Mothers' Meeting connected with this Society.

The Report shows that the tract-distributors deliver upwards of three thousand copies of Sermons by Pastors C. H. and T. Spurgeon every week, besides doing much evangelistic and benevolent work.

The Sunday-school Infants' Treat was held on Tuesday, February 11th, and was attended by 360 little people of seven years of age and under, and

by about one hundred teachers and friends. After tea, there was a display of musical drill by a detachment of girls and boys from the Stockwell Orphanage, under the direction of Mr. Matthews, assisted by Miss Horsfall. At half-past seven, a caravan arrived, drawn by a real donkey, and carrying toys for distribution amongst the children. As this improvised gipsy conveyance paraded the schoolroom, it was accompanied by a popular demonstration. Oranges and sweets gave additional enjoyment, and perambulators were ordered for 8.30 p.m.

The Rev. Henry Oakley will conduct a mission for young people, at the Tabernacle, during the second week of March.

The annual meeting of the Sunday-school will take place on Tuesday, March 25th. The President will occupy the chair, and the Rev. J. Watkin, of Surrey Chapel, will speak.

On Lord's-day, May 4th, the Tabernacle pulpit will be occupied by Pastor D. J. Hiley, of Broadmead Chapel, Bristol.

Gipsy Smith will pay his long-promised return visit to the Tabernacle on Lord's-day, June 22nd, preaching in the afternoon and evening.

Miss Florence Payne, (daughter of our Senior Deacon,) who has for several years been preparing for medical mission work, has just obtained her degree of M.D., and will (n.v.) proceed to India in September with a view to giving medical instruction to native workers.

This year, there are over 800 members of the International Bible Reading Association in the Tabernacle Sunday-school and Church.

At the monthly communion service, held on Lord's-day evening, February 2nd, the deaths of the following members were reported by the Pastor:—Walter Scott, Emma Steward, Edward W. Saunders, Ann Baber, Mary A. Wilcox, Harriet Bowers, Sarah Monk.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, January 30th, three,—Daniel M. Bromet, W. Chas. Edwards, and James A. Goodenough.

Concerning the College.

The President welcomed the Tutors and students, upon their return to work on January 21st, after the Christmas vacation. Three new men were received.

The silver watch, presented by "Junius" for a student, has been awarded to Mr. T. E. Lower, who secured 87.63 marks in the recent examinations.

The church at Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire,—the scene of the early ministry of C. H. Spurgeon,—has unanimously invited Mr. C. E. Charlesworth to the pastorate, which he has accepted.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. G. T. Ennals, late of Leytonstone, to Clarence Road, Southend-on-Sea; and Mr. F. A. Hogbin, from Southend, to Lymington, Hampshire.

Mr. W. G. Silke has removed, from Cresco, to West Union, Iowa, U.S.A.

The President would be very grateful for copies of recent publications on missionary matters, as he is anxious to restock the College Missionary Library. Societies, publishers, and friends are respectfully requested to furnish the shelves with up-to-date missionary literature. Please address,—Pastor T. Spurgeon, The College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

On January 31st, the London brethren met to make arrangements for the Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association. There was a goodly company to tea, and an interesting meeting followed.

The President occupied the chair; and, in the course of his introductory remarks, reminded the brethren that that evening was the tenth anniversary of the home-going of the beloved first President of the College and Conference. Several items of business were dealt with, including reports of the deaths of three members of the Association.

The Programme for the Conference was outlined, the date being fixed for April 21-25. It was decided that only one meeting—that in the Tabernacle—should be held on the Monday evening. It was unanimously resolved to ask the Deputy-President, Pastor Chas. Spurgeon, (who was absent from the meeting on account of illness,) to preach the sermon on the Friday morning, which he has since consented to do.

It was arranged that, on the Wed-

nesday morning, a conference should be held, under the conduct of the Vice-President, Pastor F. H. White, on the subject of "Bible Study in relation to the Minister's Spiritual Life," to be introduced by several short addresses.

May the Holy Spirit guide in all the meetings, and make the coming Conference equal to any of its predecessors!

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Our Fatherless Family.

The next collectors' meeting will (p.v.) be held on Tuesday, March 18th, when the chair will be occupied by T. Boyle Woolley, Esq., and addresses will be delivered by Revs. Wm. Evans, E. W. Tarbox, and C. W. Townsend. Tea for collectors at 5 o'clock; musical drill and bell-ringing at 6; public meeting at 7.

The forthcoming number of "The Orphanage Quarterly" contains an article by the President, entitled, "A Modern Mattaniah," applying Nehemiah xi. 17 and xii. 8 to the circumstances of the Orphanage at the present time. The magazine also reproduces his address at the unveiling of The Founder's Memorial, with a full-page illustration of Mr. Tinworth's work. Among the references to Christmas, is a pleasing letter to the children by Mr. Albert Midlane. The music and words of Mr. Charlesworth's popular melody, "Sing as you go," will help to increase its usefulness, while the following "In Memoriam" notice will remind many readers of the friend who so diligently trained and so energetically conducted the large choir of children who sang at the Annual Festivals:—

"It is with much regret we record the death of MR. H. STEVENSON, who for upwards of 20 years was Singing Master at the Orphanage. Among Sol-faists he was regarded as a veteran, as he held the pioneer's medal awarded by the Tonic Sol-fa College. He was conscientious and painstaking in his work, a lover of psalmody, and felt an honest pride when presenting his pupils with certificates of merit. Those who enjoyed his friendship, or worked side by side with him, admired him for his goodness and geniality, and they will long cherish his memory."

IN MEMORIAM.—MR. WM. CHIVERS, who has just passed away in the prime of life, was not more "diligent in business" than he was "fervent in spirit." Those who knew him best will readily

endorse the testimony that "the beauty of the Lord" was upon him. Beloved for the transparency and sweetness of his Christian character, he was honoured for the zeal with which he gave himself to various departments of sacred service. His influence extended far beyond the Cambridgeshire village where he lived; he was in demand for the village churches for miles around, and few men were more welcome in the pulpit, or on the platform. He was a thorough Baptist, and a most ardent advocate and generous supporter of foreign missions. "What is mine, is thine," was the watchword of Apostolic Socialism; and this principle moved him to deeds of liberality which made individuals, churches, Societies, and Institutions his debtors.

Our beloved Orphanage was enriched by his benefactions, and we shall feel his loss. Last year, and again this year also, we invited him to preside at the Annual Festival; and it was a cause of regret and sorrow to us that his health was too precarious to allow him to comply with our request. For some time past, he was forbidden by the doctor to undertake public engagements; but he was busy with his pen to the last. It was while occupied in writing the third of a series of papers for "The Baptist Times and Freeman," on "The Duty of the Denomination to its Ministry," that his work ended with almost startling suddenness, and he went home to his rest and reward. His plea for the more adequate support of pastors of the smaller churches acquires pathetic emphasis from the fact that it was the crowning work of his consecrated life and ministry.

While we join in the general sorrow, which mourns the loss of our beloved friend, we unite in the prayer that the consolations of God may abound towards the aged father, and the widow and her fatherless children, "till the day break, and the shadows flee away."

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

The first "Note" must be one of respectful sympathy with our esteemed Vice-President, JOHN MARNHAM, ESQ., J.P., who, during the month, has been somewhat suddenly bereaved of his beloved wife, at a period almost within sight of the celebration of their golden wedding. They lived amidst the happiest surroundings at Boxmoor; and the house was an ideal sanctuary. Piety

without ostentation is the characteristic of the family, every member of which is an earnest Christian worker. Those who have shared the hospitality of "The Hollies" know how truly Mrs. Marnham lived in the abiding presence of the Saviour, and how truly she enjoyed the abounding consolations of the Word of God and prayer. Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons were a great delight to her; as, for some years, she had been denied the privilege of attending public worship.

The Officers and Committee of the Association sincerely condole with Mr. Marnham and his family in their great loss.

Two more new Colportage Districts are about to be opened;—the one at Loughborough, Leicestershire, and the other at Puckeridge, Hertfordshire;—in each of which it is fervently hoped that there will be a lasting work carried on, with abundant spiritual results. Negotiations are in progress as to further new Districts, which it is hoped will become fresh centres for Colportage work.

The Secretary is always glad to hear of intelligent, warm-hearted Christian young men, suitable for this branch of service for the Saviour. Candidates need to be good business men, with an



"GOOD BUSINESS MEN."

earnest love for souls, possessing evangelistic gifts, and willing to take up hard work for Christ's sake.

Another effort on behalf of the Aged Colporteurs' Fund is about to be made. Since completing the raising of five hundred guineas, last May, a Provident Fund has been organized; but, in view of the fact that there are now some twenty of the brethren between fifty and seventy years of age, with an average record of twenty-four years' service, and the further fact that some

are already receiving help, while other obligations have also been incurred, the Secretary feels compelled to endeavour to add another five hundred guineas to the Fund as soon as possible, and he appeals to generous friends to aid him in the effort.

One of the colporteurs writes:—"A man died, this week, who had been a regular attendant at our chapel for a long period. In recent months, there had been a marked change in his life. During his illness, I have frequently visited him, being called up in the night several times to do so. He left a testimony behind him as to his change of heart, and his love to Christ, and as to the spiritual help I had been to him."

A good friend, sending a gift to the President for one of our Funds, writes:—"I did some work for a man, last week, and feared I should not get paid for it; but I made it a matter of earnest prayer; and, at the last hour, he came and laid the money down. I am sending you a tenth of the amount; and as it was with the ten lepers who were healed, while nine have gone their way, this one shall turn back to give thanks to God."

Subscriptions to the General Fund, or contributions for the Aged Colporteurs' Fund, will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

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Miscellaneous Matters.

Many of our readers are probably aware of the movement that is in progress by which members of each class of Christians in the United Kingdom are sending copies of the Scriptures to persons of the corresponding class in India. There are twenty-five millions there who can read, but it is feared that not one in ten of them possesses even a single portion of Scripture. It must be a good work for British Christians to provide "this

bread" for the perishing millions of our fellow-subjects.

Arrangements have been made by which (1) Any child can give a Gospel to an Indian child (price 2d). This will be done through the agency of the Indian Sunday School Union, which is in connection with eight leading Missionary Societies, and has 14,000 Sunday School Teachers in different parts of India.

(2) A Christian man will be able to send a Gospel (2d.), or a New Testament (1s.), or a Bible (suitably bound, 5s.) to one of the corresponding class in India through the agency of Unions which have branches in India. The Y.M.C.A. (for commercial and business men), Christian Postal and Telegraph Association (for Post Office employes), Railway Mission (for Railway people), Christian Police Association (for Police), the Medical Prayer Union (for Medical Men), the Lawyers' Prayer Union (for Lawyers), the Civil Service Prayer Union (for Civil Servants), the London Banks Prayer Union (for Bankers). We have gladly taken advantage of the opportunity to send a Bible to an Indian *Editor*.

(3) A Christian woman can send a Gospel (2d.), New Testament (1s.), or Bible (5s.), to an Indian woman through Y.W.C.A., or to one in a Zenana through Zenana Bible and Medical Mission for North West India, Punjab, and Bombay, or Church of England Zenana Mission for East and South India and Punjab.

A dozen circulars and schedules, giving all necessary information, can be obtained for 8d. from Messrs. Hunt, Barnard, and Co., 20, Blandford Street, Baker Street, London, W.

Pasteur Saillens expects to visit England early in March. The Treasurer of the British Auxiliary of his Mission would be very thankful to receive contributions to hand to the Pasteur. Address,—Mr. Wm. Olney, Hill View, Champion Hill, London, S.E.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor F. Durbin	1	0	0	Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Pastor J. N. Rootham	0	10	6	Mrs. E. M. Plumb	0	10	0
Contribution from Burley Road Baptist Church, Leeds, per Pastor F. W. Walter	7	0	0	Pastor F. C. Watts	0	2	6
				Mr. R. J. Baker	2	2	0
				Mr. J. F. Pullar	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Towns	1	1	0	Contribution from Willesden Green			
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6	Baptist Church, per Pastor W.			
Pastor E. W. Berry	0	3	0	J. Sears	0	10	0
Contribution from Immanuel Baptist				Pastor E. Ashton	0	5	0
Church, Southsea, per Pastor				Pastor Isaac Near	0	5	0
J. Kemp	2	7	8	Pastor S. W. Twiggs	1	0	0
Pastor R. J. Peden	0	5	0	Collection at Bracknell Baptist			
Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6	Chapel, per Student-pastor H. W.			
Collection at Peckham Park Road				Seaman	2	0	0
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F.				Pastor Henry Clark	0	10	6
James	3	1	2	Collection and Weekly Offerings at			
Pastor F. James	1	0	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle	39	5	9
Part collection at Upton Chapel, per							
Pastor W. Williams	2	9	0				
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0		£88	5	1

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sunday-school and Bible-classes,				For Christ's sake	0	5	0
East Finchley Baptist Church, per				Mrs. Ellwood, per Mrs. T. Spurgeon	4	0	0
Pastor J. J. Bristow	21	13	6	Y.P.S.C.E., Desborough, per Pastor			
Mrs. Horn, per Mrs. T. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0	I. Near	1	0	0
H. McS.	1	1	0				
Per Pastor C. Spurgeon, for support					£33	9	6
of Rev. R. F. Elder	5	0	0				

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	258	13	3	Mr. Bellamy	0	2	6
Mr. C. A. Pavey	0	10	0	Miss Oliver	0	1	0
Mrs. Hellier	5	0	0	Mrs. Cogger	0	1	0
Mrs. E. C. Hassell	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge	0	10	0
Miss McGee	0	10	6	Mrs. Harrison	0	5	0
Miss Lawrence	0	10	0	Mr. E. Vincent	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Jones	0	10	0	Miss E. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. Rawlings	1	0	0	Mrs. Mott	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dykes	2	2	0	Mr. Thorne	0	10	0
Mrs. Spaul	0	10	0	Mr. F. Fisher	10	0	0
Miss Bakhurst	0	10	0	Miss C. Fullerton	0	5	0
Miss Silcocks	0	10	0	Miss E. F. Gibson	0	10	0
Mrs. Roberts	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Easley	1	1	0
Miss L. Copelin	0	10	0	Miss N. Kerridge	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. T. Spurgeon	5	0	0	Mr. T. Heath	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Gregory	2	0	0	Mr. Sewell	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Gregory	3	0	0	Miss Larkman	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sedcole	2	2	0	Mr. E. Johnson	1	10	0
Mr. Clow	1	0	0	Mrs. Drayson	1	1	0
Mrs. Clow	0	10	0	Mrs. Blundstone	0	10	0
Miss Hopkins	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Ballantine	1	1	0
Miss J. Cockshaw	1	1	0	Mrs. J. E. Soper	1	0	0
Miss H. Appleton	0	10	0	Miss Johnston	1	0	0
Mrs. Fitch	1	1	0	Miss Appleton	0	10	0
Mrs. H. E. Wright	2	0	0	Miss A. Appleton	0	10	0
Mrs. Bailey	5	0	0	Miss A. Tully	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Eley	1	0	0	Mr. J. Pritchard	0	5	0
Mr. F. Grant	0	5	0	Mr. Neuff	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Jones	0	10	0	Miss Sadler	1	1	0
Mrs. May	0	10	0	Miss M. Sadler	1	1	0
Miss Minett	0	3	6	Mrs. Donaldson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Belsey	1	0	0	Mr. W. H. Richardson	1	1	0
Miss Tarrant	1	1	0				
An old member	0	5	0				
Mrs. R. Bellamy	0	2	6				

£328 8 3

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th, to February 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Baker	1	0	0	Miss H. E. Colman	1	1	0
Mr. J. F. Verry	0	5	0	A reader of "The Sword and the			
Mrs. I. Iremonger	1	0	0	Trowel"	0	5	0
Miss Gazeley	0	6	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Wallington,			
Miss E. Dewe White	0	10	0	per Mr. A. E. Woodroffe	3	3	8
Mrs. Latta	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. T. Rossiter	4	16	0
Postal order, Leicester	0	2	0	Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0
Mr. H. P. West	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Yorath	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis	1	1	0	Faringdon Baptist Sunday-school,			
Mr. Corbel's Bible-class, Lansdowne				per Pastor H. Smith	0	6	0
Baptist Chapel, Bournemouth, per				Mrs. Dancer, per Mr. H. Higbed ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Scott	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Cole	0	15	0
A widow's mite, Leicester	0	2	6	Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0	2	6
Mr. W. A. Newman and friends	0	6	0	Mr. E. Joscelyne	0	10	0
The Misses S. and M. Taberner	0	10	0	Per Mr. H. Letch —			
Mrs. Freeman	1	0	0	Parsons' Heath Sunday-			
Mr. M. Steel	0	10	0	school	0	9	0
Per F. R. T. —				Mr. J. Letch	0	5	0
Mr. Probin	0	5	0	Mr. H. Letch	0	10	6
In memory of E. P.	0	10	0				
Miss Adrian	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Staines	1	4	6
In memory of J. R. T.	0	10	0	Postal order, Treharris	0	5	0
In memory of C. T.	0	10	0	A lover of children, per Miss Hughes	0	10	0
In memory of C. H. S.	0	10	0	Miss E. Geddes	35	0	0
F. R. T.	0	10	0	A Folkestone working-man	2	12	6
Young Women's Bible-class,				Mr. C. L. Kaufman	5	5	0
Belle Isle (toward the sup-				Mr. W. H. Kirby, in memoriam	0	5	0
port of an orphan girl) ...	5	0	0	Mrs. L. Guy	1	10	0
				Spurgeon Memorial Church and			
Mr. C. Foster	0	5	0	School, Guernsey, per Rev. J. Gard	4	15	0
Pastor R. E. Sears	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Elder	0	5	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	6	Mrs. E. Barns	0	10	0
Miss Clark	1	0	0	M.P.A.L.W.	1	1	0
Postal order, Nunceaton	0	2	6	Mr. J. Varley	2	2	0
Christmas morning service, York-				Mr. W. Newman	0	2	0
town Baptist Chapel, Camberley,				A reader of Spurgeon's Sermons,			
per Pastor F. Burnett (and amount)	0	2	6	Bridport	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	1	1	0	Houston U.F.C. Sabbath-school, per			
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Alder	1	1	0	Mr. J. Mackey, jun.	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Livingstone ...	0	2	6	A friend, stamps	0	2	6
Per Mr. S. Church —				Misses E. and S. A. Rossiter	1	1	0
Church Street Sunday-				Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
school, Kidderminster	1	0	0	Mrs. G. Hearson	0	10	6
Milton Hall Sunday-school	2	1	4	Mr. W. Alexander	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. S. Church	1	8	6	Mr. T. Darby	0	10	0
				Miss Hawkes	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. C. Dauncey	4	9	10	Miss A. Neale	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wiles	7	4	7	Baptist friends at Exton, per Pastor			
Messrs. J. Hooker and Son	1	1	0	J. Field	1	15	0
Mr. A. Clyde	0	7	3	Stamps, Jersey	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	0	5	0	Anonymous, Peterborough	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Hopkins	3	3	6	Lynton Road Strict Baptist Sunday-			
Plumstead Tabernacle Sunday-				school, Bermondsey, per Mr. A. E.			
school, per Mr. C. E. Seager	3	0	0	Crisp	1	1	0
Sympathy, Wolverhampton	0	5	0	Postal order, Ledbury	0	5	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0	Mr. J. H. Jones	1	0	0
Miss Dunstan	1	0	0	Grafton Square Baptist Church, per			
Mr. J. Wauchope	0	5	6	Mr. J. T. Deeks	3	10	6
Per Mrs. M. Wilson	0	8	0	Mr. W. Barritt	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Halstead	0	10	0	Miss Key	1	0	0
Rev. W. Parry	0	5	0	Miss A. E. Fuller	0	5	0
Miss Robertson	0	10	0	Mr. A. S. Dick, per Mr. Noble	1	0	0
Mr. P. Ponting	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Record	0	10	0
Harlesden Presbyterian Sunday-				Mr. W. D. Small	0	10	0
school, per Mr. W. Thomas	2	0	0	Mrs. E. Medwin	1	1	0
Mr. R. W. Williams	1	1	0	Mr. A. E. Jones, per Pastor T.			
Miss L. A. Miller	0	5	0	Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mr. F. W. Lancaster	1	10	0	Mr. R. S. Haughton	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Cairns	1	0	0	Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Pullar	50	0	0	Miss C. J. Spurgeon	0	2	6
Burley Road Baptist Chapel, Leeds,				Ledburn Baptist Sunday-school, per			
per Pastor F. W. Walter	1	0	0	Mr. H. Varney	1	1	0
Mrs. E. M. Plumb	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Barrett	5	1	3
Watch-night service collection,				Surrey Square Baptist Sunday-school			
Woodville Road Baptist Chapel,				and Mission, per Mr. C. A. Pavey	4	5	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Thompson	1	18	0	Collected by Miss N. Fowler	0	13	6

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Lordship Lane Baptist Sunday-school, Dulwich, per Mr. A. J. Peacock	2 2 0	Postal order, Leith:—		
Mr. J. Walker	0 2 6	A. and H. Lennie	0 2 6	
Mr. Chas. Early	5 5 0	G. Beattles	0 1 0	
Miss H. Bell	1 0 0	J. Hutton	0 1 0	
Mrs. M. A. Purvis	0 5 0	Mrs. Philip	0 1 0	
Baptist Sunday-school, Niton, per Mr. S. Squibb	0 10 0	Mrs. L. Chapman	1 0 0	0 5 6
Mr. R. Whiteside	0 8 0	Mrs. E. Lloyd	0 5 0	
Per Mr. W. R. Nichols:—		Rev. T. Currie, M.A.	1 0 0	
Miss Sandon	0 3 0	King's Road Baptist Chapel,		
Mr. W. Edginton	0 0 6	Reading, per Mr. P. Davies	3 2 6	
Mr. T. Simmons	0 0 6	Collected by Mrs. R. Davie	1 5 0	
		Goldhill Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. H. Mills	0 16 0	
Mrs. Davies	0 5 0	Mrs. T. T. Marks	0 5 0	
A friend, per Mrs. Davies	1 6 0	Mrs. M. Collen	0 5 0	
Mr. A. H. Sexton	1 0 0	Mr. J. H. Bailey	0 7 6	
Mr. F. Adams	2 2 0	Mr. C. J. Woodrow	1 1 0	
Mrs. A. Welfare	0 1 0	Mr. S. Bolton	0 10 0	
Mr. and Mrs. Harding	0 3 0	Derby Street Baptist Sunday-school,		
Mr. and Miss Street	0 5 0	Burton-on-Trent, per Mr. F. J. Glover	1 10 0	
Miss Moss	0 1 6	Miss A. M. Cligg	0 5 0	
Mrs. Fordham	0 4 6	Mr. W. Longwood	0 7 0	
Mr. F. Flanders	1 0 0	Postal order, Broadway, Hammer-smith	0 5 0	
Per Mrs. Harris:—		Stamps, Ballynahinch	0 2 6	
Mrs. Tremlett	0 2 6	Miss M. McIntyre	0 10 0	
Mr. Gammon	0 0 6	Mrs. Waller	0 2 6	
		Miss L. Dunnett	1 0 0	
Mrs. Murray	0 6 0	Collected by Mr. J. R. George	1 1 6	
Friends at Irvine, per Miss S. Muir	1 10 0	Collected by the Misses Crumpton	4 12 0	
Mrs. Call	0 10 6	Mrs. Holman Bentley, per Miss Fletcher	1 0 0	
Miss Rintoul	0 2 6	Mrs. Jordan	1 1 0	
Mr. S. Calvin	1 0 0	Mr. W. P. Lewis	0 10 0	
Mr. E. Rayner	20 0 0	Mrs. Morris	0 1 0	
Mrs. and Miss Rouse	0 2 6	Mrs. E. Parsons	0 2 6	
Mrs. J. Simpson	0 2 6	Mrs. H. Keevil	10 0 0	
Mr. J. Hughes	0 5 0	Miss E. Williams	0 5 0	
Mr. J. Simpson, per Mrs. Page	0 2 6	Mr. F. J. Collier	3 3 0	
S. M. P.	0 5 0	Mr. F. Holden	1 0 0	
W. J. S.	2 0 0	Mr. J. Tew	0 5 0	
Mr. H. Kearns	1 0 0	Men's Bible-class, South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, per Mr. E. M. Dodge	6 17 0	
Holmesdale Road Baptist Chapel, S. Norwood, per Mr. W. H. Curry	1 1 0	Dugdale Street Sunday-school, per Mr. F. Hutchinson	0 5 0	
Mr. J. J. H. Gardner	1 0 0	Pastor E. Ashton	0 5 0	
Hirst S. S. C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0 3 0	The Misses Sadler	1 0 0	
Mrs. Brown	0 2 5	Mr. R. J. Baker	2 2 0	
God's tenth	0 10 0	Miss C. Slader	2 0 0	
Children's service, Burnham Baptist Chapel, per Mr. T. Cox	0 5 0	Per Pastor J. E. Martin:—		
Helensburgh Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Thompson	0 10 6	Erith Men's Bible-class	1 0 0	
Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 0	Erith Baptist Sunday-school	1 0 0	
Collected by Mrs. J. Sear	1 0 0			
Collected by Mr. A. H. Burnett	0 15 6	Miss A. Garrett	2 0 0	0 12 7
Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0	Mr. T. W. Bearn	0 10 0	
Collected by Mrs. Hawes	5 0 0	Collected by Miss M. Cairns	1 7 6	
Mr. L. Haigh, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1 0 0	Mr. J. Haggas	20 0 0	
Baptist Sunday-school, Market Harborough, per Mr. H. Godfrey	0 16 0	Miss E. Fawcett	5 0 0	
Mrs. Merrin	1 0 0	Mr. J. T. Ford	1 1 0	
Postal order, Pangbourne	0 5 0	Mr. F. C. Neve	1 1 0	
Cowl Street Baptist Sunday-school, Evesham, per Mr. E. F. Field	1 10 0	Miss A. Smith	0 2 6	
Mr. A. Lawes	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. P. P. Jackson	0 14 0	
Mr. A. Wilson	0 2 6	Mrs. Ward	0 3 0	
Collected by Mrs. Bennett	0 9 6	Mr. J. White	1 0 0	
Limefield U. F. Church Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. Couper	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Mizen	0 10 0	
Young friends at Tonypanydy	1 10 0	Mrs. Caudle	0 2 6	
Miss C. Coleman	1 0 0	Miss M. Watson	0 10 0	
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. H. Barnden	5 5 0	Miss Hawkes	0 5 0	
Miss M. Joscelyne	0 2 0	Bishop Auckland Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. C. S. Gibson	0 10 0	
The Misses Heap, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3 3 0	A. M. L.	0 5 0	
Dr. J. Crocker	2 10 0	Mr. O. Owens	0 3 0	
Mr. I. Vinnal	1 1 0	Collected by Mrs. Willmott	0 10 0	
Miss Winter	0 5 0	Brixham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. B. Jackman	0 12 10	
Mr. J. W. Pinkney	0 10 0	Mrs. Woodcock	0 6 0	
		Stamps, South Cave	0 2 6	
		Mr. W. H. Skinner	0 5 0	

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Executors of the late Mrs. Kate Curling	162 0 0	Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor D. H. Moore	9 10 0
Executors of the late Miss Eliza Bartlett (and amount)	0 15 6	Per Mrs. Stark	0 4 6
Executors of the late Mr. Peter Marshall	85 18 11	Per Mr. W. J. Cording	0 3 0
Orphan boys' collecting cards, as per and list	10 17 1	Per Pastor A. Poole	1 5 5
Orphan girls' collecting cards, as per and list	8 17 0	Per Dr. W. Usher	2 19 7
CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLECTIONS:—		Sherborne, per Pastor E. S. Morris	3 10 1
Lower Edmonton, per Pastor D. Russell	7 5 0	Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. Pearce	8 0 0
The Misses Cockshaw	0 7 0	Grimsby, per Pastor H. Spendelow	5 0 6
Miss M. Alderton	0 5 6	CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES FUND:—	
Per Miss E. Cubitt	1 4 1	Mrs. Woodward, per Pastor C. P. Sawday	0 10 0
City Road Baptist Chapel, Winchester, per Mr. A. Parfitt	2 18 3	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
G. B. Bowler	2 12 7	Moffatt Institute	1 1 0
Waltham Abbey, per Pastor G. Kilby	26 10 8	Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel (1901)	14 0 0
Per Pastor E. A. Arthurs	0 1 6	Harold Street, Camberwell	0 15 0
New Southgate Baptist Chapel, per Mr. H. E. Johnson	5 10 0	Buckingham Hall, Westminster	2 0 0
Totteridge Road Baptist Chapel, Enfield, per Pastor A. W. Welch	11 13 0	Westminster Chapel	1 3 0
Mrs. Stoughton	1 10 0	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Swansea, per Pastor J. Owen	5 1 3	Mr. A. Clyde	0 5 0
Baptist Sunday-school, George Street, Ryde, per Mr. W. H. Daish	0 3 0	M. P. A. L. W.	1 1 0
Long Sutton, per Miss L. Leeson	0 9 2	Miss Key	1 0 0
West Street Baptist Sunday-school, Crewe, per Mr. Salter	1 5 6	Miss M. F. Ewer	0 5 0
Peckham Tabernacle, per Pastor F. M. Smith	1 4 6	Mrs. M. Whiting	0 2 6
		Collected by Mrs. Willmott	0 10 0
		Per Mrs. J. Withers:—	
		Mr. J. O. Cooper	1 0 0
		Mr. D. Heelas	1 0 0
			2 0 0
		Mr. J. Edginton	1 0 0
			<u>£764 11 6</u>

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST):—Boddy, W., 5s 2d; Baldwin, S., 6s; Bingham, A., 8s 6d; Cook, E., 2s; Coombs, A., 5s; Cooper, H., 5s; Gaylor, W., £1 1s; Galton, R., 13s 4d; Hunt, E., 12s; Harris, R., 12s; Hards, P., 2s; Hyne, F., 4s 9d; Morgan, H., 12s; Maiden, F., 2s; Musto, G., 4s 3d; Newton, H., £1 1s; Payne, L., 1s; Priddey, F., 5s; Rowe, A., 6s; Swain, F., 11s; Smart, H., 2s; Standen, E., 2s; Tovey, W., 15s; Thomas, R., 2s; White, H., 10s; Wyatt, A., 2s 6d; Wright, W., 2s 7d; Witney, N., £1; Woods, W., 2s.—Total, £10 17s 1d.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST):—Ayres, E., 5s; Atfield, F., 5s; Baker, G., 2s; Briggs, A., £1 1s; Brayley, M., 4s; Court, B., 4s; Clue, G., £1 4s 6d; Downing, L., 9s; Dawson, E., 5s 4d; Geiger, K., 2s 6d; Goddard, K., 3s; Hinkman, E., 1s 6d; Needs, E., 11s 2d; Pike, L., 12s 6d; Rawlings, A., 5s 1d; Smith, Connie, 19s 10d; Stalker, A., 3s 6d; Steed, E., 2d; Stanley, D., 6d; Spall, L., 3s 6d; Thrower, M., 3s 2d; Vaughan, N., 2s 6d; Walters, M., £1 1s; Woolley, A., 3d; Warner, S., 7s.—Total, £8 17s.

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM JANUARY 15TH TO FEBRUARY 14TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 3 Chickens, 3 Cakes (for Infirmary), Mrs. E. Barrah; 2 Sacks Flour, Messrs. Owen Clover and Son.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—100 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 40 Articles, Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill, per Mrs. Cunningham; 44 Articles, Reading Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. J. Withers; 6 Articles, Mrs. Burns' Bible Class, per Mr. S. Church; 4 Articles, Mr. J. Harvey; 8 Articles, Miss Little; 5 Articles, The Gosport Tabernacle Juvenile Dorcas Society, per Miss H. Hoare; 4 Articles, Mrs. J. Warrell; 11 Articles, and a few Articles for Sale, The Warwick Street Baptist Church, per Miss L. E. Palmer.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—3 Shirts, The Gosport Tabernacle Juvenile Dorcas Society, per Miss H. Hoare; 4 Shirts, Mrs. Wray.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Roots, Mr. G. Featherby; 8 Volumes History of England, and a quantity of Newspapers, Mrs. H. Stevenson; a few Remnants, Jackets, Hose, Gloves, etc., Mr. J. Bush.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1902.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Southern Baptist Association, per Mr. J. H. Blake	70 0 0	Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James	2 3 0
Ilminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	11 5 0	Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	11 5 0
		Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10 0 0

		GENERAL FUND:—	
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones	11 5 0	Mrs. M. Gay	3 0 0
Home Counties Baptist Association, per Mr. W. Hart	30 0 0	Mr. T. S. Penny	1 1 0
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	10 0 0	Castle Hill, Warwick, Christian En- deavour Society	0 5 0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	1 5 0	Mr. Josiah Spiers	0 10 0
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny	11 5 0	Mr. Hurrell, per Mr. F. G. Rose ...	0 2 0
Horsforth, per Miss C. E. Bilbrough	11 5 0	"Life of Faith," Donation Fund, per Mr. O. H. Marshall	3 0 0
Bishop's Stortford, per Mr. W. Holland	11 5 0	Mrs. A. Jones, collecting-box	0 7 7
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5 0 0	Mr. Edward Harris	0 10 0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small- wood	8 15 0	Collection at Bethel Chapel, Minster, Sheerness, per Mr. W. Whitehead	1 5 4
Penrhiwceiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P. Hadleigh, per Mr. J. G. Stow	10 0 0	Sale of Mottoes, per Mr. E. Johnson	3 0 0
Cardiff, per Mr. John Cory, J.P. Fritcham, per Mr. R. W. Griffith	11 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Knights, collect- ing-box	0 3 11
Puckeridge, per Mr. B. P. Rhodes...	11 5 0	Proceeds of public meeting, Houns- low, per Mr. H. Mears	0 8 8
Harden, per Mr. J. Snowdon	11 5 0	Mrs. E. M. Plumb	0 5 0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7 10 0	Mr. Harry Cooke	0 2 6
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	10 0 0	Mr. J. F. Pullar, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	10 0 0
£288 8 0		Miss E. York	0 10 6
		Mrs. L. Rayner	2 2 0
		Mr. A. Phillips, collecting-box	0 5 0
		Mr. T. Davies, collecting-box	0 2 0
		Mr. and Mrs. C. Powell	0 5 0
		Mr. W. C. Edwards	1 0 0
		"Phæbe," per Mr. E. Ives	10 0 0
		£38 5 6	

AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—

	£ s. d.
Mr. S. Church	1 0 0
Mr. J. A. Tawell	5 0 0
Mr. A. Turner	0 5 0
Mr. C. Wagstaff	1 1 0
	£7 6 0

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

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 15th, 1902.

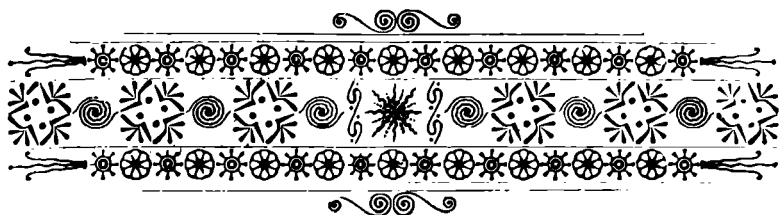
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. Hellier	1 1 0	Thankful	0 10 0
Mr. A. H. West	0 5 0	An unknown friend, C.S.D.	1 0 0
FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—			
Miss Spliedt	5 0 0		£8 17 0
Mrs. Silvey	1 1 0		

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.

APRIL, 1902.

An Address to Converts.

DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"For Thou, O God, hast proved us: Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried."—Psalm lvi. 10.



T is a good thing for those of us, who have long known the Lord, to have such an opportunity as this of meeting you who have but recently been brought to Christ. We are apt to get into certain grooves; and, worse than that, we are liable to lose the freshness and force of our early love to the Saviour, so it is a blessing to us to have an infusion of new life through the introduction into our midst of those who have been lately born again through the effectual working of the Holy Spirit. On coming back to my work, after a necessary season of rest, I am inexpressibly glad to learn that the Lord has been calling so many, by His grace, out of nature's darkness, into His marvellous light.

Very heartily do I thank you, my brothers and sisters, who have been working for Christ during the special services. Verily, I say unto you, you have your reward in these friends whom you have been enabled to lead to the Saviour; and as for you who have been brought to Christ during the mission, I do indeed rejoice over you with exceeding great joy. I feel that you new converts come into the church as a kind of compensation to those of us who watch for souls, as those that must give account, and who are often overwhelmed with grief because of those who fall into sin, and who go out from us because they are not really of us. It is heartbreaking work to hear of one and another, who certainly knew better, and about whom we felt that, whoever went astray, they would not be likely to do so,—I say that it is heartbreaking work for us to hear of them saying and doing that which brings dishonour upon the

Name of Christ. It sends me home, often, with a heart well-nigh broken, and I begin to ask myself, "Who will be the next to fall, and to bring disgrace upon the church, and upon the Christ whom they profess to serve?" It makes me fear concerning everybody, and to feel safe about none; so that, dear young converts, I am specially glad to see you here to-night, but I shall be gladder still to meet you here, in twenty years' time, if we are spared, and to see you then faithfully following your Lord. May He keep you firm and steadfast even unto the end! Let this be your constant prayer to Him, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

The fact of your coming to the last meeting for converts was a profession that you were numbered amongst them, and your coming again to-night, your acceptance of the invitation was a sort of profession that you had been converted; so you have probably been long enough reckoned amongst professors to ask yourselves such searching questions as these, "Were we really converted? Was it a genuine work of the Holy Spirit? Will it last?" I want you to test and try yourselves by the Scriptural standard. As the apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthians, so would I say to you, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves." I do not want you to look so much to yourselves as to forget your Saviour, but I do want you to see whether all is right; for if it is not all right, you must come and begin at the proper place, that is, at the cross of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I often ask myself whether I was ever really converted; but whenever the question comes up, I quickly answer it by immediately trusting in Jesus. That is a short cut to the point I want to reach. I say to myself, "There is a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, I am a sinner, and I want to be cleansed, so I will go to that fountain, and wash and be clean. Whether I have ever believed in Jesus, or not, I will believe in Him now; whether I am a saint, or a sinner, is not the question I want just now to decide; I know that I am a sinner, so I will go to Christ in that character, for I know He will not cast me out, for He has said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

If you want to test and try yourselves, what is the best way to do it? I should say,—Try yourselves as you would try a shilling, or any other coin, to prove whether it is genuine. If you knew that there was a quantity of counterfeit coin being circulated, how would you try a shilling or a half-crown to test its genuineness?

Well, first, you judge it *by its appearance*. That is not a very sure test, but it will sometimes be sufficient to condemn the counterfeit. See whose image and superscription it professes to bear, and then compare it with a coin that you know is genuine. The coiners of the bad money may not have imitated the good coin well, and you may be able at once to decide that it is spurious. Well, now, look at yourself, in your daily life; try to look at your heart, and see whether the image of Christ is clearly stamped upon you. You look, perhaps, to see the date on the coin that you are examining. I can hardly see the date on this one that I hold in my hand, but it is good enough for all that; and if you cannot tell exactly when and where you were converted, do not be troubled about that matter if you can discern the image and

superscription of Jesus stamped upon you ; or, rather, if those who look upon you can take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus, and have caught something of His spirit. On this coin, it says A.D., that is, Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord, such-and-such a date. Well, I hope you have been born again in the year of our Lord, the acceptable year of His mercy and His grace. I trust that you have found that His set time to favour you has come.

Watch yourselves day by day to see how you are living, and judge whether your life is that of a true Christian. You who are young women, are you as giddy and frivolous as you used to be? Then, do not think that you are Christians, for what sign is there of the change that the grace of God always works in those who are the subjects of it? You who are wives, are you making home a happier place than it used to be? I do not think much of your profession if you do not make an improvement there. Rowland Hill used to say that a man's religion was no good unless his dog and cat were the better for it, and there is much truth in the remark. How is it with you, husband? Do you go straight home at night, from work or from the house of God, or do you go to "the Dun Cow" or "the Red Lion" as you used to do? If you still go there as much as you did, I do not think anything of your profession of Christianity, and I hardly imagine that you can think much of it yourself. You can easily try yourselves by this simple test of your ordinary daily life. There are some things that are transparent, a moment's thought decides that a godly man cannot do them. A man, who has been truly converted, cannot remain a drunkard. A woman, who is always nagging at her husband with that long and irritating tongue of hers, is no child of God. You can tell, at the very first glance, that such people as these are not the Lord's chosen and redeemed ones.

A second test, that you generally give to coins when you want to decide as to their genuineness, is, *you try to see how they ring*. So, you listen to people's ordinary conversation, to their general talk, and you say, "What is the ring of it? Is there a true ring of sincerity about it? Is there the clear, genuine ring of holiness about their speech?" When you hear them speak, do they lie? Do they use ill language? Do they speak crossly, proudly, savagely? Or do they speak as we may suppose that Jesus Christ would speak if He were in their place?

There is also a ring about our actions, as well as about our words. In our Infant School-Room at the Orphanage there is a motto which I would commend to you all, and especially to you young converts, "What would Jesus do?" What an infallible Guide He will be to us throughout the whole of our life! If, at any time, you do not know what you should do in certain circumstances in which you are placed, think what Jesus Christ would do if He were in your position, for you never can be wrong in supposing that it would be right for you to do what He would have done if He had been in your place. There should be about you, at all times, a Christlike ring; you should manifest a loving, generous, courageous, holy spirit, like that of Jesus Christ; so that, wherever you are, if men test you and try you to see what kind of ring there is in you, you shall always speak like a Christian, and act like a Christian, so that they shall say to you, as the men said to Peter in the

palace of the high priest, "Thou also art one of Christ's disciples. for thy speech bewrayeth thee."

Another way to test money is, I believe, *by the taste of it*. I do not admire the taste even of a good coin ; but, still, I know what the taste is ; and I also know that there is a delightful taste about a true Christian. I cannot exactly explain to you what it is ; perhaps I could better tell you what it is not. I have been with a man, I have been with a minister of the Gospel, and I have heard him preach ; and I have felt that all he said was very good, and that all he did was very good, yet I did not like the taste of him. There was a want of savour, a lack of unction about him ; there was little or nothing of that holy fragrance of which the spouse says to her Lord, "Because of the savour of Thy good ointments Thy Name is as ointment poured forth." I do not want it to be so with you, my dear young friends ; I want you to be so full of the spirit of Christ that, even when you are not talking, and when you are not doing anything, those around you will say, "There is a delightful fragrance about that young man's character, there is a sweet savour about that young woman's life, which tells that the grace of God has been at work upon them."

I have seen a cabman test the genuineness of a coin *by biting it*. I believe that, in most cases, this is one of the best possible tests that you can apply. Most bad money can be detected by your teeth. Well, now, the devil will be sure to try to bite you young converts, so you must mind that he does not get his teeth into you. Many of those who are around you will also seek to give you a bite ; some of your old companions will be certain to attempt to bite you. Do not give way to them for a single moment ; let them blunt their teeth upon you if they will, but do not let them make any impression upon you. Ask the Lord to give you, by His grace, all the necessary firmness to resist their attacks, and to enable you to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

You need to be pretty well hardened in such a world of temptation as this is. I am sure that some of our church-members, who have to work in certain shops, must have been made of genuine metal, or they would have been detected long ago, for they are surrounded by scoffers, who make their life a burden to them. If they ever do find one who gives in to them, they will exultingly say, "There, we have spoiled one of your converts, now send us another." There is a certain set of infidels, and ungodly men, who take a sort of fiendish delight in spoiling professors. You see to it that, when they bite you, their teeth shall go against something harder than they like. Say to them, "Bite as hard as you like ; I can stand it as long as your teeth can, and they will break before I shall give in." Be like the blacksmith's anvil ; it never strikes back when the hammer smites it, and it endures all the blows that fall upon it ; yet the anvil will outlast many hammers, because it is so hard that it is able to withstand all the blows that it has to bear.

You know that wolves are terribly fierce animals, and that it is according to their nature to devour sheep ; and you also know that the sheep, if left to themselves, would not be at all a match for the wolves. Yet it is a remarkable thing that, at the present time, there are a great many more sheep, ay, by millions, than there are wolves in the world ;

and the day will probably come when there will not be one wolf left, though there will still be vast flocks of sheep. You remember that our Lord Jesus said to His disciples, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." If you are the sheep of the Good Shepherd, you have a strong Protector, and you need not fear all the wolves in the world, nor even the roaring lion. Satan himself, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

There is another way in which coin is tested, and you young Christians are sure to be tried in the same fashion; that is, *by weight*. God will test you thus, dear friends. Hannah, in her prayer, truly said, "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed;" but Solomon goes further when he says, "The Lord weigheth the spirits." What wonderful scales He must have! If our service were reckoned by counting, I believe it would be found that I have done as much in quantity as anybody now alive; but the thought that often presses very heavily upon me is that God will judge, not by counting, but by weight. You may have watched the clerks, at some banks, and noticed that they do not count the sovereigns, they weigh them, and they will not take gold except by weight. In a similar fashion, God will weigh you, and your actions, and all that relates to you. You may think you have truly repented, but your repentance will have to be weighed in the balances of the sanctuary. You may fancy that you have believed in Jesus, but your believing will have to be weighed in those scales that never make a mistake. You may tell a good tale, and a long one, too; but, in God's judgment, it is not the length of your story, but the weight of it that will tell with Him; and mind that, whenever you pray, you do not measure your prayers by the length of them;—except that, as a general rule, you may conclude that, the longer your prayer is, the poorer it is;—for it is weight that is wanted at the throne of grace, not length. It may be a grand thing to be able to pray for an hour; and, sometimes, upon a sick-bed, it may be necessary to be pleading with the Lord the whole night long; but, as a usual thing, you need not trouble about the length of your supplication, it is the earnestness, the sincerity, the deep spirituality of your prayer that will count in the sight of God.

How will you, dear friends, stand this weight test? If God's great scales were to be fixed here to-night, and He were at once to close all these doors, and to say to us, "None will go out of this place except to Heaven or to hell," how would it be with each one of us? When weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, should we be up to the required weight? Have we Christ in us, the hope of glory? If not, we shall certainly be found wanting; but if we have Him for our portion, we shall be able to pass this test as well as all the others that I have mentioned.

There is a way of testing metals that chemists use, *by nitric acid*, I think it is. A coin may be subjected to that test, and it will be proved that there is a good deal of silver in it, but also some alloy; and I suppose that, if we are any of us tested by the acid of Satanic temptation, or by the fiery trials that come to most of God's people, sooner or later, it will be seen that there is some imperfection in us. The acid or the fire will find it out, and it will make some mark even upon those

who are thought to be the best among us. When the Lord permits these various tests to be applied to you, I pray that it may not be said concerning any of you, "Reprobate (or refuse) silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them;" but may you all be accepted of Him, both now and at the last great day, and to Him shall be all the glory! Amen.

Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"I hid not My face from shame and spitting."—Isaiah 1. 6.

SINFUL and insensate soul of mine, pause for a few moments over these amazing words, and wistfully wait to see if haply the Holy Ghost will enlighten thy spiritual vision, and enable thee to gaze with wondering love and awe on thy great Redeemer, when, "manifest in the flesh," He was bitterly paying the price of thy salvation! The glimpse is brief;—canst thou comprehend it? It is heart-breaking;—canst thou endure it?

It is difficult to conjecture whether the prophet Isaiah understood all his own inspired utterances, and whether he clearly realized that these words referred to the coming Messiah, and foreshadowed an *actual* incident in the last days of His atoning life on earth. Be this as it may, the language was strictly prophetic, pointing to the far future; and was, therefore, so shrouded in mystery and awe, that the Old Testament saints—if not the prophet himself,—could look upon it without great horror being mingled with their amazement.

But to us, who know that this very thing came to pass, that His lovely face was made a target at which the brutal soldiers discharged their filthy spittle,—that He was subjected to this unspeakable abasement, this foul defilement,—the remembrance is appalling, and we shudder at the bare thought of the shameful insults and cruel indignities which were added to the physical agonies of the Lord of life and glory. We feel as if we cannot allow ourselves to dwell on the details of that incomparable self-sacrifice.

Lie down in the dust, O my soul; close the shutters of thine eyes, cover thy lips with thine hand, as the lepers did in the days of old, crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" when thou seest Him, the "Altogether Lovely One," "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted," and all because He was bearing thy sins, and carrying thy sorrows! It was thy desert to be a derision and a reproach; thou shouldest have borne the wrath of God, even unto eternal death, for the breaking of His holy law; but, because He loved thee so much, because He had set His heart upon thee to deliver thee, He thus took upon Himself thy sins, and was punished in thy stead. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

O sinless and suffering Substitute! Methinks the angels must have

covered their faces with their wings all through the hours of that awful martyrdom, lest the sight of Thy woes should tempt them to yield to the impetuosity of their love and indignation, and rush in serried legions to Thy rescue, bearing Thee in triumph to Thy waiting throne!

Thou, my soul, canst never know what it cost Him—Heaven's King and Best-beloved,—to stand before an earthly bar as a criminal of deepest dye; and to bear, in patient silence, the scourgings and cruel mockings, the barbarous indignities practised by the rough soldiery on victims given up to their merciless pleasure. "Then delivered he Him therefore unto them." Ah, me! there was even worse to follow, when the tortures of crucifixion were added to the awful catalogue of woe;—but perhaps it was one of the most bitter drops in the cup of sorrows He had to drink, that the very creatures He had made, and for whose sake He was about to endure an awful death, were gloating over His sufferings, and adding to them by every means in their power. This must have smitten His loving heart with a pain we cannot conceive, and of which we write with a trembling pen, and a spirit bowed with grief. Verily, He "hid not His face from shame and spitting; He gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair;" His was a willing, absolute, determined sacrifice, and the only answer He gave to His tormentors was the breathing of that God-like prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I ask myself,—How dare I write on a subject so pathetic, so solemn, so sacred as this,—the endurance of the shame, the suffering, the agony of the Son of God? It is because I can say, with brokenness of heart, "*It was for me*,"—because faith can look on Him whom my sins pierced so cruelly, and say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." All the powers of soul and mind adore and worship Him who "bore my sins in His own body on the tree." Oh, that I had the power to praise Him as I would!

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

I sometimes wonder, reverently, and with tender diffidence, whether, when being roughly stripped of the scarlet robe in which the soldiers had enveloped Him when mocking Him as "King", any sweet fragrance still lingered on His blessed body, or on His own white garment, of the "very precious" ointment which one poor saved sinner's love had poured upon Him "for His burial." It may have been so,—the thought is pure as an angel's whisper,—and then I can imagine the light of a tender memory flitting for a moment across His brow as the faint odour reached Him, and He remembered the alabaster box, and the love which broke it, and realized that, even before the full "travail of His soul" was accomplished, the result was a "satisfaction" complete and eternal.

* * * *

Ah, what heights and depths of Divine love were revealed during

those dreadful hours of agony! The working out of the plan of our redemption cost our blessed Saviour tears, and groans, and blood, and life itself. He paid to the uttermost farthing the tremendous debt of our sin. He bore—

"All that almighty God could bear,
With strength enough, but none to spare."

What if He had hidden His face from the malice of men, and the far more terrible wrath of God? What if, at the last moment, He had repented of His agreement, and dashed to the ground the awful cup of suffering which He had covenanted to drink for our sakes? The thought does not bear reflection, it is unworthy of Him; "He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself."

Can any poor trembling soul quietly think over the facts of the Saviour's wondrous love and sacrifice, and still fear or fail to trust Him? It seems impossible; yet, alas! how often has He to ask for our love, how often to call to us before we come and throw ourselves upon His sure and tender mercy! Dear timid one, do look to Him by faith, and listen to His loving, pleading voice as He says, "I endured all this for thee; I hid not My face from shame and spitting; do not hide thy face from Me, My grief is thine uplifting."

A Grateful Retrospect.

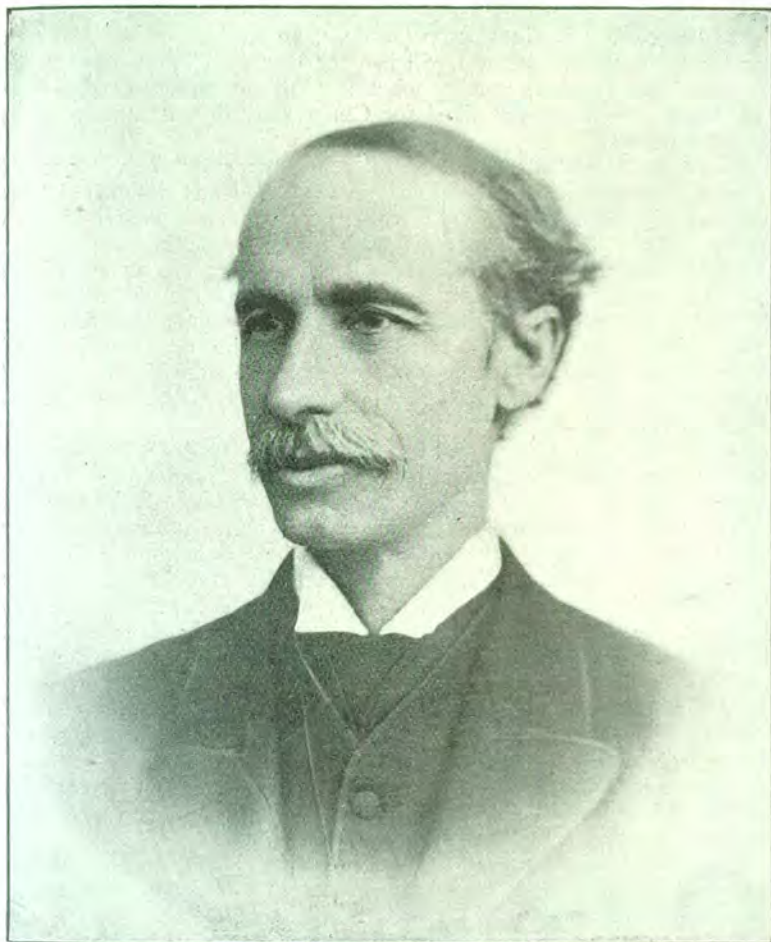
I ASKED Thee, Lord, in years long, long ago,
That neither wealth, nor want, might be my share;
But just the happy medium I might know,—
Too low for pride, too high for anxious care.
To-day, I would with thankfulness record,—
Thou hast dealt well with me, Thy servant, Lord.

For now, in looking back, I call to mind
How each occasion found Thee always near;
Not merely bread and water did I find,
But tables ready furnished with good cheer;—
The oil, the cup, and the convenient food,
Nothing was lacking that would do me good.

Surely the past doth bid me hope that still
Thy bounty will all needful good provide,
Thy goodness and Thy mercy follow,—till,
Death's valley passed,—and Jordan's gloomy tide,—
My feet shall stand upon the Heavenly shore,
In Thine own House to dwell for evermore.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

C.—PASTOR FRANK H. WHITE, TALBOT TABERNACLE, NOTTING HILL.



By kind permission, from "Footsteps of Truth."

FRANK H. WHITE, Vice-President of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association for the year ending with the Conference this month, and for many years its Remembrancer, was born, in the Isle of Wight, in the year 1836. Coming to London in 1851, he found his way, one Sunday afternoon, to the Bible-class of the West Branch of the Y.M.C.A. held in Savile Row, Regent Street. Mr. Bowker, at that time a Master of Christ's Hospital, was its conductor. Mr. White has no recollection of the particular portion of Scripture under consideration; but, at the close of the class, Mr. Bowker came up to him, and

laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, said, in a tone of intense tenderness. "Dear boy, you have been in my thoughts all the time I have been speaking. If you were to give your heart to Christ now, what a useful life yours might be!" Thus addressed, he burst into tears; and he dates his first awakening from that day. Some years afterwards, in 1856, wandering in Kensington Gardens, he stopped, stood still, and said, "From this moment, I will live for Christ." These words, with those of Mr. Bowker, were prophetic of his subsequent career,—one eminently useful and one lived for Christ with all the intensity of an intense nature.

Work for Christ at once began. In those early days, he would preach at street-corners, and in Hyde Park, and was designated "the Bishop of Paddington Green," from his frequent open-air ministry there. Many happy associations were formed with honoured fellow-labourers for the Lord. The great Revival of '59 was an experience and a training to be envied. Henry Hull, especially, the well-known Y.M.C.A. Secretary, took the young man by the hand; and, finally, in 1862, introduced him to C. H. Spurgeon. "The very man I want," were the words with which he was greeted, as he entered the vestry of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; "you must go to Paradise Chapel, Chelsea, next Sunday."

Accordingly, on the first Sunday after entering College, he preached at Paradise Chapel, continuing as student-pastor, and finally settling there. The church had been for eight years without a minister, and there were only eighteen people in Mr. White's first congregation. Some three years after, he had the joy of seeing a new chapel opened, seating 1,000 persons, costing £5,000, and practically free of debt. After twelve years' ministry at Chelsea, during which he baptized some 800 believers, he had a short term of service at Harley House; and then, in 1876, he took up the work at Talbot Tabernacle with which his name is peculiarly associated.

The church there had been planted by Mr. Gordon Forlong, a young barrister possessing much spiritual power and a good deal of originality. It was worshipping in an iron building, was comparatively unorganized and was unfettered by conventionalism. Here was splendid material for Mr. White to fashion after the ideal he had formed, and an opportunity of erecting a building after his own heart.

The visible outcome may first be mentioned. A beautiful church and commodious schools have been erected, at a cost of £11,000, and the freehold of the ground has been bought for £4,200. Part of the latter sum remains at a low rate of interest in lieu of ground rent. In addition to this, £2,600 have been raised to purchase and renovate premises for a mission-hall. This, though a good record, is nothing uncommon; but the spiritual side of the work is:—uncommon in the emphasis placed on Bible teaching and prophetic truth, on foreign missions, on simplicity in worship, and on the disregard of worldly methods.

A strong testimony to the stability of the work may be found in the fact that the people held splendidly together during the absences, through ill-health, of the Pastor, although these were on two or three occasions, somewhat lengthy. He has had, as assistants, Mr. J. L.

Stanley, Mr. Finlay Gibson, and the writer of the present article, while Rev. R. Wright Hay is his present colleague.

Mr. White's name is associated with the Tabernacle in the Wilderness as well as that at Notting Hill. Early in his ministry, he made this subject peculiarly his own; giving, with great acceptance, dissolving-view lectures in all parts of Great Britain and also in the United States. He has published a successful book on the same theme, and a number of pamphlets and tracts on various topics.

In 1864, Mr. White married Miss Emily Bull. It would ill become one, who has been admitted as a son into that home, to lift the sacred veil from it further than to say that, in spite of bereavement and trial, it is one of the happiest he has known.

Frank White's name is high on the Conference roll now, as death constantly thins the little band who entered College with or before him; and he belongs to the yet smaller company, who enjoyed, not merely the friendship, but the intimacy of the departed President. Mr. Spurgeon humorously conferred upon him, while in College, the title of "Professor of Button-hole Theology," because of his proficiency in personal dealing; and the "Fraternal", with which Mr. Spurgeon was identified during the last year or two of his earthly service, was called by him "The Whitey-Brown Brotherhood," because of the part taken by Frank White and Archibald Brown in its initiation and development. Mr. White is less known to the younger generation of Pastors' College brethren than to their seniors; but he is loved and honoured by the whole fraternity, as is proved by their election of him as their second Vice-President under the revised constitution of the Association.

His is a deeply affectionate and sympathetic nature. He is a man of love, and possesses a character of rare beauty; and, moreover, of rare balance. His love is of that true order which does not mean weakness, but is compatible with firmness of pastoral rule, sternness against sin, and boldness in contending for the Faith. He ever seems to carry with him the air and fragrance of Heaven, yet no one could be more genial, or enter more keenly into the ordinary enjoyments of life. Of him, more than of others, it might be said, "Dying, and behold he lives." These many years he has, as it were, dwelt on the Borderland, and often has the frail earthen vessel seemed irradiated by the Divine glory, and his face has been as that of an angel.

His life has been, in large measure, a lonely one; unnecessarily lonely, some may think; but lonely also by its very loftiness.—"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." Lonely as an Alpine peak he stands. Like it, too, is he in his nearness to the Heaven over him, in the unbesmirched purity of his life, and in his steady pointing to things above. He is pre-eminently a pastor;—Pastor Frank White.—

"To us thou wast still
Cheerful, and faithful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

WM. H. GAUSSEN.

“*Semper Idem.*”

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(*Continued from page 137.*)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(c) *The Self-witness of the Holy Ghost.*

In taking up the Bible, any candid reader must speedily discover that its utterances are not merely the dry records of a dead book, but the present, throbbing, up-to-date words of God the living Spirit; yea, the very ground whereon we stand is holy, for the atmosphere around is such as breathes from the very heart of the almighty Jehovah Himself,—fresh, life-giving ozone from the lips of Him who is “from everlasting to everlasting.” Thus, a prayerful analysis and study of the Sacred Volume reveal to us, behind its marvellous unity, one great *master* mind; behind its unique matter and diction, a *supernatural* mind; behind its universality of application, an *omniscient* mind; and behind its miraculous conception and preservation, an *omnipotent* mind; and these great phases of thought and argument form, as we believe, the four strong lines of evidence whereby the Holy Spirit personally witnesses to the truth and inspiration of His own Writings.

1. *The Unity of the Sacred Books.*

The wonderful symmetry and harmony of the Bible—consisting of sixty-six Books, penned by some forty different writers, the first of whom *died* fourteen hundred and fifty years before the last was *born*, and between whom there could be no possible collusion or intercourse,—must necessarily strike with profound astonishment any careful student of the Holy Scriptures, especially when the very *last three* chapters of the New Testament demand for satisfactory exegesis a reference to and knowledge of the *first three* of the Old Testament. Nor were these Books written by men whose social condition, temperament, and education welded thought into at least some measure of harmony; but all sorts and classes join in the compilation,—kings and herdmen, poets and reformers, lawyers and fishermen, warriors and captives, statesmen and agriculturalists, prophets and rate-collectors, priests and physicians, rich and poor, sages and illiterates;—could we, by any possibility, gather together a more motley, heterogeneous, and uncongenial group? Yet, in all the varied Writings of these diverse men, a perfect sympathy of thought and teaching, speech and prophecy, prevails. Nor can this essential unity be more easily proven than by an appeal to the higher criticism,—“our enemies themselves being judges,”—which, at its very worst, can only fasten upon a very few apparent trivial contradictions between the sacred writers,—some of which have been solved, and all of which we confidently rest persuaded may be explained. Neither, let it be remembered, did that strong tie of patriotic devotion, which cements peers and peasants, Conservatives and Radicals, learned and unlearned, bind the testimony of these men together in witnessing for the glory of their race, the nobility of its character, and the triumphs

of its heroes; since they all, with one consent, reluctantly portray the sin and failure of princes, prophets, priests, and people alike, and the gross apostasy and merited slavery of their beloved land.

Whence, then, comes this unity of thought and speech? We reply,—From the one mind which was *in* them because of the one mind which was at the back of them, and which spake His words and ideas *through* them. Were our contention not one concerning Theology, but concerning Science, Medicine, or Philosophy, no doubt copies of manuscripts might be produced—many modern, some ancient,—bearing more or less upon the same theme; and, occasionally, with concurrent lines of argument; but, in the main, each generation, while recapitulating the past, would but do so to criticize and to condemn all former teaching, and everything would have to be re-written, amended, and re-edited for twentieth century consumption. It is not so, however, with the Bible, although the last Letter of the series was written over eighteen centuries ago; for Daniel and John, Isaiah and Paul, Moses and our Lord, speak in perfect harmony, the Old Testament casting forward and the New throwing backward shafts of light and sympathy upon the teachings of the other.

Imagine the works of forty ancient and modern authors—from the days of Pythagoras to Darwin, Hippocrates to Koch, Aristotle to Kant, and Homer to—to—Alfred Austin!—being bound together, with their diverse theories and mutually destructive tenets, would not the result be Babel,—“confusion worse confounded,”—Pandemonium itself?

Yet, in the Holy Scriptures, truth is so dovetailed, and teaching so interwoven, that the whole complex machinery of thought and argument would be seriously impaired by the loss of any little wheel or piston rod. How can such a mystery be explained, except on the ground that some great master mind devised the whole, since even its conflictings end in harmonies; (such as the Aaronic ritual and the teaching of the Epistle to the Hebrews;) and the whole Book throbs ever onward towards one great definite consummation,—the triumph and glory of our blessed Messiah and Lord over a regenerated world by way of Calvary and the cross?

Of course, the Divine Revelation is progressive, and develops, growing broader and simpler down the dispensations of the ages, as the natural, physical body of a child proceeds from stage to stage of strength and beauty towards maturity. Doctrines, purposes, prophecies, and mysteries become clearer and clearer as Judaism widens into Christianity; and, as Paul puts it, “secrets” “which in other ages were not made known unto the sons of men, are now revealed unto holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit;” (Ephesians iii. 3—11; Colossians i. 25—27; 1 Peter i. 10—12;) just as the oak lay buried in the acorn, or as, in true science, the astronomer or geologist makes bare what was before, *not non-existent, but hidden*, only awaiting revelation and investigation;—so, in Genesis, we have the germ and seed-plot of the entire Bible; as, in the Apocalypse, we have its final and full-blown glory and crown; and this seedling was begotten, planted, watched over, nourished.

and developed by God,—perfect in its primary conception, like the body of our Lord, and perfect in its successive developments as it grew down the centuries. Or, to vary the metaphor, God laid the foundation of the temple of His Word by the hands of Moses, reared the walls through inspired historians, songsters, prophets, and apostles, and finally roofed in the building by His beloved disciple, John; yet every portion of the structure was necessary to a completed whole,—*part of the temple itself, and not mere scaffolding*, to be thrown away when the edifice was complete. Thus, the earlier portions of the Bible, perfect in themselves, yet progressed onward towards the fuller and more completed perfection of the entire Canon of Holy Writ.

We have shown, in previous chapters, how this harmony existed between the Old and the New Testament Scriptures,—more especially in such Books as Isaiah and the Romans, the Psalms and the Acts, Leviticus and the Hebrews; and the same truth will be brought out more fully when dealing with the important subject of fulfilled prophecy. It may, therefore, suffice, at present, to point out that arguments, analogies, symbolisms, types, and, even in some cases, colours and numbers carry and bear the same unifying force right through the Old and New Testament Literature.

Take, for example, such a historical *person* as the strange, weird, Godlike king, Melchizedek, introduced in Genesis, incidentally mentioned, one thousand years after his meeting with Abraham, by David, who wrote five hundred years later than Moses, and finally referred to in the Epistle to the Hebrews, after another interval of a millennium; and note how the shuttle of thought and argument weaves backward and forward from past history to coming prophecy (Genesis xiv. 18—20; Psalm cx. 4; Hebrews vii.); or glance at Paul's reasoning concerning the fundamental *doctrine* of justification by faith, and mark in what fashion Genesis and the Psalms are alike blended with Romans in bulwarking his strong position that salvation is all of grace (Genesis xv. 6; Psalm xxxii. 1, 2; Romans iv). In *symbol*, trace the teaching and meaning of the term "mercy-seat" from Moses to David, and in Luke's record of the publican's prayer, and Paul's pronouncement concerning "the remission of sins", and John's world-wide offer of mercy, and see how nearly all the sweetness, strength, significance, and meaning underlying their allusions to "propitiation" disappear if the imagery of Exodus be not plainly grasped and understood (Exodus xxv. 17—22; 1 Chronicles xxviii. 11; Psalm lxxx. 1; Luke xviii. 13; Romans iii. 25; 1 John ii. 2). Why, even the devil's suggestive *alias*, "the serpent", passes from Eden, through Isaiah, right along to the Revelation (Genesis iii.; Isaiah xxvii. 1; 2 Corinthians xi. 3; Revelation xii. 9); and the windings of "the river" may be traced from Genesis to Ezekiel, and from Ezekiel to the Golden City (Genesis ii. 10; Psalm xlvi. 4; Ezekiel xlvi. 1; Revelation xxii. 1, 2, 17); while colours and stones have in the Levitical dispensation and the Apocalypse an interwoven meaning (Exodus xxviii. 15—21; Revelation xxi. 9—20); and such references as those to "Babylon" (Isaiah xxi. 2—9; xlvi. 1; Jeremiah li.); and "the Bride" (Psalm xlv. 15);

Solomon's Song; Isaiah liv.; lxii.; Ezekiel xvi.; Hosea ii.; Revelation xix. 6—9; xxi. 2—9); demand and pre-suppose an intelligent knowledge of Old Testament history and metaphor.

In fact, the truth is,—it is utterly impossible to thoroughly and intelligently understand the New Testament apart from the Old,—each volume being complementary of the other; so that, in the Old, we have the New contained and concealed; and, in the New, the Old explained and revealed; and any student attempting to satisfactorily master the teachings of the New Testament Scriptures, if unacquainted with those of the Old, would require a *special dictionary explanatory of Old Testament words*, phrases, metaphors, types, sacrifices, characters, and allusions, before he could make any real all-round progress in the sacred art of understanding God's unified Revelation to man. Though the Gospel plan of God's "so great salvation" to a rebel race, is, thank Heaven, through grace, so plain and simple that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein," yet the most profound scholar, knowing only the New Testament, could not even explain the meaning and teaching of such a term as "*The Lamb*," used by John the Baptist, Philip, Peter, and John, and occurring especially twenty-nine times in the Book of the Revelation, nor grasp the wealth and sublimity of argument encompassing this phrase; but a little Sunday-school girl could scarcely fail to at once tell you that it carried her thoughts of substitutionary sacrifice and salvation, through bloodshedding, right along from Abel to Noah, Abraham to Moses, Samuel to Solomon, and Isaiah to Calvary (Genesis iv. 4; viii. 20; xxii. 7—13; Exodus xii.; 1 Samuel vii. 9; 2 Chronicles vii. 1; Isaiah liii.; Acts viii. 32—35; 1 Peter i. 18—20); since, as it has been well said, "the crimson thought of Redemption runs through the Word of God, from Genesis to Revelation, as the scarlet thread through every rope in the British Navy."

Thus it is also with all the other great mysteries of Divine Revelation,—prophetical, practical, doctrinal, and typical. Look, for instance, at the light falling on all these four sides of the rough ugly word "stone" forwards from Jacob, David, Isaiah, and Daniel, and backwards from Peter, Paul, John, and our beloved Lord (Genesis xlix. 24; Psalm cxviii. 22, 23; Isaiah xxviii. 16; Daniel ii. 34, 35; Acts iv. 11, 12; 1 Corinthians iii. 9—17; Ephesians ii. 20—22; 1 Peter ii. 3—8; Revelation iv. 3; Matthew xxi. 42—44); for, as each tiny dewdrop reflects the glorious sun, so, in the several portions of the Bible, do we see a whole in every part of the still greater whole; and, in God's great Revelation-temple, every whit of it uttereth glory! grace!! and Jesus!!!

We append, on page 172, in parallel columns, a list of Old Testament Books or writers endorsed in the New, one text out of many sufficing in each case for our present purpose. It will be seen that, with the exception of nine Books, by the direct statement of the New Testament Scriptures, evidence is thus afforded of the endorsement of the entire Old Testament Canon. Very likely, some of our readers can supply such proof as is still wanting.

NEW TESTAMENT ENDORSEMENTS OF THE OLD.

"*The Scripture cannot be broken.*"—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. (John x. 35.)

All things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me.—Luke xxiv. 44.

OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS.	NEW TESTAMENT ENDORSEMENTS.
Genesis.	Matthew xix. 4, 5.
Exodus.	Mark xii. 26.
Leviticus.	Hebrews ix. 8.
Numbers.	1 Corinthians x. 11.
Deuteronomy.	Matthew iv. 4, 7, 10.
Joshua.	Hebrews xi. 30, 31.
Judges.	Hebrews xi. 32.
Ruth.	Matthew i. 5.
1 Samuel.	Matthew xii. 3, 4.
2 Samuel.	Matthew i. 6.
1 Kings.	Romans xi. 2.
2 Kings.	Luke iv. 27.
1 Chronicles.	Acts vii. 46, 47.
2 Chronicles.	Matthew xii. 42.
Ezra.	
Nehemiah.	
Esther.	
Job.	James v. 11.
Psalms.	Acts i. 16.
Proverbs.	James iv. 6 (c.f. Proverbs iii. 34, Septuagint).
Ecclesiastes.	
Song of Songs.	
Isaiah.	Acts xxviii. 25.
Jeremiah.	Hebrews x. 15, 16.
Lamentations.	
Ezekiel.	
Daniel.	Romans ii. 24.
Hosea.	Matthew xxiv. 15.
Joel.	Romans ix. 25.
Amos.	Acts ii. 16.
Obadiah.	Acts xv. 15, 16.
Jonah.	
Micah.	Matthew xii. 40.
Nahum.	Matthew ii. 5, 6.
Habakkuk.	
Zephaniah.	
Haggai.	Romans i. 17.
Zechariah.	
Malachi.	Hebrews xii. 26.
	Matthew xxi. 4, 5.
	Matthew xi. 10—15.

"Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 Peter i. 21.

"*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.*"—2 Timothy iii. 16.

(To be continued next month.)

No Patchwork !

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

NO two ministers of Jesus Christ, within my memory, have wrought a more glorious soul-winning work than my two well-beloved friends, Charles H. Spurgeon and Dr. Newman Hall. One secret of their spiritual success was their *thoroughness*; they both went to the roots of things. They emphasized the sinfulness of sin, the efficacy of the atoning blood, and the vital need of entire regeneration by the Holy Spirit. They wrought in the light of the judgment-seat, and for eternity.

The chief purpose of all good teaching and good preaching is to form godly character;—for character is what a man really is;—reputation is only what other people think him to be. Our Lord uttered a very pithy little parable that applies to the formation of character. He said, "No man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment; else the new piece that filled it up taketh away (or, teareth away) from the old, and the rent is made worse." No simile describes character better than a fabric made up of innumerable threads, and put together by a vast number of stitches. There is many a poor sleazy fabric that has a showy appearance; but the wear of life betrays the weak spots, and it soon ravel out. Some people's religion is not stoutly sewn; it is only "basted." When the warp and woof of character is weak and worthless,—when it is badly rotted by sin, there are two methods of repair;—the one is, to patch up the old; the other is, to procure an entirely new fabric. The fatal objection to the first method is that a patched character does not look well, and it will not last; even if a bright strip of virtue were pieced in upon an ungodly life, there would not be strength enough in the fabric to hold the incongruous patch.

Ministers and Sunday-school teachers make a sad mistake when they direct their main efforts against particular sins, instead of striking at the source of all sins, a *godless, unconverted heart*. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. Many a drunkard, disgusted by his own loathsome vice, has made a solemn resolution to break off his evil habit; but has not gone the whole length of seeking a new heart, and the mighty help of God. He has attempted to patch a new habit on an old heart; and, very soon, his total abstinence pledge has torn out, and the rent is made worse. (Reforming a drunkard is not an easy job; when successful, it is mainly by invoking the Divine power.) What is true of drunkenness is true also of falsehood, Sabbath-breaking, licentiousness, covetousness, and the like. A man may be shamed out of certain public desecrations of God's day, and yet hide away a Sabbathless heart in his own house. An eloquent appeal may wring a guinea out of a stingy soul; but he will lock his purse the more tightly the next time, and confirm his covetousness. What such a man needs is the melting power of a new affection; if he does not give from a right motive, his money may do good, but he is not much the better for having it coaxed or extorted from him. God loveth the *cheerful* givers, like Barnabas and Onesiphorus. During my fifty-six years' ministry, I have never seen a sinner patched up so neatly that he looked and acted like a genuine Christian.

Jesus Christ's method of dealing with human character is the only thorough method. He says, "Behold, I make all things new." "If any man be in Christ," and Christ be in him, "he is a new creature." How sharply Jesus clove to the root of the matter with Nicodemus! He did not tell the enquiring Pharisee to go home, and reform certain bad practices; but He said, "Ye must be *born anew*." That meant a new character from core to circumference. The young ruler was able to show some very bright patches of virtue; but, when the Saviour offered him the entirely new garment that cost self-denial, but would bring eternal life, the poor fellow went away with his patched robe, crestfallen and sorrowful. God has ordained the great principle (which every young minister must learn to preach,) that no pardon of sin and no new nature can be obtained except through an acceptance of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. The apostles never wasted their time on a gospel of patchwork. Their twofold text was, "Turn to the Lord," which meant repentance; and "Cleave to the Lord," which meant a life of faith and loyal obedience.

"Put on the Lord Jesus Christ." That signifies the entire inwrapping and infolding of ourselves in the texture of Christ's imparted righteousness and all-sufficient grace. We walk and we work inside of our clothes. So, a consistent and useful Christian moves every day inside of that beautiful garment which Jesus has woven for him, and wrapped about him. Conversion is not the patching of a few bright pieces on a worthless fabric; it is the bestowal of the new robe on a penitent believer. How beautiful it is,—how warm in bitter weather,—and how well it wears! I have seen it look brighter than ever after forty or fifty years of hard service; and in Heaven, that wedding-garment will make a beggar as poor as Lazarus to shine like an angel of light.

Why should any professor of religion be content with a life that is only made up of shreds and patches? Certainly, no scoffer, no worldling, is ever so charmed with them as to come and say, "Where did you find that character? I want something just like it." Inconsistent church-members only disgust the people of the world, and lead them to say, "If that is Christianity, I don't want it; my coat of character is as good as that, or better." A poor coat is not improved by the patchwork of pious professions. A thorough re-conversion is what many a backsliding church-member needs; and what a new power, and beauty, and irresistible influence would go forth from all our churches if we were all freshly clad in Christ Jesus!

God bless the "Sword and Trowel" under the charge of its new Editor! May the mantle of the beloved father rest on the loving son! May every student in the Pastors' College, and every preacher who reads these nutritious pages never be tempted to waste an hour on pitiful patchwork; but strive, in the power of the Holy Spirit, to make poor sinners new men and women in Christ Jesus! And may they aim to do the searching, thorough, soul-kindling, and Christ-exalting work that was wrought by those Heaven-honoured master-workmen, Charles H. Spurgeon and Newman Hall!

Brooklyn, U.S. of America; March, 1902.

“A Little Child shall Lead them.”

A TRUE STORY.

BY LEO GRANGE.

PHILIP TURNER was what he called “apprenticed” as an evangelist, and his master was a Scotchman from the Highlands, whose face was like the granite mountain, rugged and scarred; but when he preached Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men, his face was like the mountain kissed by the sunlight,—it became sweet and beautiful as if an inner light had transformed it. Alec Grey was great in his tenderness and his strength, and many a soul found peace under his message.

He had taken a fancy to the black-haired boy with the grey eyes, that flashed when he was indignant or roused to any strong feeling, but who was the very antitype of himself. Philip had a face with clear firm lines of manhood in it, but it was as gentle as a woman’s. He had a winsome power over the hearts of men as he spoke of Jesus, but he could thunder until men trembled because of their sins.

“I’m training this young hawk to fly,” Alec said; “and though he’s a bit wobbly on the wing yet, he’ll go further than his teacher.”

Alec was asked by his pupil what he meant by being “wobbly”, and the stern old fellow’s face lit up with his humorous smile as he answered, “Ye’re not steady in your flights yet; ye’re just a wee bit too poetical, and a sight too imaginative; and ye’re not grounded enough in God’s Word yet. Ye need to think more of truth than of beauty of phrase; but, lad,” he added, with a fond look, “ye’ll do. But stick to the Book! Stick to the Book!”

Under such a teacher, Philip grew to be renowned for his Biblical teaching. “The Book” became his companion in sorrow and joy,—in work and pleasure,—until its precious truths soaked into his mind, and coloured all his utterances. It was a grand apprenticeship, and thousands of souls rejoice at the great results,—for he has been eminently used of God.

The two were holding a mission in a large Northern town, and they were labouring under disheartening circumstances. It was not the palmy days of evangelists, when they had everything prepared beforehand,—when they were fêted, and, sometimes,—dare I say it?—spoilt. The churches looked with suspicion upon such efforts, and showed an aloofness which made evangelistic services to be real pioneer work. In this case, the brethren first billed the town after hiring an old dilapidated hall.

Then said Alec, “Cleanliness is next to godliness, so we must clean this hall, Philip.”

And you might have thought they were impersonating the man with the muck-rake had you seen them in a storm of dust in their hall. It was a sight for the angels to see these two, with coats off, sleeves doubled up, and coarse aprons on, scrubbing the floor! Their backs ached when the day was done, but Alec said it was “good for the muscles and good for the soul to do a bit of honest hard work.”

The next day was Sunday; and, at the service in the morning, Philip

preached to half-a-dozen boys and girls, and he won their hearts by his winsomeness. In the evening, they came again, and brought a dozen more with them.

"Ain't it prime?" said the bairns as they went away.

It seemed a poor beginning, and both the evangelists were discouraged; but they had done better than they dreamed.

All that week, the children came in larger and larger numbers,—with here and there an adult,—until it seemed as if this was to be a children's mission. Many of them came ragged and dirty, but they listened to "the old, old story" with shining eyes; and every night the interest grew, and God began to work upon their hearts.

Philip will never forget the little maid who, one night, with eyes filled with joyous tears, ran upon the platform, and kissed him before all his juvenile audience. It was her confession of Christ, beautiful and child-like.

There was one lad there who gave his name as "Dick." "He hadn't no other name," he assured the evangelist.

What a specimen he was of how children can be and are neglected by parents who have lost their nobler instincts in the "far country"! Dick might have sat for a picture of "Dirt and Misery." He came to the meetings, as many others did, with bare feet; his matted hair seemed as if no comb or brush had ever touched it; his face looked, through its dirt, pinched, and wan, and half-starved; and the cunning look, which one sometimes sees in hunted animals, was in his eyes.

Poor little Dick! How the heart aches for him and his prototypes everywhere!

The first change in Dick that was noticeable was when he came to the meeting with his face washed. It was a wonderful performance, and had caused him no end of trouble; but, as he looked in the cracked glass at home, he said, "I think as how it's worth it. I'se looking real han'some. I'll do it twice a week!"

This was the *beginning* of grace; but, one night, grace entered the citadel, and little Dick gave his heart to Christ. What a glow of wonder and joy was in the boy's eyes as he saw Jesus as his Friend and Saviour! A new world of Love—and such Love—opened to the child's eyes, instead of the friendless world he had hitherto known.

Dick wanted to dance for joy; and, on the way home, he did; and I trust no one will doubt him when I say that, more than once, his feet were where his head ought to have been, as, in the exhilarating new sensations, he threw himself upon his hands, and turned many a somersault. But, wherever his head was, his heart was right; and the heart, I find, keeps the head right;—though grave and learned divines may question—ay, and prove it false;—I still hold 'tis true. At any rate, Dick's head was right, for his heart had been cleansed, and a gracious Saviour—a living Christ—had come to dwell there, and Dick was knowing the joy of the great feast.

* * * *

The next Sunday night meeting was looked forward to by both evangelists as the time when they might expect larger gatherings. Alec

had, in his own mind, determined that it should be an adult service, and he stationed Philip at the door to keep all the children out.

Philip took his station, firmly resolved to do his duty. The children gathered round him, and begged to come in;—he was like adamant. They argued with him;—he was a Scotchman, and enjoyed it. They threatened him with all the dreadful penalties the child mind can know;—he laughed at them, and with them; but the adamant knew no yielding. Then, as the truth fell upon them that he really meant to keep them out, there were many tears shed; and Dick, who was the first in protest and argument, rubbed his eyes suspiciously.

At the children's tears, the adamant melted, the missionary forsook his post as sentinel, and the children with joyous exclamations swarmed into the hall, jubilant over their victory.

That night, a number of grown-up people came in. The children had advertised the mission with some success; and Philip felt, as he preached, the power of the Holy Ghost come down, and fill the place.

He was amused, and, he had to confess, somewhat annoyed at the conduct of little Dick. He was sitting in the front seat, and every now and then he would rise, and pull the preacher's coat. What had come to the boy? He was usually so attentive and eager.

It is by no means a pleasant sensation when the Chairman pulls your coat tail! This peremptory summons to stop is disconcerting when you are in the midst of a peroration; but when one in your audience gives the signal, it requires superhuman patience to endure it.

At last, Philip enquired, "What is it, Dick?"

"Oh! when are you going to stop, and have the prayers?"

Philip finished a powerful sermon, and started the "after-meeting."

When he called for prayer, little Dick, with his eager—washed—sunny face,—knelt in the aisle before the platform, and, with clear boyish treble voice, began to pray. It was not much. "Lord Jesus," he cried, "Thou hast saved little Dick. Lord, I want my mother and my daddy to be saved;"—a sob finished the prayer.

Then a woman rose from her seat, and began to walk towards the platform. Her eyes were bleared and puffed,—her whole face witnessed to long years of dissipation, as did her dishevelled, ragged, miserable appearance. She came up sobbing, and went into the enquiry-room. She was followed, presently, by a man as disreputable-looking as herself. As he went into the room, he said to Philip,—

"Did you hear that boy pray?"

"Yes; little Dick."

"Ah! I'm little Dick's father, and his mother's in there;"—and he, too, with a sob in his throat, went in, and knelt beside her whom he had helped to lead astray. They had spent years in the service of sin; but, now, through the grace of God, a little child's prayer had broken their hearts.

Philip heard their story, and their desire to be lifted to a better life; then he did a strange thing; he went back into the hall, and, taking Dick by the hand, led him into the enquiry-room, to tell his father and mother the way of salvation, and of the Christ who saves; and there, on their knees, they learnt from a little child God's great forgiving love,

they went to the child's Saviour, and rose up redeemed,—chastened,—cleansed,—as years of faithful discipleship have proved ;—and as Dick and his mother and father, with a new light in their eyes, and a new song in their hearts, went out together to a new life, Philip thanked God for a Gospel so mighty that it can save to the uttermost such sinners as these, but so simple that “a little child” could “lead them” into the way everlasting.

My Lady's Garden.

BY H. T. SPUFFORD, AUTHOR OF “IDYLLS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE,” ETC.

IV.—BLOSSOMS.

TO see My Lady's Garden in April, is to be amazed. First, at the contrast from January, when the bare branches swayed, damp and dark, in the raw air. Now, the sweet breath of Spring awakens sleeping Nature ; and, behold ! A miracle ! The Earth puts on such beautiful garments that angels might linger to look upon the charms of her. Though repeated every season, and creating, alas ! but a passing sense of pleasure in thousands on whose eyes falls the year's transfiguration, the marvel of difference a few weeks have made is the wonder and delight of the thoughtful mind. Where has all the beauty come from ? Can it be possible that the potentialities of this Spring day were present in the wintry boughs ? Then, they swayed like the arms of mourning women ; to-day, they appear like virgins dressed in white raiment. We take this transformation for granted ; it happens every year, yet it is fraught with the highest teaching. It is the very tree which moaned its *Miserere*, which now chants its *Magnificat*. It is from the same soil, erstwhile clogged with frost, from the same dark, damp, creaking bough which chilled the blood with its sighs, that the wealth of form, the exquisite tones of tints, the modulated fragrance of the April day have sprung. Modulated fragrance ! Has the reader ever proved the truth of this for himself by making, so to speak, a gamut of sweet odours, from the faint scent of peach blossom to the aromatics of the American flowering currant, *Ribes sanguineum* ? Have you trained your sense to such discernments, and entered into a new realm of pleasure ?

At the sight of this great awakening of Nature, I stand in awe. If all this be possible from dry, stark belongings,—why should I doubt the realization of the sublimest visions of the soul ? As I just bathe in the beauty of the fruit trees in blossom ;—these responses to the sun's return ;—these irrepressible greetings of the congenial Presence ;—I find myself going back to black, sealed, hope-depressing—December ; and then, having grasped the amazing contrast, I say slowly, “We wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ : who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He is able even to subject all things unto Himself ;” and the bees, as they gather honey from “ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of

thousands" of opening petals, murmur to my meditation a sevenfold "Amen."

Then, again, the lavishment of the scene strikes me. Who can compute the number of April blossoms on a single tree? I am aware that much depends upon age, kind, culture, and atmosphere; but, after all allowance, the wonder remains. I have sat, during the morning hour given to these studies, facing trees in April that have fairly bewildered me with their wealth of flowers. Cherry, plum, pear have been full out, and the pink apple buds ready to burst. What country dweller has not revived at the sight, and said, with complacency, "The winter is over and gone"?

But why this wealth? Only one of thousands of these blooms will fruit. Even if four stalks set, the weak will give place to the strong. Why, then, this display? Will these reasons be admitted? First, the wealth of flowers is Nature's perennial vigour reasserting itself;—the living thing putting forth its strength;—the great going out towards light and warmth. The dumb blossoms tell the same tale as the birds' vocal harmonies. They alike spell revival; they alike express a hopeful outlook; they are the promise and the accompaniment of the first stages of fruition. They are the joy-notes of the reincarnation.

Then, secondly, does the pleasure that blossom time affords count for nothing? The sons of God sang together when the Earth, fresh from her Maker's hand, was pronounced "very good." Nor has the song ceased, for the elders in the Apocalypse are represented as ever saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created." Then, the April apparel of the trees is to the praise and glory of God. The wealth of the display is for His good pleasure. And that which pleases God is meant to minister to the enjoyment of man; to quicken his pulses, and renew his life. Nor is the benignity of the Divine Being displayed alone for the physical benefit of men; but for mental and moral uses also. The trees in April are as much helps to the understanding and aids to faith as they are delights to the senses.

Furthermore, each petaled cup holds so much sweet that helps to feed the countless multitude of living things that wait upon God to give them "their meat in due season." Has any reader thought how much nectar lies hidden in hollows of the peach blossoms of a single tree? Many blooms must be sacrificed to ease the tree, and to give every chance to the fittest set. Take one of these flowers; it almost seems sacrilege to say, "Rend it;" but having done so, the reason will be manifest why winged creatures love blossom. Stand, if you will, just without a chestnut avenue in full bloom. Each tree, in the sunshine, looks like a steep of green covered with a forest of white spires. There is such an avenue not far from My Lady's Garden. A long, long hum of bees is kept up around this avenue till past sunset. That hum gives at least one answer to the question, "Why all this lavishment of bloom?"

But there is no doubt that the scientist's reason would be,—to ensure reproduction. That is the reply the fruit grower would give.

He would say that there were so many enemies to contend against, in the propagation of plant life, that the tree must put forth all its strength in bloom and growth to ensure the ripe seed,—the botanical end for which it exists. Take the bracts of the fir cone. How many distinct seeds are produced? Yet how seldom are seedling firs found anywhere round the parent stem! Two dangers hover over the fruit tree. These dangers assume many shapes. The first is, the danger of non-fertilization; the second is, that the seed should not germinate. To ensure the former, the flowers produce abundance of pollen, and fertilization takes place either through the action of wind or the visits of insects. To make provision for the latter, the forest trees produce abundance of seeds; yet how few of these actually become self-propagating!

However, my point is that, both in Spring and Autumn, a vast population is sustained, first, by the nectar in the tens of thousands of blossoms; and, secondly, by the myriads of seed vessels. Thus the tree, while it provides for its primary ends, and never really fulfils its life unless these be accomplished, in reaching after them serves many subsidiary purposes. A freely-flowering plant is a boon to the many winged things that alight upon its open petals. These are as much the Creator's handiwork, according to His own ordained scale, and as really under His care as ourselves, with our more complex needs and higher destinies. Yet the superior forms of life are dependent upon the processes which develop, season after season, in the lower manifestations. No seeds; then would many birds perish. No nectar; then would the sweet honey cease to be. No pollen; no bee bread. Nothing lives unto itself; all things are members one of another.

The uses to which preachers can put these suggestions are too obvious to be pointed out.

* * * *

'Tis time my tedious talk should have an ending, else shall I be voted dry and sermonic.

Come, sit by me upon an April morn. The spot shall be My Lady's Garden. On either side hang the blood-red tassels of the American currant. From the border beneath, the scent of violets rises. The white violets are my fancy. How lovely are these, peeping from among green leaves when the austere skies of March warn other flowers not to be too hasty! But, now, genial April,—good sister of all young things,—warm April, with breath of balm, and eyes of blue that the speedwell mirrors,—soft, crooning April,—emotional April, is abroad, and all the children of the Spring come forth in gay attire to keep high festival. List to the linnet, to the lark, to the blackbird, and the thrush, and to lesser singers that make up the chorus. List to the bleating of the young lambs, and dream with your eyes open, soothed by the sounds that reach you. Give yourself up to it all, and I should not wonder if you join in the crooning of the things about you, and say softly, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. His work is honourable and glorious: and His righteousness endureth for ever."

Corn-grinding in North Africa.



OUR illustration shows a village woman in North Africa at the common task of grinding her little heap of corn for her daily bread. Such was probably the grinding Job referred to, when he cried in the bitterness of his spirit, "Then let my wife grind unto another;" and such was the famous upper millstone (see the Revised Version) which a certain woman dropped so crushingly on the head of Abimelech.

Two women may often be seen grinding at the mill, and "the voice of a millstone" and "the sound of the grinding" are common sounds in each village of North Africa; but if the Lord Jesus came now, to call His own, would one be taken and the other

left? I fear that almost all would be left; for, in another sense, they have been left by Christians,—left to perish in the dark, as one of them said to me, "I sit on the ground, and eat on it, and sleep on it; and soon, they'll scrape a hole in it, and put me in."

May this little picture stir the Christ-love in many hearts to think, and pray, and give, so that, for tens of thousands of such women in Northern Africa, the Word may soon go forth, "Let there be light to those that now sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death!"

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Psalm xxxiv. 11.

Hidden Treasure.

A PARABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

IT was the middle of a bright June day. Everything out of doors looked fresh and beautiful, but the brickpaved kitchen of the Hillside Farm seemed to be full of gloom. A scanty meal was spread upon the large, deal table, but it remained untouched. The farmer's wife moved aimlessly to window or to door, as though she would seek help from without if she only knew where to find it. But her husband kept his seat, moodily scanning a letter which lay before him. It was easy to see that this was the source or the climax of his trouble.

From generation to generation, the Hillside Farm had been tenanted by those who had cultivated it carefully, and derived good profit from it. It was very dear to the heart of Jabez Grant, for was it not the home of his boyhood days, the little piece of the world that was all the world to him? When his father lay a-dying, he had bidden him take good care of the old place, and hand it on to his own son as he himself was handing it on to him. And Jabez thought to do it, but he had fallen on evil times. Long-continued family sickness, years of agricultural depression, and, above all, a reckless, spendthrift son, had brought about a change; and now, after many a long, anxious month, the crisis had arrived. The landlord had given notice that, unless the rent were paid by a certain date then named, a writ of ejectment would be served. No wonder that gloom was on the farmer's brow.

But help was near, of which he little dreamed. That afternoon, there came one to the door, who asked the housewife for a drink of milk. There was not enough to give him, for the cow had been sold to pay a pressing debt. But the woman courteously invited the stranger in, and offered to make some tea. While the water was boiling, the gentleman looked about him, and his eye fell upon a quaint and beautifully-carved oak chest. Remarking on its beauty, he was told that it had been in the



family for some two hundred years; and, while not valued for its selling worth, it was evidently looked upon as an old friend from whom it would be hard to part. The quickwitted visitor soon saw that, by a little skilful bargaining, he could secure the prize; and, before he left, the farmer had promised to send the chest to London in exchange for a five pound note.

A week or two passed away, and the dreaded day of eviction was drawing very near. The postman rarely visited the Hillside Farm; but the sound of his horn always drew Mrs. Grant to the window, for there was ever the hope within her heart that her wayward boy might write. So, on the morning of which I have to tell, she gave her usual enquiring look, and was surprised to see the postman coming up the path. The letter he brought astonished her still more. The purchaser of the oaken chest had discovered, in a secret drawer, a valuable necklace and pendant, made up of pearls and rubies very quaintly set. He had had it valued by a London jeweller, and he offered to buy it for five hundred pounds. Need I tell you of the effect this letter had upon the weary, heartsick woman, or speak of the farmer's joy when he received the news, and afterwards proved it true? The landlord's claim was met, other outstanding debts were very quickly cancelled, and enough remained to provide for a fresh start in life. The chest was soon back in its accustomed place, a friend to be henceforth valued as it had never been before.

* * * *

This is only a parable, but it contains a vital truth. You have in your possession, a treasure by which you doubtless set some store. From generation to generation it has been handed on, and you have been familiar with it from your childhood.

This treasure is none other than your Bible, the Word of the living God. You love its stories, you admire its teachings, you speak of its literary charms. But have you found the hidden jewel within, on the discovery of which your very life depends? If not, will you not seek it now? Do not wait till the day of trouble dawns. Do not tarry for the hour of direst need. The finding will mean for you the payment of every claim, and more than enough to go on with for all time to come.

S. N. H.

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

VI.—BENEATH THE BANNER OF TEMPERANCE.

IN Canada, every Gospel minister is expected to range himself upon the side of Temperance. He would be a bold man, and certainly not counted a wise one, who dared to set himself in opposition to the prevailing sentiment. For, in that country, the attitude of the Christian Church towards that great question is consistent, uniform, earnest, and aggressive. All the Evangelical denominations are in line in seeking

to suppress the liquor traffic, and to promote sobriety. In their annual assemblies, a prominent place is given to this important subject. Preachers are not afraid to mention it in the pulpit; and, with scarcely an exception, they set an example to their hearers in the matter of total abstinence.

Already, much has been accomplished in the spread of Temperance principles, and in securing the adoption of Temperance practices in the Dominion. In this respect, Canada holds a proud position; she is not only far ahead of England, but in advance of our other Colonies. Comparative statistics will prove that, within her bounds, there is less alcohol consumed per head of the population than in any other part of the Empire. Canada is the most sober of our Colonies. She is the brightest gem in the diadem of Britain. May she shine with even greater and purer lustre until all her companion jewels reflect and reduplicate her own beautiful radiance!

Our own observation enables us to testify to the fact that the social habits of the people of Canada are better than those of England. We are aware that the conditions of life in the Dominion are very different,—that they are less complex, more simple and primitive. But, allowing for those differences, we affirm that a comparison is greatly in favour of Canada. And we write all the more confidently on this point as, within Canada itself, there has been great progress in this respect. Canadians themselves have informed us that, during the past fifty years, there has been wonderful improvement in reference to drinking customs. Where “rum” (which, on that side of the Atlantic, is the generic name for strong drink,) was in general use, it is now almost entirely abolished. Years ago, it was found in almost every home, and was produced on almost every occasion. Now, it would be hard to find many houses where it is seen. In all our visitations, during more than eleven years of pastoral life in the Dominion, we never once saw it on the table. Its social use has been tabooed; a ban has been put upon it; it has to hide its diminished head, and do its deadly work by stealth.

This happy and hopeful state of things has been largely brought about through the general prevalence of Total Abstinence Societies. Temperance organizations are almost universal in their operations. The Good Templar Lodge is found on every hand. It is as much in evidence as the church and school, and they may be said to be ubiquitous. Into these Lodges, the young are early gathered, and their susceptible minds are imbued with sound and pure principles. Such a training is unquestionably better than that to be found in a tap-room. Even in the day schools, Temperance lessons are given; and the scholars are warned of the danger to the physical, mental, and moral system arising from indulgence in alcoholic beverages. It is thus demonstrated that prevention is better than cure. There are tens of thousands who do not know the taste of strong drink; and, having never formed the drinking habit, they have not to do battle against a foe within them that has destroyed so many mighty men. They are, therefore, all the better fitted to cope with other enemies without.

In Canada, the young are not so much exposed to visible temptations to intoxication as they are in England. The drink traffic has nothing like the public standing and prestige that it enjoys in Great Britain.

It is not nearly so bold, defiant, arrogant, and overbearing. It has to apologize for its existence. Even the saloons have a furtive, half-abashed aspect, very different from the brazen front and undisguised character of the English public-house. Their windows are heavily curtained, and their doors appear to be specially constructed to keep anyone outside from getting a glimpse at the mystery of iniquity within. They have not the quasi-respectability of drink-shops on this side of the Atlantic. No woman with the least claim to decency would be seen entering such a place. The reader will allow that this has much significance. When Temperance workers succeed in driving the drink traffic into partial obscurity, they are surely within easy range of victory.

Such a promising stage in the journey towards social and national well-being has not been reached without much effort, both in the realm of moral suasion and in that of legislative reform. The former we have already indicated as we have instanced the work of Temperance organizations. The latter has resulted in many triumphs. Much has been accomplished in the past. For some years, many districts have availed themselves of the provisions of the Canadian Temperance Act, better known as the Scott Act, from the name of the statesman (the Hon. Richard William Scott) who was instrumental in securing its enactment. This Act enables a majority of qualified voters, in any city or county, to prohibit the retail sale of intoxicating liquors within the boundaries of the said city or county. When thus adopted, ordinary licenses are abolished, and only a few accredited persons are allowed to sell for "mechanical, medicinal, and sacramental purposes."

While in New Brunswick, we were privileged to live in two counties where this Act was in operation, and we gladly bear our testimony to its general efficiency. It is undoubtedly evaded sometimes; but, notwithstanding evasions of it, on the whole it works for good. And if we compare places where it operates with others where a licensing system prevails, the comparison is immensely in favour of the former.

Much has been done, and more has been attempted. Three years ago, a plebiscite was taken throughout the country on the question of national prohibition. The voting was preceded by a very thorough campaign, in which we were favoured to take an active part. We drove long distances, addressed many meetings, and added not a little to our usual labours. We felt it to be a very critical time, and shared the desire of many that our fellow-citizens should rise to the grand possibility of the occasion. At one public meeting we said:—

"I should like to write that word OPPORTUNITY across the sky that o'er-arches this fair Dominion. I would write it in letters so large that the first stroke of the O should touch on Halifax, and the last curve of the final Y should rest on Vancouver. I would have it remain there until every man is attracted, fascinated, instructed, and influenced by it, and until it fades out in the growing light as the same heavens begin to shine with radiant benediction o'er an emancipated land." Alas! the opportunity was not seized so fully as it ought to have been. Yet, in the main, the result was encouraging to the friends of Temperance. In many places, there was a large majority in favour of prohibition. Roman Catholic Quebec cast its vote almost solidly on the negative side; but, even with such opposition, the total polling resulted in a

majority for the right. That majority, however, was not deemed by the Government sufficient to warrant the introduction of any measure of national prohibition. The action of the party in power was criticized adversely by many; but, while disclaiming all political partiality in the matter, we are of opinion that a prohibitory law can only be made truly effective when supported by a very strong public sentiment.

Such a sentiment is growing in Canada. Lately, we have received tidings of its progress which have greatly cheered us. Whether it be our fortune to live and labour again in Canada, or not, we hope to be spared to see the day when that beautiful land will be freed from the curse of strong drink. Already, in faith's bright vision, we see a country in which no drunkard's home shall antedate and prefigure hell; in which no treacherous death-wave shall engulf the happy and hopeful youth, to cast them up blasted and wrecked for time and eternity; in which virtue shall not be drugged by the poisoned cup till it becomes the easy and hapless prey of vice; in which the eyes and ears of sober citizens shall no more be offended by the reeling form and maudlin songs of the tipsy reveller; in whose streets there shall be no complaining, the crops of whose fields shall no longer be prostituted to iniquitous uses, and the revenue of whose exchequer shall never again be augmented at the cost of ruined bodies and damned souls;—but a land where Industry shall toil blithely; where Peace shall gain her victories, no less renowned than those of war; where Commerce shall pulse through all her veins with vigorous, uncontaminated life; and where Religion shall smile benignly upon pure-hearted and clean-handed worshippers.

A Sermon on a Bicycle.

OFF for the long-looked-for holiday! Hurrah! Now for a month of trying hard to do nothing! Only, as every rose has its thorn, so, a minister's holiday is not free from trouble. Here was ours. Our grave deacons solemnly charged us that there was to be no preaching, and we do not forget what a certain "Gashmu" saith about resisting a deacon. Besides which, they have sent our guardian angel with us, to see that there is no evading of the law;—no, not even its letter, by uttering only "a few words" at some country tea-meeting; for she knows, bless her, that those "few remarks" will really be a sermon under another name.

What shall we do? For there are still some people left in the world who cry, "A pulpit or a coffin." Happy thought! This will we try to do,—worry an Editor! So if, by the tender mercies of Mr. Editor, this manuscript gets past the waste-paper basket, you, gentle reader, are to be told what were some of our thoughts when holiday-keeping on our bicycle. True, the text—a bicycle,—is unusual, though there is no lack of them. Go where you will, you cannot travel far without meeting quite a number of them. Still, I have not yet seen a sermon on this text.

I. My first point is, that A MAN WILL NOT DO MUCH WITH A BICYCLE

APART FROM FAITH. Unless a man has at least a grain of faith, he will not even seek to possess one; and, certainly, he will hardly be likely to try to mount one unless he has some faith that he can ride it; nor must he then lose confidence as to his power to keep on, and to keep in the road, and neither ride into the ditch, nor collide with the next vehicle or pedestrian he meets.

How like all this is to what we are continually trying to say upon another and a far more important subject! How we would like to coax some poor timid souls, now reading this Magazine, to exercise faith in Jesus! Nay, we would run by their side, and hold them on to Jesus and salvation if we could. What a thousand pities it is, dear friend, that you should let your fancied dignity stand in your way here! You don't know what pleasure you are missing. Why! times and again have I seen quite respectable, sober, and "proper" kind of people, in sundry ungainly attitudes, going through the agony of learning to ride, and trying to balance themselves; and they have risked all the strange appearances of their ungraceful helplessness because they had faith that they would yet ride as easily as the rest of us. What a thousand pities, I say again, that you should miss the great salvation through your proud unbelief! Believe, then, and keep on believing, if you are either to ride a bicycle, or to get saved, and go to Heaven.

Would it help you if you were told that there are many of us who had to be assured, over and over again, that riding was quite easy? Oh, what our unbelief has cost us, of weary miles of misery, of loss of precious time, and loss of pleasure unspeakable! What a joyful surprise it was when our kindly helper said, "Why, you can ride very well!" We thought he was holding us on! Then it was that we said again, "How foolish I have been! Is that all? Why, yes! I can, I do, and I will believe."

II. Secondly, friend, if you are thinking of taking to the wheel, and keeping on in comfort, you won't mind a hint or two as to THE KIND OF MACHINE YOU SHOULD RIDE. I am not going into the merits of the pneumatic as against the solid tire. As to the latter, tire is its name, and its nature, too. Have I not tried both, and therefore can speak experimentally? Is it not, to our English notions, strange that the Greek has the same word (*pneuma*) for both wind and spirit? Now, while the last thing one would wish for our reader is that he might be a mere windbag,—save for the pleasure of pricking him,—yet we do very devoutly pray that he may "be filled with the Spirit." For, remember that, whatever else you are, or are not, you are nothing that is of any lasting value, in serving or in suffering, for God or for man, apart from the Holy Spirit.

As one goes about on the road, he cannot go far without seeing the familiar intimation, "Free inflating station;" and, thank God, He has made ample provision for the needs of His children, that they may be filled, endued, and led by the Spirit. But, oh, how easy it is to get a puncture! What a very little thing may cause it! You are not always pulled up with a loud report; but more often by learning that you are sorely wounded. Now, by all that is wise, do not try to ignore the fact! Stop at once, and see to that leakage.

Perhaps it will take you a long while to discover where the tiny thing has entered, and done the mischief. Do I need to point the moral here, and to say how careful, on both roads, the traveller must be lest he should pick up anything that may so disastrously hinder him? May you and I, dear reader, be ever kept very tender toward God the Holy Spirit!

III. Thirdly, of course YOU WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE PROVIDED WITH A LAMP, and also WITH OIL IN YOUR VESSEL WITH YOUR LAMP. If we have not "darkened counsel" in what we have already said, you will know what sort of oil to use, and where to get it.

A couple of us were, one night, returning from a village service on our cycles when, all too soon, the light of one went out; nor did the fact that the unfortunate rider had a lamp satisfy the man in blue; not even when it was pleaded that the other man had a light would "Robert" be pacified; the law, yes, and the Gospel, too, being, "Let *your* light shine;" and this, not for our personal ornament or safety so much as "that *others* may see."

IV. Fourthly, WISE RIDERS SEE TO IT THAT THEY POSSESS A BRAKE, especially if they ride with a free wheel. There are some who despise this protection; they think those of us, who refuse to imperil our own and others' safety, are lacking in faith. We, on the other hand, beg to remind them that, to us, there is a vital distinction between presumption and faith; nay, faith is often but another name for sanctified common sense. That is why we are not anxious to qualify as "scorchers." There are so many places in the journey of life that



are marked "dangerous," or where we are bidden to exercise "caution," that he that believeth will not make unholy haste.

V. Fifthly, KEEP TO THE KING'S HIGHWAY. Beware of short cuts, and by-roads. The farthest way round may, after all, be the nearest

way home. Short cuts are often the road to ruin. The way of worldly policy may, for the present, appear to be safe; but it will turn out to be the way that leadeth unto death. Not a few have learnt, by painful experience, that everything which clashes with the directions laid down in "The Plain Man's Guide" leads to nothing but sorrow. The King's highway is the best road in which you can ever travel, and upon it you may claim the King's protection. Yet how many seem to ride "The Rover," and are themselves rovers, to their most serious loss! Christian met Faithful in the Valley of Humiliation, and so may we. Better still, now that the King Himself doth ride abroad, why should we not sometimes, nay, often meet Him in His own appointed way?

VI. Sixthly, and to conclude, HOW ARE YOU TO KEEP ON? When dear "John Ploughman's" own boys were learning to ride, their beloved father, watching one of them circling round, exclaimed, "However do you manage to keep on?" "By keeping going, father," was the quick response, "if I did not go on, I should go off." Nor, to this day, have I heard that anyone can keep on his machine in any other way, be he never so clever a rider. This is the case also in the Heavenly course. Each victory must help us some other to win. Alas! that one meets so many good Christian souls just where they were years ago as to growth in grace, and in the knowledge of the Saviour; and what is so sad about them is that they do not seem to see how it is with them. They are crying, "My leanness, my leanness!" when they should cry, "My laziness, my laziness!"

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Zion beams in sight!"

The sleepy steed stumbled, and so did the sleepy saint. Reader, that there may come upon both of us a waft of Heavenly wind, is the prayer of—

AN OLD ROADSTER.

! Ni tiu-liao na ih t'eo!—"You Dropped the
Other End."

I MAY as well say, at once, that the above queer-looking title is the Chinese and English form of a saying current in North China. How I came to use it for the pages of the "Sword and Trowel," was, because there are many Christian workers that need just such a word to-day. The facts upon which it is founded are as follows.

We had, recently, a theft on our missionary compound which caused no small stir amongst us. Two valuable articles were taken from our bedroom between six and nine p.m. one day, and it was evident that the culprit, or culprits, were those who knew the room as well as the house, and came expressly for the purpose of stealing those special articles.

Some servants of ours were at once suspected; and, after repeated attempts to quietly find out the wrong-doers, and get them to confess, we were obliged, at last, to put the matter into other hands, and call for the services of the British Consul, etc.

Our senior missionary in charge gave great attention to the case, and had, for the time being, the assistance of the compound Chinese manager, named Li. Evidence against this one and that came pouring in, and we were drawing in the net, (as we say,) and narrowing the area of implicated parties so that it looked as though we should soon have the real evil-doers nicely caught.

But, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, Mr. Li, for some private reasons, "dropped his end of the pole," and left our senior missionary to get on as best he could. "Chinese ways" are often mysterious, and this was a clear illustration of that well-known fact. We had, however, the satisfaction of seeing the stolen articles brought back uninjured,—and this in very direct answer to prayer.

I think, perhaps, by this time, my readers will have perceived the meaning of the Chinese saying which I have quoted. Here, for instance, are two persons at work for our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, in some busy corner of the great harvest-field. Suddenly, a flimsy excuse is made, and one worker retires from service, leaving the other to go on alone with the added burden and responsibility.

In China, a heavy load is often carried between two men. The box, or whatever it be, is secured with rope; a pole is then slipped through, and one man at each end carries it suspended to its destination. It is easy to see that, if one suddenly drops his end, the other is left in the lurch. So Mr. Li, having dropped his end of the pole, my friend, the senior missionary, was left in a most awkward dilemma, and the business in hand became more difficult to carry through.

Two lessons, from this incident, may not be out of place for Christian workers in the New Year, 1902.

Lesson No. 1 is, a serious enquiry for those who may be thinking of relinquishing some service for God. **ASK YOURSELF HOW YOUR GIVING UP WILL AFFECT YOUR CO-WORKER.** If God gave you the work to do, you must hold on to it until He releases you from it. If you drop your end of the pole, the weight may be altogether too heavy for the other one to carry. In Galatians vi. 2, we have a clear command upon this point: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." If it be some trifling difficulty or misunderstanding, surely it can be met by mutual forbearance and united fellowship in prayer. It is far more important that the load should be well carried by the two of you than that some paltry matter should be allowed to separate you.

Lesson No. 2 is, **YOU WILL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR DROPPING YOUR END, SHOULD YOU DECIDE TO DO SO.**

It is very easy to write out a resignation, and leave your work; but it is not so easy to settle the matter with Jehovah should your excuse be weak, and unsatisfactory to Him. Many a worker has bitterly regretted resigning, after it was too late to recall the act; and, sometimes, God has withdrawn other work from them, and left them with nothing to do.

It behoves all of us, as workers together with God, to see to it that, whether at home or abroad, the links of real fellowship in the service of Christ become stronger day by day. Let our words, acts, and thoughts, (especially as regards our fellow-workers,) be more than ever tender, and kind, and sympathetic. Sharp and bitter words do incalculable harm; and, as Dr. J. R. Miller says, they fly, like poisoned darts, into tender spirits, and we can never withdraw them.

"Oh, many an arrow will reach the heart
For which it was never intended,
If a careless marksman wings the dart,
And the hurt can never be mended:
And many a friendship may be lost,
And many a love-link broken,
Because of neglect to count the cost
Of words that are lightly spoken."

JOHN A. STOOKE.

China Inland Mission Sanatorium,
Chefoo, North China.

Responsibility.

(A correspondent, who formerly wrote to us from Canada, says:—"My present impulse to write was derived from some sentiments in November 'Sword and Trowel,'—by Rev. J. D. Kilburn,—relative to the wonderful possibilities of books as factors in future history, and the responsibilities, not only of those who write them, but of those who, *owning books worthy of circulation*, allow them to moulder in idleness on their book-shelves. The manuscript that I enclose is, I think, in keeping with the article quoted; and since I wrote it,—about five years ago,—I have inserted it on the fly-leaf of such books of mine as were suitable for lending or giving, hoping thereby to spread the consciousness of responsibility in this particular. It is with some diffidence that I submit this to your editorial scrutiny; yet feel it possible that, by longer withholding it, I may incur a rebuke for hiding even so small a fraction of a talent.")

"*Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.*"—Matthew xxv. 27.

THE outcome of this book, who can compute,—
When unborn forests sleep within a nut,—
And future harvests in an ear of grain,—
Grant but to each its meed of soil—sun—rain?

Grain merely *stored*, may only vermin feed;
The *hoarded* nut remains a shrivelled seed.
This volume *shelved*, is an imprisoned voice,
Which, *free*, might summon thousands to rejoice.

Loaning this book thus far relieves my debt,—
The author's due, who here has plainly set
Wealth to your hands, to call your own and use;
The charge is yours, to take it or refuse.

Toronto.

J. B. N.

“Love your Bibles.”

IN these days of flimsy theology, and feeble and pointless sermons, it is a pleasant occupation, in the early hours of the morning, to distribute from house to house the honest, vigorous, comprehensive, and affectionate exhibitions of Gospel truth so admirably set forth in the Sermons of the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon; and, during the last twelve months, I have continued to distribute them as in the preceding sixteen years.

If “the glorious Gospel of the blessed God” was fully, faithfully, and universally preached from Episcopalian and Nonconformist pulpits, I should not feel the necessity for distributing the Sermons of the late beloved Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to be so urgent; but I have serious misgivings that a generation has already grown up, and that another is growing up, insufficiently instructed by their spiritual guides in the Bible verities which have been aptly described under the title of “the three R’s,”—Ruin by the Fall, Redemption by the blood of Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Spirit,—which distinguished their predecessors; and in that firm personal faith which is at the root of Evangelical Christianity; and as a corrective, I distribute the Sermons of the late revered Pastor C. H. Spurgeon as widely as I can.

The most sinister rumours are afloat in London in regard to the successful efforts of the Romish hierarchy in making proselytes to their sect, and the utter incapacity of Anglicans and Protestant Nonconformists to cope with them; and the attempts of the Papists to unprotestantize this Protestant kingdom are so successful, I believe, among other reasons, because spiritual life is waning, and the pure Gospel is either concealed, or feebly proclaimed, from many thousands of pulpits both within and without the Established Church.

That this nation is passing through a great and perilous crisis with reference to the maintenance of the Scriptural doctrines and principles of the Reformation, must, I think, be clear to every thinking mind.

In this, my seventeenth Annual Report, I have the pleasure of recording that, during the last twelve months, I have distributed 17,000 of the “Extracts from the Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon,” entitled “Love your Bibles,” and “There is Something in the Bible for you;” and 4,500 of the Gospel Cards, referred to in former Annual Reports; and I trust that the Lord will graciously accept this endeavour to witness for His truth, and give such effect to the distribution of these messengers of salvation as shall redound to the glory of His Name.

March, 1902.

T. G. OWENS.

Notices of Books.

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

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have now published, at 6d. net, in paper covers, the remarkable booklet entitled *A Clergyman's Baptism, Confession, and Testimony*, by ARCHIBALD E. GLOVER, M.A., late curate of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, London. In this cheap form, it can be still more widely circulated; and it ought to help many more clergymen, and other truth-seekers in the

Established Church, to discover what the Word of God teaches concerning faith and the Scriptural method of confessing it.

Mr. Alfred Holness has issued, at 1s. 6d., an enlarged edition of *The Priests and Levites, a Type of the Church*, by ADA R. HABERSHON. This is one of the most valuable of Miss Habershon's “Bible Studies.”

She has very modestly left a wide margin, in order "that Bible students may make their own additions and corrections;" but she has so thoroughly searched the Scriptures, and treated the important subject from so many stand-points, that we do not expect to hear of many marginal entries. Any of our readers, who may possess the original edition, should also secure the present one, as the Appendix now added—consisting of 22 pages,—contains a vast amount of instructive teaching.

From Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, we have received Vol. I. of *Gospel Gems*, price 1s. 6d. The fact that the authors include such notable Evangelical writers as Bishop J. C. Ryle, Dr Mackay, Major Whittle, and Mr. Cheyne Brady, is a sufficient indication of the character of the contents of the book, which must do good wherever it goes; it cannot be circulated too widely.

From "Home Words" office there has been issued, at 2s., a new edition of the touching memorial volume concerning Frances Ridley Havergal, published under the title, "*Near the Throne*," by CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. The writer, both as a friend of Miss Havergal and as curate to her father, as well as by his intimate acquaintance with her writings, was well qualified for his task, and his volume has been already blessed to multitudes of readers. We expect that this new edition will have a similar gracious ministry.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott have issued a revised and enlarged edition of *The Evangelistic Hymn-book*, compiled by IRA D. SANKEY for brief missions, and cottage, tent, and open-air meetings. It comprises a large number of well-known evangelistic hymns, with some not quite so familiar, yet equally good. It is published at a halfpenny, or 3s. per 100 net; music and words, either notation, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Gospel Solos for Gospel Singers. Compiled by CHARLES REEVES and FREDERICK TYLER. John Bate-man, 27, Paternoster Square, E.C.

MR. REEVES, the organist at Trinity Baptist Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, and his co-compiler, have prepared this collection of hymns and tunes to supply the lack of really suitable solos for evangelistic services. Many of the words are by Mr. William Luff, and nearly all the pieces contain a definite Gospel appeal. They have already been sung in various parts of the country, not only as solos, but also by evangelistic choirs, and have everywhere been much appreciated. They appear to be admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are intended.

Twenty-two Talks on Every-day Religion. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., LL.D. Isbister and Co.

By a singular coincidence, this choice little half-crown volume reached us, from the publishers, on the very day that we received from Dr. Cuyler the manuscript of the article which is printed in the present number of the Magazine. That contribution from our venerable friend will convey to our readers a very good idea of the "Twenty-two Talks" here reprinted from "The Sunday Magazine;" and it will also, we trust, induce many of them to purchase the volume for themselves, and to present copies to their friends. The twenty-two chapters, of which it consists, are autobiographical, experimental, and of course Evangelical, so the book must be a blessing wherever it goes.

Talks with Young Christians. By W. RIDLEY CHESTERTON. Arthur H. Stockwell.

We are glad so many of the younger brethren of the Pastors' College, as well as the older ones, are proving their ability to handle the pen. This shilling volume ought to be of great service in the many places where there are, happily, "young Christians," who

may be helped onward in their spiritual life by giving heed to the advice so plainly, yet pleasingly, conveyed to them by these "Talks."

Strange Voices. By C. H. PERRY.
Arthur H. Stockwell.

RATHER a strange title for a capital collection of short talks by common (and some uncommon) objects, which are supposed to tell their own stories. Banner, bell, brick, bottle, lamp, needle, and pin are among the commoners; while diamond, earthquake, dreamland, famine, and stars may be reckoned among the aristocracy of this parliament of talkers. Children will find much to interest them in this half-crown book, and teachers of the little ones might use a good many of the objects for their addresses.

An Angel's Visit to the British Empire at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By G. P. THOMAS. M.A. Arthur H. Stockwell.

WITH much of the substance of this book we most cordially agree. Its bold exposure of national, religious, and social evils, is valuable. But we are getting tired of this visitant from the other world making his inspection of this, and writing his report in this colloquial fashion. Nor are we alone in this; it was once a happy idea, but it has been done to death, and we scarcely believe this book will revive it. It takes a Bunyan-genius to write an allegory that will live for ages, and such geniuses do not grow on black-berry bushes, or flourish in crowds.

Wales. By OWEN M. EDWARDS.
T. Fisher Unwin.

YET another volume in The Story of the Nations Series, but not one of the best. The history is but a sketch, and the bias of the writer towards Anglicanism, and against spiritual Protestantism, is so bitter as to make his work quite unreliable. For instance, in the contents of one chapter, we get such items as, "The intemperate zeal of John Penry"; and, a little later, "The self-sacrifice

of the Welsh Jesuits." Yet this is called history! The name and fame of John Penry will, however, live in the undying affection of godly Welshmen when Owen M. Edwards and his Welsh Jesuits are either forgotten or remembered only to be execrated. Such "history" as is written here is story-telling with a vengeance, and is quite unworthy of the general excellence of the series.

Origen and Greek Patristic Theology. By WM. FAIRWEATHER. M.A. T. and T. Clark.

ONE of the most valuable of The World's Epoch-makers' Series. The life, character, and teaching of Origen are very ably set forth; and the teaching especially is most lucidly explained in all its varied and contradictory aspects. The rich and luxuriant imagination and spiritualizing of the great Greek Father are here analyzed, and made to appear in all their mingled charm and weakness. Many of the popular errors of to-day are only the revived heresies of Origen, whose Oriental exuberance led him from the safe path of Scripture to the wilds of ingenious speculation. To read of his erratic imaginings, is to be armed against their modern imitations. We heartily commend this volume to all students of Early Church History.

Muhammad and his Power. By P. JOHNSTONE, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

ANOTHER of the World's Epoch-makers' Series, and of the best quality. It gives a very succinct but adequate history of the great Oriental heretic, and shows the tendency of his teaching in the life and action of his followers. The story of Mahomet's power is really the exposure of the utter impotence of his teaching to save and uplift man. Polygamy and slavery are two lurid danger-signals to all who might be attracted by the glamour of the Oriental fanatic; and they also show that true holiness can only come by way of the sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Medici and the Italian Renaissance. By O. SMEATON, M. A. T. and T. Clark.

AN admirable sketch of one of the most fascinating and formative epochs of European history. The author writes in clear, vivid, picturesque fashion, and the moving scenes of that great drama live before the mind's eye.

This volume, and the one on "Savonarola" in the same series, will give an impression of the period never to be effaced; and we therefore cordially commend them to the study of our readers. To know how Papal Rome behaved in her ideal days of power, and how soon she overleaped herself with her worldly ambition, is the best way of arming ourselves against her arrogant pretensions to-day. May these books help to form for us an intelligent and intense Protestantism!

We are glad to see that Messrs. Robert Banks and Son have issued a fifth edition of their illustrated penny pamphlet, *The Jesuits. What are they? Who are they? What have they done? What are they doing?* It cannot be too widely scattered, especially now that the number of Jesuits in the United Kingdom has been so largely increased by their expulsion from other lands. It is time for our fellow-countrymen to wake up if they do not wish to be again enslaved by the Papacy in its very worst form.

By Allan Water. The True Story of an Old House. By KATHERINE STEUART. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliott.

ONE of the few bulky historical story-books that will greatly interest all who read. It deals with a period of deep importance to the social and religious life of Scotland, and is treated in a graphic and masterful fashion. For a thoughtful lad or maiden, no better gift could be purchased; and if a Scotch laddie or lassie, it will be doubly welcome. We give it hearty commendation.

What Nonconformists Stand for. By Rev. J. HIRST HOLLOWELL. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THIS first volume of a new series, to be entitled "The Free Church Library," gives them a splendid start. Mr. Hollowell is one of the most effective champions of spiritual religion, as against official priesthood, that have ever been given to the Christian Church. He is courteous, fair, master of his facts, and knows how to marshal them so as to compel conviction in his readers; but he is the sturdiest and most uncompromising in principle.

This volume is, in our judgment, the best plea for Disestablishment that has ever been written. It is not merely destructive, not only negative, but invincible in its building up of the Free Church position.

We rejoice in Mr. Hollowell's championship of education as against the priest; and we warmly urge all our readers to get this book, and read it, and then lend it to someone else to whom it may come as a bracing tonic. It is a fine handbook on the Nonconformist basis of belief.

Why? Religious? Christian? Protestant? Free Churchman? By W. GARRETT HORDER. Arthur H. Stockwell.

ONE of the best positive statements of Protestant Nonconformity ever issued. Every minister should get a copy, carefully study it, and make each chapter an outline for a sermon on these themes. Most of the rank and file Christians of the present day need such instruction as to the grounds of their faith and practice; and the best-informed would be strengthened and confirmed by such a course of teaching.

An Editor's Sermons. By SIR EDWARD RUSSELL. T. Fisher Unwin.

WHEN such an influential Editor as Sir Edward Russell rises from the pew to the pulpit, he deserves a careful hearing. He speaks here as "a good Churchman," but he is not afraid to criticize both the clergy and the Church. "A self-governing Church of England, in possession

of Establishment and Endowment," he says, "there will never be." His views on the gift of prayer, when he compares the poverty of some extempore utterances with the Collects of his own Church, should be read and pondered; and his ideas on the treatment of public questions in the pulpit are worthy of note. We gather that he is no admirer of Mr. Sheldon's teaching, for he speaks of "the unmitigated nonsense" of the book, "*In His Steps*." There is a great deal of high thinking and plain speaking in this volume.

A History of the Plymouth Brethren.

By WILLIAM BLAIR NEATBY.
M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

No finer ideal has ever dawned upon the Church of Christ, nor has the Church known a more signal failure than Plymouth Brethrenism. We use the word "Plymouth" as a distinguishing mark, though we are aware that the "Brethren" themselves have never adopted it; and we learn, from Mr. Neatby's book, that the movement had its rise in Dublin rather than in Plymouth.

We thank our author for the historical details of a movement which has a surpassing interest to every student of the Christian ideas which have ruled the last century: and we commend this volume very heartily for its literary vigour, and its spiritual insight. No book dealing with the subject at all approaches it. Mr. Neatby has a caustic pen as well as a balanced mind. We quote a few of his sentences:—"If the little group that furnished most of the makers of Brethrenism had the weakness of Quixotism, at least they had its strength and nobleness." "Fully as we must recognize the gigantic failure of the attempt to embody it, we may yet admit that the conception is a striking and original one."

Speaking of Darby and his failures, Mr. Neatby quotes Mr. Rees as saying, "He began with universal communion, and ended with universal excommunication." "The Brethren were never weary of denouncing 'system,' but they made haste to demonstrate that the

worst system can hardly be so bad as no system at all." A line hits off some vagary of the sect; for instance:—"It is a signal illustration of how much harder it is to live by Christ's teaching than to die for it." It is a capital book.

The Mobilization of British Total Abstiners. By J. W. VEEVERS.
Arthur H. Stockwell.

A PLEASING and interesting sketch of the various modern efforts to cope with the deadly drink traffic. It encourages the worker in this great enterprise to find that his personal service is only part of a vast movement, destined yet to conquer this awful evil. The testimony of doctors, generals, workers among sailors, the directors of Inebriate Homes, etc., is here compiled so as to present an effective and united plea. We wish for the little volume great success.

The Annals of Slowcum and Much-wantum, by O. B. CHEERFUL, is the title of a penny Temperance allegory, to be obtained from W. Clee, 150, High Street, Cheltenham. It would be a great blessing if the imaginary change here described could be really wrought in every town and village now under the dominion of drink.

Lloyd of the Mill. By JOHN THOMAS, D.D. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a story, in English, which has been greatly popular in Welsh, going through several editions. It gives an excellent picture of sturdy Nonconformity in the romantic Principality, and will, we expect, find a welcome from English readers.

We could not help smiling at one touch of unconscious bathos, where, in the story, an infant is sprinkled from a "big old Crown Derby bowl," and this is called "baptism." But the light spreads, and even this unscriptural practice will, we trust, before long be reckoned among the follies and superstitions which truth-lovers abandon.

The Apostles of the South East.
By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.
Hodder and Stoughton.

WE were very disappointed when this narrative was suddenly dropped from *The British Weekly*, so we have rejoiced to read the whole of it in this volume. It is a remarkable story, told in Mr. Bullen's straightforward, sailor-like style; and we suppose is not merely founded on fact, but is largely a record of actual experiences in home mission work in South East London, and of a godly sailor's gracious influence over the men of the sea who sailed with him. The author must have taken some liberties with his characters, for it seems impossible for an uneducated sweep and his companions to use

some of the language that is put into their mouths.

The Ministry of Comfort. By
J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and
Stoughton.

DISTINCTLY characteristic, a typically Dr. Miller volume, with the same gracious, kindly view of life, delightful illustrations, and marvellously copious and apt quotations, that distinguish all this author's books. Indeed, we stand amazed at the extraordinary number of the aforesaid quotations. Does Dr. Miller keep an army of assistants on the hunt for them? If not, he is a wonder of apt and felicitous memory in recalling them. Just the book for a present to any who need comfort; and who does not?

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

With extreme regret, we record that our Editor-in-Chief, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, has been laid aside by a severe attack of influenza and bronchial-pneumonia. At the date of this report, the beloved patient is making hopeful progress towards recovery, and his strength is being fairly maintained. Some weeks must elapse, however, before he can resume his public duties. Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, and their little daughter, have also been seriously ill; but they, too, are progressing satisfactorily. Messages of sympathy have come in from all quarters, and are hereby gratefully acknowledged on behalf of the sick household. The Editor will pen his own thanks as soon as he is able to do so.

In consequence of the Editor's illness, it has been deemed desirable to postpone the publication of the first of the "Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress,"—Drawn by C. H. Spurgeon," until it could be issued under Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's personal supervision.

The Editor wrote to DR. T. L. CUYLER, of Brooklyn, U.S.A., congratulating him upon reaching the 80th anniversary of his birthday, informing him of his own appointment as Editor of the "Sword and Trowel,"

and asking for a brief contribution to its pages. In response, came an exceedingly kind letter, with the characteristic article which appears in the present Magazine, and which, we feel sure, will be read with both interest and profit by many.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON is glad to be able to report himself much better, though he has not yet regained his full strength. He has been preaching twice on each Lord's-day, and has also resumed his duties at the College; and he has promised to preach at the Tabernacle (D.V.) on March 30. The other members of his family, who have been ill, are also better, with the exception of his eldest daughter, who is confined to her bed by severe sprains to both her knees.

PASTOR C. B. SAWDAY has conducted most of the services at the Tabernacle during the Pastor's enforced absence; on the morning of March 16th, REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A., preached; and on the evening of March 23rd, PASTEUR R. SAILLENS, of Paris, occupied the pulpit. On April 6th, REV. JOHN McNEILL will (D.V.) preach both morning and evening.

The Pastor went away for a change as soon as he was well enough to leave home; but he fully hopes to be present at the Tabernacle, as a worshipper, on April 6th; and, if his

strength will permit, it is his very earnest desire to preside at the great communion service on that evening. He asks the united prayers of our readers that this wish may be granted if it is the Lord's will.

IN MEMORIAM.—The REV. T. J. COLE, of Nunhead, who has recently been "called home" to receive his eternal reward, was a teacher in the Sunday-school at New Park Street Chapel, having been converted under the ministry of Dr. Angus in 1837. He was a pioneer in Infant Sunday-school work, and later on, (in 1848,) took charge of a Ragged School at Fox and Knot Court. Entering the Baptist ministry, he had a long and successful course. He retired in 1893, and was succeeded by Pastor C. P. Sawday, but remained a member of the church at Edith Road to the end of his days. He was an active and generous helper of the work there, and also contributed liberally to various Tabernacle Institutions.

His funeral took place on Thursday, March 6th, and was attended by many ministers and friends; Pastors C. B. and C. P. Sawday, J. C. Postans, F. James, and E. Roberts taking part in the service. We commend his aged widow, who, with her late beloved husband, celebrated their golden wedding five years ago, to the faithful care and gracious support of her Divine Lord and Saviour.

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Tabernacle Tidings.

On Wednesday, February 19th, the workers connected with the Sunday evening Evangelistic services met for social conference. The chair was occupied by Mr. C. Wagstaff, and sacred music was rendered by Mr. and the Misses Lyon, and Miss Hettie Kelting. Miss Allchin recited, and instructive addresses were delivered by Mr. J. T. Dunn and Mr. A. E. Millican. About a hundred friends were present.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Association was held, on Wednesday evening, February 26th, under the presidency of Mr. S. R. Pearce. The Report, presented by the Secretary, Mr. H. W. Harvey, showed a membership of 337. A helpful and practical address was

given by Rev. A. W. Evans, of Christ Church, from the words, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Captain Geo. Clarke, R.N., gave a bright and interesting lecture, illustrated by dissolving views, on Wednesday evening, March 5th, by invitation of The "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society. The company was large, and a hearty response was given to the lecturer's appeal for help towards the £50 needed to complete the endowment of "the C. H. Spurgeon bed" in the Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace. A truer friend our sailors never had than C. H. Spurgeon, and Captain Clarke is confident that, ere long, the whole of the required sum will be forthcoming. We heartily wish him success.

The Rev. Henry Oakley, of Upper Tooting, conducted a mission for young people, in the College Buildings, from Monday to Friday, March 10—14. The meetings were attractive, and increased in size each evening. Mr. Oakley has a winning way with boys and girls, and tells the Gospel story with much effect. The Wednesday service was for young men and women, and was crowded. The Sunday-school officers and teachers are warmly grateful to the missionary, and believe that much spiritual good has resulted from his efforts.

The prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, on Monday evening, March 17th, was a remarkable occasion. The Pastor still lay sick, and the officers and members of the church, who have long been characterized by a strong and sturdy belief in the efficacy of prayer, met in increased numbers to plead for his early recovery. The meeting was presided over by Pastor C. B. Sawday, and Elder Beecly offered the first prayer. As he led the devotions of the assembly, it seemed as though he stood upon the very verge of Heaven, and conducted the worshippers into the immediate presence of the Most High. His prayer was pathetic and powerful; and, while it was being presented, we felt that the answer to it had already come. Pastor W. Higlett, who had recently arrived from Queensland, to

attend the College Conference, gave a short and interesting address. Other friends led in prayer, and the whole of the proceedings were bright, earnest, and businesslike. As we separated, there was a sort of unspoken feeling that we had obtained the blessing for which we had come together.

The deaths of the following church-members were reported at the monthly communion service held on Lord's-day evening, March 2nd:—James Thrower, James Medicott, Alfred Plant, George Steward, Elizabeth Sharpington, Maria Fellows.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, February 27th, five,—Dora Austin, George J. White, Annie L. Clarkson, Mary Denunbe, Henry W. Spier.

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Concerning the College.

The annual meeting of the College Temperance Society was held on February 28th. The Secretary's Report told of successful deputation work. It is interesting to note that all the students in the College belong to this Society.

Rev. S. J. Bowskill, from the Congo, gave a splendid missionary address to the students on March 12th.

Mr. Arthur Mayo is about to sail for San Salvador, on the Congo River, to work in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society. We wish him "God speed."

Mr. Joseph Smith has completed his College course, and settled at Christ Church, Neath, Glamorganshire.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. A. W. Bean, from Kelvinside, Glasgow, to Emsworth, Hampshire; Mr. A. W. Holden, from Halling, Kent, to Hatch Beauchamp, Somersetshire; and Mr. H. J. Martin, from Tring, to Grays, Essex.

Mr. Alderman G. White, J.P., M.P., will (D.V.) preside at the annual College supper on Wednesday, April 23rd. Will all our readers, who are able to do so, help to swell the list of contributions to be read on that occasion, and also pray for a special blessing on all the meetings of the Conference, from April 21—25? All friends, from town or country, who can be present at the public gather-

ings, in the Tabernacle, on the Monday and Thursday evenings, will be heartily welcomed.

Just as the present number of the Magazine was being completed, we received from Brother Walton the next article in his series on "Bush Life in Tasmania." He has also sent us the following appreciative notice, from "The Southern Baptist," of his reception in the land of his adoption:—

"The appearance in the Assembly, for the first time since his return from England, of the Rev. J. E. Walton, was the signal for an outburst of loving welcome. The splendid service rendered by our brother to the churches and the Denomination, as well as in the editorial chair, during his former eleven years' residence, is remembered, with gratitude, and inspires hopefulness for the future. Mr. Walton has a warm corner in the hearts of all Tasmanian Baptists."

IN MEMORIAM.—Another of the brethren who were in College in 1870, PASTOR W. SMITH, passed away recently at Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire. To distinguish him from the many other Smiths, he was usually called "Singing Smith," as he led the singing of the students. He was pastor, first at Brentford, then at Malton, Yorkshire, and afterwards at Cullingworth, in the same county, and at Arthur Street, King's Cross, and Henrietta Street, London, before he went to Lincolnshire; and he faithfully served the Lord during his whole ministry.

Writing, about the middle of March, his widow says:—"He preached, last Sunday week, the last time, more earnestly than ever. He remarked that he felt such a fullness of the Spirit's power, on Saturday night last, that he felt sure of a good day on Sunday. Half an hour afterwards, he lay back in his chair, and went to sleep, never to wake again in this world." For the bereaved wife, and all other relatives of our "promoted" brother, we beseech every consolation which the ever-blessed Comforter can bestow upon them.

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

The quarterly meeting of collectors was held at the Orphanage on Tuesday

evening, March 18th, under the presidency of T. Boyle Woolley, Esq. It was a cause of regret that the President was unable to be present, but it was also a subject for thanksgiving that he was recovering from his serious illness. After tea, musical drill, hand-bell ringing, and recitations and singing by the orphans, greatly interested the visitors; and sympathetic addresses were delivered by the Chairman, and by Revs. W. Evans, of Gresham Chapel, Brixton, and E. W. Tarbox, of Upper Norwood. The attendance was somewhat smaller than usual, and the receipts were therefore less; but a very pleasant evening was spent by those who were present.

Special attention is called to the date of the Annual Festival, Thursday, June 19th.—the 68th anniversary of the beloved Founder's birthday. Lord Overton will (D.V.) take the chair at the afternoon public meeting, and George W. Macalpine, Esq., J.P., has kindly promised to preside at the evening gathering. It is expected that Rev. John McNeill and Gipsy Smith will take part in the proceedings, which will be of the usual varied and interesting character.

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Colportage Chronicles.

At the outset, the announcement must be made that the Colporteurs' Conference is arranged for May 10th to 12th. A "welcome" rally and reunion meeting will take place at the Stockwell Orphanage, on the Saturday; and on the Monday, the members' meeting at 3 p.m., and public meeting at 7 p.m. All are looking for a time of blessing.

A considerable amount of sickness among the colporteurs has to be recorded. Quite a number of our brethren have had to remain at home for at least a few days, while some have been laid aside for several weeks. All are eagerly desiring the termination of the influenza period.

Several new testimonies have come to hand as to blessing following the sale of the book, "Precious Truths for Everyone." One colporteur writes:—"The little book has been read and enjoyed by many in my District. A poor afflicted woman bought one; and when I called to see her, she said, 'It is a beautiful book; I cannot tell you what pleasure it has given me;'

and this is a sample of what many have said."

Another brother says:—"I am writing to say how very much the copies of 'Precious Truths for Everyone' have been blessed in the parts of my District where I have sold them, and the people have read them. Some have got so much blessing from their perusal that they have purchased extra copies to send to their unconverted friends; one is being forwarded by a buyer to America, another to New Zealand; and seeing the spiritual results from the book, I am pushing the sale as much as I can."



SELLING "PRECIOUS TRUTHS."

The special effort which the Secretary is making to carry out the project announced last month on behalf of the Aged Colporteurs' Fund is meeting with encouraging success. Several generous friends have sent in nice sums, as will be seen by the printed list of receipts for the month; and two trusted friends of the work have promised donations, amounting together to £45, upon condition that the balance to make up the £1,000 is raised. Another friend, who, for many years, has acted as Superintendent in one of the Districts, writes:—"The colporteurs are doing a first-rate work in this neighbourhood. I have been thinking about your endeavour to make some provision for those who may have to give up work by reason of old age, and consider that many Christians will feel it a duty and pleasure to help, so am writing to make the following offer. If you can secure three persons, who will give £10 per annum, for at least three years, to the Aged Colporteurs' Fund, I am prepared to become the fourth, and will join them in contributing to that amount." It is earnestly hoped that this noble offer will be accepted, thus materially

strengthening this Fund on behalf of the Lord's tired workers, who have not had the opportunity to provide for life's eventide. Donations will be gladly welcomed either by the President, or by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

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Miscellaneous Matters.

On Wednesday, February 26th, there was an exceedingly good gathering of pastors and delegates to the quarterly meeting of the Home Counties Baptist Association. It was held at Yiewsley, (near West Drayton,) Middlesex, in the fine new mission-chapel affiliated with Pastor F. E. Cossey's church at Hayes. In the afternoon, an interesting conference was held on "The duty of the churches to evangelize their own neighbourhoods, and how best to do it." Thoughtful and suggestive addresses were given by Pastors C. Pummell and Percy J. Smart, one dealing with the methods and the other with the principles of local evangelizing. Pastors C. Ingram, E. W. Tarbox, and J. Waite also spoke. In the evening, the chapel was

filled for a service at which Pastor Thomas Spurgeon (the Moderator) preached an admirable discourse on John vi. 37.

Under the auspices of the Pastors' College Missionary Association, a reception was held, on Tuesday evening, March 4th, by Pasteurs R. Saillens and A. Blocher, and Pastor and Mrs. C. B. Sawday.

In the absence, through illness, of the President, Mr. Sawday presided at the meeting which followed. Dr. McCaig offered prayer, and Pastor J. W. Harraid read a short portion of Scripture. Pasteur Blocher gave an account of the work in Paris, and other places in France, and quoted several interesting cases of conversion. Pasteur Saillens bore eloquent testimony to the devotion and energy of the Paris Baptist Church, which now consists of about 350 members, 29 having been baptized during the past year. He heartily thanked Mr. E. J. Wigney, and the members of the Young Christians' Missionary Union, for their practical help in raising £60 towards the support of M. Blocher, and for their promised aid in the future.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Pastor W. Clark	1 0 0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6
Messrs. Slater, Bros., and Co	25 0 0	Rev. G. A. J. Huntley, M.D.	1 0 0
Miss Hetherton	0 10 0	Executors of the late Mr. Thomas Clements	10 0 0
Collection at Harringay Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. F. Edgley ..	2 10 0	Contribution from East London Tabernacle, per Pastor E. H. Ellis ..	5 5 0
S. W. J.	0 10 0	Rev. W. L. Mayo	0 4 0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0	Part Collection at Zion Baptist Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor E. Milnes	1 1 0
Two-thirds collection at Rye Lane Chapel, per Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.	6 13 4	Contribution from New Southgate Baptist Church, per Pastor W. Joynes	4 4 0
Contribution from Christ Church, Bir- mingham, per Pastor I. L. Near ...	1 14 1	Pastor A. Macdougall	0 10 0
Mr. G. H. Atkinson	0 5 0		
A. A.	1 0 0		
Pastor C. L. Gordon	0 5 0		
Proceeds of lecture delivered by Pastor C. Deal	0 13 3		
			£63 7 2

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.
For Christ's sake	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Weeks	0 2 3
	0 7 3

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	328	8	3	Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Thompson	1	10	0
Every little helps	0	4	0	Contents of office box	0	3	1
Mrs. M. Wiperman	0	10	0	Miss Floyd	0	10	0
Collection at Watch Night Service, less expenses	5	13	9	Mr. G. W. Rye	0	10	0
Collection at Annual Church Meet- ing, less expenses	8	4	6	Mrs. Harrison	0	5	0
For use of crockery, etc.	1	16	1	Mrs. Haddock	1	0	0
Miss Winter	1	0	0				
					£349	14	8

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Johnson	0	4	0	Part of a tenth	5	0	0
Mr. W. French	0	3	0	Mr. W. Siddall	0	1	0
Mr. R. Morgan	0	10	0	Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew ...	0	3	0
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. Arnold Hepburn	10	10	0	Mr. W. Miller	0	10	0
Sympathy	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. G. R. Baber	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Whittaker	0	12	0	Mrs. M. Shelton	0	5	0
Mrs. Morrell	0	2	6	Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	1	0	Miss Pearse	1	0	0
Mr. R. M. Boodle	1	0	0	The Committee of the Barking Calamity Fund, per Mr. J. T. Edwards	15	0	0
Mrs. Cheney	0	3	6	J.B.C.	1	0	0
Mr. T. Lewis	1	1	0	An old gentleman who is fond of little children, per Miss N. M. Stevens	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	1	0	0	Mrs. Mason	1	0	0
Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0	Mr. J. A. Dry	0	3	0
Mr. R. J. Noall	0	2	6	Mr. Geo. Payne	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hyde	0	5	0	Mr. J. Varley	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. James	0	5	0	Townsend Street Sunday-school, per Mr. J. J. Ballands	1	18	4
Mr. J. Lundie	0	2	6	Miss L. C. Fiddin	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Mr. F. Fitch	5	0	0
Miss N. Burcher	0	2	6	Mr. S. Popplestone	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Randall	0	5	0	Mr. Holdsworth	0	10	0
Mr. J. Gerald Grundy, In memoriam of the late Miss Jane Stoppard ..	10	0	0	Mr. T. H. Hopping	0	3	0
Rev. W. J. Guerrier, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0	Kenyon Baptist Sunday-school, per Miss E. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. Stafford Northcote	5	0	0	The Misses Neave and Steel	0	3	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Reading, per Mr. E. Farr	0	11	0	Mr. J. Watson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. H. Pace	0	5	0	Miss E. M. Colman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield	0	5	0	S.M.P.	0	2	0
Duke Street Sunday-school, Rich- mond, per Mr. C. F. Dafforne	1	13	6	Postal order, Liskeard	0	2	0
Zeta	0	5	0	Mrs. H. Woolland	0	10	0
Mr. D. T. Davies	0	10	6	Mr. J. W. Franklin	0	1	6
Mrs. D. T. Davies	0	10	6	Collected by Mr. W. E. Coysh	1	16	9
Miss Nona Davies	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Colver	0	10	9
Mr. C. A. Hammond	0	10	6	Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
Mr. M. Perry	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. A. Sizeland	0	15	6
Mr. C. McNicol	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Jordan	0	10	0
Mrs. Duckenfield	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Whiting	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Wilnot, In memory of Mrs. G. Wilnot	0	13	4	Mrs. E. Allmeyer	0	5	0
Mr. W. McLaren	5	0	0	Miss Lovell, In loving memory of the late Mrs. Thomas Lovell	2	2	0
Mr. S. Leath	0	7	6	Miss Samways	0	10	0
Mrs. Dear	1	0	0	Mr. E. E. Gowing	1	1	0
Miss A. Mackereth	0	3	0	Mr. D. Land	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Everden	0	10	0	Mary Campbell	0	1	0
Mrs. L. Taylor	0	3	0	Moiety of collection at United Com- munion Service, Streatham Congre- gational Church, per Mr. F. S. Tanner	0	16	10
Mrs. Morgan	0	2	0	Mr. P. Cook	5	5	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	5	0	D., Glasgow	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwards, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	10	0	Miss A. Mackenzie	0	10	0
Mr. D. Smith	5	5	0				
Pupils of Grove College, Hammer- smith, per Miss Wiggins	1	3	0				

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
A thankoffering, Mawnan	0 2 6	Executors of the late Mr. Daniel Cooper	1000 0 0
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry, per Mr. W. Clark	0 18 0	Executors of the late Mr. Thos. Clements	10 0 0
Collected by Miss E. L. Wilkins	0 7 8	Executors of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Garside	89 9 6
Mr. W. G. Annesley	0 5 0	Collected by the late Mr. G. Spooner	0 8 6
Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0 2 6	Mrs. Barden	1 5 0
Collected by Miss A. E. Hill	0 13 0	Mrs. E. A. Calder	50 0 0
Romney Road Band of Hope, Norwood, per Mr. Clover	0 10 6	Old iron, Tatenhill	1 0 0
Collected by Master E. S. Jones	0 5 6	Collected by Miss E. Lock	0 10 0
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0 2 6		
A widow, Thorpe	0 2 0	CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE COLLECTIONS:—	
A well-wisher, Hayton	0 2 6	Springhill Baptist Church, Birmingham, per Pastor T. E. Titmuss	2 0 6
Mrs. J. L. Bradley	1 0 0	Per Mr. Geo. S. Lancaster	4 12 6
Miss Hetherton	0 5 0	Hornchurch, per Mr. H. T. Major	0 13 6
Miss Wyne	0 10 0	Bloomsbury C.E., per Mr. D. M. Thomson	0 18 6
E. H.	0 10 0		
Collected by Mrs. Beecliff	0 9 6	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0	Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth	24 10 0
Miss M. A. Butterworth	5 0 0	Stamford, Morcott, Uppingham, and Oakham:—	
Collected by Miss F. E. Searle	5 0 7	Proceeds of meetings	22 11 0
Collected by Mrs. R. Vinson	2 0 0	Mrs. J. Longstaff	0 5 6
Master H. Freegard	0 5 0	Mr. H. Sheath	0 10 0
Mrs. James	0 1 0	Mr. F. Sheath	0 10 0
Halbeath Sabbath School, per Mr. W. Adamson	0 6 0		23 16 6
Mrs. Newman Hall	5 0 0	United Methodist Free Church, Park Crescent, Clapham	2 2 0
Mr. H. Holt	1 0 0	Mr. T. F. Brook	2 2 0
Collected by Mrs. Wheeler	3 3 0	Hendon	3 3 0
Mr. C. Schultz	1 1 0	Holmesdale Road Baptist Chapel, Norwood	5 2 7
Stamps, Bradford	0 2 6	New Court Chapel, Tollington Park	5 15 4
Two friends, per Pastor E. R. Pullen	0 4 6	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Northampton	0 5 0	Mr. J. Langton	0 4 0
Miss Harding	0 1 0	Per Mr. J. Parry:—	
Orphan girls' collecting cards:—		Mr. J. Parry	0 3 0
R. Williamson	0 2 3	Mr. D. Jeremy	0 2 6
B. Gibson	0 3 8	Mr. T. Jones	0 2 6
G. Wright	0 8 0	Mr. H. Evans	0 2 0
M. Widdeson	0 5 0		0 10 0
B. Hopson	0 7 6	Mrs. E. Allmeyer	0 5 0
R. and L. Jones	0 10 0		
M. Bradley	1 2 0		£1,391 13 6
	2 18 5		
Orphan boys' collecting cards:—			
A. Williamson	0 2 3		
C. Freed	0 2 8		
W. and E. Farrell	0 7 0		
	0 11 11		
Mrs. Hill	0 10 0		

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM FEBRUARY 13TH TO MARCH 14TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 10 lbs. Tea, Mr. J. Bakewell; 30 qtrns. Bread, Mr. J. H. Gregory; 31 Rabbits, Mr. C. Dewar; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—10 Articles, Miss A. S. Armstrong; 1 Parcel Worn Underclothing, Mr. A. Pells; 14 Articles, Mrs. Ogg; 6 Articles, Mr. W. H. Roberts; 45 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 32 Articles, The Harris Street Baptist Dorcas Society, Peterborough, per Miss A. Elliott; 12 Articles, the Mission Hall Sewing Class, Summer's Town, Tooting, per Miss Winsford; 26 Articles, The Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Mrs. Greenhill; 23 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 13 Articles, Anon.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—1 Pair Boots, 1 Jacket, Mrs. S. Holder; 1 Pair Boots, Mr. C. Wood; 1 Waistcoat, Mr. D. Wilkin.

GENERAL:—1 Quilt (for Seaside Home), Rev. W. J. Guerrier, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; a few Sweets and Toys for each girls' house, a Friend, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 2 Books and a few Sweets, Anon; 12 yds. Flannelette, 3 yds. Calico, Miss A. F. Davis; 19 Books, Mr. C. Wakely; 1 Bed Spread, Mrs. R. Overbury; A Few Dolls, 1 Cradle, The Mission Hall Sewing Class, Summer's Town, Tooting, per Miss Winsford.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1902.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding...	3 15 0	Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	11 5 0
Wallingford, per Mr. W. Davies	45 0 0	Tewkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies	1 5 0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10 0 0		

		£ s. d.	GENERAL FUND:—		£ s. d.
Sollidge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—			Miss Fletcher		0 5 0
Mr. G. W. Salmon		0 5 0	Mr. H. Spencer		0 5 0
A friend		0 1 0	Collection at Knighton, per Mr. J. Anthony		0 14 0
Collected by Miss Southee		0 14 0	Mrs. E. Raybould		1 0 0
		1 0 0	Mr. Alavoine (Collecting-box)		0 1 6
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds, J.P.		10 0 0	Mr. J. Bettinson		5 0 0
		10 0 0	Mr. W. S. Taylor		1 0 0
		£82 5 0	Proceeds of lecture at Baptist Chapel, Nettleton, per Mr. A. Walker		0 7 6
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£ s. d.	Mr. J. R. Stevens		1 1 0
Mr. H. Dorrkin		0 10 0	Mr. R. W. Harden		0 10 0
Mr. Richard Cory, J.P.		10 0 0	Mrs. Bayley		1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Harris		10 0 0	Miss R. Daniell		0 10 0
Mrs. H. Keevil		1 0 0	Mr. Opie Rodway		2 0 0
A friend		2 10 0	Executors of the late Mr. Thomas Clements		10 0 0
Mr. G. C. Heard		5 5 0	Miss Wynne		0 10 0
Mrs. E. A. Calder		10 0 0	Collected by Mrs. A. Smith:—		
Mr. C. Goddard Clark, J.P., L.C.C.		1 1 0	Mrs. Winter		0 5 0
Thankoffering for twenty-four years' faithful and efficient service		1 4 0	Mrs. Potts		0 5 0
Mr. W. H. Willcox		3 3 0	Mr. Sankey		0 5 0
Mr. Opie Rodway		2 0 0	Mr. Metters		0 5 0
Mr. C. H. Price		5 0 0	Mr. R. M. Smith		1 0 0
Mr. James Clark		2 2 0			2 0 0
		£53 15 0			£26 4 0

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

Statement of Receipts from February 17th to March 15th, 1902.

		£ s. d.	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—		
Miss Husband		0 10 0	"Carey's penny" for 1901, for		
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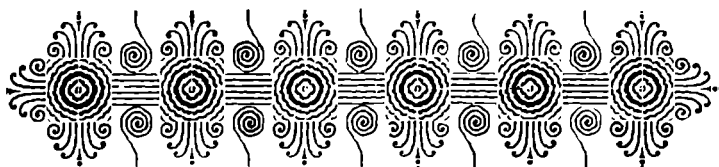
Pastor A. W. Bean asks us gratefully to acknowledge the following anonymous contributions for North Kelvinside Chapel Building Fund,—2s. from Chipping Sodbury, and 5s. from Sunderland,—beside several other amounts from our readers which he has personally acknowledged.

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.

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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MAY, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I.—PLIABLE SETS OUT WITH CHRISTIAN.



EXT to the Bible, the book that I value most is John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." I believe I have read it through at least a hundred times. It is a volume of which I never seem to tire; and the secret of its freshness is that it is so largely compiled from the Scriptures. It is really Biblical teaching put into the form of a simple yet very striking allegory.

It has been upon my mind to give a series of addresses upon "The Pilgrim's Progress," for the characters described by John Bunyan have their living representatives to-day, and his words have a message for many who are found in our congregations at the present time.

You remember that, when Christian, with "a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back," cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" he "saw a man named Evangelist coming to him," who pointed him to the wicket gate and the shining light. Then Bunyan says,—

"So I saw, in my dream, that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, 'Life! life! eternal life!' (Luke xiv 26.) So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain (Gen. xix. 17)

"The neighbours also came out to see him run (Jer. xx. 10); and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return. Now, among those that did so, there were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force; the name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable."

Instead of yielding to them, Christian began at once to plead with them to go along with him. Obstinate met all his pleas with mockery



OBSTINATE.

and abuse, but Pliable was easily persuaded to go. He is a type of those who, apparently, set out for Heaven; but who have not the root of the matter in them, and, therefore, soon turn back. The likeness that Bunyan has drawn of him is worthy of our attentive consideration, for it is true in every line.

It is significant that, in the first instance, Pliable went with Obstinate upon the evil errand of endeavouring to bring Christian back to the City of Destruction. In like manner, some of those who have been in the habit of keeping the worst of company may, sometimes, even without the operation upon them of the grace of God, be induced to

forsake their evil companions, and to cast in their lot, for a season, with the followers of Christ.

These Pliable people, who are still a very numerous family, are very dependent upon those by whom they are surrounded. If they happen to have been born in a godly household, it is probable that they will make a profession of religion. It is even possible that they will be highly esteemed, and perhaps for years will bear a most reputable Christian character. If, on the other hand, they happen to be thrown among bad companions, they will be very easily allured by them, and be made to drink, to swear, and to fall into all the vices of the stronger persons by whom they are influenced. They scarcely seem to be men. They are mere jelly fish, swept along by every turn of the tide. They lack the true element of manhood, which is firmness. This, by the way, Obstinate had in excess. If you could put an Obstinate and a Pliable together, and make them one, you might, speaking of the natural man, have something more nearly approaching true manliness than either of them would be separately. Obstinate had all the firmness, while Pliable had none of it.

I think Pliable was a mouldable sort of creature; and, hence, Obstinate did with him as he liked until the poor feeble fellow fell into the grasp of a stronger man than Obstinate, namely, Christian. After all,

there is no man who is a match for a Christian in the matter of influence. There is a force about the truth, which is committed to our charge, when it is brought into fair play, that is not equalled by any form of lies. If a man's mind is really pliable, there is no doubt that an earnest Christian, who has been led by Divine grace to walk in the right road, will have wonderful control over such a person. So strong was Christian's influence that, even while Obstinate was reviling, Pliable rebuked him, and said, "My heart inclines to go with my neighbour." Christian had not said very much; he had not appeared to exercise much influence; but something had already told on Pliable. In the very presence and look of a Christian, there is a power over the heart of man. Moreover, influence grows; so it came to pass that Pliable presently went even further, and boldly declared, "I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him."

You perceive, however, that Pliable had no burden on his back, as Christian had. This was one of the proofs that he was not a true pilgrim. That which brings men to Christ is a sense of their need of Him. Albeit the sense of sin is not a qualification for salvation, yet it is the only motive that ever leads men to trust in Jesus; it is the impetus which Divine grace uses when it is drawing or driving men to the Saviour. Pliable did not, at first, appear to be greatly troubled when he heard that the City of Destruction was doomed; but when Christian talked so prettily about Heaven, he thought there might be something in it; indeed, he felt that there must be, when a man like Christian could leave his family and his business to go on a long pilgrimage; so he judged that, probably, he might do better himself if he went with Christian. But, all the while, there was no burden on his back; he had no sense of his need of a Saviour, and this was a very serious defect, to begin with, in one who was professing to go on pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

You will observe, too, that the only thing which tempted Pliable to go was Christian's talk about the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." There are some preachers who can descant so prettily upon Heaven,—the blessed associations of that happy country where they—

"Meet to part no more,"—



PLIABLE.

that half their hearers are constrained to say, "We also will set out." These divines talk of the wall of jasper, the gates of pearl, the street of gold, the sea of glass, and the emerald rainbow round about the throne, in such a way that persons of a poetical temperament, and especially those of a pliable disposition, have their emotions excited by the descriptions which give only a material view of what was intended to be understood in a spiritual sense. They really think that Heaven is, literally, what the Book of the Revelation says it is figuratively. They never get at the kernel of the inward sense; it is the husk of the outward meaning that attracts them. They are satisfied, charmed, bewitched, fascinated by that, so they resolve to set out on the journey.

To tell the whole truth about Mr. Pliable, I must say that he began exceedingly well. I have already reminded you that he defended Christian when Obstinate reviled him; and when Obstinate turned his abuse upon Pliable, and said, "What! more fools still?" he did not seem to wince under it. Some of these pliable people will even bear a great deal of persecution, and be content to be ridiculed, and laughed at; they will even suffer loss rather than turn back. If they do this really "for Christ's sake," it is well; but, often, it is only borne with a view to self-aggrandisement, and in order to obtain something better by way of recompense, so that it is selfishness still that rules them. They give up a little of the good that there is in this world,—and it is not very much, after all, that they sacrifice,—for the sake of the better world that is yet to be revealed. They will not give up all that they have,—“house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands,” for Christ's sake, and the Gospel's, and therefore they are not Christ's true disciples. They are prepared to make some small sacrifice, but only for the sake of winning Heaven or of escaping hell.

Observe the way in which Christian treated Pliable after Obstinate left them. I daresay he had known him before, and understood quite well what a soft, easy-going fellow he was, and how very readily he might be twisted either one way or another; yet he did not disdain his company, but said to him, "Come, neighbour Pliable, I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me." You and I, dear friends, are bound to invite men to come to Christ no matter who or what they may be; and we should try to encourage them all we can, even though we may have in our own heart a well-grounded fear that some of them will not hold out to the end. I do not think it is for us to say to young persons, who seem to be in earnest about spiritual matters, that we are afraid they will not persevere, and so discourage them. Our business is rather to say to each one of them, "Come, neighbour, come with me, and you shall fare as I do." It is the work of the Spirit to fill the Gospel net; it is our duty to throw it, and drag it along the bottom; and whether we catch good fish or bad, is not so much our concern as our Master's. Christian, though not yet at peace himself, had a commendable love for others. It is a beautiful trait, which I like to see in those who feel the secondary work of grace in their souls, that they want others to feel as they feel. This conduct on the part of Christian ought to be a lesson to some of you who have long had joy and peace

in believing, but who do not say to others, "Come, neighbour Pliable." Seek to have in yourselves something of the zeal and compassion of this poor pilgrim with a troubled conscience, yet with a sympathetic heart.

So Pliable, without counting the cost, or reckoning for a moment upon all the difficulties of the way, set out, in a thoughtless, light-hearted manner, upon that journey which will always prove too long for those who start on it in their own strength alone. As they went over the plain, Christian began to talk to Pliable of what he himself had felt,—“the powers and terrors of what is unseen;”—but, directly he did so, Pliable changed the subject. He did not want to know anything about such matters; he had, in fact, taken the whole thing in a carnal sense; and, as for the powers and terrors of the unseen world, he knew nothing at all about them; and, apparently, he did not want to know about them, for he harked back to that which had attracted him at the first, and said to Christian, “Tell me now further, what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.”

These two men, as they went along walking and talking, fell into the error of speaking a good deal about things which neither of them properly understood. It is true that Christian said, “Since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my Book.” There was that good element in their conversation, which we can cordially commend; still, even that may not be the wisest thing for young beginners to do. It is, indeed, a wise thing to read the Bible, and to talk of what it contains; but this must be done with much prayer if it is to be of real spiritual benefit. I look in vain for any word about Pliable praying, but I do read concerning Christian, even before he started on his pilgrimage,—

“He would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, sometimes praying; and thus for some days he spent his time. Now, I saw upon a time when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his Book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out as he had done before, crying, ‘What shall I do to be saved?’ (Acts xvi. 30, 31).”

It was not so with Pliable. What he heard Christian read from the Book did not make him sorrowful, but enchanted and delighted him. He only thought of the Celestial Country, not of the plague of his own heart, nor of the damnable nature of his sin. These things had never come home with power to him as they had to Christian, and therefore he did not say, “Come, let us kneel together, and plead for mercy;” but he said, “Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things; come on, let us mend our pace.” Yes, at first, there are none who are so enthusiastic as these empty, hollow ones. “Let us mend our pace,” said Pliable. Surely, brethren, the advice is good, but I do not like it from such lips. It is a very proper exhortation in its place, but not when it comes from one who has never been burdened on account of sin, nor broken under the hammer of God’s law, nor made to feel his own nothingness and worthlessness. You who are empty may well travel quickly; you who never felt the load of sin upon your hearts may well run swiftly. Pliable is all for pushing on, making a stir, and creating a noise. He attends revival services, and likes to have them protracted; when the fit is on him, he would be willing to be up all night, to turn his house out of the windows, and to do all

manner of extraordinary things, all to show how full of zeal he is. But, in a little time, it will be all over. It is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, which burn so fiercely that they make the pot boil over, and put the fire out.

"Come," said Pliable, "let us mend our pace." Christian said, "I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back." Then, just as they ended their talk, Bunyan tells us that "they drew near to a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond."

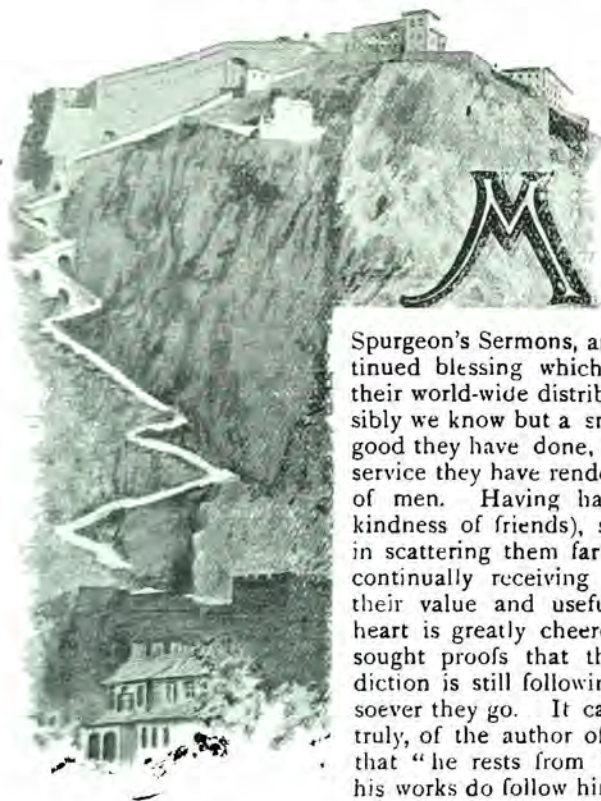
* * * *

Next month's picture will be entitled—

THE TWO PILGRIMS IN THE SLOUGH.

A Strange Place for Sermons.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.



M

UCH has been said and written concerning the marvellous vitality of Mr.

Spurgeon's Sermons, and the long-continued blessing which has rested on their world-wide distribution; yet, possibly we know but a small part of the good they have done, or the gracious service they have rendered to the souls of men. Having had (through the kindness of friends), so large a share in scattering them far and near, I am continually receiving testimonies to their value and usefulness; and my heart is greatly cheered by these unsought proofs that the Lord's benediction is still following them whithersoever they go. It can be said most truly, of the author of these Sermons, that "he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

pick ears of corn from "the finest of the wheat," and gather herbs of grace which minister to bruised consciences and wounded hearts. There, too, you find the trees growing whose leaves are "for the healing of the nations;" and many a soul has there met the great Physician Himself, and received from His hand the gift of eternal life.

The number of those who knew the great preacher personally is, of course, sensibly diminishing as time rolls on; the young generation, now in their springtime, have heard of him only from parents and friends; but he is not forgotten, precious memories are handed down from father to son, and the immortal *Sermons* still keep his name familiar as a household word.

Does this remembrance honour him? I think it more directly honours and glorifies his Master, by whose grace he spoke the living words, and by whose will and authority they still continue their blessed mission on earth.

The picture on page 210 came to me on a post-card, and I think it will interest those friends, who help me to send out the heavenly messengers, to see one of the many strange places to which they find their way. The great and rugged mountain, shown in the sketch, is situated in the Greek Piræus; and the frowning, battlemented building on its summit is the largest prison in Greece. Note the well-built, zig-zag road leading to the top, the many bridges constructed over ravines, the formidable and fortified aspect of the whole place, calculated to banish all hope of escape from any unfortunate creature sentenced to captivity there.

Poor prisoners! It matters not to them that the view from their high mountain must be a magnificent one;—they think nothing of the engineering toil and skill which surmounted all the difficulties of planting such an eagle's nest upon the point of the rock, and forming a roadway up the face of the precipice. All this is nothing to them, for they are *immured* there; they have lost their liberty, and they cease to be glad at anything which fails to promise them their forfeited freedom.

To these unfortunates, I am overjoyed to tell you, the *Sermons* and the *Magazine* are now introduced; and I want you to pray that our gracious God will give with them the power of the Holy Spirit, so that, though still in bodily bondage, the souls of at least some of them may be led into the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free.

Down at the very foot of the mountain, on the left-hand side of the picture, is a tiny house, and therein lives a lady who constantly visits at the prison, carrying to the captives the message of life and peace from the *Sermons* which I regularly forward to her. Perhaps only a few can read them for themselves in English; but, doubtless, she either translates them, or in her own words enforces the precious truths so strikingly set forth in their pages.

As I write. I pause a moment to think, with a thrill of joy, of what God *can* do by this simple means,—how He *can*, if it pleases Him, open the locked hearts, and deliver the captive souls, and bring these poor prisoners out of bondage and darkness into light and liberty. I

think of the *eternal* joy, the *everlasting* bliss, the "pleasures for evermore" which shall be theirs if the Lord, in His mercy, will incline them to accept by faith the "unspeakable gift" of His dear Son. May I again ask you to unite with me in prayer that this blessed result may follow the effort?

"Increase our Faith."

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE
PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

MY OWN DEAR BRETHREN,—So thankful am I to be able to address you at all, that I, for one, am not disposed to complain that I have been compelled to fly low as to choice of theme. I could not, if I would, attempt a deliverance on the great questions of the hour. (That, in itself, may be a deliverance for *you*.) It is well for me, doubtless, to have my wings clipped; and you, I am persuaded, will not, under the circumstances, decline to give ear to what will sound more like a homily than a **PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS**, so homely will it be.

It was while I was lying sick that this word of Scripture came to me with special emphasis:—"And the Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith." At first I thought that the message was for home consumption, for I felt my need; then I fancied I was to ponder it while I was ill, in order that I might speak of it to my flock, if it pleased the Lord to recover me: but gradually the conviction was forced upon me that this simple prayer might serve as a text for a personal word to the hearts of my comrades.

Last year we considered what I may term "The Apostles' Creed":—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism." The Apostles' Cry:—"Increase our faith," follows not altogether inappropriately. Come, gracious Spirit, come, and teach us the meaning of and the need for this prayer; nor let us part till that which we have craved is ours!

My theme has additional appropriateness in that it concerns the Apostles, by whom I mean not the Twelve alone and those who immediately followed them, but *ourselves*. "The Apostleship of Jesus Christ is still, and for ever in the world." When He said, "Lo, I am with you alway." He spake not so much to the men as to the office. The men have passed away, but the office remains. Where shall we look for the successors of the twelve? To Rome? I answer, "Yes," for there are surely some of her sons who have the unction of the Holy One. To the Church by law established? By all means. Nor shall we look in vain, for not a few therein have, like ourselves, been ordained with the ordination that is from above. What we object to is the gratuitous and altogether baseless supposition that these are the only quarters in which we can hope to discover the true successors of the Apostles? No, thank God! Each true man of us is an apostle. Have we not seen the Lord? Has He not sent us? Does not His Spirit dwell within us, and speak through us? These high privileges we share with all believing and consecrated souls. Are they apostles?

So are we, and others there are none. "We do not attempt to conduct the potent and volatile essence of inspiration which flows only from the laying on of *God's* hand, along the fixed methods of any confederation.' One is disposed to allow the claim of being in the direct line of succession to those who manifest the Apostolic spirit, and proclaim the Apostolic doctrines, and do Apostolic work. By their fruits ye shall know them. Apostolic *success* is more to be desired than so-called Apostolic succession! Someone lately addressed me as the "Rev. Paul Spurgeon," whether by sheer mistake, or out of compliment, or the reverse, I know not. The prefix Rev., neither Paul nor Spurgeon loved; but, though I cannot answer to the Christian name of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, I have long ago determined that his Gospel shall be "My Gospel," and for this reason, among others, I venture to claim succession to him.

But did Apostles need to pray such a prayer as this? Were they not by their very office raised above the ordinary rank and file of suppliants? True apostles are not. They are humble, and conscious of defect, and eager for improvement. Only Popes claim infallibility. Only man-made priests presume to dream that, so far from needing grace, they can dispense Divine mercy to their fellow-men. Presumption and arrogance are not proofs of Apostleship.

Yes, these disciples made humble supplication, Apostles though they were. They did not claim perfection. Oh, no, they lived too near the Lord for that! Only those who know not what He is like can fall into the error of concluding that they are quite like Him.

They did well to speak of their desire. It is good that smouldering wishes should blaze up into prayers. No mistake was made as to the object of worship and appeal. "The Apostles said unto *the Lord*, Increase our faith." They go to the right quarter who seek to headquarters. Who, save the Author of faith, can be its Increaser? C. H. Spurgeon once entered a tradesman's shop, and noticed on the counter a volume labelled "Want Book." He told his people of it the next time he preached, and bade them keep just such a book with the Lord. "Moreover," said he, "how comforting it is to know that Jesus has a Supply Book which exactly meets our Want Book!"

We shall do well to imitate our predecessors in the Apostolate by praying definitely. Indefinite praying is largely a waste of breath. "Generalities are the death of prayer." "What are you aiming at?" is a question which might well be put to some spiritual bowmen. If we aim at everything in general, there is little wonder that we hit nothing in particular. "In the morning will I *direct* my prayer unto Thee, and will look up," said the man after God's own heart.

This petition was as earnest as it was explicit. Here is no superfluity of words. It is an ejaculation, really:—"Increase our faith," not even "Lord, increase our faith," though it is so rendered as a rule by those who profess to quote it. He who feels his need deeply, states it briefly. A sigh, a cry, a tear, a sentence, or a word suffices to tell into God's ear the soul's intensest longing.

This also I admire in the prayer-meeting of which we speak. It was as the heart of one man. Is it not about the only example we have of absolute unanimity? We are to have much prayer at this Confer-

ence. Our motto for the week is, "Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord." May the apostles be of one mind, and ask unitedly! We have much need for prayer, and for humiliation before God. Whoever else can neglect the Mercy-seat, we cannot. We have to be ensamples to the flock. We are as the proof-sheets from the press, which, if they be left incorrect, will cause thousands of copies to be faulty.

Is it not refreshing to find Christ's followers asking for a distinctly spiritual gift? It is cause for sad surprise that they, who dwelt so near the Fountain-head of all blessedness, too seldom asked the best gifts at His hands. Many of their enquiries were of a very material sort. This is regarded by some as the only recorded instance of their craving a deeply spiritual gift. "Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?" "Lord, evermore give us this bread." "What shall this man do?" Such was the usual run of their requests. There were some of a higher grade than these, it is true. "Declare unto us this parable." "Why could not we cast him out?" "How is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" "Teach us to pray, as John also taught His disciples." These are fair samples of the noblest of their petitions. It is easy to sit in judgment on the immediate followers of Christ, but do we not too closely resemble them? What is the burden of *our* prayers? Are we coveting earnestly the best gifts? Thank God, we can pray concerning basket and store, but are all our petitions to be for mind, body, and estate? Is there no soul-hunger, no soul-thirst? Do we not need clothing for the inner, as well as for the outer man? Let us put foremost in our supplications a cry for wisdom, and holiness, and zeal, and courage, and patience, and faith. God forbid that there should ever be in the place of honour in our hearts such prayers as these, "Increase our funds, that we may grow wealthy;" "Increase our friendships, that we may have a larger circle to rejoice in, and to be admired by," "Increase our fame, that we may be had in world-wide honour," but rather this, "Increase neither funds, nor friends, nor fame, unless Thou pleasest, but *our faith*." I have seen, on board a sailing vessel, a seaman employing his leisure moments making the model of a ship. See, he has already stepped the tapering masts, and he is now fixing in their places the multitudinous cords and pulleys with which the little vessel is to be worked. He is engrossed in the task, when suddenly the cry is heard, "'Bout ship!" What would you think of the sailor who went on toying with his tiny model instead of hastening to his post at his commander's call? They do very similarly who are spending all time and care upon the body, so poor and paltry in comparison with the soul, and do not hearken to the voice Divine crying ever, "First things first." When Christiana beheld the man who rather gave heed to rake up straws, and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than to what He said who called to him from above, with the celestial crown in His hand, she cried, "Oh deliver me from this muck-rake"; whereupon the Interpreter said, "That prayer has lain by till it is almost rusty." Alas! it is not the only rusty prayer. Selfish, sordid prayers are bright with constant use, while spiritual prayers are red with rust. "Increase our faith" is one that will be all the better for being furbished.

Furthermore, *it is instructive to note the occasion of this request.* You ministers do not need to be reminded of what led up to it. The Apostles did not pray thus because of some mystery difficult to believe, nor because of some task in which they had failed. Nor is the prayer to be explained on the ground that the Master, having spoken concerning charity, his pupils naturally said, when that lesson was complete, "Now, Lord, tell us something about *faith*, and give us more of it." No, no, there is no change of theme. There is, in fact, the closest possible connection between Christ's exhortation with respect to the treatment of an offending brother, and the Apostles' cry for faith. Follow me through the story. Christ first said to them, "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him." The prayer for faith was not uttered *then*, for no one needs extra faith for reprimanding. The next order was, "If he repent, forgive him." Even then there was no appeal for an increase of faith. It is a comparatively easy matter to forgive the brother who confesses his fault, especially if his apology is ample and abject. But Jesus continued, "If he trespass against thee seven times a day,"—about every two hours, mind you,—"*and seven times in a day turn unto thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him.*" *Then* came the call for help! It is as though they said, "Thou hast set us a task we are not equal to. Forgiving seven times in twelve hours is altogether too much for us. We must have special grace to play this difficult and responsible part. 'Increase our faith.'"

My brethren, this duty is ours also. We must be men of peace and love. There must be no unforgiving spirit with us. We should be masters of the art of heaping coals of fire on the heads of enemies. It is the only way of softening hard hearts.

"So workmen melt the sullen ore of lead,
By heaping coals of fire upon its head;
On the kind warmth the metal learns to flow,
And, pure from dross, the silver runs below."

We ministers should be like Cranmer, of whom it was said, "Do that man an ill turn, and you will make a friend of him for ever." We should resemble Henry V., who never forgot anything but the injuries that were done him. We may well covet the spirit of the poor negro lad who, when beaten well-nigh to death by an inhuman slave-master, and taunted with, "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" replied, "Him teach me to forgive you, Massa."

We can preach this doctrine if we practise it. We can assure our people that, as Manton has it, "Love is the glue of souls, the cement and solder of the Church; the jointing that runneth through all the living and squared stones." We can urge upon them a generous feeling towards their brethren like that which Turner evinced when he took down one of his own pictures that the work of an unknown provincial artist might be conspicuously hung. We can tell them that "he is below himself who is not above an injury." We can point out that there are different styles of forgiveness, and bid them avoid the ugly kind which Beecher called "hedgehog forgiveness—shot out like quills." We can, then, insist that forgiveness be spontaneous and copious. There is all the difference in the world between a shower of

rain and the sprinkling from a water-pot. Even a good soaking from a hose has not the same effect. "Something more than water comes down when it rains;" just so, there is something more than mere pardon in true forgiveness. We shall be able to emphasize the fact that "he who cannot forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he himself must pass."

Bishop Heber pictures a sinner crying for mercy, and a blessed voice answers. "Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven." Then the suppliant excuses himself, and calls on God to arise and overthrow his enemies. "'Forgive,' the awful answer came, 'as thou would'st be forgiven.'" But the heart is rebellious, and proud, and unyielding:—

"Seven times, O Lord, I've pardoned them; seven times they've sinned again;

They practise still to work my woe, and triumph in my pain:

But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment driven!

'Forgive,' the voice in thunder spake, 'or never be forgiven.'"

The Apostles did well to recognize the remedy for the difficulty in which they found themselves. They knew that faith was necessary for the working of miracles; they also realized that to forgive a brother whose offensiveness had become chronic, and whose repentance might well be questioned, would be as great a wonder as any they had wrought. Saith Augustine, "To forgive a deep insult requires faith bordering on that of miracles."

But why did they not make request for patience, or charity, or self-control,—the graces more immediately required, as one might think? Because they rightly understood that *faith* is the heavenly principle of these and all other graces.

The eleventh of Hebrews provides us with a roll of honour. What marvels men wrought by faith! They subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. But it is also written that "they wrought righteousness." Faith is as much needed for this, as for those deeds which appear to be more heroic. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Our late beloved leader, in a striking sermon entitled "Increased faith the strength of peace principles," has said, "Faith is meant for other matters besides miracles. The faith which enables a Christian man to live a holy life, especially the faith that will enable you not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good, and to forgive your neighbour to seventy times seven, is as great a faith as that which of old stopped the sun and divided the sea. You have not to stop the mouths of lions, but you have the equally difficult task of stopping your own mouth when you are in an angry temper. You are not called to quench the violence of fire, except as it burns in your own wrath. You have to fight no Philistine but your own sins, and to cast down no walls but your own prejudices."

It is worthy of notice that, in the New Testament, faith is very closely associated with love, forbearance, and the spirit of meekness. Stephen was full of faith, and prayed as he died, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." His faith was the secret of his love. Paul wrote to

Timothy, "Thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, *faith*, long-suffering, charity, patience." He speaks to the Thessalonians of "the breastplate of faith and love," and of their "work of faith and labour of love." Again, he says, "Your faith groweth exceedingly, and the love of each one of you all toward one another aboundeth." It is significant, is it not? that faith and love are so constantly bracketed. These two things God hath joined together. "Faith worketh by love," just as in nature light works by heat to clothe the earth with beauty.

"Faith, Hope, and Love, together work in gloom,
What Faith believes, Hope shapes in form and bloom,
And Love sends forth to daylight from the tomb."

Truth to tell, *faith* is the root grace. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Faith is the link that binds nothingness to Almightiness. Faith is the queen bee; all the other virtues attend her. Faith is the bell-wether; where it is, the rest of the flock are following. Any serious lack in our spiritual character or career may be traced to an absence or feebleness of faith.

Now, brethren, if you and I have to pardon trespasses, to be tender, and pitiful, and forgiving, all the day and every day, we want *faith*,—personal faith in a personal Saviour, faith in the good God who, albeit He is just, is the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Faith as to Divine pardon will help us to pardon those who do us wrong. We shall do well to cultivate faith in God's providence, and to exercise faith in His helpful Spirit. Let us have faith in the power of the grace that reigns within, which, *if it gets fair play*, will enable us to tread under foot the strongest and basest of our passions. With strong faith, offences fall harmless against believers, as waves against the rock. But it must be *strong*, and when repeated offences have to be dealt with, it must be *increased* faith. We shall need a wider, freer channel for the inflow of God's compassion to our own hearts. When the grain is hard to grind, the miller goes out, and lets more water on. If the current runs fast, the steamer's fires must be stoked. "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength."

Let the people cry, "Increase our faith." Then those ugly wedge-shaped things, called Church quarrels, will less frequently split our fellowships. Let the ministers pray it, and they will be better able to manage the offences which "must come," and they will be themselves delivered from the jealousies which so easily beset them. Of Titian it has been affirmed that he never spoke reproachfully of another artist. Of how many of us could a similar statement be made? Yet it should be true of each of us. "Increase our faith." The occupants alike of pew and pulpit find this prayer fitting. With the new strength which faith imparts we shall be guided to form a wiser, gentler judgment of others, and a more severe opinion of ourselves. The most difficult duty of the Christian religion, the duty of forgiving offences, so contrary to corrupt nature, and to the recognized maxims of the world, becomes easy to mountain-moving, tree-uprooting faith. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith."

"Have you never felt the pleasure of forgiving fraud or wrong,
 Rippling thro' your soul like measure sweet of sweetest poet's song?
 Have you never felt that beauty lies in pain for others borne,
 That sacredness of duty bids you offer love for scorn?
 'Tis the Christian, not the Stoic, that best triumphs over pain."

This prayer is equally suitable for other emergencies. The greater includes the less, so forgiving includes all other feats of faith. Faith is required for every Christlike deed, and it is equal to all. "To think nothing impossible is the privilege of faith." The apostles of to-day, in view of the growing apathy of the people, and the deep-seated hatred of the doctrines of the Cross, and the tendency to criticize the Word of God, do well to cry for an unwavering faith in the power of the Gospel, the efficacy of the blood, and the inspiration of the Book. When Rationalism assaults them, they seek the faith which lifts above the dust of human reason. This they know, that "there is no wickedness like the wickedness of unbelief," and that it is never so wicked as when it asserts itself in those who know the Lord. These, surely, should put their trust in Him. Their appeal is to the Lord Himself. None but David's harp could charm the evil spirit out of Saul; so none but Christ and His music can exorcise the spirit of unbelief. But *they* can!

We have to thank our difficulties for exercising our faith. Even offences may be welcomed on this account. Woe to those by whom they come, but there is a blessing in them for us to whom they come. Thank God for the discipline of difficulties. Our troubles make men of us. It is generally some obstacle that makes a deep place in the creek, so also is it in a brave life. It is a suggestive fact that the word difficulty occurs but once in the Bible,—then it is *in the margin*. That is where faith puts it in our experience. To a believer in God, a difficulty is "a thing to be overcome." Wherefore, brethren, let us hail the stress and strain; let us glory in our weaknesses, that the power of Christ may cover us. What happy pilgrims we should be if, as soon as we desried Hill Difficulty, we began to sing with Christian,

"The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
 The difficulty will not me offend;
 For I perceive the way to life lies here:
 Come, pluck up, heart, let's neither faint nor fear.
 Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
 Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe."

And now let us consider *the Master's response to this request*. It was twofold; first, a pointed rejoinder, and then, a parable,—the one to assure of the omnipotence of faith, however small; the other to humble to a condition in which faith could be received and developed. "And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you." In this reply, as throughout the Bible, respect is had rather to quality than to quantity. It is as though Christ said, "You do not so much need to pray 'Add faith to us,' as to see to it that your faith has vitality. If it is living, it will rend the rocks, and rive the gravestones." It can hardly be that Jesus insinuated that His Apostles were utterly devoid of faith.

Perhaps his answer was a call to them to exercise their little faith, and so to increase it. "Use what you have," He seems to say; "there is not so much need to have it added to, as to have it exercised." This is true to-day. Faith unused soon becomes unusable. "If I rest, I rust," says the key. As the sailor by using his eyes acquires remarkable keenness of sight, so we by believing become adepts in trusting.

And what of the humbling parable? It was just a simple story of everyday life in Palestine. The handy man of the farm, after plowing and tending cattle, comes in from the field. But his toil is not over. He does not dream of supping till he has cooked and served his master's meal. Nor does he expect special praise or extra pay for so doing. All this was in the contract, and was part of each day's programme. "So likewise ye," said the Saviour, "when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." Thus Christ returned answer to the Apostles' desire for an increase of faith. He tenderly warned them against spiritual pride. Without humility, they could neither receive this faith, nor use it aright. It was as though He said, "If you would have this faith, you must cease from all self-trust; you must be as nothing before God. You are only unprofitable servants."

Thus also He warned them against being lifted up by reason of attainments. To forgive seven times a day is nothing to boast about. When Peter said, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" he doubtless thought his proposal a most generous one. Did it not involve double of the spirit of forgiveness prescribed by the Rabbis? Peter was delighted with himself, I feel sure. He would hardly have wondered if the Master had replied, "No, no, friend Peter, you are *too* generous; there is no need to overdo it. Magnanimity, you know, is sometimes abused." But the reply was very different. "Nay, Peter, large as thou deemest it, thy forgiving love is far too little. It should be limitless! There must be no counting of offences and of pardons. 'I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven.'" The love which is born of faith is not careful to reckon and to record the number and nature of its exploits. It is an angel indeed, but it has no measuring reed in its hand. Nor does he who possesses it look for recompense. "Love suffereth long, and is kind. . . . Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

And so with every work of faith. There is no cause for crowing when we have done most valiantly. Faith even as a grain of mustard seed can uproot trees and remove mountains, and plant them in the sea. If we work wonders, the credit is not due to us so much as to faith, or rather to the covenant-keeping God, who creates and bestows it, then enables us to exercise it, and afterwards rewards and crowns it.

In closing, let me try to speak *a word of cheer*. We are all more or less subject to fainting fits, and, oh, how black everything then appears! I have read that, in moments of despondency, Shakespeare thought himself no poet, and Raphael doubted his right to be called a painter.

What wonder, then, that we sometimes dream we will never preach again? "Our work is too great for us," say some. "Our work is too small for us," cry others. Both may be wrong in their estimate either of the nature of their task, or of their own ability. God wants us all, of every class and calibre. "A chariot of fire was sent to take Elijah to Heaven, but ravens were employed to feed him." I have often comforted myself with Bonar's hymn,—

"Thou usest tree and flower, the rivers vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird that sings upon the wall.
"Thou usest the wide sea, the little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff, the lily in the brake,—
"The huge rock in the vale, the sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud, the murmur of the bee.
"All things do serve Thee here, all creatures, great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God, the meapest of them all."

Nor need any one of us allow a season of barrenness, nor even a decided failure to discourage him. These are the opportunities for faith to triumph. Untoward circumstances, bitter disappointments, unexpected losses, sore conflicts, severe illnesses may be starting points for fresh developments and gladder experiences. I was the happy recipient, while laid aside, of many helpful messages and appropriate passages of Scripture. I was glad of them all, but you will wonder at the text that comforted me most. It reads thus:—"After this lived Job an hundred and forty years." I cannot tell you what a lift this gave me. It made me laugh, for one thing; it also made me hope. I did not claim a literal fulfilment of that word, but I began to realize that there was an "After this" for me also. So there is for you, my brother. You will do good work for God "after this." You will weather this storm. "The present rain" will not last for ever. "A season of clear shining" is almost due. Even here, we may have a glorious "after this," and then, oh, bliss beyond compare! the "after this," to which the hundred and forty extra years of the patriarch are as the twinkling of an eye.

May I tell you a parable by which, perchance, a faint-hearted warrior may be stimulated? A certain minister had had influenza with complications. Lying on his bed, no longer seriously ill, but weak and low, he listened to the birds that announced the coming of the spring-time. A glossy starling came, morning by morning, to the gable of a neighbouring house, and having announced his arrival by a long sweet call like a note of exclamation and one of interrogation combined, began his special tune. He seemed to look the invalid in the face as he said, again and again, "*Give it up, give it up.*" "That," thought the listener, "is the decision I had almost come to: strange that a bird of the air should carry it. The task is too great for me. My work is done in that sphere at least." Just then, the starling cried again, "*Give it up. Give it up.*"

At that moment the door was opened, and the minister's wife entered. "My dear," said he, in rather dolorous tones, "I have had a message unmistakably from Heaven." "Indeed," she said, perhaps a little suspiciously. "Yes, there's a starling

on the gable, yonder, that keeps saying to me, 'Give it up.' Now, you listen." She did not smile or blame. She knew that the speaker was in sad earnest. She listened, and the bird obliged. Then she listened again. (Wives like to make sure before they express an opinion.) Then the message sounded out more distinctly than ever, and the patient was convinced that no happier interpretation was possible. But a radiant face was turned upon him, and a cheery voice exclaimed, "Why, he says, 'KEEP it up, KEEP it up,' as plainly as a starling can. Listen again." So they listened, the two of them. "So he does," said the already encouraged convalescent, "it is 'KEEP it up,' as plain as can be." Whereupon he blessed his wife, thanked God and took courage, and almost begged the starling's pardon for so misinterpreting his joyful song.

Comrades, we must "keep it up." Nothing must be given up. Keep up your courage. Keep up your faith. Keep up your hope. Keep up the Cross. Keep up your strenuous toiling, and so, keep up the blessed cause. It is not for long. The dayspring is at hand. Jesus will be where we are, till we can be where He is. Oh, for increased faith, that we may hold Him fast!

"We weep because the night is long,
The longed-for day shall rise;
We sing a low contented song,
And knock at Paradise.
Weeping we hold Him fast, who wept
For us, we hold Him fast,
And will not let Him go except
He bless us first or last.

"Weeping, we hold Him fast to-night;
We will not let him go
Till daybreak smite our wearied sight,
And summer smite the snow;
The figs shall bud, and dove with dove
Shall coo the livelong day;
Then He shall say,—'Arise, My love,
My fair one, come away!'"

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CI.—PASTOR GEORGE GOODCHILD, OF SKEGNESS.

IN an East coast town at the mouth of the Wash, on a lovely summer's day in the August of six years ago, and on the fine expansive sands, a number of people had gathered, who might broadly be divided into those who lived to be amused and those who amused to live. The heat from an unclouded sun had made the visitors listless and unconcerned, and the pleasure spirit was, for a while, awearied of its attractions. A sound of cheerful singing, coming from the lee of an old ship stranded high upon the beach, drew many to a scene of special interest, where happy children, seated upon semi-circular sandbanks were voicing their Redeemer's praise. It was only a Children's



Service! Only? but the message for the little ones went further afield, and fell with solemn emphasis on the ears and heart of one who, with a band of companions, was strolling leisurely by. The speaker's words were winged, the conscience was pierced, and that day a young man knelt on the sands to surrender his love and life to God. The preacher of that message is the subject of this sketch, the convert is its writer.



Born in Mildenhall, Cambridgeshire, GEORGE GOODCHILD entered life having the priceless treasure of a godly home. His parents were baptized by Cornelius Elven, the renowned Baptist of Bury St. Edmund's. In character and home life, they followed the type and teaching of the Puritans; and this largely accounts for the fact that when, later, they removed to Newmarket, the Metropolis of horse-racing and gambling, a family of nine children were saved from contamination with this evil. In this day, some unwise young people have decided against that Puritanical righteousness of our forefathers which is supposed to spell both bigotry and severity. They have "kicked against the pricks;"

and, in so doing, have overturned some valuable safeguards. "More liberty,"—really, more licence,—is their cry; but we should not forget that the majority of our godly men have grateful memories of that rigid righteousness of their parents, which hedged their lives about with restrictions and commands;—a thorny hedge indeed; but, now that life's Spring has turned to life's Summer, the thorns are hidden 'neath the flowers.

At seventeen years of age, our friend was apprenticed to a wholesale and retail clothier in the town. In this business, such good progress was made that, when he was twenty-one, he was appointed manager of a similar business at Ramsgate. There, influenced by the memory of the home just left, by the example of an elder brother, and by the teaching of the Rev. J. D. Rodway, of Cavendish Chapel, he was led out for God, and baptized. "How to serve Him who saved me," was the next anxiety, which resulted in his becoming a teacher in the Sabbath-school. His connection with this service resulted, later, in the inauguration of the Ramsgate Sunday-school Union, of which he became the first secretary. In such labours he continued till the ripen-

ing of God's purpose, and there came to him that "Heavenly vision" which separated to a nobler service, and gave to life a new and intenser meaning.

Two ways, as widely separated as possible, lay before him. First, an excellent offer of a business in London; then, a characteristic note—"Come into College."—received from our late President, in answer to an application for advice. This advice was acted upon, and in the dear "Alma Mater" three years of eventful and joyous life were spent, under the direction of that wonderful trinity of tutors, Professors Rogers, Gracey, and Fergusson. But the most cherished memory connected with these years is of him who spoke to the men on Friday afternoons,—a memory that has been rendered more precious as the experience of actual service has revealed the worth of all his teaching and counsel.

The severance from these scenes of arduous preparation came, in the year 1880, with a call from the Pole Street Church, Preston, Lancashire. Amidst the varied life of this busy town, Mr. Goodchild laboured for ten years. From the first, he engaged heartily in an open-air ministry. Preaching in the slums, at the Falwood Workhouse, to the discharged prisoners at the Houses of Correction, and in the busy streets, he commenced a work that has been a prominent feature of his whole ministerial experience. Brief pastorates at Waterloo and Kirkdale, both districts of Liverpool, followed, and in 1893 he journeyed to Skegness, Lincolnshire, the scene of his present pastorate, to see whether a Baptist cause could not be founded, and a church built, in a town that was fast rising into popularity with all Midlanders as a convenient seaside resort. The building at present in use—an iron one,—was purchased from the representatives of the Free Church of England, who had been unable to maintain a ministry there,—the purchase-money being lent, free of interest, by that generous helper, R. Cory, Esq., J.P., of Cardiff.

The basis of the church's faith, proclaimed at its formation, consisted mainly in these two rules: the authority of God's Word in all matters of practice, and whole-hearted dependence on God's promises in combating the difficulties of the pioneering work. The church is an attempt to copy, as nearly as possible and needful, the New Testament model, in the hope that, by possessing the essential elements of the Early Christian Church, it may be the sure way of receiving a repetition of the New Testament blessing.

As a result, too, of that hope, a prominent place was given to evangelistic work, and the results have fully justified the action. In my judgment, the church, as such, owes much of its success and enthusiasm to the Sands Mission. During the visiting season, twelve open-air meetings, on an average, are conducted on the sands every week. In this labour, the Pastor is helped by Christians of all denominations. If anyone chances to expose his Christianity by singing heartily, by paying reverent attention, or by assenting audibly to any truth proclaimed by the speaker, he is at once detected, and pressed into service. It is remarkable how all denominational differences are sunk, and how essentially one is the Gospel as preached by men of differing thought and dogma. Of the tangible results of this Mission, I can only write

indefinitely, though with full assurance. 405 cases of known blessing have been recorded; and of these converts, five have entered the ministry, three through our own College.

Of the personal character of Mr. Goodchild, I cannot write too highly. I imagine that many of those converts were won, not so much by the truth as preached, but by the truth as presented in his sunny personality. God's Kingdom is to him one of sunshine and summer, of beauty and sweet-smelling flowers. He lives in the light of God's countenance, and this bright, thoroughly happy experience is no slight force in his ministry. To him, a soul-saving ministry is the highest form of service. All other schemes and desires are subordinate to this. His main purpose is to preach the risen Christ, who alone can deal with that awful form of sin which has ever limited and mainly defeated all human plans for the raising of mankind. Such a ministry must be blessed. "There is none like it, give it me."

In closing this sketch, I must not fail to mention the important extension scheme, to which this band of few but courageous Christians have set their hands. The erection of a new and permanent place of worship is necessary for the simple reason that the present building is showing ominous signs of wear and instability. The Sands Mission, being so signally blessed of God, justifies its proposed extension and development, which includes the purchase of a tent, and the employment of an evangelist to share with the Pastor the heavy labour such a Mission involves. Another important purpose embodied in the scheme is the sending of a colporteur into the scattered villages round about Skegness, for which scarcely any religious provision is made. The estimated cost of the whole scheme is £5,000, towards which £1,000 have been raised. The people, however, are poor; and the living at a seaside resort is, at its best, scanty and precarious. They have already given nobly, and with this fact as my argument, I commend this scheme to the sympathy of the Lord's stewards, and to the prayerful interest of all readers. The whole plan is a noble effort on the part of a believing and zealous people to meet the needs of a rapidly-growing town, and an increasingly popular seaside resort. Gifts of money, of tracts for distribution, and of any accessories for open-air work, will be gratefully acknowledged by Pastor G. Goodchild, Skegness, Lincolnshire.

W. BUTCHER.

Great Yarmouth.

My Lady's Garden.

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

V.—BIRDS IN MAY.

SPRING is the time of joyous song. Let the March morning be ever so cold, some chorister will start the chant. In the Autumn, the birds that stay, and the birds that come, sing in another and quieter strain. Even the redwing, which arrives in October from the far North, and lingers on into April, has a different note in the

fall in contrast to the cheery song which he pours out in March. He is jubilant, ere he takes his journey into the recesses of the mysterious North, as if he would make you understand that the ice will soon melt in the fiords, and the snow vanish from off the plains, and that, then, the preserved berries of the Autumn will be uncovered, and the larch put on its plumes. So they say one to the other in a kind of murmuring concert, "It will be soon possible to hie home again! Home again! Home to high latitudes!" The redwing returns to us when the Winter again beats down from the Arctic regions, and from some park fence sings a soft lay which is borne far on the still air of golden October.

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Speaking generally, the Autumn song of birds is in great contrast to the restless, unceasing melody poured forth in the early Spring months. In September, the notes are dreamy and snatchy, as if the vocalists were resting after great exertions. The breeding-time is over; with most, the crisis of the moult is past when the woods turn red and the nuts ripen. Then the birds cease to live apart, but gather, on lazy wing, in flocks to the feast. Through mellow afternoons, a little trilling goes on, and the call notes can be heard, while young birds try their voices, not yet pitched to the scales of a later time.

But it is Love that lifts her voice in May. Above the rough grass land, which lies in wide acres around My Lady's Garden, the larks soar; not one, nor two, but many, filling the sunny air with strains which should make the most sordid lift up his eyes to find the singer. Yet the song is not poured into human ears alone, nor is it the feathered intent to charm irresponsible man. Hidden by some larger tuft of grass, the female sits upon five brown-speckled eggs, and it is on her account that this sky serenade is given. Her domestic duties are made easy, her enforced location lightened, by the cheerful disposition of her mate. When the young birds fill the nest, and clamour for food, the male will not soar quite so often; but, even then, he will leave the larger share of the bread winning to the mother, and for the least reason,—a successful fight, the rescue of a fledgeling, the surgical extraction of too big a bit from the greedy gullet of his offspring,—he will take the earliest moment to mount and pour out a tune.

A naturalist booked the doings of a pair of blackbirds through ten hours of a summer's day. During that period, the male fed the brood forty-four times, and the female sixty-nine times. Forty-four times,—think of that! What forbearance, energy, and interest, the male bird showed! The rest of the time he refreshed himself, and perhaps his little ones, with song. Let us hope that the small fry enjoyed the paternal solo. But, to do him justice, we must own that he also put in a lot of police work; and quite another note would be sure to be uttered if danger hovered. The vocal sounds of birds can be classed in three divisions. The harsh cries which forebode enemies, the common calls one to another, and the songs proper.

By the second week in May, most of our summer visitors have arrived. The blackcap, whose song some think as but second to the nightingale's, flits from bush to bush, then sits on an outlying spray, and pours forth a melody rich and varied. He will imitate the celebrated

songster of the night, the blackbird, and the robin. But anyone who listens to the nightingale, and then to the blackcap's attempt to vie with him, will be struck with the poverty of the copy. The blackcap, like the rest of us, is at his best when he is just natural. Then, he is grand.

Some call the blackbird's song an imitation, saying that his best notes are copied from the thrush. Let this pass. Both birds and men are all more or less plagiarists. I wonder how many sermons have been borrowed without compunction, how many mannerisms of the throistles of oratory have been copied with complacency! Yet it is a risky business. At least, so I judge, as a matter of observation. Even the celebrated mocking-bird gets mixed sometimes, for those who have heard him say that he will give a stave from this bird's song, and a trill from that, putting between them the squawk of a jay as a kind of hyphen.

* * * *

Now it is Spring, and living things dance and jerk, uttering droll cries. Fish, bright as silver, give big splashes out of the deep water; beetles gyrate on the surface of still pools; tadpoles squirm in muddy shallows; minnows and sticklebacks dart to and fro over the sandy levels by the stream's edge. Have you not seen all this on a May morning? I have, and heard much more beside; the screeching swallow, from Egypt lately come; the cawing rooks uttering their "Yah! Yah!" in the Parliament of birds; the cuckoo's welcome note; the golden meadows; the great water-mirror flashing one moment with sunlight, the next taking the hue of the passing cloud, as sensitive to impressions as a loving heart; the grassy overflow where the wagtails disport themselves; the flaggy back-stream where the sedge-warbler hides, and from whence he sings his startlingly powerful song; the blue tit pecking vigorously at a bit of bacon rind tied to a drying-post down by the stream; the sparrows on the garden path picking up the pieces which the tit lets fall;—all this, and yet more, and more, and more, on a May morning. What wonder if a bird with a sense of fun,—and there are very droll birds indeed, birds that might start a comic paper,—what wonder, I say, that, with a taste for mimicry, such an one should enter into the humour of the hour.

Now the greenfinches get frolicsome early in the morning, like boys in a bedroom when they wake at holiday times. Now the sparrows are as noisy as a Sunday-school excursion. Now the chaffinch, fond of washing even in Winter,—wherein he sets, by the way, a good example, though a shockingly bad advertiser of patent soaps,—the chaffinch, I say, delights to make his ablutions in spring water. He is a wonderful "swell", but also rather a rowdy, always ready to join in a commotion, and, like certain students, good at "hustling." Now the pugnacious robin hides himself for a season from the ken of men. Now the stone-chat imitates the parish flint-breaker. Now the redstart sings mellifluously on a diet of worms. The greater whitethroat's hurried voice is heard from among the branches, and the willow-warbler's plaintive cry from a tall tree.

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Fancy My Lady's Garden now, ye that spend your days in Blooms-

bury! Lupins, irises, gillyflowers, succeed each other. The crab apple is in blossom, flushing like a young beauty at appreciation. Strange that the compliments of the season should turn to crabs!

Come, let us walk by the trees which edge the lawn. The time shall be nightfall. There may be a moon; if not, supposing the sky be clear, it will not be really dark by ten o'clock. The air will breathe balm, for late apple-blossom covers certain trees, and garden hyacinths and narcissi yield their rich perfume. Moths, white and brown, flit by. Light a taper, or, better still, a lantern. Sit now facing the maples, with laburnums, not yet fully out, drooping in yellow festoons just above you. Put down your lantern on the garden seat, and be very still. A May bug comes blundering by. Then another, and another. If you are very quiet, you will hear the "churr" of the night-jar. This bird arrives in mid-May just in time to feed on the dor-beetles. The mouth has a gape that will swallow the largest moth. The strange churning is uttered in a crouching position. Listen! "Chur-r-r." What a weird sound upon the still night! The night-jar has been most unjustly credited with an evil reputation. The slander has had a long life. From the time of Aristotle, downward to our own rustics, this bird has been called the goatsucker, from the awful habit it was supposed to possess of drawing the life away from the flocks. Poor bird! Though sombre in hue, and with flight as noiseless as an owl's, it never was a leech. But calumny is as hard to kill as the fabled hydra slain by Hercules.

That huge moth, which went so swiftly by just now, was a death's-head. Another bad character, but only because he is ugly. If all of us, who are not good-looking, were hanged, there would be a scarcity of people next day. Even the survivors might tremble from hour to hour. During the French Revolution, the verb suspect was conjugated thus:—"I am suspect; thou art suspect; he is suspect." That is how the ignorant live, and many who ought to know better. The death's-head moth, seen in old time, produced a panic. Either there would be a famine, or a pestilence, or it was old Mother Chattox, the witch, abroad in a new form. King James the First, whose name heads the preface to our Bibles, would have given yards to a West African as a witch-finder. One can fancy the British Solomon eagerly drinking in, say, a report from the officers searching for Baptists, of a dreadful moth seen in the dell at Newington. "Ay, verily," King James would answer, "stamp them out, 'tis their speerit abroad!"

"Speerits abroad" indeed! White moths, soft as silk, but rather creepy;—skippers and skipjacks attracted by your lantern. A huge spider crawls along the edge of the garden seat. Streaked larvæ, fat, horny, and chilly, hang on jasmine and laurels; somewhat suggestive of humans to be avoided. Long black slugs make tracks for young shoots. These gentlemen are slow, but they arrive. If we were in the dell, hard by, our light might show up a snake or two.

Listen! That is the pant of a great engine, going all night. Thud! Thud! Calculated to cause you to try to regulate your heart by its beats. Listen again! That is the rumble of a heavy goods train. Hark! There is a church clock striking midnight. Other clocks follow; some with boys' voices, some with men's. It is now as dark

as it is likely to be. Feel chilly? Don't give up. New stars are rising. Rather go in? Eerie, is it? Blow out your lantern, and wait. . . . What is that? "Swe-e-t, swe-e-t, ju, ju, ju, jug, jug, jug." Here comes the nearing thunder of the last express. Hark to the scream of the iron monster rushing through the night! But do you hear aught else? Listen! Louder, louder, above the whirr of wheels and pant of escaping steam it rises,—“Swe-e-t, swe-e-t, ju, ju, ju, jug, jug, jug.” It is the nightingale; and so he will sing above all distracting sounds,—type of the hope-filled saint,—till the day breaks, and the shadows flee away.

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

VII.—A VISIT TO A SUGAR CAMP.

TO dwell for a lengthened period in the Land of the Maple Leaf, without visiting a Maple Sugar Camp, is surely something of an anomaly. Yet it was not until nearly the end of our sojourn in the Dominion that we became personally acquainted with that truly Canadian institution. We had often gazed with admiration at the beautiful Rock Maple in its summer greenery and its autumnal glory. In the latter season, it presents a spectacle so magnificent that those who have never seen it cannot understand the raptures of others who have looked upon that great sight, and with whom it remains a joy for ever. Its manifold richness of colour and variety of tints are altogether indescribable. It appears to burn, to blush, yea, sometimes, verily to bleed before the entranced eye fastened upon it. Solomon in all his glory was never thus arrayed. No king was ever so gorgeously apparelled. All precious stones heaped in prodigal profusion could not produce a more lovely effect. In speaking of this and kindred trees, standing in their splendour at the fall of the year, we said that they made us think of the sea of glass mingled with fire which is before the eternal throne.

The Maple is not, however, merely an object of beauty; it is a thing of utility. Not only while growing, but after it has been cut down, it serves many useful purposes. As fuel, it is superior to all other woods; and it is employed as material in many industries and arts. It is largely used for the building and embellishing of houses, and also for the manufacture of furniture to adorn such habitations. From it are made many articles which we need not attempt to enumerate. We cannot forbear suggesting that the trees of righteousness, of the Lord's right hand planting, should be thus fair to look upon, and serviceable to God and man both in life and death.

It is of the Rock Maple in its saccharine properties that we desire now to write. It is familiarly known as the "Sugar" Maple, and is planted and cultivated with a view to its productiveness in this respect. About half a million pounds of Maple sugar are produced every year in New Brunswick. Most of it is used in a liquid form as syrup, which furnishes a delicious relish on the breakfast and supper table. Some of it takes the shape of candy, and is the delight of Canadian children.

Certainly there can be no more wholesome sort of sweet. And then, much of the sap is made into solid sugar, and is put to a variety of domestic uses.

In our last sphere of labour, there were several of our people who, as they say on that side, "made sugar," and we received not a few invitations to a "sugaring-off." From one cause and another, we were unable for some time to comply with these kind requests. At last, we determined to gratify our own curiosity and the desire of one of our good brethren. He was one of our devoted church workers at a branch-station, and became, later, one of our deacons. His sugar plantation was the most extensive in that neighbourhood, and he made quite a business of "sugaring"; so that we knew we should have a fine opportunity of viewing the process under the best conditions.

Accordingly, a day was fixed, and we set off. Our wife and two little daughters accompanied us. Our destination was five miles away, and we found that we could not reach it without some toil and difficulty. Sugar-making takes place at a time of the year rather unfavourable for travelling. It is usually about the end of March and beginning of April. It is a transition period,—when Winter is hardly over, and Spring scarcely begun. So, in places, there will still be a plentiful supply of snow; in others, it will be quite thin or entirely gone. Therefore the roads will not be perfectly fit either for wheeling or sleighing. Thus was it on the occasion to which we refer. We thought it best to take a sleigh; but sometimes wished we could exchange it for a buggy. Now and again the ground would be totally bare, and the sleigh would go heavily, like Pharaoh's chariots with the wheels off. Not only do the enemies of God have such hard journeyings: the soul of His own people is often much discouraged because of the way. Frequently, as we are moving towards some sweet experience on earth, we are sorely put to it ere we arrive at it. And so it is generally with the way that leads to "the land of pure delight." We must not for a moment think of turning back; but possess our souls, grieved as they are, in patience, sustained by the thought of the joy which is set before us.

In our journey to the Sugar Camp, we made the best of our hardships. The driver would often get out and walk, to relieve the toiling steed. No one, who saw us under such circumstances, could accuse us of laziness. We felt like the literary man who lived in a certain boarding-house. The gentleman next to him at table was a doctor, and said to him, one day at dinner, "You don't look very well; you should take some exercise." The man of letters was struggling with a tough beefsteak, and looking up, he asked, "What do you call this?" There could be no better remedy for reducing corpulence than, clad in a heavy fur-coat, to endeavour to keep pace with a restive horse. That reminds us that "Topsy" was like some Christians. Wherever the road was bare, she grew impatient and irritable, and put herself to needless exertion to get as quickly as possible over the hard spots. Across such spaces she would go at a smart trot, dragging the dead load until she was wet with perspiration. Had she but taken things quietly, it would have been much better. Let us, who profess to be superior in intelligence to such dumb creatures, seek to make good proof of our superiority by acquiescing patiently in the will of God. Let us refrain

from chafing and fretting under trial, and making frantic efforts to escape from it. If we walk calmly in dependence upon the Lord, the way will presently become easier, and we shall be able to run and not grow weary. To act otherwise will only bring us discomfort, weariness, and suffering.

We found it "better on before," and the latter part of our journey was performed with ease and pleasure. All our trials were speedily forgotten when we reached the residence of our good friend Gideon. Here we may remark that the people in those parts keep up the excellent custom of giving their children Scriptural names. Our brother dwelt under the same roof with his father, who bore another name famous in sacred story; viz., Joseph. The son was our host at this time; and, being married, he and his family occupied a separate portion of the house, though between the older and younger inmates of the dwelling there was free and frequent communication. About the whole family there was a patriarchal simplicity and grace that greatly charmed us. It will interest our readers to know that two other sons are esteemed Baptist ministers.

We soon learnt that we were not expected to subsist all day upon sugar. A substantial meal awaited us, for which our toilsome travel had sufficiently prepared us. After dinner, our sleigh was brought out, and we started for the Camp. It lay upon a hill, at the back of the house, about half a mile away. We speedily reached the grove, which consisted of some seven hundred trees, and was a most peaceful retreat. The busy world seemed far away, and we felt the deep calm which broods in nature's solitudes. Yet here, too, art had intruded, and the hand of man was in evidence. Every tree had been tapped. In each, a spout had been thrust, from which was suspended a tin pail. Into these receptacles the sap was trickling. We cannot but reflect upon spiritual analogies as we remember the Word which says, "the trees of the Lord are full of sap." God's people should yield sweetness, so that by them others may be nourished and comforted. What is said of the Maple is true of them: some trees give sweeter sap than others, and even the same tree will some seasons give richer sap than at other times. And we were informed that frosty nights alternated with sunny days are best adapted for the production of Maple Sugar, though our friend could not tell us the reason for this fact. We conclude that the frost, at night, arrests the rising sap, so that it does not ascend into the branches; but is stayed at a suitable point in the stem, and the succeeding sunshine promotes its ready flow. Whether this explanation be accurate or not, we believe that the circumstance has a spiritual significance. Do not Christians yield most sweetness when trial and blessing alternate or co-exist? Frosty nights of adversity and sunny days of Divine favour induce the production of a character and influence acceptable to God, and palatable to those who have their senses exercised to discern between the bitter and the sweet.

In the midst of the grove is the Camp proper. It is a somewhat roughly constructed shed or shanty. It is here that the sugar is boiled. Brother Gideon had recently purchased an evaporator with the latest improvements. This is a great advance upon the old slow method of boiling with metal pots. This apparatus works automatically, and the

flow of sap from the large hogshead outside is regulated with the greatest nicety. It passes to and fro through various compartments until it is finished as syrup. Inside the sugar-house, there were a few improvised seats, and we sat down, and proceeded to enjoy ourselves. The enjoyment proved even greater than we anticipated. We had thought that there would be something a little nauseating about tasting the warm syrup, but we discovered that we could take quite a quantity with much pleasure and comfort. It was handed to us in birch-bark ladles and spoons, and the wood appeared to enhance its flavour. Maple candy was also made for our delectation. This is done by pouring some syrup upon the snow. It thus crystallizes, and one is able to take it up in the hand, and eat it. We never had a better time in our life. The pleasant surroundings, the pure air, the good company, and the sweet luxuries, all tended to make us feel well and happy. We wish all ministers could have two or three days a year in a Sugar Camp. All engaged in such a work as ours meet with much having a tendency to embitter them, and are in danger of becoming soured. It is very desirable that we should get sweetened up once in a while. There are many who are debarred from participating in such an experience as that we have described; but they have other sources of rest, refreshment, and recreation open to them. It is well to come into close contact with sweet natural influences, so that, like one of old, touching Mother Earth, we may revive. But there is something better far than nature and things earthly. God's Word, grace, and presence are sweeter than the choicest products known to the senses. We can say, "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste: yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" His favour is better than life. But He Himself is best of all, and we exclaim, as we think of that unspeakable fulness of delight, "My meditation of Him shall be sweet."

"Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(Continued from page 172.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(c) *The Self-witness of the Holy Ghost.*

2. The Uniqueness of the Sacred Books.

That the Holy Scriptures stand easily head and shoulders above all other writings, ancient and modern, every dispassionate reader, whatever be his religious or irreligious convictions, must readily admit. Sublime, yet simple in its style; beautiful, but practical in its diction; comprehensive, though terse in its suggestiveness; profound, still clearly to be understood in its wisdom; homely, yet authoritative in its utterances, the Bible differs as widely from every human book as the work of God in nature does from man's noblest efforts in art to paint the same on canvas, or tell it forth in song.

What candid critic could possibly dream of comparing the Iliad of Homer with the Psalms of David, the records of Herodotus ("the

father of History,") with the writings of Moses, the fables of Æsop with the Proverbs of Solomon, the books of the Apocrypha with those of the major and the minor Prophets, the teachings of Confucius, Buddha, and Socrates with those of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the ethics of Aristotle and Seneca with those of the New Testament, the Sacred Books of the East with the Epistles of the apostle Paul, the writings of "the Fathers" with those of "the Grand-fathers" (the apostles), and the Koran of Mohammed with the Gospels, Epistles, and the Revelation of the beloved disciple John? Certainly, no one who has quietly, carefully, and conscientiously, studied the entire Bible, even from the standpoint of a mere *litterateur*; and no man, however erudite, should lay claim to be thoroughly educated who has not at least *read* the Scriptures. I remember once, at a drawing-room gathering, hearing a gentleman of undoubted intelligence, and head of one of the oldest families in our country, roundly assert that he believed and accepted the Mohammedan religion in preference to Christianity. Now, having personally just failed in four most painful but honest efforts to read the Koran, I thought the opportunity one to draw a bow at a venture, and accordingly exclaimed, "Pardon me, but your assertion is both unworthy and foolish, since I am tolerably persuaded you have never read the Koran through, and absolutely certain you never did the Bible." Nor had he! and though, later on, in a more subdued tone, he intimated how he had mastered all the intricacies of "the Irish question" (!), I have noticed his unappreciative county has not yet returned him to the Imperial Parliament; and this man is a fair specimen of the average fashionable semi-sceptic, who only skims the surface of the Holy Scriptures, and crudely forms his opinion from fragmentary and often garbled extracts of literary criticism.

There is much truth in rough, honest, sarcastic Thomas Carlyle's opinion of the Koran:—"It is a wearisome, confused jumble, crude, recondite, abounding in endless iterations, longwindedness, entanglement, insupportable stupidity. In short, nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the Koran with its unreadable masses of lumber." (*Heroes and Hero Worship*.) As for the Sacred Books of the East, while we admit that there is in them much of charm and high-toned morality and beauty, especially as read in Professor Max Müller's version, yet, if ALL of these writings had been translated, there would have been revealed, alongside some fascinating extracts, a very cesspool of iniquity. It is little wonder, therefore, that such a chaste and noble writer and historian as Sir Walter Scott exclaimed, when dying, as they wheeled him to the bow window to take a last view of the lovely river Tweed, and Mr. Lockhart enquired from what book he should read to him, "Need you ask? There is but One;" after which the soothing, triumphant words, "Let not your heart be troubled, etc.," calmed his wearied soul into a great peace;—for, though Confucius taught a high-toned and righteous theology, and Socrates a practical and unselfish altruism, yet neither had a Gospel for sinners, nor could they give their disciple power to overcome temptation, and grace to live their teachings out; and no glory streaked backwards down the

valley of the shadow of death from the light beyond which, to the Christian, speaks of Resurrection, Heaven, and Home.

And this it is which, altogether apart from its wonderful beauty and diction,—the simple and homely yet authoritative and sublime style of the Holy Scriptures,—makes it utterly impossible and foolish for us to compare the noblest words of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, or Milton, with those of the Bible, since it alone brings a revelation of God's Gospel of pity, pardon, and power, to lost and broken men, and tells how, on lines of righteousness and grace, Paradise lost may become Paradise regained. What a sad, lonely wail is that of brilliant, dissolute, infidel Byron, in his *Euthanasia*,—

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er the days from anguish free;
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be;"—

contrasted with the stirring faith of the apostle Paul, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" "for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and in all things, I have learned the secret, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me" (Philippians i. 21; iv. 11—13). The opening verses of Genesis, and John, and Hebrews, and the closing chapters of the Gospels and the Revelation; the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, and the eighth of Romans; the twenty-third and seventy-second Psalms, and the thirteenth and fifteenth chapters of 1st Corinthians; the eighth of Deuteronomy, and the Sermon on the mount, the farewell discourse of our beloved Lord, and the first Epistle of John;—these and many other passages of sublime and thoughtful beauty and comfort, bear even to minds brimful of doubt and captiousness, the very stamp and ring of Divine messages. How feeble is Homer after such, with his redundancies and repetitions, his countless adjectives and impossible conversations; and Virgil, a plagiarist and copyist, at best, of the much greater Greek, seems poorer still; while Shakespeare and Milton mainly shine because their noblest thoughts were borrowed broken lights from the radiancy of that Book in the simple faith of which they lived, and wrote, and died.

Take, for example, probably Homer's finest passage, and tell me, does it not taste as brackish water compared with David's mellow wine?

"Prayers of Penitence are daughters of great Zeus, halting, and wrinkled, and of eyes askance, that have their task withal to go in the steps of Sin. For Sin is strong, and fleet of foot, wherefore she far outrunneth all prayers, and goeth before them over all the earth making men fall, and Prayers follow behind to heal the harm. Now, whosoever reverenceth Zeus's daughters, when they draw near, they greatly bless and hear his petitions; but when one denieth them, and stiffly refuseth, then depart they, and make prayer unto Zeus, the son of Kronos, that sin may come upon such an one, that he may fall, and pay the price." (*Iliad*, ix. 502.)

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits : who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies. . . . The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed. . . . The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. . . . He hath not dealt with us after our sins ; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame ; He remembereth that we are dust. . . . But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children." (Psalm ciii.)

Then, again, the Bible is peculiar and solitary in the absolute inerrancy and thoroughgoing honesty of its history and memoirs. "Paint me as I am, wart and all," said mighty Cromwell, when sitting for his portrait ; and never has there been presented such an unveiled yet chaste diagnosis of the human heart as that which the Holy Ghost gives in recording the failing characters and sad actions of the very best of men ;—Noah's drunkenness, Abraham's lying, David's adultery, Elijah's cowardice, Peter's blasphemy, Paul's quarrelling. Therefore it is that these pen and pencil sketches of kings and peasants, prophets and sinners, still live with helpful sympathy, warning, encouragement, and power, since honesty, unartificiality, reliability is written large upon every page of the Holy Scriptures ; and we see, as in a mirror, our own poor faltering selves ; while, all the time, such revelations of sin lead, very singularly, not to transgression, but towards morality, as the searchlight of Inspiration lays bare, not only the heart of God and the love of Heaven, but the fall of man and his need of grace ; teaching us, as nothing else could, our utter, innate, absolute depravity and inefficiency, and yet fairly swamps that failure and need with God's overwhelming mercy and all-sufficiency ; until the man, who had once a devil's heart within him, becomes "conformed unto the likeness of God's dear Son ;" and having once touched hell in sin, now touches Heaven in holiness. The impossible is put before us in man's memoirs of perfect men till, crushed and despairing, we feel that we cannot attain thereto. The impossible is put before us in God's biographies of erring men ; and, taking heart, we pray, and strain, and struggle, till, by sovereign grace, we largely reach it here on earth, and wait a complete consummation in Heaven. Thus, the immortality of perfect truthfulness secures the immortality and helpfulness of Biblical characters.

And then, as regards comprehensive brevity, what book but the Bible could record a biography so tersely suggestive as this, "And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah : and Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years. and begat sons and daughters : and all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years ; and Enoch walked with God : and he was not, for God took him (Genesis v. 21—24) ;—or narrate, freed from every

superfluity of language a story so pathetically picturesque as this, "Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her. He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother" (Luke vii. 12—15)? What book but the Bible could, four thousand years ago, link together a system of Ethics unparalleled for justice and purity (especially as amplified and more fully expounded afterwards by our Lord,) with one of Sanitation, the neglect of which, in England, has generated typhoid fever, a disease unknown in bygone days, and largely the evolution of our progressive engineers!—regulate, with judicial discrimination of the highest order, the responsibilities between man and man in connection with such details as "pushing" oxen, sheltering parapets, the ubiquitous and ever-troublesome land question; and, in the same code of laws, provide a great day of Atonement for the sins of a guilty people, and protection for a poor mother-bird and her helpless young? (Exodus xxi. 28—32; Deuteronomy xxii. 8; Leviticus xxv. 1—24; xxiii. 27—32; Deuteronomy xxii. 6, 7.)

But, above all, the Book is unique because it alone offers an explanation of things dark, unknown, and supernatural,—the hidden mysteries of the ages past and of the dispensations yet to come,—the cradle and grave of Creation,—the genesis and ending of sin and sorrow,—the blendings of Divine holiness and love,—the justification of the sinner and the maintenance of the Law,—the almighty God caring for a sparrow and the great Creator sympathizing with little children;—fragmentary touches, catholic, yet minute, concerning Angels, Devils, Death, Paradise, Heaven, and Hell. The Bible is a perfect *repertoire* of information, over which may well be written, "Enquire within upon Everything;"—the master-key to open closed doors and unlock the heart of God and the plan of redemption;—an up-to-date commentary and criticism upon the actions of men and habits of society. Old classics, dusty with antiquity, may lead to laughter or tears, and other dead books touch, at most, our lives occasionally at some points in a dim, half-hearted, uncertain way; but the Holy Scriptures are always throbbing, instinct with life, as we march onwards through an always-widening, undiscovered continent of truth, and love, and purity, and beauty, towards the goal of a perfect life in a perfect Heaven.

I have been informed that, in the far-famed Yosemite valley, there is only one place, where standing, the traveller can get a comprehensive view of the entire panorama in its marvellous charm and beauty. This spot is named, with singular appropriateness, "*Inspiration Point*." From many other standpoints you may obtain glimpses of rare loveliness, and grasp different portions and details of the whole; but, from that position alone can you get a comprehensive survey of the complete panorama. Thus is it with the Bible;—fragmentary conceptions, more or less incomplete, concerning God, the devil, man, sin, society, judgment, and eternity, may be obtained from conscience, argument, history,

tradition, philosophy, and nature; but, to grasp and understand the whole in all its wonderful jointings and overlappings, the student and enquirer must gaze above, beneath, around, forward, from Inspiration Point. Here will he learn to take a broad, intelligent, and Scriptural view of the history, circumstances, and surroundings of humanity, with its past, present, and future prospects, and see how all are working together towards that end which, in the Divine programme of redemption, God has ordained from the beginning; and the difficulties, contradictions, enigmas, and mysteries of life, death, evil, grace, salvation, and immortality, can be, by the devout believer, surveyed as one blended whole from the standpoint of that Revelation given to man through the Sacred Writings.

(To be continued next month.)

On Tour.

BY PASTEUR R. SAILLENS, PARIS.

NO one of the many visits which I have paid to England has given me more pleasure than the last one. The new British Auxiliary had arranged that the greater part of the month of March should be devoted to this tour. Most of the arrangements, involving no little correspondence, had been made by the Honorary Secretary, to whom all thanks be given.

A great shadow, however, fell on us at the outset. On reaching London, on Monday, the 3rd, we learned that our beloved friend, the Founder and President of the British Auxiliary, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, was lying seriously ill. We had the painful privilege of seeing him feverish and helpless in his bed, and we felt that his anxiety for the success of this tour was adding to his pains, and weighed heavily on his heart. He had planned to come with us to some of the provincial meetings; but, of course, this could not be.

This was a keen disappointment. Yet we felt thankful for the love of this dear brother, whom the Lord has so wonderfully interested in our cause; and we somehow felt assured that this sickness was not unto death. We were able to pray the prayer of faith on his behalf, and we knew that our people in Paris were one with us, in this intercession, which, along with so many other prayers, has been mercifully answered.

On Tuesday, the 4th, a meeting of the committee took place in the deacons' vestry of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. In the absence of the President, Pastor A. G. Brown presided in his own genial way. The most important decision was taken of asking Pastor Edward H. Brown, brother of the chairman, to become the Honorary Secretary of the British Auxiliary. We have since learned that Mr. Brown has accepted the call, and we bless God for this, as there are very few men of God in England more acquainted with France, and its needs.

On the same evening, Pastor Blocher and myself attended a reception organized by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Young Christians' Missionary Union, of which Mr. E. J. Wigney is the energetic Secretary, and which partly supports Pastor Blocher. Pastor C. B. Sawday was in the chair, supported by Dr. McCaig, Pastor J. W. Harrald, and other friends. We both gave an account of last year's work, and spoke of the prospects of French evangelization. It was a delightful time for us, as we were able to make the personal acquaintance of a large number of our supporters.

On Wednesday, the 5th, we were kindly entertained by Professor and Mrs. W. Hackney, of The Chase, Clapham, who opened their drawing-room for a meeting. Notwithstanding a heavy fog, the attendance was good, and the sympathy of the company was practically shown by the offering, which was very generous.

The following days were spent in the home of Pastor A. G. Brown, at West Norwood, where one of our daughters had already preceded us. I wish I could express here, in good English, my deep sense of obligation, and my strong attachment to Pastor and Mrs. A. G. Brown, whose house has so often been a home to us in the true sense of the word. Truly, we rejoice that God has raised up, for the sake of His cause, such friends as these.

Pastor Blocher having returned to Paris, we started for Nottingham, where Pastor W. Kirk Bryce greeted us at the station. We were kindly entertained in the comfortable home of a Christian sister, and began our work in that city by attending the Saturday night prayer-meeting in one of the rooms of the large Tabernacle. On the following day, we preached both morning and evening, to large congregations. The evening one was specially remarkable. In the afternoon, we went round the Sunday-school classes, and spoke at three of them. The children's work is a peculiar feature of the Tabernacle activities, and we congratulate Mr. Bryce on the hold he seems to have both on the young and the adults.

On Monday, the 10th, we went to Cambridge, but regretted to find that Pastor C. Joseph, in whose church we were to speak, had been compelled to go away on account of broken health. We had, however, a good time at the prayer-meeting, and at the Christian Endeavour meeting which followed.

On Wednesday, back to London, where we found Pastor A. G. Brown touched with influenza, and had the privilege of relieving him by preaching at Chatsworth Road Chapel. The audiences at Chatsworth Road, Sundays or week-days, are always large and impressive; the Saturday night prayer-meeting being quite a unique gathering.

Saturday, the 15th, found us in another of our dear friends' houses; that of Pastor W. Y. Fullerton, of Leicester. We found him in a sad state; he had been thrown off his bicycle, a few days before, and had broken his right arm: a most serious misfortune for such a hard worker as he is! Sorry as we were to see him temporarily laid aside, it was a joy for us to be able to relieve him of all care for the following day. The services at Melbourne Hall are, I suppose, hardly equalled anywhere for attendance and spirituality. The Saturday night meeting gave the key-note for the Sunday. Morning and evening, the large place was full; at night, chairs had to be brought into the aisles, and we were told that this is by no means an unusual occurrence. However pessimistic some of our friends may be as to the state of religion in England, let an outsider's impression be given: a country, where the simple preaching of the Gospel, unaccompanied by any ritual, is able to draw such crowds, Sunday after Sunday, in a provincial city, is yet a long way from becoming either secularized or Romanized.

I fear to become tedious by the expression of my gratitude to my friends; but how can I help it? *They* are not afraid of being tedious by their overwhelming kindness; and so, I here record my thankfulness to Pastor and Mrs. Fullerton, in whose home it was delightful to be a guest. Our talks with the invalided pastor helped him, I hope, to pass a pleasant hour or two; at least, they passed very pleasantly for *me*.

On Tuesday, the 18th, we had an united meeting of the three Baptist Churches at Luton. It had been organized by one of the brethren, Pastor F. Thompson, and it had been expected that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon would take the chair. In his place, we had one of the prominent Baptist

laymen of Luton, and Pastors Thompson, C. E. Stone, and W. J. Harris, all three members of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, were on the platform. Though the season was at its height, and the busy people could hardly be expected to come, the meeting was largely attended, and responsive.

The next day found us back in London, and we had a delightful evening, as usual, at Highgate Road Chapel, with the Rev. James Stephens, M.A. I have not mentioned, so far, the financial results of these meetings; the response everywhere was liberal. But I may say that, to my knowledge, there is no church exactly like that at Highgate Road, where no collections from pew to pew are taken up, and where the liberality is extraordinary. It is always a spiritual treat to hear Mr. Stephens, and one does not wonder that his people are intelligent in the things of God, and in the great politics of His Kingdom.

Friday, the 21st, was originally to be our last day in England. For that day, Pastor A. G. Brown had fixed a drawing-room meeting, which was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Pearce, at Dulwich. Pastor A. G. Brown, who, with our kind hosts, had taken much pains to make this meeting successful, occupied the chair. Fully 120 people were present,—the largest drawing-room meeting we ever saw. We had had, a few days before, the good fortune to have Mr. John Pearce visiting Paris, where he attended a large temperance meeting at Rue Meslay, in which he was much interested. He added, to all his kindness in receiving and entertaining so many friends, that of *doubling* the amount of the offering, whatever it might be. The result was a handsome contribution, for which, as well as for all the liberality of the Lord's people, we are grateful to them, and to *Him*.

The campaign ended with the Sunday night service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which we took at the request of dear Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. For a man accustomed to speak, usually, to audiences of 200 to 400 people, (these are large audiences for a Christian preacher in a Roman Catholic country,) the sight of these 3,000 people in the immense building, the sense of responsibility, and of weakness in having to speak to them in a foreign language, were overpowering. Yet there was a sense of joy, too.

* * * *

I have received so much spiritual good from Christian England, and especially from the late Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, that it is a luxury to be able, in some poor way, to give back something to the dear English people. And no item in my tour has given me more real pleasure and gratitude than the expressions which have come to me, from some of these places, of thanks for blessing received through words of a passing French visitor. May God bless the churches of England! May He keep their light burning brightly! May they be kept from the danger arising from the sense of numerical strength, wealth, liberty, ease! It would be a sad day, for the whole world, if the last spark of Puritanism died away in your country.

On Monday, the 24th, I was back in Paris, and have been at work, ever since, preaching, writing, visiting. The Church here is in a good spiritual condition; we have brotherly love, a spirit of liberality, and of prayer. Some backsliders have lately returned. Some surely are on the brink of decision. But we long for *conversions* and *baptisms*: we have had only a few lately. Brethren, pray for us.

And again, accept my warmest thanks for your exceeding kindness, and the love you bear to my beloved country.

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.

Two collections of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's sermons are on the point of being issued. The one entitled "*My Gospel*," published by Mr. A. H. Stockwell in his "Baptist Pulpit" series, consists of twelve discourses on Gospel themes. The other contains ten Coronation Addresses, and has for its title the text of the first sermon, "*God Save the King!*" It is published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.

The price of each volume is 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have published, price 4d., or post free, 5d., a most artistic intaglio card, *A Souvenir of the Coronation*, of which we here give a reduced view.



It is $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $6\frac{1}{4}$, and contains excellent portraits of the King and Queen, a fine emblematic silver scroll enclosing the royal arms, and an appropriate verse by Charlotte Murray.

For the benefit of any of our readers who may be suffering from consumption, or who have friends afflicted with that very trying malady, we are glad to call attention to the new edition of Mr. G. T. CONGREVE'S work, *Consumption of the Lungs; or, Pulmonary Tuberculosis and its Successful Treatment*, which has been edited, and re-written by his son-in-law, Mr. J. ALEXANDER BROWN, M.R.C.S., one of our own College brethren. We have known of many instances

in which the medicine has been most helpful, and the book contains a number of testimonials to its efficacy, including one from Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and some from "Our Own Men." The following sentences should be sufficient to encourage others to put the treatment to a practical test:—"Many thousands, of all ages, and in various stages of lung disease, have derived great and lasting benefit, and thousands of precious lives have been saved by its use."

The book can be obtained for sixpence, post free, from Mr. Brown, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, S.E., or of the publisher, Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Things Above. By G. G. FINDLAY, D.D. C. H. Kelly.

CHOICE homilies on the things which are eternal. The scholar, the worshipper, and the true interpreter are all here; and the mental and spiritual wealth of all three is imparted to these stimulating discourses. We are not sure that the reference to "the first resurrection" is Scripturally correct; but if a blemish, this is a very small one on a beautiful series of heavenly pictures.

Plato. By D. RITCHIE, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

ADMIRABLE as a handbook and introduction to the life-work and philosophy of the famous Greek. Student-specialists will regard it as elementary, but "the man in the street"—the new public—will value it on that very account.

Daniel in the Critics' Den. By Sir ROBERT ANDERSON, LL.D. Nisbet and Co.

A TRENCANT exposure of the assumptions of Higher Criticism; especially those of Professor Driver and Dean Farrar concerning the Book of Daniel. The author's position is thus defined in his

Preface:—"The Higher Criticism is the travesty of all true criticism. It starts with the assumption that everything in Scripture needs to be confirmed by external evidence. It reeks of its origin in German infidelity. My indictment of it therefore is, not that it is criticism, but criticism of a low and spurious type, akin to that for which the baser sort of 'Old Bailey' practitioner is famed." We trust this volume will be read by thousands, and so help antidote the mischief it exposes.

The Bible and the Critics. By Rev. J. McEwan, D.D. H. R. Allenson.

If only those who have been led astray by the so-called Higher Criticism of the Bible would carefully read this scholarly and cogent little book, they would soon learn their folly. We are glad that Scotland has men of learning and courage enough to face and fight this modern pestilence of pretentious infidelity, so sedulously spread by her College Professors.

The Divine Authority of the Scriptures of the Old Testament. By D. M. McIntyre. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

YET another reply to the recent attacks of Scotch Professors on the authority of the Bible. The necessity for such defence is very sad, but granting it, the work is here in able hands. Popular in style, yet powerful in substance, it should be scattered broadcast that it may undo the evil that licensed Divinity teachers have wrought.

The Book Wonderful. Marshall Brothers.

A LITTLE pamphlet packed with facts that prove the Divinity of God's Book. Without definitely attacking unbelief, it here provides a very arsenal of weapons for its overthrow. Invaluable to Christian workers. Read, digest, assimilate, and you must be strong to resist modern infidelity, misnamed "criticism."

Is Christ Infallible, and the Bible True? By Rev. H. McIntosh, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

HAVING given this fine volume a very warm welcome in both its previous editions, we are heartily glad to see it in a third issue. A new Preface, and an Index, add to its already great value; and being cheaper, too, will enable many more to purchase. Every teacher of religious truth would do well to master its resistless arguments against the fictional school of interpreters of the Bible, so popular and yet so baneful to-day. This edition should speedily be exhausted, and prepare for another. The price of the book is 6s. net.

The Light that Lighteth every man. By C. J. Westlake. S. W. Partridge and Co.

SOME eighteen pithy addresses on titles of the Saviour. Well worth using as hints for Bible-class studies or week-day sermons.

James Chalmers of New Guinea. By Cuthbert Lennox. Andrew Melrose.

THIS well-written half-crown volume will help to make still more widely known the pioneer missionary and martyr, who must often have gone among the New Guinea savages at imminent peril of his life, and at last suffered death at the hands of some who little knew his true worth. Both author and publisher have done their work admirably; there are two good maps, and several excellent illustrations, including a charming frontispiece portrait of the heroic missionary.

A Faithful Sower. A Memoir of Rev. George Everard, M.A. By HIS DAUGHTER. Nisbet and Co.

THOUGH without striking incident, it was well that a record should be made of the useful life of such an earnest Evangelical worker as Mr. Everard. He will be chiefly remembered by his books and tracts, and his worthiest memorial will be

the fund which his widow is raising for their extended distribution.

Faith and Life in India. By ROBERT LEE LACEY, of Orissa. Arthur H. Stockwell.

A SOMEWHAT misleading title to a volume of sermons. Some of the chapters, all of which are worth reading, bear on Indian life; that on "The Holy Land of the Hindus,"—(Orissa) is especially interesting.

Sermons from a little-known Pulpit. By Rev. J. SOLON REES. A. H. Stockwell.

MR. ARTHUR STOCKWELL is giving many of our less-known ministers an opportunity of enshrining their sermons in permanent form; whether that is as great a benefit to them as to their congregations may be doubtful. We wish all village churches were as well served as Mr. Rees' church at Aberaman.

The Poor Minister's Dream; or, The Muzzled Ox. By STANLEY FRAZER. A. H. Stockwell.

ALAS! that the thought of definitely helping the poorer ministers of our churches should only be a dream; but, so long as we claim absolute independence, we fear little can be done to improve matters. Our village churches and ministers deserve to be supported, but there can be no hope of a Sustentation Fund apart from control. Are we prepared to adopt Presbyterian government for the sake of mutual support?

Scenes and Studies in the Ministry of our Lord. By Rev. JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. Charles H. Kelly.

AN atmosphere of charming simplicity pervades this volume, but it is the simplicity of deep knowledge

and mature thought, and not the simplicity of a child. Our first casual glance at the book was misleading; closer study reveals how clear a vision Dr. Rigg has of the essential elements in the life of Jesus Christ. These chapters are not repetitions of other men's thoughts; fresh and vivid touches meet us on every page. An Essay on Preaching is added, which, though very good, has nothing to do with the scope of the book, and might well have been omitted.

A Plea for the Old Faith. By Rev. JOHN TUCKWELL. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THE Old Faith here finds a sturdy defender. These chapters were originally delivered as lectures. We much prefer to have them in print, as involved sentences of over thirty lines must have been very difficult for an audience to follow. The matter is good and weighty, and should do much to confirm the faith of waverers.

A Great Salvation. By E. MARRIOTT FORD. Nisbet and Co.

THE author's attempt, as set forth in his Preface, is laudable enough; but when he tries to prove the theory of post-mortem salvation, we unhesitatingly affirm that no good will come of seeking to be wise above what is written. The Scriptures quoted in support of the so-called "larger hope" theories are capable of quite a different rendering, as one who assumes a knowledge of the Original ought to know. "A Great Salvation" may be set forth in this little book, but it is not THE Great Salvation revealed in the Holy Scriptures in which we believe.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

The Editor, who, ere this "Note" appears, will (D.V.) have resumed his work, desires to record his devout thankfulness to God for His sparing

and restoring mercy, and his grateful appreciation of the extreme kindness shown by a great multitude of friends, to him and his, during the time of trial through which they have lately passed.

He cannot sufficiently thank the deacons of the Tabernacle who would not have him return too soon to work, or the dear brethren who so acceptably occupied his pulpit, or the faithful helpers connected with the Church and its Institutions, and the Magazine, who so willingly supplied his lack of service. He believes that his health is re-established. Conference will be a rather severe test, however; and friends must not be disappointed if, for a while, he has to "proceed with caution."

IN MEMORIAM.—Though long expected, the home-going of DR. SAMUEL HARRIS BOOTH, on April 7th, leaves a deep sense of personal loss in the hearts of all who were brought into contact with him. After a long and honourable ministerial career in various places, he became Secretary of the Baptist Union, a position which he held until he had to retire, through ill-health, in 1898. He had a very difficult task to perform at the time of the "Down-grade" Controversy, but he fulfilled it with marked courtesy, and retained for Mr. Spurgeon the same feelings of esteem and regard that he had always felt. During the beloved Pastor's long illness, he was most constant in his manifestations of prayerful sympathy.

For some years, Dr. Booth has lived in retirement at Bournemouth; and it was there, in his seventy-eighth year, that the home-call reached him; and there also devout men carried him to his burial. We mourn with all his surviving relatives, but we also rejoice as we think of him, "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Two notable preachers, both well-known in England, have recently passed away in the United States,—MR. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM and DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE. The former was largely occupied in evangelistic services, often in connection with Mr. Moody; and in literary labours, the principal of which was the compilation of a very admirable record of the life and work of C. H. Spurgeon. Dr. Talmage must have had, among our readers, many who were acquainted with him through his sermons and other works, or who heard him when he preached and lectured in this country. As the Lord calls home His servants, one by one, we hear His

voice saying to us, "Be ye also ready."

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Tabernacle Tidings.

The Annual Report of the Bible Flower Mission, just issued, is a record of beautiful service for the Saviour. During the year, the ladies have carried no less than 16,839 bunches of flowers to the sick and afflicted. The flowers have been but the border to the comforting texts which have accompanied them; and the visitors have had the satisfaction of conveying hope and consolation to hundreds of weary hearts in the Workhouse and Infirmary.

Hampers of flowers are always welcome, and should be addressed to the Secretary, Bible Flower Mission, Pastors' College, Newington Butts, London, carriage paid. They should be despatched in time to arrive on Wednesday mornings. Copies of the Annual Report can be had on application.

The Rev. Alfred Walker, of the Nyassa Industrial Mission, gave an interesting lecture upon "The Land of Livingstone," on Wednesday, March 19th, in the College Buildings. The views were good, and the audience was large. Deacon Frank Thompson presided.

The annual meeting of the Tabernacle Sunday-school was held on Tuesday evening, March 25th. Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, and an inspiring address was delivered by the Rev. J. Watkin, of Surrey Chapel. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, being away through illness, wrote a letter to the workers, which was read. In it, he expressed his admiration of and gratitude for their splendid service and untiring devotion. Had his strength permitted, he would have travelled specially to London to greet them.

The Report, which was presented by the Secretary, Mr. H. W. Harvey, showed the total number of scholars as 1,177, of whom 322 are over 15 years of age, and 104 members of the Church, 40 having joined during the past year. There are 96 officers and teachers, of whom 93 have been scholars in this or other schools. William Scutt, an earnest and faithful teacher, has been called home at the early age of 22. Mr. H. Watts,

the Branch Secretary of the International Bible Reading Association, has issued 806 cards of membership. The Young Christians' Association has 337 members. No less a sum than £762 19s. 4d. has been collected by the Young Christians' Missionary Union for home and foreign mission work.

Mr. Chas. Waters, who was among the audience, proposed the following resolution, which was seconded, and carried with enthusiasm:—"That we hereby express our gratitude to God for all the good accomplished in the Sunday-school during the past year; that we give our very hearty thanks to the officers and teachers for their continued and devoted services, and pray that a rich blessing may rest upon their labours during the present year." Mr. S. R. Pearce expressed the thanks of the officers and teachers. He deeply regretted that the Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Chas. Wagstaff, was away through illness.

At the monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society, held on Wednesday evening, April 2nd, Pastor W. Stott gave an interesting and instructive lecture entitled "Outside Signs and Inside Customs." The history of the origin of public-house signs showed how utterly inappropriate many of them were.

At the close of the meeting, the following resolution was proposed by Pastor W. Stott, seconded by Mr. Jas. McLaren, and carried unanimously:—"We, the members of the 'John Ploughman' Gospel Temperance Society, at our public meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Wednesday, April 2nd, desire to express our hearty appreciation of the decision of the proprietors of 'The Daily News' to omit all betting and horse-racing news, and to give prominence in its columns to reports of Christian and philanthropic work." The meeting was presided over by Pastor C. B. Sawday.

The following deaths of Tabernacle members were reported at the monthly communion service on Lord's-day evening, April 6th:—Joseph Cooper, Rebecca Turner, Sarah Price, Samuel Chandler, Ann Williams, Henry Harks, Ann Frame.

The annual meeting of the Tabernacle Ladies' Working Benevolent Society was held on Monday, April 7th. A goodly number of friends met for tea in the College Buildings at 5.30 p.m., and the meeting followed, Pastor C. B. Sawday presiding. Deacon Johnston presented the Report and balance-sheet, both of which were most encouraging. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon sent a letter of kindly greeting, and regret at not being well enough to be present. Pastor C. S. Hull, of Arthur Street Chapel, Camberwell, gave a helpful and practical address, and Miss Permain sang two sacred solos. Help is needed by the Society, and subscriptions will be thankfully received by Miss R. F. Cook, 278, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.

The evangelistic meetings, which have been held at the close of the Sunday evening services during the winter, will end with the month of April. The attendance has been very good, and the meetings have been full of interest and enthusiasm. It is believed that souls have been won for Christ. It is dangerous, however, to attempt to tabulate results; we, therefore, commend the work to the Divine Spirit.

The outdoor services will commence on Lord's-day, May 4th, upon the steps of the Tabernacle, at 6 p.m.; on the following Sabbath, the 8 o'clock meeting will be held; and a week-night service will also be conducted on the steps. Pastor C. B. Sawday will superintend the whole of the summer arrangements, and he appeals for a large contingent of helpers. The teeming multitudes, in the neighbourhoods surrounding the Tabernacle, are being lost in darkness, within touch of the Gospel Lighthouse. They *must* be reached, somehow or other.

At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, on Monday evening, April 14th, Rev. John Urquhart gave a short but telling address upon "God's Answer to the Higher Critics."

The annual meeting of Mr. H. G. Budden's Bible-class took place on Tuesday evening, April 15th.

On Lord's-day, May 4th, Pastor D. J. Hiley will (D.V.) be the preacher at

the Metropolitan Tabernacle, as Pastor Thomas Spurgeon expects, on that day, to be fulfilling a long-standing promise to preach for Rev. James Owen, of Swansea.

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Concerning the College.

The students re-assembled, on Tuesday, April 8th, after their Eastertide vacation.

On April 15th, Pastor E. Baker, of Cape Town, and Pastor J. Russell, of Wynberg, addressed the students upon religious work in South Africa.

The following brethren have recently removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. T. Breewood, from Brayford group of churches, to Niton, Isle of Wight; Mr. A. G. Everett, from Wisbech, to Lansdown Chapel, Stroud, Gloucestershire; Mr. E. Morley, from New Brighton, to Atch Lench, near Evesham; Mr. Henry Smith, from Faringdon, to Southall, Middlesex; and Mr. F. J. Walkey, from Walthamstow, to Leytonstone Road, Leytonstone.

IN MEMORIAM.—Another death will have to be reported at the Conference which will be proceeding while the Magazine is in the hands of the printers. On Thursday, April 10th, the call, "Come up higher," reached PASTOR W. J. TOMKINS, of Whitstable-on-Sea, just a week after his wife had received her summons to the King's presence. He was one of the lesser known brethren of the College, but highly esteemed by all who knew him, and he has done good work for the Master in each of his pastorates,—at Barking, Ridgmount, Rushden, Quorn and Mountsorrel, and Whitstable.

Last June, our brother was seized with an apoplectic fit while conducting a prayer-meeting. He appeared to have recovered, and had for some months resumed his ministry, but now he has been "promoted" to the higher service of the upper sanctuary. His son, Pastor W. H. Tomkins, of Yalding, Kent, is already known to our readers through his poems. To him, and to all the other members of the doubly-bereaved family, we desire to express our sincerest sympathy.

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Our Fatherless Family.

The quarterly united service of the Orphanage Sunday-school was held on Lord's-day, April 6th, at 3 p.m.,

when a most interesting and helpful address was given by Pastor William Evans, of Gresham Baptist Chapel, Brixton, his subject being "A good soldier of Jesus Christ." The enlistment, adoption of the uniform, drilling, and fighting, of a King's soldier were commented upon, in the hope that all the children might become good and faithful soldiers of Jesus Christ. The singing, which was bright and hearty, was led by the Girls' Choir, whilst Mr. G. C. Britton, of Cheshunt College (a former scholar) led the devotions. Mr. T. W. Partridge presided at the organ.

The annual distribution of prizes took place on April 12th, at 7 p.m., when we were favoured with the presence of J. Fletcher Moulton, Esq., K.C., M.P., to present them. A special display of musical drill was given, also recitations by three of the girls. In a very interesting and forcible speech, Mr. Moulton expressed his great pleasure in having the opportunity of inspecting the Home, which would always stand as the finest possible monument of its noble Founder. He urged the children to make the best use of the privileges they had, that they might be fitted for the battle of life.

The prizes, of which there were 244, were all paid for by the Sunday-school teachers and friends. The Superintendent stated that, in the past year, there had been 500 members of the International Bible Reading Association, 200 members of the Band of Hope, and 35 members of the Young Christians' Band. The Scripture Examination on "Scenes in the Life of Jesus in Bethany and Jerusalem" took place in March, 1901, 161 children sat, and 127 passed. Special addresses had been given by Revs. H. Woffindin, M.A., of Holy Trinity Church, Tulse Hill; F. Hastings, of Markham Square Congregational Church, Chelsea; and W. D. Springett, M.A., D.D., of St. Matthew's, Brixton; and F. F. Belsey, Esq., J.P., of the Sunday School Union.

The collections for the year had been as follows:—Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission, £1 5s. 2d.; Baptist Missionary Society, £15 5s. 2d.; Indian Sunday School Mission, £2 4s. 9d.; Ragged School Union Cripples' Holiday Home, £1 14s.; Continental Sunday School Mission, £1 5s.; Temperance Hospital and

Band of Hope work, £21 11s. 11d.; total, £43 6s. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Moulton.

We again remind our readers of the date of the Annual Festival, Thursday, June 19th, the actual anniversary of the beloved Founder's birthday. Lord Overtoun and George W. Macalpine, Esq., J.P., will (D.V.) be the Chairmen of the two great public meetings, and there will be a long and interesting programme as usual. One special item will be the singing, by the children, of the Coronation Chorale, composed by Mr. Charlesworth. Town and country friends should make a note of the day, so as to be present if possible. The Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W., will be happy to forward collecting boxes to all who are willing to solicit contributions for the Institution.

Colportage Chronicles.

Yet another Colportage District is about to be opened; and this time it is outside the bounds of England,—at Belfast. Mr. George Roch, a veteran worker in Ireland, takes up the post of colporteur, and there is a good prospect of energetic and successful work being done, both in the distribution of Protestant and Evangelical literature, and also by the proclamation of a pure and sound Gospel.



MR. ADLETH WALKER.

Early in the month, Mr. A. WALKER, aged sixty-two, one of the senior brethren, who has for more than twenty years done good faithful work as a colporteur, was called home. He had been laid aside for several weeks with influenza; he

appears to have been a little too eager to get to his loved work again, and a relapse proved fatal. The Secretary took part in the funeral service at Melksham, Wiltshire, on April 4th, when he was laid to rest by his Pastor. A successor will at once be appointed to carry on the work at Melksham, which is generously provided for by Mrs. H. Keevil, who takes a deep interest in the evangelization of the District.

During the past month, the Secretary has lectured in the Egham District on behalf of the funds, and has taken Sunday services in the Downton, Salisbury, District.

The special effort on behalf of the Aged Colporteurs' Fund is in progress, and it is confidently hoped that, with the united assistance of all friends of Colportage, the completion of the desired £1,000 will be realized by the annual meetings. As there are important conditional promises depending upon the generosity of other helpers, an earnest appeal is made for donations to this object.

All readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" are invited to the annual members' meeting of the Association, in the Pastors' College, at 3 p.m., on Monday, May 12th, and also to the annual public meeting, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at 7 p.m. of the same day, when, in addition to the testimonies of the colporteurs, the Rev. J. Gregory Mantle has kindly promised to speak. Friends who are unable to be at the annual meetings are earnestly asked to remember the good work, and to forward their subscriptions to the General Fund, or other branches of the work, to Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Miscellaneous Matters.

If any friend knows the present address of the wife or son of Pastor W. Carnes, formerly of Seattle, Washington Territory, U.S.A., the Secretary at the Tabernacle will be glad to hear of it, as he has a communication to forward to one of them.

On Wednesday evening, March 19th, the annual meeting of the whole work at Haddon Hall, Bermondsey New Road, was held in the new building. Unusual interest was manifested in the anniversary, partly, no doubt, because

it was the first in the rebuilt premises. 267 friends were present at tea; and, afterwards, Samuel Barrow, jun., Esq., presided at the public meeting.

The Report stated that the present number of communicants at the Lord's table at the Hall is 307. That number has been carefully arrived at after rigidly excluding any persons who, although for the present their names are retained upon the Church-roll, have recently neglected the observance of the ordinance. Since the new buildings were opened, last October, 19 have been baptized at the Hall, and more are now ready for baptism.

The Sunday-school has 53 teachers and 966 scholars upon the books. At its annual meeting, in November, the Tract Society reported 40 distributors. There are held, in connection with the work, a Gospel Total Abstinence Society, Mothers' Meeting, Open-air services, and nightly meetings of different kinds. The organ of the work, "The Haddon Hall Evangelist," has a circulation of 1,250 monthly. The Penny-a-week Auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society produced over £66 last year.

It is still our glad boast that we resolutely refuse to adopt any means of attracting or interesting congregations which savour in the least of mere amusement. We are willing that the permanent results of the work should be tested as showing the willingness of God to own and bless the faith which only employs Scriptural methods for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

The balance-sheet showed £50 18s. 5d. owing to the Treasurer, which arose from the disturbance of the work through the rebuilding, and will be probably entirely covered by the compensation allowed from the London County Council, which is due for settlement very shortly. It is not, therefore, a usual thing, and is not likely to occur again. At the same time, the increased expenses, in the new premises, for electric lighting and heating apparatus, will need the continued generosity of former subscribers, and call for help from some who have not yet given to this work for God in needy Bermondsey. The amount raised, during the past year, in connection with the work, was £787 13s. 2d. Nearly £80 was given or promised at the meeting. Addresses were delivered by Pastor

D. H. Moore, of Vernon Chapel, and by Messrs. F. C. Carter and W. Jordan. We have seldom, if ever, held a more cheering and hopeful anniversary, and we ask all sympathizers in the Lord's work to join with us in praising Him for His constant care of His own cause at Haddon Hall.

Any contributions in aid of the work will be gratefully received by Mr. William Olney, "Hill View," Champion Hill, London, S.E.

On "Good Friday," March 28th, the Tabernacle was lent for the Seventh Annual Convention of the London Council of Christian Endeavour. The morning Rally of the Junior Societies was attended by about three thousand, and a Cantata was rendered, by detachments of young people, entitled "The Garden of Life," illustrating the development of a child's character.

In the afternoon, the great house of prayer was filled with older folk; and the Rev. H. J. Tresidder, who presided, presented Mr. Charles Waters with an illuminated address on the occasion of his retirement, after ten years' service, from the Chairmanship of the London Council of Christian Endeavour.

At the evening meeting, the Tabernacle was overcrowded. The Rev. W. Justin Evans occupied the chair, and gave a spirited address; the other speakers were Revs. Richard Richard, James Mursell, and J. W. Ewing. M.A., B.D.

On Saturday, May 31st, the annual garden party, in connection with the Young Christians' Missionary Union, will (D.V.) be held at the Stockwell Orphanage. There is to be an afternoon conference, conducted by Rev. W. Justin Evans, followed by tea, and a public meeting, in the evening, at which the Rev. R. Wright Hay is to take the chair, and Rev. J. Gregory Mantle is to be among the speakers.

We wonder how many of our readers have noticed the advertisement of the Evangelistic Mission, which has frequently appeared in the Magazine, and also how many of them have helped the admirable work which has been carried on for more than thirty-five years by Mr. C. Russell

Hurditch and his band of earnest evangelists. In addition to several large Halls erected by the Mission, many others have been hired from time to time, as well as theatres, music-halls, and tents; and many of the converts, trained as workers in the Mission, are now faithfully witnessing

for Christ in various places in the United Kingdom and in many of the most distant parts of the world. Just now, there is urgent need of considerable financial assistance, which should be sent direct to Mr. Hurditch at 164, Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1902.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Pastor E. Baker	1 0 0	Contribution from Cambray Baptist Church, Cheltenham, per Pastor A. B. Phillips	1 1 0
Contribution from Chatsworth Road Baptist Church, Norwood, per Pastor A. G. Brown	10 10 0	Miss E. E. Jones	0 5 0
Pastor G. D. Hooper	2 2 0	Contribution from Sion Jubilee Church, Bradford, per Pastor W. C. Minife, D.D.	2 9 0
Contribution from Clowes Street Baptist Church, West Gorton, per Pastor V. J. Cooper	2 2 0	Mrs. A. Mott	1 10 0
Contribution from Boundary Road Baptist Church, Walthamstow, per Pastor W. Murray	2 5 1	Mr. J. Ia Touche	5 0 0
Contribution from Hornsey Rise Baptist Church, per Pastor J. E. Joynes	2 5 0	Mr. J. Hughes	1 1 0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10 0 0	Mrs. Mason	10 10 0
Mrs. E. Barrett	0 10 0	Pastor J. L. Bennett	1 0 0
Miss Hadfield	10 0 0	Mrs. J. M. Haywood	1 0 0
Contribution from Brayford Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Breewood ..	1 4 2	Pastor A. Bird	0 5 0
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6	S. B. S.	1 1 0
Mr. J. Wilson	1 10 0	Mr. C. H. Price	5 0 0
Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.	1 1 0	Communion collection at Walkley Baptist Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor A. G. Haste	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Proctor	1 0 0	Mr. John Chivers	5 0 0
Sir Frederick Howard	2 2 0	Rev. D. Taylor	0 10 0
Mr. T. H. Bainbridge	10 0 0	Mr. J. B. C.	1 0 0
Collection at Blackmore Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Fletcher ..	1 0 0	Mrs. Perrin	1 1 0
Mr. W. Park	1 1 0	Miss M. M. Ewing	2 0 0
Mr. J. A. Tawell	5 0 0	Mr. Alex. Christie	2 2 0
Mr. E. Rawlings	5 5 0	Pastor S. J. Thorpe	0 10 0
Contribution from West Ealing Baptist Church, per Pastor W. L. Gibbs	2 2 0	A friend, per Pastor S. J. Thorpe ..	1 0 0
Contribution from Cornwall Road Baptist Church, Brixton, per Pastor C. H. Sheen	2 2 0	Mrs. Faulconer	25 0 0
		Mr. C. B. Vaughan	5 5 0
		Collection at Boroughbridge Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Haydon	4 11 0
		Mr. W. Edwards	25 0 0
		Weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	4 6 10
			£182 11 7

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1902.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Missionary Union	30 0 0	For Christ's sake	0 5 0
Mr. J. Hughes	0 10 6		
			£30 15 6

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1902.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Amount previously acknowledged ...	349 14 8	Mr. A. Cox	0 5 0
London and County Bank, amount of deposit	500 0 0	Mrs. Ward	0 5 0
		Mr. and Miss Spreadbury	2 2 0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Miss Sweeney	1 1 0	" More if I could "	0 3 6
Mr. T. Heath	0 5 0	Mrs. Butcher	0 10 0
Mr. Jenner	0 5 0	Mrs. Stracey	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Barfoot	0 10 0	Mr. Summers	0 5 0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1 0 0	Mr., Mrs. and Baby Webber	0 5 6
Mrs. Millican	0 5 0	Mr. W. Cooper	2 0 0
Mr. Bellamy	0 2 6	Mr. T. Cooper	2 0 0
Mrs. R. Bellamy	0 2 6		
Dividend on £740 2s. 4d. 2½ per cent.			£866 17 6
Consols	4 15 10		

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 17th to April 15th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collected by Mrs. Rhodes	0 12 9	Collected by Mrs. W. Vincent	0 12 0
Mr. G. Tolley	0 10 0	Miss Harding	0 2 0
Collected by Miss S. T. Pocock	1 10 0	Mr. C. W. Roberts	10 10 0
Stamps, Stoke Newington	0 2 0	Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	5 0 0
Mrs. E. Hood	0 5 0	Mrs. Fordham	0 10 0
Miss E. M. Walls	1 0 0	Mrs. J. Williams	0 2 6
Mrs. E. Garrett	0 10 0	Postal order, Walworth Road	0 1 0
Collected by Miss H. E. Sampson ...	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. W. Mills	0 5 11
Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0 6 0	Mr. Geo. Smith	10 0 0
Collected by Mr. W. B. Mortimer ...	0 17 6	J. B. C.	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. F. T. Gale	0 10 0	Mr. S. Boyd	5 0 0
Y.W.C.E.S., Victoria Baptist Chapel, Deal, per Miss F. Pledge	1 9 1	Mr. J. Townsend, J.P.	5 0 0
Mr. W. Brewer	0 2 7	Mrs. E. Dobson	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. C. Moody	0 5 0	Miss Muil	1 0 0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell:—		Miss Robertson	1 0 0
Mr. E. Pocock	1 1 0	Mr. H. Camps, F.Z.S.	0 5 0
Mr. M. H. Rackstraw	0 10 0	Miss M. Hayward	0 10 0
Mr. L. Henderson	0 5 0	Mrs. Keene	1 0 0
Mr. Woodley	2 0 0	M. A., Adlestone	0 2 6
K. E. B.	0 4 0	Mr. J. E. Perraton	4 0 0
	4 0 0	J. B.	0 10 0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0 7 6	Mr. C. Freeman	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0 15 0	Mrs. M. A. Oldfield	1 1 0
E. S., Witten Lane	0 10 0	Mr. J. Steynor	0 10 0
Collected by Miss Stevenson	0 14 6	Miss M. A. Dobson	1 1 0
Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0 10 0	Mr. W. Hawkins, per Messrs. Pass- more and Alabaster	5 0 0
Queen's Road Baptist Sunday- school, Wimbledon, and branches at Norman Road, Morden and North Cheam, per Mr. T. A. Holton	4 2 6	Mrs. Morris	0 1 0
Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wim- bledon, Christmas dinner-table collection, per Mr. T. A. Holton	0 10 6	Mr. D. Davies	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. F. French	0 10 0	Mr. H. Bell	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Butt	0 5 0	Mr. C. Voysey	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Stevenson	0 10 6	Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. S. Cornish	0 2 6	Miss D. Leng	0 2 6
Collected by Miss K. Hearn	0 5 0	Miss Gregg	0 1 0
Postal order, Dynevor	0 5 0	Mr. G. Phillips	0 5 0
Mrs. H. J. Ratcliff	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Matcham	0 1 0
Collected by Mrs. S. A. Ward	0 3 0	Mr. R. Hartswell	0 2 6
Collected by Miss Luxford	0 10 0	Miss M. Hall	3 3 0
Collected by Mr. T. Powell	0 5 0	Mr. I. C. Johnson, J.P.	1 1 0
E. M.	0 2 6	Mr. A. E. Waite	0 2 6
Collected by Mr. S. Patrick	0 10 0	Mr. R. Peake	0 5 0
Collected by Mr. R. Hargreaves ...	0 16 9	Mrs. Payne	0 5 0
Postal order, Brentwood	0 10 0	Mr. L. Shepherd	0 10 0
Mrs. E. J. Shipton	0 2 6	Miss E. S. Husband	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. L. Jennings	0 7 0	Miss Hewitt	0 10 0
Part proceeds of lecture given by Pastor W. Burnett	1 0 0	Miss Turnbull	0 5 0
Collected by Miss L. Turner	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. Jefford	1 14 0
Collected by Mrs. Warner	0 4 2	Mr. J. Bettinson	5 0 0
Collected by Miss E. M. Perrin	0 8 6	Mr. A. D. Jackman	0 5 0
Postal order, Port Erin	0 3 0	Mrs. M. E. Bedwell	0 1 0
Miss M. Phillips	1 0 0	Mr. R. Stewart	0 5 0
Mr. B. Whitworth	0 10 0	Mr. J. Mortimer	0 5 0
Collected by the Misses and Master Thomas	0 4 7	Miss I. Lord	0 2 6
		The Trustees of the Barking Calamity Fund, per Pastor H. Trueman	5 0 0
		Part collection Watch-night service, Baptist Chapel, Combmartin, per Mr. G. H. Creek	0 4 4
		A friend, Combmartin	0 10 0
		Mr. G. S. Windham	0 5 0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. E. G. Courtis	0 10 0	Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew ...	0 4 0
Mrs. Cutlack	0 1 0	Miss G. Cox	0 5 0
Miss E. G. Kemp	5 0 0	Haddon Hall Sunday-school, per Mr.	
Mr. W. S. Lardner	5 0 0	F. E. Dilly	8 15 0
Mr. T. L. Hankin	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton	1 1 0
Mrs. Underwood and daughter	0 4 6	Mr. J. Covington	0 1 0
Mrs. Bossingham	0 10 0	Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1 1 0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0 3 0	Mr. A. Roger	2 0 0
Mr. D. Rippet	0 2 6	A friend, per Mr. A. Roger	0 1 0
Mr. S. H. Baker	1 0 0	Servants of Murthly Castle, per Miss	
Miss M. M. Thomas	0 0 3	Walker	0 11 0
Mr. R. Culyer	0 3 0	Miss Fletcher	1 1 0
Miss J. Kemp	0 1 6	Christmas dinner collection, per Mr.	
Miss E. J. Emery	50 0 0	J. W. Bessant	0 8 0
Mrs. E. G. Evans	1 0 0	Mr. J. Pentelow	1 1 0
Mr. M. Morris	0 2 6	Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0 2 6
Mr. J. Riley	0 1 0	W. J.	0 1 0
C. A. and G. L.	0 7 0	Mr. J. D. Barrett	0 5 0
Mr. J. Bird	0 1 0	Mrs. Robinett	0 2 0
A friend, Cambridge	0 10 0	Mrs. S. C. Bolland	0 10 0
Mrs. R. Shaw	1 0 0	Mrs. M. Parsons	4 0 0
A friend, H.P.	0 10 0	Mr. A. Clyde	0 2 6
Mr. W. McClintock	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Mumford	0 1 6
Stamps, Canterbury	0 0 4	Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0 6 0
Sermon Tract Society, Willingham,		Mr. A. Tyson	2 5 0
per Mrs. A. Ingle	0 17 0	Mrs. Whatley	0 5 0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0	Mr. S. Hampton	1 0 0
Mrs. Yates	0 10 6	Inasmuch, Ireland	0 10 0
Miss M. Hadfield	10 0 0	Roomfield Baptist Sunday-school,	
Mr. G. E. Byerley	0 10 6	Todmorden, per Mr. J. S. Pilling	1 9 3
Mr. F. Kimber	0 10 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :-	
Mr. G. Sargent	0 2 6	Mrs. A. F. Baines	3 0 0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0 2 6	Mrs. Cunningham	0 5 0
Mr. B. Fielden	0 1 0	Rev. J. H. Barker	0 10 0
Miss M. Rudman	0 1 0		
Readers of "The Christian," per		Collected by Miss E. A. Rich	3 15 0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	34 1 6	A friend, Sheerness	2 0 0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	3 3 0	Mr. T. Rickard	0 5 0
C99282	25 0 0	Mr. O. Barfoot	0 10 0
One that loves Jesus, Beeston	5 0 0	Mr. L. Evans	0 2 0
Mr. E. T. Clark	0 10 6	Mr. J. L. Evans	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Flecknoe	0 5 0	Mr. D. Cule	1 1 0
Mr. R. Dawson	0 4 0	Pastor's Bible-class, Rattray Street	
Mr. J. Ballantine	0 5 0	Baptist Chapel, Dundee	0 10 0
Mr. P. Geeson's Bible-class, Melton		Messrs. Bowyer and Baker	1 1 0
Mowbray	0 5 0	Miss A. Collins	0 5 0
Mrs. Jeffreys	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. A. Bevis	0 11 0
Mr. W. J. Eldridge	0 10 0	A widow's mite	50 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Lumley	0 5 6	Collected by Mr. T. J. Reid	1 17 1
Box at Orphanage gates and office		Mrs. Duckenfield	1 0 0
box	4 1 6	Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class, Plymouth	2 0 0
A country minister	0 5 0	Postal order, Harlington	0 5 0
Mrs. D. Williamson	0 10 0	Edith Road Baptist Chapel, Nun-	
Mr. J. O. Cadwaladr	0 2 0	head, per Mr. E. A. Woodward ...	2 14 0
Collected by Mrs. Williamson	1 10 0	Edith Road Baptist Sunday-school,	
Mr. J. Wickham	0 5 0	Nunhead, per Mr. H. Clark	1 1 0
Mrs. B. Imlach	1 0 0	Mrs. Collins	1 0 0
Mrs. Cain	2 0 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Eleanor	
Miss S. J. Clout	1 0 0	Medway	599 18 11
Belle Isle Bible-class, per Mr. W.		Executors of the late Mr. Jas. Plum-	
Colbert	2 0 0	bridge	200 0 0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0 10 0	Executors of the late Mr. Joshua	
Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 6	Allum	45 0 0
Mr. J. Bishop	0 2 6	Executor of the late Mr. John	
Proceeds of lecture given by Pastor		Cotton	17 8 6
E. H. Brown	0 5 8	Executors of the late Mrs. Elizabeth	
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins	1 16 0	Garside	0 10 6
Mr. P. Sykes	0 10 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Mary	
Readers of the "Christian Herald,"		Brown	18 18 6
per the Editor :-		Collected by Mrs. Dale	0 7 6
G. H.	0 10 0	Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10 0 0
G. C. Gardener	1 0 0	Mr. G. Fisher	5 0 0
Ilfracombe	0 10 0	Mr. J. Hughes	1 1 0
F. P. and E. B.	0 2 0	A. and M.	1 0 0
Inasmuch	0 5 0	Mrs. E. Barrett	0 10 0
S. E.	0 10 0	Miss Durrant	0 10 0
A. M. H.	1 0 0		
Hula	1 2 0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH	
Paddington	0 2 6	AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR :-	
		Sale of programmes, Surrey Gardens	0 9 4
		Baptist Total Abstinence Association	
		annual meeting, City Temple (1901)	4 14 6

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Sale of programmes, Vernon Chapel,		Haddock, Mrs.	0 4 0	
King's Cross	1 3 5	Hutchinson, Miss	0 4 9	
East London Tabernacle	5 9 11	Iles, Miss C.	0 8 6	
Victoria Park Hospital	1 0 0	Jenkins, Miss K.	0 2 9	
Kingston Crusade Meeting	2 2 0	Johnston, Miss E.	0 19 0	
Cambridge Auxiliary	14 0 0	Jeal, Mrs.	0 2 10	
SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—		Jifkins, Mrs.	0 2 4	
Mrs. J. Davis, per Mrs. J. Withers...	0 2 6	Knight, Miss C.	0 1 7	
Mrs. Fordham	0 10 0	King, Miss	0 2 4	
Master S. W. Finch	0 1 0	Mills, Mr. W.	0 11 10	
Mr. G. S. Windham	0 5 0	Moore, Miss	0 4 5	
Mr. W. Nicol	0 2 0	Murby, Miss	0 1 1	
Mrs. R. Shaw	0 10 0	Manwaring, Miss	0 4 10	
Mr. E. T. Clark	0 10 6	Middleton, Mrs.	0 6 0	
Mr. R. Dawson	0 3 0	Marsh, Miss	0 8 6	
Mrs. Whiting	0 2 6	Millwood, Mrs.	0 1 11	
RECEIVED AT COLLECTORS'		Mackey, Mrs.	0 8 0	
MEETING, MARCH 18TH,		May, Miss	0 6 10	
1902:—		Murton, Mr. F.	0 5 6	
Collecting Boxes:—	£ s. d.	Newton, Mrs.	0 1 6	
Ackland, Miss S. A.	0 4 7	Orton, Miss	0 1 10	
Angus, Mrs.	0 6 0	Pankhurst, Mrs.	0 5 0	
Attfield, Mrs.	0 5 6	Pain, Mrs.	0 10 6	
Andrews, Mrs.	0 8 6	Pearson, Master	0 1 11	
Allen, Miss	1 4 6	Plummer, Miss M.	0 11 4	
Allsop, Mrs.	0 2 9	Richardson, Miss	0 15 9	
Butler, Mrs.	0 18 7	Roper, Mrs.	0 4 8	
Bell, Miss	0 1 2	Russell, Mrs.	0 4 4	
Bennett, Mrs.	0 3 3	Robert Street Sunday-school	0 11 10	
Brice, Miss	0 3 10	Rymill, Miss	0 1 7	
Bolton, Mrs.	0 8 2	Stainthorpe, Miss A.	0 3 11	
Bingham, Mrs.	0 12 0	Stainthorpe, Miss E.	0 3 7	
Boswell, Miss	0 6 5	Shears, Mrs.	0 7 9	
Bishop, Mrs.	0 1 5	Smith, Mrs.	0 3 2	
Bellini, Miss F.	0 2 7	Taffs, Miss L.	0 3 3	
Bellini, Miss C.	0 3 3	Thorn, Miss R.	0 2 6	
Bevan, Mrs.	0 14 0	Wren, Mrs.	0 3 9	
Bridle, Miss	0 1 6	Wilkes, Miss	0 1 0	
Burton, Miss	0 1 7	Wheeler, Mrs.	0 4 3	
Brooking, Mrs.	0 6 5	Watts, Miss	0 2 1	
Buhicrosan, Miss U.	0 4 9	Webb, Master	0 2 1	
Cuthbert, Miss	0 2 7	Willis, Miss D.	0 4 8	
Carse, Miss D.	0 3 6	Watling, Mrs.	1 0 0	
Cornish, Miss	0 3 10	Boxes under a shilling and		
Cook, Miss A. M.	0 7 9	odd farthings and half-		
Carter, Master	0 4 5	pence	0 5 7	
Carr, Miss E.	0 2 3			24 4 4
Carpenter, Miss	0 2 0	Collecting Books:—		
Davies, Mrs.	0 2 9	Alderton, Miss	1 9 0	
Dykes, Mrs.	0 17 6	Broughton, Mrs.	0 7 6	
Ellard, Miss	0 5 3	Howes, Mr. C.	0 12 0	
English, Miss	0 2 8			2 8 6
Field, Mrs.	0 2 4	Donations:—		
Field, Miss	0 3 2	Woolley, Mr. T. Boyle	5 0 0	
Fitzgerald, Mrs.	0 9 4	Mills, Mr. W.	1 1 0	
Fryer, Mr. F.	0 8 0	Limebeer, Miss	0 5 0	
Felton, Miss	0 4 2	Usherwood, Mrs.	0 5 0	
Gleaves, Miss	0 2 0	Haseltine, Miss N.	0 2 0	
Goodwin, Miss	0 3 3			6 13 0
Horton, Mrs.	0 3 11			£1,344 19 2
Hill, Miss	0 4 0			
Hollobone, Mrs.	0 4 1			

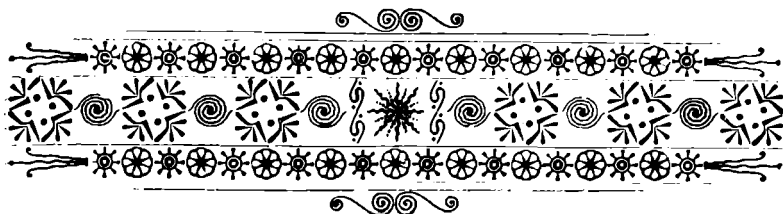
LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM MARCH 15TH TO APRIL 14TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—20 lbs. Beef, Mr. W. Gunn; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 10 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. Papworth Norman; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 2 tons Potatoes, Mr. W. Eggleton.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—3 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; 8 Articles, The Sandy Baptist Church, per Mrs. S. A. Hall; 50 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 39 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 24 Articles, The Newbury Baptist Working Party, per Mrs. Nias; 11 Articles, Mrs. Worthington; 6 Articles, Anon.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—7 Shirts, The Newbury Baptist Working Party, per Mrs. Nias; 2 Overcoats, 1 Jacket, Wimbledon.

GENERAL:—12 Work Bags, 1 Scrap Book (for Infirmary), Miss E. Spurgeon; box of Flowers (for Infirmary), A Reader of the "Christian Herald"; box of Flowers, Miss A. Butcher; a quantity of School Books, Mr. W. Soper; box of Flowers for Elsie, from Aunt Mary's children, per May Evernden.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JUNE, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

II.—THE TWO PILGRIMS IN THE SLOUGH.

THROUGH their much talking, and little praying, and giving no heed to where they were going, Christian and Pliable all of a sudden found themselves floundering in the Slough of Despond. Bunyan says,—

"Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire."

Even then, had they but known where to look, they might have discovered that there were, "by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this Slough." Had they set their feet upon these steps,—in other words, had the pilgrims trusted the promises of God,—they might have gone through to the other side with scarcely a stain upon their garments.

I always feel inclined to blame Evangelist for some of the discomfort that poor Christian suffered in the Slough of Despond. I am a great lover of John Bunyan, but I do not believe him infallible; and the other day I met with a story about him which I think a very good one. There was a young man, in Edinburgh, who wished to be a missionary. He was a wise young man; so he thought, "If I am to be a missionary, there is no need for me to transport myself far away from home; I may as well be a missionary in Edinburgh." There's a hint to some of you ladies, who give away tracts in your district, and never give your servant Mary one. Well, this young man started, and determined to

speaking to the first person he met. He met one of those old fishwives; those of us who have seen them can never forget them, they are extraordinary women indeed. So, stepping up to her, he said, "Here you are, coming along with your burden on your back; let me ask you if you have got another burden, a spiritual burden." "What!" she asked; "do you mean that burden in John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*? Because, if you do, young man, I got rid of that many years ago, probably before you were born. But I went a better way to work than the pilgrim did. The Evangelist that John Bunyan talks about was one of your parsons that do not preach the Gospel; for he said, 'Keep that light in thine eye, and run to the wicket-gate.' Why, man alive! that was not the place for him to run to. He should have said, 'Do you see that cross? Run there at once!' But, instead of that, he sent the poor pilgrim to the wicket-gate first; and much good he got by going there!" "But did not you," the young man asked, "go through any Slough of Despond?" "Yes, I did; but I found it a great deal easier going through with my burden off than with it on my back."

The old woman was quite right. John Bunyan put the getting rid of the burden too far from the commencement of the pilgrimage. If he meant to show what usually happens, he was right; but if he meant to show what ought to have happened, he was wrong. We must not say to the sinner, "Now, sinner, if thou wilt be saved, go to the baptismal pool; go to the wicket-gate; go to the church; do this or that." No, the cross should be right in front of the wicket-gate; and we should say to the sinner, "Throw thyself down there, and thou art safe; but thou art not safe till thou canst cast off thy burden, and lie at the foot of the cross, and find peace in Jesus."

Now let us leave Christian for a little while, and turn our thoughts to his companion, Pliable. This experience in the Slough of Despond was the first trial he had met with since he had started on pilgrimage. It was, comparatively, a slight one. The Slough was not likely to swallow them up. It was not nearly so bad as lying in Giant Despair's dungeon, or fighting with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation. It was not much for anyone to endure, but it was more than Pliable could stand. Bunyan thus describes what happened to him,—

"At this, Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, 'Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me.' And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the Slough which was next to his own house. So away he went, and Christian saw him no more."

In like fashion, it often comes to pass that, without any great outward trial, but simply through despondency of mind, a sudden damper pales the flush of early joy, and some of those who set out on the road to Heaven turn back, and so prove that they did not start aright, and never had the work of God the Holy Ghost truly in their souls.

Some of you, dear friends, when you are attending the services here,

or meeting with your companions in one or other of our many Bible-classes, get very warm, and excited, and enthusiastic; and then, perhaps, you have to go away to live in the country, which is like going out of a hothouse into an icewell, and straightway you forget all about the happy experiences that you enjoyed amongst us. Or it may be that, instead of your hearing a comforting and soothing sermon, some Sunday morning, I preach an arousing, heart-searching one, and you are offended, or frightened, and give up all desire to tread the pilgrim pathway.

"The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.



PLIABLE STRUGGLING OUT OF THE SLOUGH.

Beware, I pray you, of any religion that merely springs from the carnal desire of enjoyment of Heaven. Both the terrors of hell and the joys of Heaven are insufficient to make the soul seek the Saviour

truly. There must be a sense of sin and a desire after holiness, because, after all, the essence of hell is sin, and the essence of Heaven is holiness, and you are not likely to go to God merely because of the external hell or Heaven. You will only be led to trust in Jesus Christ through the essence of the two external things, namely, sin pressing upon you, and your soul crying out after purity, and holiness, and likeness to God.

May God grant that we may not have any Pliables in our church ! Alas ! we do get them sometimes, and they go a great deal further on the pilgrim's road than Mr. Bunyan describes. They go right by the Interpreter's House ; they climb up the Hill Difficulty ; they even pass the cross ; but, of course, they never feel their burden roll off their backs. They are not conscious that there is a burden there. When Christians sing, they also sing, because they think they are to have the same inheritance by-and-by. They generally go through the Valley of Humiliation in broad daylight. Apollyon never fights with them, and they wonder how it is that he does not assail them. They think what good people they are, and what bad people they must be who have those stirrings and smittings of conscience of which they hear us speak. They cannot understand why we talk about Christians having such fierce conflicts within ; but if they really knew the Lord, they would soon understand all about it ; and until they do know Him, much of our preaching must remain a mystery to them. Pliable was an utter stranger to vital godliness. He had converted himself ; or, rather, Christian had converted him by his talk about Heaven ; and, perhaps, if it had not been for the Slough of Despond, he would have gone, as Ignorance did, right to the river side, and been ferried over by Vain-hope, only to be refused admission at the gate, and to be carried by the two Shining Ones, bound hand and foot, and to be cast into hell by the back door, for there is a back door to hell as well as a front one ; and some professors, who have, apparently, gone very far on the road to Heaven, will ultimately go to hell by this door unless they repent of their sin, and believe in our Lord Jesus Christ.

But what became of Pliable after he struggled out of the Slough of Despond ? Bunyan says,—

"Now, I saw in my dream, that by this time Pliable was got home to his house again ; so that his neighbours came to visit him ; and some of them called him wise man for coming back ; and some called him fool for hazarding himself with Christian : others again did mock at his cowardliness ; saying, ' Surely, since you began to venture, I would not have been so base as to have given out for a few difficulties.' So Pliable sat sneaking among them."

There is one thing about the world that I have often admired. We sometimes say, "Give the devil his due," and I will give the world its due. I mean that, when a man goes a little way in religion, and then turns back, mere worldlings generally despise him. I believe that the wicked world has a genuine respect for a true Christian. It hates him, and that is the only homage it is able to pay him. The reason why the men of our Saviour's day hated and mocked Him, was because they had what I may call an awful respect for Him, and did not know how otherwise to express it. They hated and loathed what they could not rightly appreciate ; and thus they showed,

by their mockery and scorn how far they were from comprehending the excellence of the Saviour. You must expect similar treatment from the ungodly if you are like your Lord.

But when a pretended pilgrim turns back, they despise him; they call him "a turn-coat", and they could not very well hit upon a more correct name for him. "Oh!" say they, "a little while ago, you were with the earnest people, and you were, apparently, as earnest as they were; but what are you now?" Then, when the man is seen walking into the alehouse, you know how they greet him. "Ah, Mr. Sober-sides! so you've come back, have you?" When they track him to the theatre, they say to him, "How long is it since you were at the Tabernacle?" or make some coarse joke about him. They know how to handle the whip of scorn, and I thank them for using it, and hope they will always lay on their blows right heavily.

But, mark you, the little scorn which Pliable finds it so hard to bear in this life is but a very slight foretaste of what he will have to bear in hell. You remember that remarkable description which is given by the prophet Isaiah of the king of Babylon, when he went down to hell, and all the kings whom he had destroyed, and whose countries he had ravaged, were lying on their beds of fire; and as they saw their great conqueror enter, instead of trembling, they hissed out, "Art *thou* also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!"

If any of you turn back, as Pliable did, this will be the worst element in your everlasting torment, that you did, after a fashion, set out on the road to Heaven, that you did pretend to be a Christian, that you said you had enlisted under the banner of the cross, that you talked a good deal about your experience, that you went to the prayer-meeting, and perhaps even prayed audibly, that you gave away tracts, and yet that you were, after all, only a hypocrite, and therefore found yourself, at the last, amid the flames of hell. If I must perish, let it be as a sinner who has never professed to be a saint, rather than as a Pliable, who started for the Celestial City, and then returned to his home in the City of Destruction. It would have been better for those, who have had the taste of heavenly things in their mouths, and yet have not "tasted that the Lord is gracious," if they had never known anything at all about the way of righteousness.

Some of you, dear friends, must be either Pliables or Christians; you have, naturally, such a disposition that you cannot help being easily influenced by your associates; and unless the grace of God shall make you a child of God, you will be led astray from Him. You cannot be Obsolete; you are too good—as we use the word "good" in a common way,—you are too kind, too affectionate, and altogether too tender-hearted to act as that man did towards Christian. You could not bring yourself down to drink or swear; your mother's influence and your father's example have too much power over you for you to become an Obsolete. You cannot sin as others can; you cannot sin in ignorance. I was almost going to say, I wish you could. If you are to be lost, if you do not mean to believe in our Lord Jesus Christ,

if you are determined to perish, it were far better for you to perish as Tyre and Sidon than as Bethsaida, or Chorazin, or Capernaum.

I believe that, when some of you get into this Tabernacle, you feel that you must be Pliables. There are a few, in this congregation, whom I happen to know personally, who cannot help coming to hear me, though they remain unsaved. I preach at them, and they know I do, and respect me for it, and even thank me for it, and sometimes say that they hope they will be converted one day; but they are so pliable that they will weep under a sermon, and, after a fashion, pray; but when they get away from here, there is a stronger hand than mine that lays hold of them. Some companion says to them, "Come along; never mind what Spurgeon says, come along with me;" and they cannot say "No." They have not the moral courage to say they will not go where the ungodly lead them. Whenever they are tempted to sin, they yield. They wish there were no tempters, and that they could get into a world where goodness was in the ascendant. They are like a sailing vessel, which depends on every wind, and is blown hither and thither by every breeze. They have no inward force to enable them to resist. This is not the way to get to Heaven. You need, as it were, a Divine engine mightily at work, with all its heaving, panting energy, that you may make headway against winds and waves, and keep straight on, at the same rate, always steadily advancing towards the far-off port.

May God, by His grace, bring you to this blessed condition! I should have liked to have spoken to you, to-night, so that you could not have forgotten what I said, but would have gone home to think about it, and to pray about it, and to believe it. I should like you even to wish that you had never been born, because then I should hope that you would wish to be born again. There is no hope for you else. You have been born once; there is no possibility of your getting over the fact that you have your being. Ask the Lord that you may have your being in Christ Jesus. You are a creature, and the only hope for you is to be made "a new creature in Christ Jesus." May the Holy Spirit bring you to this point! Ask Him to do so. The best place to get a sense of sin is at the foot of the cross. May my blessed Master meet you there, and draw you to Himself, and so may you be saved, and not be found amongst the Pliables at the last! Amen.

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Next month's picture will be entitled—

THE MAN WHOSE NAME WAS HELP.

The Laws which Govern Prayer.

A PAPER READ AT THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY
PASTOR GEORGE MENZIES, ARBROATH.

THE subject which has been given me to treat is entitled "The Laws which Govern Prayer: the idea being, that prayer is not an arrangement by which we can get our own way." It was suggested

to me, also, that I should take the "we" of the sub-title as meaning ministers. This implies that ministers should pray on their own account: a suggestion that most of us, at times, will confess is not unneeded. It intimates also that prayer is not necessarily altogether on account of the minister: an idea that has difficulty in entering the heads of some in relation to church affairs.

It is well said, then, that "Prayer is not an arrangement by which we can get our own way," because Christ, and not self, must be the centre and inspiration of our prayers. For Him shall prayer be made continually. All our prayers should be ultimately resolved into prayers for Christ. The self-motive disintegrates all prayer. Mr. Meyer has suggestively said that "I" is the centre of SIN. Some have the "I" so large and prominent in everything that none can fail to observe it. But the damage to prayer is as deadly although the great *ego* shrink to a mere *iota*, for, as long as self is the motive to our prayers, we shall never realize them. Self must be displaced by Christ. I must no longer live; or, if I do, it must be by Christ living in me. Personality is not destroyed, but the sinful, deformed self becomes the Christ-full, transformed Christian. No more may we say, "I will seek what I will." Not that we have no longer a wish, or a will, but we ask the Lord to direct these. No more must it be our way, or no way. We try our way by Christ's way. We seek the continual discipline of having our way assimilated to His.

Not long ago, Dr. John Smith told an experience of his which comes home to most ministers. When he was a young man, he wanted to preach, on a certain Sabbath, from a sweet, little, flowery text that had taken his fancy; but the Spirit of God kept urging him to preach from a text that spake of the terrors of judgment. He said that he fought the Lord over the matter for days; but, at last, had to give in, and it was his reward, on that very Sabbath, to have a soul come to him for the first time broken down under the truth he had been preaching. It may be sweet to take our own way, but it is not half so sweet, after all, as to take the Lord's way. But this point, where the Divine and human wills meet, is the great battleground of prayer. We find self continually rising up with freshly-recruited battalions to wage this wearying war. We cannot keep too plainly before ourselves the truth that Christ must be All-in-all. Self must have no encouragement, and no quarter. Although he arise in a hundred resurrections, he must be instantly slain. How he clothes himself in Christian armour, and seeks to realize himself even through prayer, and in the things of the sanctuary! It is, perhaps, the most painful lesson we have to learn that "prayer is not an arrangement by which we can get our own way."

Indeed, we might truly say that prayer is an arrangement for taking our own way from us. Therein we come at the very depths of kindness in the heart of God. He does not snatch away our selfishness from us by mere compulsion. He moves us to pray; and as we pray, we see with a clearer eye, a larger mind, and a more loving heart. In prayer, we learn and love God's will, and become ready to throw away what of our own we formerly clung to most tenaciously. We see that the realization of our prayers can only be through the denial of self, and so we are set, not reluctantly, but gladly, on the course of self-

denial. Prayer is not some magical talisman that has but to be used to bring everything that could gratify self around us. One of its fundamental laws is that we be ready to deny ourselves to the very uttermost to realize our prayers. And through it we find springing up within us a very enthusiasm to fight self, and seek God's glory alone. Clement tells us that Terpander set the Lacedæmonian laws to music. Prayer will set its own laws to the music of praise in our hearts. There seems something forbidding in speaking about "laws of prayer," but there is no true liberty, or gladness, save what is in accord with law. God's will is the highest law, and prayer leads us into the liberty and joy of that, and out of the bondage and misery of self-will. Yet how gently and sweetly God's will is substituted for ours! How great a kindness of God unto us it is that the arrangement by which our own way is taken from us is by prayer! In it, we choose voluntarily to do what, apart from it, we would rather have died than do.

In prayer, we get into harmony with God's way. The sum of all prayer is that God may do as He pleases. Its operation is to bring us into harmony with this end. This is shown us plainly in that great example upon which we are to model all our prayers. Therein our Lord teaches us to pray, "Our Father, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as in Heaven." That is a prayer all for God. Are we to understand, then, that we can get nothing through prayer that we desire? By no means. Rather, that prayer is a way whereby we shall come into the possession of all that we can desire, and more, because we pray for the interests of *our* Father. Therefore, the realization of God's purpose for His name, kingdom, and will, becomes our blessedness. The achievement of all that is His becomes ours when He is ours. In praying, "*Our* Father," there comes to us, by reversion, all, and more than all we yield up in praying, "Hallowed be *Thy* name, *Thy* kingdom come, *Thy* will be done." We pray for God, and yet, ultimately, and truly, and in no selfish sense, because in His way, we pray for ourselves. What we consecrate by our prayer to the Father comes back, with infinite blessing and manifoldness, upon the children.

The secret of getting our prayers answered is to pray the prayers that God wants to answer. The only way in which this can be done is to indoctrinate ourselves in the Scriptures, in which God's will is made known. Christ says, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." This is no mere matter of retaining His words in our memory, or casting the form of our petitions in the mould of Christian truth, but it is a letting the Word sink and soak into our nature until we come to think its ideas, and breathe its spirit, and have our life brought into the deepest fellowship with God's life; and our will shall spring up, in response to His will, because we have passed out of self into Christ, and He has passed out of mere objectiveness to us, and dwells, and thinks, and wills, in and through us. When our soul is nourished on the sincere λογικόν milk, then the very life, and thoughts, and will of the Λόγος pass into us. If we have the mind of Christ in us, we shall ask and receive what we have a mind to.

The prayers of Scripture, and the things the Scripture writers teach.

us to pray for, put this matter before us in concrete examples. It is most helpful, for prayer, to go through the prayers of Scripture, turning them into personal requests, and so using them as wings to our spirit in devotion. This is a Prayer-book that none of us will object to. It will help both private and public prayer. These prayers have nothing selfish or professional in them. Self-interest is sunk in the glory of Christ. We might instance the case of Paul, who asked the saints to pray for him, and explained that to mean, that the Word of the Lord might have free course. He shows how these prayers were answered when he spake of things that were against *him* that fell out to the furtherance of the *Gospel*. Prayer for the apostle came to mean prayer against Saul and for Paul. Prayer will often be against us, and for the Gospel. Are we prepared to accept all that is implied in our prayers? Paul's prayer that the Word might be unbound meant, unknown to himself, that he might be bound in prison. Happy is the man who prospers when the Gospel prospers, although he may not prosper in man's judgment. Prayer for spiritual prosperity accepts as inevitable a measure of worldly adversity. All the prayers of Scripture are attuned to this chord, and the lives of the saints agree with this in fact. It shall be well with us, then, if we make our prayers agree with God's will, for therein lies the secret of getting them answered.

Would it be altogether a slander on ministers to say that the following is rather a sample of their prayers? "Lord, appoint me to be pastor of a church where I shall be put beyond the cares and fears of straitened circumstances! May I be a popular preacher! May every branch of the church-work prosper! May there never be an adverse balance at the end of the year! May there never be any differences or splits in my church! Let me be well spoken of by everyone! May I always be a leader amongst leaders! And, of course, *of course*, may I win many souls for Thee!"

I do not say, by any means, that this is a true representation of ministers' prayers. It is very far from the truth in many cases. Yet it is the opinion of many about ministers, who, perhaps, are not very friendly to them. But it may be well to consider if it is so with us, lest it become so.

Prayer is no single and simple matter. It calls forth all the faculties and energies of our being. We might get much instruction about it in the variety of words used in teaching us concerning prayer. The apostle exhorts us to pray with all, or every kind of prayer. There are many kinds of it. For realization of a particular thing, we must use the appropriate manner of prayer. As transgressors, we must pray as those who have forfeited all claim to be answered, and call upon God for grace. He must deal with us, in this matter, on other grounds than uprightness, and *incline* Himself to us. Prayer, again, must be the very *upheaving* of the heart. It must be no formal petition that falls languidly from the lips; but, like the motion of boiling water, or the bubbling of a spring, our heart must rise up in our prayer. Sometimes, we have not simply because we ask not. If we merely stepped forward, and made the request, it would be granted. When we think a thing is not worth *asking* from God,

He is likely to think it is not worth while giving it to us. Prayer also should be a thoughtful petition springing from *meditation*. Again, it should be the expression of our *need*. For certain things it will be merely a faint *wish*, as of one who is not sure that he has a claim in the matter. Sometimes, our prayer will be but as a *whisper*. Or, in the clear light of faith, and God's will perceived, one may be able to make definite request for a thing desired, and our prayer may *exploit* it into our own possession. Prayer at times will be as the lifting up of *fragrant incense* to God. Or we shall pray as *persuading* Him. Again, we must keep importuning Him, as *striking* against someone unwilling to respond to us. Sometimes it will only be when our prayer is a fervent flame that *burns* its way through our soul that we shall pray the prayer that prevails. These aspects of prayer are very much subjective, and are to be thought of, not as moulding God to our ways, but as necessary means whereby we are moulded to His; and it is only when we have prayed, not Him down to us, but ourselves up to Him, that our prayers are answered.

Habit is a very important law of prayer. Man is very largely the creature of the habits he creates. Habits seem almost like new faculties acquired by him. The vitality of prayer is perhaps not dependent on habit, but its vigour is. Prayer must become habitual if it is to be constant. How lovely is the mountain stream in its course as it descends amongst the hills! How pleasant to trace its windings, and enjoy its beauties, dive into its cool shades from the summer heat, look into its deep silent pools, and listen to the roar and tumble of its pouring floods! But there is as much utility as beauty in the flow and flurry of the water from pool to pool. But for those resting-places in the deep pools, the stream would flow fast away long before the end of the summer drought. They preserve the precious liquid for the fertilizing of the thirsty plains. So, the formation of regular habits of prayer often preserves the very life of prayer to the soul in times of spiritual drought. We must preserve prayerfulness in the pools of habit if we are to maintain its fertilizing flow through all our life.

But do ministers need to be reminded to make a habit of prayer? If I can trust what limited observation I have had, I must express the opinion that there is a very urgent need of reminding ministers to cultivate the habit of prayer; that is, private, personal prayer. Ministers need to pray more because they pray much. Our frequent prayer in public is likely to deceive us into thinking that we pray much before God. We pray more in a professional way than the ordinary Christian, and in that very thing lies the danger of praying less than many an ordinary Christian in the privacy of the soul before God. Why is it that, at certain times of the day, a glow comes over the spirit, the soul thaws from its natural iciness, one's spirit feels buoyant, and aspiration mounts heavenward? Note such times, and you will see that it is the drawing near of the hour of prayer. Habit in prayer becomes efficiency in it. True, it is often otherwise, and we have to drag our weary flesh after our spirit to the mercy-seat; but a victory at such a time means a rapture next time. Prayer means pains, but that is the only way to power.

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY C. W. TOWNSEND, LATE OF HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

VIII.—EVANGELIZING A DARK PROVINCE.

THE Province of Quebec stands in a peculiar, special, and important relation to the rest of Canada, historically, geographically, and politically. The first white settlers made this their home, and it was here that the struggle for supremacy terminated in British control. It is situated between the Eastern and Western Provinces of the land; and, as regards politics, its electors may be said to hold the balance of power in the Dominion Parliament to a greater degree than does Ireland in the British House of Commons. On moral, national, and religious grounds, its evangelization is of the highest moment. The problem may be thus succinctly put: if Canada does not Christianize Quebec, Quebec will Romanize Canada.

We have ventured to characterize it as a Dark Province, and all Protestant Christians will agree in the correctness of such a description when we remind them that there is no part of the world where the Papacy is more dominant. Those who know, tell us that, even in Italy itself, the Church of Rome is not more pronounced and powerful. Its adherents constitute an immense majority of the inhabitants of the Province; in many counties, scarcely a Protestant is to be found. The people are bound in chains of ignorance and superstition to an extent that English readers can hardly conceive. Could they but see, as we have done, thousands of infatuated pilgrims, some of them in the last stage of consumption, wending their way to the shrine of St. Anne, that they might receive healing by kissing a reputed bone of that saint, we think they would be filled with astonishment, horror, and pity.

Within the compass of a short article, we cannot picture, as we fain would do, the lamentable state of French Canadians, and the deplorable effects of their enthrallment to Rome. We must use our limited space to describe the efforts that have been and are being made to deliver them from such an accursed yoke. We are glad to say that, in this work of emancipation, the Baptists led the way, and still take the largest share. The history of their Grande Ligne Mission and its sainted Founder, Madame Feller, is as interesting as any romance, contains incidents as remarkable as any connected with the great Reformation, and furnishes a record of work worthy of apostolic days.

For what proved her life-work, Henrietta Feller was strangely prepared in the providence of God. As with many another illustrious servant of Christ, it may be said that, for her great task, she was "made perfect through suffering." The story of her early life can only be briefly indicated. She was born at the village of Montagny, near Lausanne, in Switzerland. It is of interest to note that she came of a staunchly Protestant stock, being descended from some who were driven from France by Louis XIV. At the time of her birth, however, the Church of her fathers was in a state of spiritual depression

and dearth, and had become sadly formalistic. Her parentage was gifted and gracious. Henrietta Odin was quick of intellect, and ardent of affection, and even in girlhood was a general favourite. As she neared womanhood, being possessed of many charms of person and character, she became a centre of attraction, and was the very life of the social circle in which she moved.

At the age of twenty-two, she married a gentleman of aristocratic lineage. Her husband, a widower with a family, was several years her senior. To him she proved a devoted wife, and to his children an affectionate mother. At this period, a revival visited Switzerland, and Madame Feller was brought under its awakening influence. At first, her experience was not very clear; but the loss of her only child, at the age of three, was blessed of God to the deepening of her spiritual life. She gave herself to Christ and His service with whole-hearted consecration, and became a power for good. But her life was to become shadowed; for, when only in her twenty-seventh year, her beloved husband was taken from her by death. This was a sore bereavement, and other trials followed; but her afflictions promoted her sanctification, and led to more devoted service.

We must resist the temptation to narrate at length her noble work in her native land, though the story is worth telling. In God's own mysterious way, her thoughts were turned in the direction of Canada, and she responded to His call to devote her life to the work of enlightening the French Canadians. She arrived in that country, October 31st, 1835. She was accompanied by a godly young man, named Louis Roussy, who revered her as a mother in Israel, and who became her valued coadjutor, and eventually her successor.

At first, Madame Feller sought to labour in Montreal and St. John; but in both places doors of opportunity were closed through priestly intolerance. At last, she settled in a rural district called Grande Ligne, which ever after became the headquarters of the Mission associated with her name. She began her glorious work in the garret of a log hut. Many a great movement has thus taken its rise in some "room unfurnished and mean." That log hut still stands as a monument to her self-sacrifice, and is lovingly visited by those who cherish the memory of a Christlike life. She had many trials; but every one became the occasion of triumph. God was with her, and from the beginning her efforts were blessed. On June 30th, 1837, the first converts, four in number, were baptized, and formed the nucleus of a Christian church. It is difficult, in a few words, to trace the growth of the wonderful work under this gracious woman.



LOG HUT WHERE MADAME FELLER
COMMENCED HER WORK.

In 1840, a stone building was erected to meet its growing needs, and in it for twenty-eight years Madame Feller lived and laboured.



FELLER INSTITUTE, 1840.

The work has, all along, been of a two-fold character, — educational and evangelistic. The Feller Institute has been, for years, a centre of intellectual and spiritual light. As a seat of learning, its reputation has risen until, now, it stands without a superior in the Province of Quebec. While its aim is to furnish a thoroughly competent education, it has a higher object, even that of leading its pupils to know Him whom to know is life eternal. That aim has been repeatedly realized. Right through its history, a revival spirit has prevailed in the Institution, and hardly a year passes without the conversion of some of its inmates, and among their number there has always been a considerable proportion of Roman Catholics. The School itself has become the centre of a widely extended missionary organization, by means of which many parts of the Province have been visited with the Gospel, and several churches formed. Numerous missionaries, most of them brought from the Romish fold, have gone forth to preach the truth as it is in Jesus. Colporteurs, in the face of bitter hostility, have scattered the Word of life. Some of the results have been truly astonishing.

Before her departure, the beloved Founder could exclaim, with wonder and gratitude, "What hath God wrought!" She lived to see 1,500 young people pass through the Schools, 20 congregations gathered, 12 churches formed, 4,000 Roman Catholics converted, 1,300 persons baptized. She died March 29th, 1868, aged 68 years, rejoicing in her Saviour; and, to the last, concerned for the progress of His Kingdom. Her funeral afforded a most striking demonstration of the affection and esteem in which she was held, not only by Protestants, but also by Roman Catholics.

That the Mission was truly of God, was evidenced by its continuance and increase after the lamented death of its originator. While she and other faithful



MADAME FELLER, AGED 60 YEARS.

workers have been removed, the hand of the Lord has been upon their successors in a most marked manner. Notwithstanding the opposition of the priests, the prejudice of those who are subject

to their control, and the hardships endured by those who have embraced the truth, the Mission has prospered exceedingly. Among the students who have passed through the Feller Institute, many have been converted, 40 have become ordained pastors, 37 missionaries, 69 teachers, 27 physicians, and 10 lawyers.

So far as can be known, between five and six thousand persons altogether have been brought out of darkness into light through the instrumentality of the Mission, the larger number of whom have become church-members. Several priests have been obedient unto the faith, and some have even become preachers of the Gospel. The work, in some parts, has been of an extraordinary nature, proving that fact is stranger than fiction. Miracles of grace have been wrought. Access to places, once utterly priest-ridden, has been gained in ways altogether surprising.

Not only can the Mission record such achievements; indirectly, its influence has been even wider. Through it, other denominations have been stimulated to enter upon similar work. But the Grande Ligne Mission has maintained its own individuality; its standard of education has remained higher than that of others; it has enjoyed more tokens of spiritual power; and it has done more in establishing essentially French churches.

Yet, alas! there is much still to be done. Many parts of the Province are entirely untouched by the Gospel. The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Never was there greater promise of blessed results than now, could the opportunity be seized. A spirit of independence is abroad. People are shaking off priestly domination. Visits of missionaries and colporteurs are in many places being welcomed. Lately, a blow has been dealt to the hierarchy in the enactment of a law making the teaching of English compulsory in the public schools. These are hopeful signs. May they not appeal in vain to God's people who have the means to help!



FELLER INSTITUTE, ENLARGED 1902.

Recently, the Feller Institute has been much enlarged and improved, so that now it comfortably accommodates 200 pupils. This very necessary undertaking has involved an outlay of about £10,000, of which £2,000 yet remains to be raised. There are a few devoted friends of the Mission in Great Britain. It only needs to be better known to have their number largely increased. We may mention that it is most economically conducted. The spirit of self-denial, which

was so beautifully exemplified in its Founder, is still characteristic of those who are engaged in the work. The Principal and his wife only accept a salary of £80 per year, though elsewhere they might secure ten times that amount. So is it with other teachers. It is a labour of love.

We only need add that the Field Secretary, the Rev. E. Bosworth, visits this country every two years in the interests of the work, and bespeak for him a generous reception.

The Quest of a Soul.

I SHUT my door, and in the stillness sought
 To hear the footfall of *His* wounded feet;
 But, in the silence listening, only caught
 The far faint echo of the busy street.

Apart from men, and in the solitude,
 The tender accents of *His* voice I seek.
 The long low murmur of the multitude
 Unto my heart in troubled tones doth speak.

* * * *

I seek *Him* still, but nevermore apart,
 In silent chamber, or in cloistered cell;
 I find *Him* ever in the lowly heart,
 And every homestead where *His* servants dwell.

And I have heard *Him* speaking 'midst the stir
 Of life, and where the weary-hearted throng;
 To some lone spirit still a Comforter,
 And Helper in the ceaseless strife with wrong.

Now *He* has taught me, though I learned it late,
 That I must seek *Him* in the haunts of sin,
 Where, ever-pitying, all-compassionate,
He seeks the erring wanderer's heart to win.

On Hermon's height, by placid Galilee,
 By Sychar's well, as in the crowded street;
 In home, or temple, or Gethsemane,
 We look, nor look in vain, for *Jesu's* feet.

His "I am with you" brightens shadowed days,
 Gladdens and cheers us if the path seem long;
 We mark *His* footprints oft in sorrow's ways,
 And there *His* presence turns our grief to song.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

CII.—PASTOR WILLIAM RUTHVEN, OF BRIDGETON, GLASGOW.



“ I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine.”

AMONG the most successful West of Scotland Baptist ministers, is the Pastor of Bridgeton Church, Glasgow. Born in the famous '59, in one of Caledonia's Bible-loving, God-fearing households, WILLIAM RUTHVEN was nurtured in the discipline and admonition of the Lord. The fertile banks of the Clyde, near Carluke, were “the play-place of his early days,” and upper Lanark saw him, “with satchel and shining morning face,” on his not unwilling way to school.

For fifteen years, the young mind pursued the opening paths of knowledge, and character was formed and moulded for contact with the wider world. School days over, the door of a business career opened before him, and for eight years the youth sat in the office of a well-known Glasgow firm, gaining that acquaintance with men and

methods which has been of so great service to him in his successive pastorates. In this business establishment, Mr. Ruthven retained his post until his departure, in 1883, to study for the ministry.

What preserved the lad from drifting in the great city, is the secret which every faithful mother holds with God. The debt in which good mothers involve us cannot be told. The Jochebeds and Hannahs, the Domitias and Monicas, are the women whose shadow "confers a favour on the world." What Chrysostom, and Bernard of Clairvaux, and Doddridge, and the Wesley brothers, and George Washington, and Robert Moffat each owed to that one woman who owned for them the talismanic name of "Mother," the youth of our sketch owed to the maternal love and guidance of his country home. Yonder, behind the wall, the oil of prayer was cast upon the fire which burned ever higher and hotter though the chilling world doused it with ill intent. It was while on a visit from the city to the old roof-tree that William Ruthven was converted. Alas! the instrument has been removed from this temporal scene. Death, "that welcome envoy to the just," took her to "the bright maturity of saintly bliss."

On making his decision to be a Christian, the young man wisely sought fellowship with what was at that time the United Presbyterian Church; and forthwith, as he had opportunity, took up work for the Master. In the church with which he connected himself, a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association held its meetings, and there Mr. Ruthven gained his first opportunities of expressing himself in public. Before he reached the age of eighteen, he had taken a class in the Sunday-school, devoted himself to a variety of work in the mission district assigned to the church, and organized a weekly kitchen-meeting.

The earnestness that burns, the compassion that wins, the tact that conciliates, the courage that meets difficulties squarely, the faith that lifts burdens as the tide lifts ocean liners,—qualities like these had begun to characterize this young worker for God; and his soul-seeking efforts, along with those of his fellows, became so successful that the index finger of Providence seemed to point out for him the path to the stated ministry.

Meanwhile, avidity for knowledge was increasing, and with it came opportunity for studying the classics. Dr. Steel, minister of Greenhead U.F. Church, and recently joint-clerk to the U.F. Presbytery, rendered the ardent disciple great assistance in Latin and Greek. It was also a time of mental interrogation; and among the questions which arose, none received more patient and prayerful reflection than that relating to the mode and subjects of Christian Baptism. Finally, our student was immersed by the late lamented Dr. Culross, and exchanged the Presbyterian communion for the Baptist. A little later, Mr. Ruthven decided to devote his time entirely to preparation for the ministry, and, on the recommendation of Dr. Culross and others, was received into the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon's College, where he pursued his studies during nearly four years.

Mr. Ruthven's earlier charge was a promising pastorate in Willingham, near Cambridge. While there, he linked his life-interests with the

lady of his early choice, who had waited for him in the native strath where together they grew. From Willingham, he was called to St. Clement's, Norwich. Six helpful years were spent in the cathedral city, and it was a time of "bringing in the sheaves." There, too, our friend was brought into cordial relations with Dr. G. S. Barrett and the present Secretary of the Baptist Union. It was while in this Easterly English city that a unanimous invitation reached Mr. Ruthven from Bridgeton congregation, Glasgow; and the pastor of St. Clement's, feeling the hand of the Church's Head beckoning him thither, he responded thereto.

Bridgeton is a very populous industrial neighbourhood in the commercial capital of Scotland, and the Sister Street Church has, for upwards of twenty years, stood alone in that district for the principles which Baptists hold dear. Mr. Ruthven commenced his ministry there in January, 1897; and, under the charm of his leadership, the church has enjoyed much prosperity and blessing. Backed up by an energetic diaconate, surrounded by a loyal people, and ably supported by a like-minded partner, who is to her husband and the congregation all that he and they could wish, Mr. Ruthven carries on a many-sided and beneficent work for God and souls. By the Divine blessing, all the institutions are maintained in a flourishing condition.

The pastor of Bridgeton Baptist Church is not to be classed among—

"The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again."

"Plod" is the word "writ large" upon our brother's countenance. That sober, open expression betokens a man who earnestly loves his work. More than forty summers have sunned their geniality into the smile; more than forty winters have left their firmness in the mouth. Loftiness reigns in the brow; truth reposes in the eye; kindness expands in the face. The *sal evangelicum* seasons all his utterances. The absence of anything fantastic or *outré* commands respect for the messenger, and wins approval for his message. He is too honest to suffer from affectation; too humble to pose as "an advanced thinker." The dignity of the genuine preacher,—

"In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it, too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men,"—

finds its reflection in him. And God has abundantly honoured this God-honouring testimony to the central needs of mankind and the central verities of the Gospel.

The sole impediment to the progress of the church at Bridgeton is a material one,—the lack of accommodation. The present membership (somewhat over 450,) considerably exceeds the seating capacity, and the building, which was bought by the church twenty years ago, is in sad disrepair.

The erection of a new structure, to accommodate between 600 and 700 worshippers, with hall, class-rooms, etc., underneath, is estimated to cost about £4,000.



PROPOSED NEW PREMISES.

Towards this amount, the members have undertaken to raise £1,000, the first half of which, in fact, they have already contributed. A generous Glasgow Baptist has given a cheque for £250; Mr. James Coats, jun., £200; and Sir Thos. Glen Coats, Bart., £50; while Messrs. Templeton, of Greenhead Carpet Works, have promised £200. The sum now in hand

figures £1,068, and, including promises, totals £1,280.

The leaders of the Denomination in Scotland are in cordial sympathy with Mr. Ruthven and his work, and the goodwill of the ministers and churches in his neighbourhood has found expression in the publication of a special letter emphasizing the claims of the Sister Street Church, and commending the enterprise to the sympathy of all. Above everything, this undertaking has been begotten and nourished by prayerful waiting upon God, and both Mr. Ruthven and his people cherish the strong confidence that many of the Lord's stewards will come to their assistance, and that right early; for "he gives *twice* who gives quickly." Contributions should be addressed to Pastor W. Ruthven, 21, Roslea Drive, Glasgow.

Emsworth, Hampshire.

A. W. BEAN.

My Lady's Garden.

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

VI.—SCENTS AND SWEETS.

FOR a man to preserve a delicate sense of smell, he must be careful what he eats and drinks. Alcohol acts with a great deadening both as to touch and scent as well as taste. Delicacy of touch disappears in ratio with dissipation, and the same is true of the olfactory capacity. It may be said that a keen sense of smell is a questionable blessing to the town dweller, especially on Sunday mornings; for, of all the days in the week when the streets are unsavoury, the best is the worst. The sweetest thoughts are apt to be rudely dispelled, more particularly if your way to worship lies through a crowded popular thoroughfare. The bacchanal of Saturday night

lingers as a stench. This may be hard to bear. It is, most certainly, a great offence to the sensitive. But, in this wicked world, the habits of the bad are ever detracting from the comfort and peace of the better inclined. Yet the very delicacy which revolts at the evil should uprouse all the faculties towards its removal. Your nose is the first of reformers. It is a detective which should be able to call in a whole police force. A fine nose is an informer that cannot be looked down upon without obliquity of vision.

June on the Causeway, and June in My Lady's Garden are contrasts; though, forsooth, the country is not always sweet, as some of us know full well. The state of things which Charles Kingsley inveighed against in "Yeast" still lingers, but it is only fair to say that vast improvement has been made. There was a time when Tregarva's "rough rhyme" was true of many a hamlet,—

"When packed in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;
While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,
And the walls let in the day."

There was a time when a bower of roses might have hidden a cholera swamp, just as orchids, in their native lands, display their wondrous blooms where jungle fever lurks. But around this locality,—at least of late years,—the dog rose has flung its briars over land springs unpolluted by sewage, and ferns can now be plucked from banks which shelve to ditches of clean water. At one time, however, the rose, the byrny, and the honeysuckle helped to conceal a flow as black as the Stygian flood. Thanks to sanitary reform, the country-side has become sweeter; so that, through June days, the rose, the woodbine, the wild geranium, and the meadow grasses have a better chance. So have respectable expletives.

Moral.—Remove the foul, and the fair will have fair play.

It is June in My Lady's Garden, and in the fields beyond, where the fox-tail grasses grow, and lucerne attracts white butterflies by the score. There is never a month that this sweet garden yields not scent. Even in the dead of Winter, the resin of the pines revives, while the trodden lawn gives forth at each footfall a faint perfume. So, too, in the dried calyx at the crown of the sweetbriar hip, the Summer fragrance lingers, and aroma clings to the finger tips that press the walnut buds. When, also, in the fall, the gardener lops the trees, the acerb smell of certain woods quickens appetite. We are but elementary scholars yet as to the effects which the scents of plants have upon the human constitution. The old herbals are quaint reading, but there is many a patent medicine of the future hidden within them.

When the vernal equinox sets in, then violets blow. White violets, like tiny flags of truce, put up to show old Winter's willingness to make terms with Spring! Purple violets,—dark beauties full of witchery, hiding amid green leaves, luring you their way with sweet odours! In April, the almond tree blossoms, contributing to the ever-spreading and heightening perfume. At the same time, there appears the Japanese plum, also the *Cydonia Japonica*, in red clusters; and

these distil, from deep-set glands, a shy, hardly perceptible fragrance. It is just these delicate breaths, when the air or touch has taken toll of tender growth, that set the observer thinking and exploring. Then he patiently places his lens on the *viola odorata*, and discovers a tuft of nectarine hairs on the opposite side petals of both varieties. These filaments are hardly visible, certainly not separable, to the unaided eye. The observer turns to a plum blossom, and finds the cup of the flower thickly inlaid with shiny saccharine deposit. This is so in an even greater degree with the almond blossom.

When the Spring develops into Summer, there is no end to the abundance of colour and scent. Yet it is to the months meagre in both that the mind turns to find, in the yew catkins, in the honey glands on the under sides of laurel leaves, sweets in unlikely places. In her helpful book, "Rambles with Nature Students," Mrs. Brightwen remarks, "I used to think that the showers of pollen, which make the ground under the yew tree look yellow with its abundance, was an instance of needless waste; but I have now observed that many species of flies and solitary bees are extremely fond of pollen, and feed greedily upon it, as well as use it to store in their nests for their young grubs to feed upon when hatched. Doubtless, in this way, the tree is able, all through the early Spring, to afford the winged creatures an abundant supply of needful food until they are able to obtain honey from the Summer flowers."

I have examined scores of laurels, and find that the last year's leaves develop two new honey glands in March, the glands of the previous year only remaining as scars higher up the leaf.

Now the June meadows lie beneath the full sunshine clothed in glory. Soon,—all too soon,—the click of the mower will be heard, and long swaths fall, to dry beneath the noonday sun. Then, from the tossed and bleaching grass, will escape an aroma which, through the Midsummer days and nights, will fill the air with languorous perfume. This comes from the scented vernal grass. When thus roughly handled, the volatile essences escape. Even in Winter, the nature of the sward betrays itself. I think, long ago, in this Magazine, I drew attention to the fresh scent of a meadow trodden by boys at football. The essence is then hidden away in the heart of the plant. In Summer, it greets the light in closely set panicles, and in the yellow and lilac dots on the green valves which hold the flowers the fragrance is supposed to lie. But it is when the grasses fall before the scythe that the atmosphere becomes surcharged; then are they fit types of holy men, who, though their days are as the grass, like it, in dying, give forth in blessed fulness the sweet odour of Christian assurance which they have carried in the heart of them all their life long.

We are but following the ancients in dwelling thus much upon Nature's distilleries. The Bible is redolent with spice,—spikenard, myrrh, and frankincense. Much was made by the Greeks and Romans of the hygienic value of perfumes. Were they not wise? Pliny describes eighty-five remedies derived from odorous rue, forty-one whose base was mint, thirty-two balms from roses, twenty-one from lilies, and seventeen whose virtue lay in the essence of violets. Whether the Roman's remedies have survived to the present pharmacopœia, I am

not prepared to say. This I know,—there survive, here and there, old mothers who still make herb medicine, who gather lavender and rosemary, and who will tell you that violet essence, made from the flowers, is good for the nerves, and that lavender will quiet excitability. Let ministerial readers make a note of this, and hereafter see that they sleep, on Sunday nights, in sheets scented with lavender; then will not the line be true of any one of them,—

“And thrice he slew the slain.”

It is June, and we stand amid the roses. Rich roses; dark as velvet, red as blood, yellow as a windy sunset! White roses, with a hint of pink; white roses, with a touch of primrose; white roses tipped with mauve! Roses that smell like China tea; roses that remind you of old gardens, left long ago, before the cares came! Moss roses, reminiscent of Puritan farm-houses, around which, on Lord's-days, there fell a stillness that might be felt! Moss roses;—and the memory recalls tall vases, in long-curtained rooms, deliciously cool, while the heat haze plays lambently over the fields;—roses in big china bowls, touched into pose by beauty's finger! The scent of these June glories brings back quiet days of convalescence, when the sky was an unclouded blue, the North air crisp, and the hours of sunshine extravagantly long;—quiet days so soothing, amid sweets and scents, that life lost its fret, the mind its tension, and the man became a little child once more.

Oh, the roses! June roses in clusters, climbing the bed-room windows, and looking, at night, as if they had blossomed to be guardians of one's peace! Roses everywhere,—hedges of them; standards by the side walks; bushes of the red rose alternating with the laurustinus! Roses trained up old trees, interlaced in trellises, hanging in wild profusion from a stable's eaves!

My Lady's Garden is rich in roses. Here grow grand sweetbriars, with thorns as formidable in shape as the strange weapons of the mystic East, with leaves and pink flowers so fragrant as to force homage;—not a far-fetched parable of some of human kind,—so sweet as to awaken thoughts of appropriation, but so defended as to make capture a prize for courage. Here, too, flourishes the *Gloria*, lifting its creamy petals to the balcony, to greet your first and last outlook, and quickening you to raise a higher *Gloria* still. Here also are dark roses, the brunettes in the bevy of June's fair maids.

And here we muse the hour away, while the bees shame our idleness with their constant hum. No search for hidden treasure can excel theirs.

“Strange people they! a mystic race,
In life, and food, and dwelling place!

They first were seen on earth, 'tis said,
When the rose breathes in Spring;
Men thought her blushing bosom shed
These children of the wing;
But, lo! their hosts went down the wind,
Filled with the thoughts of God's own mind.”

"No search can excel theirs." Let us recall the words. He who seeks for honey in the Rock of Holy Scripture outlasts the bee, and can carry his treasure home through wintry days when the flowers are dead.

"Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(Continued from page 237.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(c) *The Self-witness of the Holy Ghost.*

3. *The Universality of the Sacred Books.*

The extraordinary manner in which the Holy Scriptures dovetail into the life-experience of men, women, and children of all ages, classes, and countries, is in itself sufficient to differentiate the Bible from all other writings. It does not, like most great books, appeal only to a select group of cultured minds, or suit alone some special section of society; but touches the needs and conditions of everybody at every point. Thus, in the morning of life, the little child learns to lisp. "e Lord's me s'eperd, I'll not vant;" and, in after years, when evening comes, the old man lies down to die to the same sweet lullaby. In all the diverse stages of life's development and vicissitudes, and to the totality of manhood in every part, intellectual, spiritual, social, emotional, inquisitive, devotional, and lovable, the Bible comes touching a hundred different strings in the heart, and causing all to respond in harmonious music. Who ever heard of Greek lyrics and Roman odes laying hold upon the thoughts and lives of mortals, and shaping, comforting, and moulding them as have the Psalms of David? Do men seek Shakespeare, Dante, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, or Emmanuel Kant, when the great sin question weighs upon the soul, or the vacant chair is faced after that sad visit to yon lonely cemetery? We know they do not; and therefore this great surprising fact remains, that the Bible—whatever critics may say concerning its merits or demerits—although written two to three thousand years ago, is the most popular and universally read book in the world to-day, suiting every sort of mind, and every state of mind, meeting the classes and the masses,—the eagle-eyed intelligence of a Sir Isaac Newton as he looks out upon the myriad stars, and the simple faith of some half-witted farm lad as he goes home singing,—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
But Jesus Christ is my All-in-all."

The Poet and the Politician, the Prince and the Peasant, the Duchess and the Dairymaid, the Barrister and the Blacksmith, the Student and the Sailor, the General and the Gardener, the Historian and the Handyman, the Philosopher and the Ploughboy, the Bootmaker and the Bishop!—men of diverse minds and temperaments, thoughts and surroundings, differing socially, politically, educationally, and geo-

graphically,—whether on thrones or in prisons, in prosperity or adversity, in health or sickness, in crowded cities or on the lonely veldt,—alike read the Scriptures, and in dark, sad, and struggling days, find light and consolation therein, since the Bible is not—praise God!—a sealed book for the educated few,—albeit there are depths therein which none can fathom;—but, emphatically, the heritage of the common people, and on the very surface of its soil abounds rich ore of grace and love which any hand may gather and every heart enjoy.

Yes; let it never be forgotten that, whilst the Scripture has fought its way to world-wide popularity against unrivalled antagonisms, by no means the least of these was the incessant effort made by Schools of Theology, and, generation after generation, of "the clergy", to specialize its teaching, like that of Law and Medicine, to an ordained and initiated order of interpreters; but all in vain, since the Bible cannot be monopolized by any sect of Divines, for it is universal in its Gospel and Benedictions, nor is there need of any ecclesiastic to interpret to even the simplest mind how man may know the absolution of all his sins, or find a solace for life's sorrows, obtain the conquest over earth and hell's temptations, and, finally, immortal glory in the world beyond;—the Book explains it all!

And as this, the Book of the common people, the Bible, has not only entered into, but even in many cases formed and moulded the very languages of nations. What the great Bismarck effected, recently, in a united German nationality, Luther's Bible did centuries before in gathering together the different dialects of the same race, and welding them into one great mother-tongue; while Wycliffe's Bible, and, following it, our own splendid Authorized Version, more than any other influence, governed and stamped the great widening Anglo-Saxon current of speech and expression; and, in newly-opened countries, where languages have to be built up, and Grammars made, the invariable pioneers of educational progress are the Bible and the Missionary. Nor are there any other writings so peculiarly adaptable to translation. The noblest of Greek Classics suffers lamentably when rendered into English. The charm of Shakespeare and Dickens filters sadly away when read in German, while Schiller and Goethe can scarcely be translated into French. But the Holy Scriptures come out so admirably in all dialects that even ignorant people, in every nation, have imagined that the Book was actually written in their language, and in that alone!

In the light of all this, it is little wonder, therefore, that, in our own time, men of such diverse phases of thought and character as Huxley* the scientific Agnostic and Moody the homely evangelist, Gladstone the democratic statesman and Victoria the beneficent Queen, Ruskin the renowned art critic and Carlyle the rough rider of Iconoclasts, should alike unite in singing the praises of the Bible, since

* Professor Huxley, although an unbeliever, in the great Education Controversy of 1870, strenuously advocated the necessity of Biblical instruction in English schools, on the ground that no education could be thorough or complete without a knowledge of that Book which had moulded our language, and become interwoven with our history as a nation.

no other book, even from a moral, literary, and educational standpoint, has ever so touched and thrilled the world. It is true that Bunyan's immortal allegory comes easily second to the Holy Scriptures in its wonderful and extensive circulation; yet, I suppose, for every copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" that is printed, there are one hundred of the Bible. Thomas à Kempis with his "Imitation of Christ," and Spurgeon's Sermons, may possibly compete for the third position; but each and all of these owe their surprising circulation to the fact that they are full of quotations, truths, illustrations, and arguments drawn from the Bible, and gain thus even their fame from its borrowed light. Shakespeare alone remains standing immeasurably head and shoulders above all non-religious writers, yet many of his sentiments are also manifestly culled from suggestions of the Holy Scriptures; as, for example, Portia's famous speech,—

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd,—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;

.
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

Besides, Shakespeare is still only read by the cultured few, or the enquiring student; nor are his writings widely known outside the English-speaking race and Germany, while men seek not to him when in the strain and stress of life, the time of temptation, the hour of sorrow, and the crises of death and judgment; but, in company with those of dusky race and far-off climes, find strength and solace rather where the great poet-dramatist reposed his own soul's need, as stated in his final will and deposition,—even in the merits of that crucified Reedemer who died in the room and stead of guilty men.

The permanent and ever-widening influence of the Bible is still more remarkable when we consider that the Holy Scriptures remain alone, after two millenniums, the one changeless factor in the great world's life. Customs, habits, social and political laws, governments, nations, continents have changed; and yet, amid the developments of society, the upheavals of revolutions, the discoveries of science, the opening up of new territories, and the fluctuation and transition of all things;—the one great item in the life of the England of Alfred the Great which is *not* obsolete in that of Edward the Seventh is the Sacred Book, once translated by the Venerable Bede, and to be handed (we pray, as an augury of richest blessing,) on "Coronation Day" to His Gracious Majesty; fitting in as well now as then with both Eastern and Western life,—in harmony with the needs, and sins, and sorrows, and cravings of all ages, characters, ranks, and countries;—a mirror of

the world three thousand years ago, and yet as true a picture of society to-day;—as ever-widening in its usefulness and influence, from its translation into thirty languages, with an issue of some four millions, a century ago, it has now passed into *four hundred dialects*, with a circulation of nearly *half a thousand million* of printed copies. Verily we may well exclaim,—Whence comes this Book,—what is the secret of its origin, its history, its power, its destiny;—especially when we remember that it has been handed to us by a race insignificant in number, and unimportant amid mighty nationalities, narrow-minded and exclusive in their sympathies, without any special learning or national literature, who lived an isolated existence in a small corner of God's wide world, and only produced, in their millenniums of being, one Book, and that, *this Book*, which has since throbbed and pulsated, governed and judged the great heart of human history? The answer is irresistible; it comes, like the world-wide blessing of the sunshine and the rain, the springtime and the Resurrection, from Heaven,—Eternity,—and God.

(To be continued next month.)

"Thy Will Be Done."

FATHER, Thy will be done!
 E'en if it cross my schemes,
 Dispel my fondest dreams,
 E'en though it cruel seems,—
 Still, with uplifted eye,
 With fullest trust, I'll cry,—
 "Thy will be done!"

Father, Thy will be done!
 Thy will is best, I know;
 And though Thou lay me low,
 Dear Lord, I love Thee so
 That, even should'st Thou slay,
 I still will trust, and say,—
 "Thy will be done!"

* * * *

In Heaven, Thy will is done!
 And when its heights I climb,
 Pass through its gates sublime,
 That shut out Earth and Time,—
 What overflowing bliss
 Will fill my soul at this,—
Here, it is done!

A Word by the Wayside.

WE cannot tell how much blessing may result from a word spoken in season. The following incident may help to show the importance of sowing beside all waters.

While engaged in Gospel pioneer work, in Tasmania, on one occasion, I was visiting some settlers in the Bush. Meeting a man on the road, I asked him about a certain family I was anxious to find. After giving the necessary information, we passed the time of day and parted. I was deeply impressed, at that moment, to speak to the stranger about his soul's best interests. Turning my horse's head, I called after him. Riding up to the man, I dismounted, saying that I had another enquiry to put to him,—could he tell me the way to Heaven? He turned pale, his lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears as he answered, "I could once, sir, for I was in the way, and was a bright, happy Christian." The dear man completely broke down as, with deep emotion, he said, "I am now a poor miserable backslider." There, in that Bush road, we prayed together, and He, who has promised to heal our backsliding, to receive us graciously, and to love us freely, there and then restored and blessed the wanderer. As we separated, he gripped my hand, thanked God for our meeting, and requested me to visit him at his Bush farm.

I called some three weeks later, and found our dear brother rejoicing in the Lord. Under great difficulties, and amid much opposition, he had set up the family altar. His wife was a Roman Catholic, and would not (I was informed) allow any Protestant minister to visit their home. She would drive herself and children some eleven miles on Sunday to the Roman Catholic Church. She received me very kindly, and we had prayer in the house. From that time, the family accompanied their father to the services in the township where I was preaching in a hired hall. When we built our new place of worship, and formed the church, this good brother was one of the first deacons. His two daughters were brought to Christ, and his son was led to the Saviour through our esteemed brother, Mr. Henry Varley, who was staying with us at the time. I had the joy of baptizing the three, and received them into the church, where they have done good service.

Dear reader, are you a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? Then, let me urge you, as a fellow-worker, to lose no opportunity of witnessing for God, and seeking the salvation of souls. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

Unsaved one, would you know the way to Heaven? Jesus says, "I am the Way." Trust Him now. Give yourself fully to Him as you read these words. Then you will know Him as the Way from sin, and death, and hell, and the Way to pardon, holiness, and Heaven.

Lóngford, Tasmania.

H. WOOD.

The College Conference.

THE fifteenth Annual conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, (the thirty-eighth in all,) held from April 21 to 25, takes a worthy place among the many notable gatherings that have preceded it. The attendance at the meetings, the earnest and devout spirit manifested throughout the week, and the continued liberality of the friends of the College, all prove that there is as firm a bond of union as ever between our Alma Mater and her hundreds of sons, and that the work of training men for the Christian ministry, in the manner originated by the beloved Founder of the Institution, still has a high place in the affection and sympathy of those who aided him, and of many others who have come to the help of his sons in the responsible task which has devolved upon them. One special feature of the recent Conference was the presence of a larger number of brethren from distant parts than has ever come to any previous gathering of the clan. They came from Canada, Africa, India, Australia, and New Zealand; very heartily were they welcomed, and very interesting was the story that most of them had to tell.

The meetings commenced, as usual, with a prayer-meeting; and the devotional element was, if possible, even more prominent than in former years. Pastor Charles Spurgeon (Deputy President) presided on the Monday afternoon, and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon (President) occupied the chair at the evening meeting in the Tabernacle. Interspersed with much praise and prayer, addresses were delivered by Pastors W. Higlett (of Albion, Brisbane, Queensland), R. B. Morrison (of Parkstone, Bournemouth), and W. Walker (of Bishop's Stortford). All felt that a good key-note had been struck, and the high tone was well maintained to the end of the Conference.

On the Tuesday morning, the first hour was spent in a devotional service, at the close of which the President delivered his Inaugural Address, which was published in full in last month's Magazine. Then followed the Conference business, which included reports of the death of five brethren, and the admission of 12 students as members of the P.C.E.A., which now numbers 795. The President, Deputy President, Secretaries, and Remembrancer, were all unanimously re-elected; June 16 was selected as the Conference Day of Prayer; and the President announced that his dear mother's Conference gift was C. H. Spurgeon's volume of Prayer-meeting Addresses, entitled "Only a Prayer-meeting!"

The afternoon and evening were spent at the Orphanage. After tea, some of the boys and girls gave a display of musical drill and handbell ringing; and at the meeting in the Memorial Hall, at which the Deputy President presided, three of the girls recited, and addresses were given by Pastors G. Wainwright (from New Zealand), E. Baker (from Cape Town), S. J. Bowskill (from the Congo), and G. J. Dann (from India).

Wednesday morning was devoted to a Conference upon "The Minister's Dependence on the Holy Spirit's Ministry." After a season of special supplication, Pastor Frank H. White (Vice-President), who was in the chair, opened the Conference; his colleague, Pastor R. Wright Way, followed with a soul-searching address on (1) living by the Spirit, (2) walking by the Spirit, (3) praying in the Spirit, and (4) preaching in the Spirit. Pastor W. Y. Fullerton, who was unable to be present because of a bicycle accident, sent a letter, which the President read; and short addresses were given by Pastors W. J. Harris, W. J. Sears, G. Wainwright, A. G. Brown, and Hugh D. Brown, M.A. The general

feeling seemed to be that a most profitable morning had been spent, which would bear fruit in the after-ministry of many a brother then present.

The College subscribers met for tea in the evening, and afterwards assembled in the Conference Hall under the presidency of Alderman George White, J.P., M.P. The President and Vice-President of the College gave brief reports of the work of the past year and of the present position and future prospects of the Institution, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, and by Pastors Robert Walker (of Chesham), F. J. H. Humphrey (of Whitley, Northumberland), and T. L. Edwards (of Queen's Park, Glasgow), and Mr. A. G. Burley, one of the students still in the College. After a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, the friends adjourned to the supper table, where the contributions announced amounted to £1,118,—afterwards increased to about £1,200,—for which the President cordially thanked the donors and the Lord who had moved them again to give such generous aid to the work committed to his charge.

On Thursday morning, as at various other times during the week, special petitions were presented on behalf of brethren unable to be present. To the regret of the whole assembly, Dr. McCaig was, through illness, obliged to be absent from the whole Conference. Pastor W. Higlett brought a loving letter and message from our brethren in Queensland, and letters from many other members of our world-wide fraternity were read. At the close of the devotional service, two remarkable papers were read,—one by Pastor G. J. Knight (of Newbury), on "Men Wondered at," and another by Pastor G. Menzies (of Arbroath), on "The Laws that Govern Prayer." As both are to appear in the Magazine, our readers will be able to share with the brethren the many lessons they contained.

In the course of the brief business session which followed, Pastor T. W. Medhurst (of Cardiff) was elected Vice-President of the Association for the ensuing year; Pastor T. Greenwood was re-elected Manager of the Assurance Community, with hearty thanks for his past services; and very cordial votes of thanks were passed to those who had entertained the country brethren, and to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for her Conference gift.

The President presided at the great public meeting in the evening, and gave a brief report concerning the College, which was supplemented by further information from the Vice-President. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. John Reid, one of the students, and by Pastors F. Thompson (Luton), H. E. Stone (Abbey Road, St. John's Wood), and J. C. Carlile (Folkestone). The collection for the College realized a little over £31.

As the business of the Conference had been completed on the previous day, a longer time than usual was available for prayer and praise on the Friday morning. Then, about noon, Pastor Charles Spurgeon conducted the closing service, and preached an impressive and helpful sermon from Romans xv. 13; at the communion table, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., gave a brief but instructive address concerning the ordinance; then followed the observance of the Lord's Supper, which was concluded, in the time-honoured fashion, by the whole assembly singing the Scotch version of Psalm 122, with hands linked in token of our unbroken bond of brotherhood.

At the farewell dinner, Professor Hackney (the Remembrancer) reported an increase in the receipts from the brethren for the College funds; hearty thanks were accorded to the Hospitalities Committee for the admirable manner in which they had entertained the large company

during the week; and then, after the usual cheering for our leaders and those dear to them, the Conference was appropriately closed with the Doxology and Benediction.

The Colporteurs' Conference.

IT was arranged for the Annual Conference to commence on the second Saturday in May: so, after much prayer and hopeful expectation, the colporteurs took train from East, West, North, and South, to meet in the great metropolis.

Their *rendezvous* was the Stockwell Orphanage; and, amid the Spring beauties of the grounds, the men were welcomed, as they arrived, by twos and threes. For a little season, pleasant chat was enjoyed, and snap-shots taken, prior to the welcome tea, when all sat down, and partook of a refreshing meal together. A choice musical entertainment had been provided by the Head Master; and, under his direction, the dear orphan children sang, recited, and performed with the handbells, affording great delight both to the colporteurs and to the friends who had come early for the reception meeting.



AT THE ORPHANAGE.

At 7 p.m., Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., took the chair, and told how, during thirty-five years of solitary military life in India, he had found some of his most refreshing mental and spiritual advantages in the perusal of such literature as colporteurs usually sell, and paid a special tribute to the printed Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon, which had been a great blessing to him. The sacred solos, rendered by Miss Permain and Miss Lizzie De Few, were very sweet, and the rousing and powerful addresses by Revs. W. Townsend and D. J. Rounsefell were listened to with much enthusiasm. The

brethren thus had a feast of good things at the very outset; and, at 9 p.m., departed to the hospitable homes where kind friends had promised to welcome them.

The Sabbath dawned fairly bright, and a choice time of united prayer, which all enjoyed, at the College Buildings, was a fitting prelude to the morning public worship in the Tabernacle, when the colporteurs surrounded their President, and listened with great appreciation to his message. In the afternoon, there was a full gathering, under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. Lord Kinnaid, for counsel and testimony; and, for two hours, a continuous series of short addresses, relating experiences, describing blessed results of labour, or offering advice and suggestions, was enjoyed, a very cheering feature being the glad report from some brethren concerning members of their own families who, during the year, had found the Saviour.

After tea, work began; and, both in the front and at the rear of the Tabernacle, open-air meetings were convened, at which earnest addresses were given by the colporteurs, and much interest was manifested. Again, after the public worship, the work was renewed; and the Gospel message rang out from the lips of the brethren gathered upon the Tabernacle steps. Meanwhile, some of them shared with the Secretary the happy task of conducting the evening worship of the orphans at

Stockwell; and thus, a long, joyous day of worship, fellowship, and service came to its close.

Monday was the great day of the feast; and, for nearly twelve hours, the programme proceeded without flagging. The depôt business began at 9 a.m.; and at 10 o'clock the prayer-meeting was presided over by Pastor C. B. Sawday, who gave an acceptable word of exhortation, specially reminding the colporteurs that "Jesus lives." A session for general business followed, which was all too short, after which Rev. H. J. Harvey gave a most thoughtful and practical address on "The man for the work, and the work for the man," the headings of which indicated that a colporteur's qualifications should include Piety, Push, and Persuasion, while his work should comprise Sowing, Selling, and Saving. The Chairman of Committee (Mr. S. R. Pearce), the Secretary, and W. Ferguson, Esq., of the Christian Colportage Association, also took part. The dinner hour, and a brief interval, led to the members' meeting, at 3 p.m., in the College Conference Hall. Here the President was supported by G. H. Dean, Esq., J.P., W. Olney, Esq., Rev. H. J. Harvey, Pastor J. W. Harrauld, and several members of the Committee. After the election of the Committee for the ensuing year, the Secretary made a brief statement, reporting a year of steady progress, of much blessing, and ending in a satisfactory balance sheet showing a small surplus. Much interest was evidenced in his intimation that the endeavour to increase the Aged Colporteurs' Fund had been so successful as to enable him to announce that the sum of one thousand guineas had been reached.



A VETERAN
AND YOUNG RECRUIT.

The Presidential Address was based upon Ephesians vi. 15, the subject being "The Christian soldier's foot-gear." A short but impressive speech by Mr. Dean was followed by interesting testimonies from a number of the colporteurs. At the tea table, an enjoyable meal was followed by hearty votes of thanks to the Ladies' Working Society, and to those who had entertained the brethren.

At the public meeting in the Tabernacle, there was a large gathering. The President's remarks, prayer, and the Secretary's Report, led up to the eloquent and stimulating address by Rev. J. Gregory Mantle on "Feeding the Multitudes," which was listened to with marked enthusiasm. Several colporteurs followed with quaint and interesting descriptions of their work; and, as the meeting closed, it was felt to have been one of the best ever held. The colporteurs having retired to one of the vestries, the President commended them and their work to God; and, joining hands, the Doxology was sung, and with warm farewells a blessed Conference was brought to a happy close.

Fables for the Faithful.

BY JAMES F. TAVINER, B.A., WITHINGTON, MANCHESTER.

III.—THE CITY OF ICHABOD.

THERE once stood, in the centre of a certain city, a statue of great size and wondrous beauty. And the people used to come and gaze upon the statue, and fall down before it, for it represented a perfect man, and awakened within them desires to be like unto it.

The young men looked upon the massive limbs, and went away resolved to develop their own; and the maidens gazed at the magnificently chiselled features, and with ardent longing desired beauty in themselves. And all the city felt the influence of this wonderful figure; and under the spell of it, reformed the laws, mended manners, and became of all cities the purest and the happiest that ever had been known.

But, one day, there came to the city a man who was said to be very wise; and he looked upon the statue, and went near to it, and walked round it many times, and then clambered all over it.

But the people stood aghast, and cried, "Why do you desecrate the statue by climbing about it?"

And he answered them, and said, "O foolish people, and long deceived! Behold, I have looked upon the statue, and feared it not, and, lo! I observe that this, which so charms you, is but stone after all. It was dug from the quarries by human hands such as ours. Judge ye, now, what I say." And he lifted up an axe, and smote the statue, so that it was partly broken; and, lo! it was but stone dug from their quarries even as he had said. And the people were amazed, but some were sorrowful, and many cried and said, "Great is he that has climbed about the image."

Again, on another day, came a second wise man, and he said to the people who fell down, "O people, you have bowed before this image, and have felt the thrill of its wondrous beauty, and you have striven to grow like unto it. Verily, I say unto you, though I have travelled in many lands, and seen men innumerable, as many as the forest trees in multitude, yet have I never beheld one like unto this statue. Why should we look upon that which has no living equal? Behold, truth is better than imagery, and truth is that which we see when we travel to and fro in the earth. Go to, let us strike down all that is not as we know it, and look only upon that which is true to reality."

And the people knew not how to answer him, because they had not travelled, and because all men said the speaker was most wise. So he took an axe, and smote at the base of the statue until there was nought left save the feet. "Now," said he to the people, "you will be no more deceived, nor wearied in striving after impossible beauty, and unattainable strength."

And, anon, yet another wise man came, and said, "It is true that these feet are like unto ordinary feet, but we cannot be sure that there ever were any feet exactly similar to these. Therefore, let us destroy the last vestige of deception." And, straightway, he cut out the feet, and left nothing but the mark of the place where they had been. (For he could not cut out the footprints.)

Now the people wondered at all this; but they could not stay these men, because, you see, they were wise men, and knew what they were talking about. And the people came no more to the place where the statue had been, and the young men sought no more to be strong according to the pattern that the statue had shown them; but the muscles of their arms grew flabby, and their knees became exceeding weak. Moreover, the maidens knew not now what beauty was; and, therefore, strove no more to attain unto it.

And the city afterwards was so changed that men called it the City of Ichabod; that is to say, "The glory is departed."

MORAL.—*The chief test of the value of criticism lies in its results.*

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 was briefly intimated, last month, that Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster were about to issue a volume of Coronation Addresses by Pastor THOMAS SPURGEON, under the title, "*God Save the King!*" The work is now published, price 2s. 6d. net; and very handsome it looks, with the golden crown and sceptre on the cover, though the intertwined thorn crown reminds us that the book is not so much concerned with King Edward VII. as with "another King, one Jesus." "The Thorn Crown" is the theme of one of the Addresses, while two more relate to "The Crown Royal" and "Christ's Many Crowns." Others are upon "The King's Chariot," "The King's Word," "The King's Commandment," "The Gospel of the Kingdom," "Touching the King," "The King in His Beauty," and "God Save the King!" This last furnishes the title of the volume, which will, we trust, be a most acceptable Coronation gift from loyal subjects, and be the means of increasing the love and loyalty of many to Him who is "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

One friend, who received an early copy of the book, writes to the author:—"No one can read it without feeling that it is not only from your pen, but also from your heart. It was a happy thought to publish, at this time, in such a form, a selection of the things which you have 'made touching the King'; and I hope and pray that many, reading it, may be led to surrender to King Jesus. The book glows with beauty, and throbs with life. God bless it and its author!"

From Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling, there has been issued a sixpenny booklet, in limp cloth, entitled *Our King*, by WILLIAM LUFF, consisting of thirteen chapters, spiritualizing the royal references in the Scriptures, from "The King's Accession" to "The King's Pres-

ence." It contains much material that will be helpful to preachers and teachers during the coming Coronation time.

Mr. Andrew Melrose has published, at 3d., a suggested Order of Service during the Coronation, with appropriate music; and also, at 1d., an illustrated outline of the Lives of the King and Queen. Both of these are sure to be widely utilized this month.

Since our last notice of "The Baptist Pulpit," we have received from Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell the following additional volumes in that admirable series of discourses delivered by brethren of our own denomination:—*Sermons Preached in the Villages*, by Rev. W. CAREY SAGE, M.A., B.D., Bratton; *The Renewal of Youth, and other Sermons*, by JAMES OWEN, Swansea; *Sermons on the Book of Ruth*, by Rev. HENRY BRIGGS, Todmorden; *The Gospel, What it is, and What it does*, by Rev. W. INGLI-JAMES, Barry; *Christ the Centre*, by Rev. H. C. WILLIAMS, Corwen; *Christian Verities*, by Rev. S. G. WOODROW, Aberdeen; "*Thou Remainest*," and *other Sermons*, by Rev. ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

In the brief space at our disposal, it is impossible to review these volumes *seriatim*. It will be seen that the series continues to include the sermons both of well-known and of little-known Baptist ministers, and it is therefore all the more representative of the denomination as a whole. Those who can afford it, should get the whole set, and help to circulate those of which they most approve; they are published at 2s. 6d. each, net.

Vol. XXIII. in "The Baptist Pulpit,"—"My Gospel," by Pastor THOMAS SPURGEON, has not yet come to hand; but it is ready for issue, and it contains twelve discourses upon Gospel themes.

After the Resurrection. By Rev. A. MACLAREN, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 5s.

HEREIN are twenty-six Eshcol clusters. They are sermons indeed! Eleven of them deal with the events which followed the rising of our Lord from the dead, and the rest with miscellaneous topics, all of deepest interest. It is needless to say that these discourses are beautiful and helpful in a high degree. Happy the ministers who are helped by them, and happy their people who in due course receive the blessing.

Lessons from Moses' Bible. By ALEX. MACKEITH. S. Bagster and Sons. (6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.)

C. H. SPURGEON wrote in praise of this book many years ago. The revised and enlarged re-issue should be welcomed by all who love the children. Here are over 200 engravings and blackboard sketches. Very useful to teachers.

The Titles of Jehovah. By Rev. PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE. Nisbet and Co.

Like all that the author produces, full of spiritual instruction and quickening. These titles are made to furnish rich stores of help and teaching, throwing light on the nature and character of God, most precious for us to receive. Each would make a good study for a week-evening address, or an outline for a series of "Bible-readings."

Yet they are diffuse enough for the ordinary reader, as devotional stimulus. Such writers and preachers are as salt in the Church of England, and we wish their number were multiplied.

The Epistles of Paul to Timothy and Titus. By R. M. POPE, M.A. Charles H. Kelly.

AN excellent exposition and commentary suitable for Bible-classes. The Pastoral Epistles have not been so frequently expounded as many of Paul's other writings, and this little scholarly but modest volume

possesses quite a value of its own. It is singularly lucid, always fair, and in some particulars original in its treatment. As one of the volumes in the "Books for Bible-students" Series, it is worthy of the best of its companions; and this is no small eulogy.

The Divine Idea of Preaching. By G. J. KELLY. Arthur H. Stockwell.

A FOURFOLD treatment of the great office of the preacher, characterized by much earnestness and fervour. Who can say much that is strikingly fresh on this oft-treated theme? But, while there is little that is novel here, all is true and good. The chapter on pulpit-pleading is timely, and well worthy of study and self-searching.

Fragrant Flowers from the King's Gardens. By Rev. R. VENTING. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

AN admirable collection of illustrations, nearly all from natural objects. There is freshness, a keen sense of beauty, an alert power of making God's handiwork expound His heartwork, which will powerfully commend this volume to all preachers and teachers. Amid the many similar books, it makes a distinct place for itself.

Redemption according to the Eternal Purpose. By Rev. W. SHIRLEY. Elliot Stock.

WHILST recognizing both the ability and the well-intentioned aim of this volume, we deplore that both have been so misapplied. To talk of the truths of the Bible needing to be adapted to "the certainties of evolution" is surely theological blowing of soap-bubbles. The science of God's Word, and of the Old Testament in particular, is being corroborated afresh almost every day; and to apologize for it is quite unnecessary. We wish the skill and literary dexterity of our author had been used to worthier and more profitable purpose.

The People's Bible Encyclopedia.
 Edited by Rev. C. RANDALL
 BARNES, A.B., A.M., D.D.
 Charles H. Kelly.

A VERY useful volume, which appears to us thoroughly reliable except in relation to the subjects and mode of baptism. There are nearly four hundred engravings, maps, charts, etc., and over twelve hundred pages in the work, which is published at 7s. 6d.

The Crown of Science. By A.
 MORRIS STEWART, M.A. Andrew
 Melrose.

A LAUDABLE attempt to show the essential oneness of both scientific thought and Bible truth concerning the moral and spiritual life of man; but the problems remain problems still. This book has little or no reference to the Atonement as the New Testament deals with it, and so omits the most sublime and essential of spiritual truths. Its philosophy is too thin and its theology too limited to be of much practical use.

"*A Lamp unto my Feet.*" By M.
 BIDDER. Elliot Stock.

WITH one half of this little book, we are in hearty agreement; viz., that which urges the principles and practice of Bible study: but with the latter half, which teaches more what a certain section of the Church declares rather than what Christ declares, we have no sympathy whatever. For Baptismal Regeneration, we can neither feel nor profess the faintest admiration; for Bible study will, we believe, prove its falseness.

The Twin Sisters (Roman and Anglican). By JOHN OATES.
 Arthur H. Stockwell.

A REALLY able exposure of the practical oneness of the Roman and Anglican Churches in their main theological teachings. We wish our author could only see that his own infant sprinkling is a garment spotted by the leprous pestilence of Baptismal Regeneration. But,

bating this, we heartily commend the book to the careful study of all who desire to know the deadly danger of the sacerdotal and sacramentarian system. A splendid book for a series of Bible-class studies; it ought to sell by thousands.

Woman's Best Work. By F. J.
 GANT. Elliot Stock.

A FLORID account of the various works now open to women who desire to help the suffering, and sad, and sinful. Little that is new, but much that is interesting is here.

Christ in Astronomy. By Rev. JOHN
 SPENCE, F.R.A.S. Arthur H.
 Stockwell.

QUITE a considerable quantity of astronomical information is contained in this small half-crown volume; but it is still more valuable because of the author's object in writing it:—"The one aim of this book is to honour and glorify the Lord Jesus Christ in the eyes of all those who may read its pages."

Building in Silence. A Book of Wayside Thoughts. By Rev. JAMES
 BLACK, M.A., A.T.S. Arthur H.
 Stockwell.

A THOUGHTFUL book, suggestive and helpful. The author, like a wise master-builder, has put good material into this work. We are glad to note that great stress is laid on *being*; the tendency at the present time is to place all the emphasis on *doing*. The work of the compositor should have been more carefully revised; paragraphs on pages 43-5 are mixed up in a bewildering manner.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have issued, in their "New Century Leaders Series," excellent biographies of Dr. John Clifford and Rev. F. B. Meyer. Each appears to be a skilfully executed and faithful portrait, and provides in small compass the salient points of a remarkable and useful life.

The Century Bible. Edited by Prof. W. F. ADENEY.

The Acts. Edited by J. VERNON BARTLET, M.A. *Corinthians.* Edited by J. MASSIE, M.A., D.D. *Hebrews.* Edited by A. S. PEAKE, M.A. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

WE welcomed these Bible Hand-books when they began to be issued, and practical use of them has deepened our sense of their value, although we have found increasing points of disagreement in some of the expositions. Still, we do not withhold our praise of the plan, the style, and the scope of the volumes. They charm the eye and stimulate study.

Though Professor Bartlet differs from Dr. Horton in his chronology of Paul's life, he very successfully, in his Introduction, puts us at the author's view-point for the understanding of THE ACTS, which he regards less as a history of the Church than as a defence of that conception of Christianity that overstepped the Judaic boundaries.

In the volume on THE CORINTHIANS, Professor Massie rearranges both the history of Paul and the order of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. We think a deeper view will show that 2 Cor. vi. 14—vii. 1. is rightly placed, the thought of the enlargement of verse 13 naturally suggesting its necessary condition, a separation from evil: we can only be truly broad when we are narrow, and only safely narrow when we are broad. But there is much to be said for the displacement of chapters x.—xiii., and it is an interesting speculation whether this section did not form an intermediate Letter to the Church at Corinth. Dr. Massie is a master of parentheses.

For Professor Peake's HEBREWS, though it is the thinnest of the three volumes, we have a strong word of commendation, and our praise would be unqualified, in spite of the fact that he inclines to the view that the Epistle was written by a woman,—Priscilla, if

he did not speak of "the universal sonship possessed by all men." We submit that it is more natural to expound Hebrews ii. 10 as meaning that men become sons because of Christ's work, than that Christ's work is undertaken because they are already sons. The doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood of God is responsible for more of the evil in the Church to-day, and of the apathy as to Divine things in the world, than any other. Paul's teaching, in writing to "the churches of Galatia," is, "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."

The New Testament in Braid Scots. Rendered by Rev. WILLIAM WYE SMITH (of St. Catharine's, Canada). Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

WE hope English readers will excuse the liberty we have taken, on this rare occasion, of returning to our old vernacular.

This wark croons a'. We dinna ken whaur the translator gat his braid Scots frae; but it is dootless the braidest o' the braid, and mony o' the tairms will gie a shock to the nerves like the sicht o' a ghaist.

We hed nae notion ava' that the Scots tongue was sae queerly compounded, and could mak', in this late day, sic a braw show o' concept and idiom. Lots o' the words we hennae hear tell on; such as "allenarlie", "fennin", "thirlman", "dightins", "disjaskit", &c.; and we are nae sure that e'en Auld Reekie cud marrow wi' them noo. Sae, tae, the idioms hae sometimes ae sough o' antiquity, such as micht hae gien Robbie Burns a scare.

But a' this is by way o' compliment. It is a graund version, warmin' to the hert, and humblin' to the speerit; and it says muckle for Canada that ane o' her bairns oottrins a' ithers. In the next edition, hoover, let him gie us the beatitude for them that murn.

Prayer. A Practical Treatise. By Rev. A. F. DOUGLAS. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WE do not suppose that, if this

work were read by the "illuminate" who regard doubt as a sign of superior enlightenment, that they would be convinced of the value and efficacy of prayer; but those who have proved its power will be strengthened by the perusal of this volume. It is not a book which promises much, and gives little, it is a work which improves as it advances, going from strength to strength. Those who read on will be amply repaid before reaching the closing chapter.

The author has no sympathy with that criticism which delights in the capital C; he says, "This school borrows slavishly the vain speculations of Continental theologians, who are professedly unbelievers. By the turn of a sentence or a phrase, they will prove that two men or half-a-dozen men did the work which we have hitherto believed was done by one; and thus we have mistakes and blunders which would be disgraceful in a schoolboy. . . . A knowledge of the German language, and a good memory, are qualifications sufficient to produce any quantity of this pitiful criticism." We heartily commend this volume; it is devoutly written, the letterpress is excellent, and the binding is artistic.

Royal Manhood. By Rev. JAMES T. VANCE, D.D. Andrew Melrose.

A CLEVER volume by an American author;—somewhat after the style of Dr. Miller's writings. Dr. Vance views manhood from the philosophic standpoint, and speaks to us much of duty and character. The book is brilliant, but there are many Americanisms which will not commend it to English readers. We take one page,—perhaps the worst in the book from this point of view, and we read about "senseless blathary", "drivelling little doodles", and "The ideal Christian was something to him besides syllabub." That style of writing ought not to be tolerated on either side of the Atlantic.

We cannot quite understand the author's attitude to the Lord Jesus

Christ. His last chapter, on "The Divine Man," is one of the least satisfactory. Here, he seems to be an earnest follower of God in Christ; there, he appears to be only an admirer of the man; and his book ends with a quotation which leaves the matter open. If we were sure of the author's estimate of our Master, we could readily forgive a mistake in a merely human name; but, surely, Dr. Vance ought to know that the hero of Henry the Eighth's time was Sir Thomas *More*, and not Moore, as he has written it more than once. Those in search of illustrations may find quite a handful in this book.

Sunday Afternoon Prayers. Collected from "The British Weekly." Hodder and Stoughton.

THERE are, probably, some devout folk to whom such a book as this will be useful. For the most part, we fear that those who are not engaged in Christian work on Sunday afternoon, have a tendency softly to slumber; but there is nothing in this volume to send them to sleep. The prayers are short, yet comprehensive; and we can imagine that they would be very helpful to those who need such a manual of devotion. The book is beautifully produced; the red lines round the pages give it even a distinguished appearance.

Memorials of a Ministry. By B. HACKETT. Arthur H. Stockwell.

GOOD average sermons from a conscientious worker. Not brilliant, but lucid. They never dazzle us, nor do they cause us to drowse. Whether a much larger public than that which heard them, will want to buy them, we do not know. For the author's sake, we hope so.

Second Coming of Christ. By W. M. PASCOE. Elliot Stock.

A GRACIOUS and able endeavour to blend together the two theories of the Second Advent: an attempt of considerable success, too. Worth careful reading.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

Contributors to MRS. C. H. SPURGEON'S Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work will be glad to know that the work of translating her dear husband's Sermons into various foreign languages is being continued, and is being greatly blessed of God.

Mr. A. I. Blanco, of Tangier, Morocco, is still issuing the SPANISH translations, for which he will be pleased to receive orders, for large or small quantities, for circulation among Spanish-speaking people.

Mr. Frey sends specimens of the new Sermon published in LETTISH, and says:—"There are three more Sermons translated, but I have not the permission from the Censor to print them. I am very sorry that I cannot publish all four Sermons yearly. It is a blessing everywhere to distribute them." On former occasions, when the Censor's permission has been delayed, the readers of the Magazine have besought the Lord to incline him to give the desired authorization, and the prayer has been speedily answered. Will they again present this petition?

Mrs. Spurgeon has received the following interesting letter concerning the BOHEMIAN Sermons:—"Hearty thanks for the money you sent for the Sermon of your beloved husband, 'Jesus only.' Now I can report to you that another Sermon has been printed, (10,000 copies, 'The Heart Given to God,') and is very highly valued. It was expected rather with impatience, because so much time elapsed since the publishing of the first Sermon. Many have been blessed by it, and many wished for copies to distribute. Now, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, please kindly pray that the Bohemian Sermons of your beloved husband may touch many hearts by the gracious operation of the Holy Spirit. We are very grateful for your kindness, and we thank God that He is still blessing His faithful servant's testimony, not only among the English, but also among John Huss's people in Bohemia and Moravia; and not only there, but many Bohemians are scattered in America, and in Russia, and are appreciating these Sermons. Last month, I made a missionary tour to Bohemians, in Russia, and I can say that many were refreshed and helped by the

Sermon, 'Jesus only.' So, you see, you are doing a blessed work."

While the foreign translations of the Sermons are so greatly appreciated, we rejoice to know that the English versions are valued as highly as ever. Very special testimony to this effect was borne by several of the brethren who spoke at the recent Colporteurs' Conference.

Our readers may be glad to learn that the Sermon for reading on Lord's-day, June 1st, is one of the most pathetically pleading discourses that even C. H. Spurgeon ever delivered. It is based upon the familiar text, Matthew xi. 28, and is entitled "Jesus Calling." It is worthy of the widest possible distribution. The publishers will be pleased to quote terms for large quantities.

After the Conference, the Editor paid a flying visit to South Wales, preaching and lecturing, in Swansea, to overflowing congregations, in Rev. James Owen's Chapel. He also spoke at the Tuesday evening service at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol. He was the guest of Mr. Hiley during most of his absence from town, and with him visited many points of interest around Bristol, notably the Cheddar Cliffs, where C. H. Spurgeon preached in 1862.

While the Magazine is passing through the press, the Editor will (D.V.) be in Paris, where he is announced to preach, on Friday evening, May 23, in the Wesleyan Church (kindly lent for the service), 4, Rue Roquepine; and, on Lord's-day evening, May 25, in the Baptist Church, 61, Rue Meslay. He is also to take part in Pasteur R. Saillens' French service at the latter place, on the afternoon of May 25. The various gatherings will be over before the "Sword and Trowel" will be in our readers' hands; but it will not be too late for them to seek the Lord's blessing upon the word that will then have been spoken, and upon all the work of our brethren in France.

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Tabernacle Tidings.

IN MEMORIAM.—To the great grief of Pastors, Officers, and Members, the Tabernacle Church has been bereaved of its esteemed Secretary, Elder J. T. DUNN, who was "called home" on May

22nd. There is only time to insert this brief intimation, and to promise an extended notice of our friend next month. All who knew him will unite in sincere sympathy with the bereaved family, and Bible-class, and with all who, in losing him, have lost a beloved relative, a trusted leader, a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an earnest worker for the Master.

Pastor D. J. Hiley, of Bristol, occupied the Tabernacle pulpit on Lord's-day, May 4th, both morning and evening, preaching the Word with great acceptance.

The same evening, the Open-air Gospel Services, at the front and rear of the Tabernacle, were re-commenced. The attendance was encouraging and the singing hearty. Pastor C. B. Sawday conducted the meeting on the steps, and Brother McLaren led the service in the streets behind. A provisional list of speakers has been printed, and can be had on application to Mr. J. H. Savager.

Our young friends formed themselves into a Missionary Parliament, on Tuesday, May 6th. A bill was introduced, dealing with the subject of "Prayer for Missions." Pastor C. B. Sawday assumed the office of "Speaker."

The "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society met on Wednesday, May 7th. A number of young friends, members of the Tabernacle Band of Hope, occupied the platform, and, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Cooper, an interesting and instructive programme was carried out. Deacon Johnston presided.

IN MEMORIAM.—We deeply regret to report the death of the beloved wife of Elder S. Johnson, which occurred on Lord's-day, May 11th, after a painful illness. We extend to our friend our brotherly sympathy in his time of sorrow.

The Rev. C. H. S. Green, of the China Inland Mission, told his wonderful story of a sevenfold deliverance from the Boxers, on Wednesday evening, May 14th, in the College Conference Hall.

June 15th is to be observed as "Hospital Sunday." The Lord Mayor hopes to raise £100,000, and asks that last year's £40,000 from the churches may be doubled this year. "An earnest

friend of the Fund" has promised to add one-fourth to the amount the churches raise. Thus the £100,000 desired would be secured. The Tabernacle congregation will, doubtless, maintain its reputation for practical sympathy and generosity.

The Sunday-school friends will hold their annual missionary meeting on Wednesday, June 18th. They deserve a large attendance. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will preside.

June 22nd will be the Sabbath preceding the King's Coronation, and will be a grand day at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will preach in the morning, when it is anticipated that a large number of Colonial friends and visitors from the country will be present. In the afternoon and evening, Gipsy Smith will preach.

The Poor Ministers' Clothing Society will hold its annual gathering on Monday, June 30th, Pastor C. B. Sawday presiding. There will be tea at 5.30 p.m., followed by the public meeting, at which Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon will be present to receive parcels of clothing for transmission to needy ministers, and their wives and children. Mrs. Barrett is the Honorary Secretary; she will gladly send printed Report on receipt of application, addressed to her at the Tabernacle.

Pastor C. B. Sawday will start on his holiday on July 1st. We wish him an enjoyable and restful time.

Mrs. Sawday is about to cross the Atlantic, in order to visit her aged parents and brothers and sisters in New York and Philadelphia. We wish her a safe and pleasant voyage, happy family re-unions, and a joyous return home.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, May 1st, nine,—Adeline Briard, William Lloyd, Alice M. Lloyd, Annie Stimson, Joseph E. Howe, Beatrice Broad, Eliza Ann May, Frances L. Knight, Ada Wood; at Haddon Hall, May 1st, three,—Nellie Cann, Thomas H. Recknall, Louisa M. Aubrey.

At the monthly communion service, on Lord's-day evening, May 4th, the Church Secretary reported the following deaths of members:—Ellen Goatley, Annie Wilson, John A. Woodcock, Sarah A. Bromell, Martha Earl, William Addington, William M. Paul.

Concerning the College.

Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, who visited the College, on May 2nd, under the auspices of the Liberation Society, lectured to the students upon the subject of "Disestablishment."

Mr. R. A. E. Anderton has accepted the pastorate at Kelvinside, Glasgow; and Mr. A. T. Greenwood at Welbeck Street, Ashton-under-Lyne; and Mr. F. J. Skinner has become assistant-pastor to our Brother E. J. Edwards, of Dover, who has been and still remains very seriously ill.

Mr. P. J. Walker is removing, from Pembury, to Consett, Durham.

Pastor C. W. Townsend, who has given our readers such an interesting insight into "Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada," has returned to the Dominion after his visit to the homeland. We hope soon to hear that he has found a congenial sphere of service there, and we expect to receive further contributions from his pen.

Will readers kindly pay special attention to the College Report, which is included in the present number of the Magazine? It might help the Institution if friends would circulate extra copies wherever the work of the College is not as well known as it ought to be.

Will all our College brethren and their churches endeavour to unite with us in observing the Conference Day of Prayer, Monday, June 16th?

6 PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Churcher writes:—"Outside the town of Sfax, in Southern Tunisia, lies buried a member of the Tabernacle Church. He was a missionary, and fell, by an unknown murderer's hand, on the threshold of his good work. For years, almost nothing has been done to bring the Gospel to the tens of thousands of Mohammedans in that town. In March, four of us visited it; and it was a joy to preach Jesus there, and to heal those who crowded in to our meetings. One pious, learned, old Moslem will remain long in my mind, because he was almost the only man I recollect to have met, out here, who seemed to have a sense of sin; and as he confessed, with tearful eyes, his sinfulness before God, we thought, 'Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God.'

"The extremes of life, without Christ,

we find affecting sights;—the very aged, and the very ill, whose lives are often to be measured only by weeks or months, all so awfully wrong for eternity, yet stupefied, and, in a measure, satisfied, with the false hope that all will be right; and the little children, now so bright and engaging, soon to sink into all the sin and superstitions of Islam. But, to our sad heart, there comes the God-given message, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.' We did not make them sinful, deluded, anti-Christian, so we are not responsible for *that*; but we *are* responsible for doing all that in us lies to set them right. God's Word, which they will not buy, we give them; the illiterate receive a wordless book, which even a child can understand; (the last thousand, generously given us by the Tabernacle Sunday-school, are just now exhausted;) and, in many instances, 'the deaf hear, the blind see, the lame walk, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them,' every day; for, during March and April, we have recorded over eleven hundred visits."

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

All who are interested in the Orphanage—and what reader of the "Sword and Trowel" is not?—will hardly need to be reminded that the celebration of Founder's Day takes place, this year, on the exact anniversary of his birthday, Thursday, June 19th. The gates of the Institution will be opened at half-past two o'clock; and, from that time, until dusk, there will be a continuous programme.

The Chairmen are to be Lord Overton and G. W. Macalpine, Esq., J.P., and the list of probable speakers, beside the President and Vice-President, includes Revs. R. Dixon, B.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Stockwell; D. Fyffe, M.A., of Harlesden; John McNeill, and Gipsy Smith.

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, and we will gladly pay the railway fare to and fro if necessary.

IN MEMORIAM.—One of the Stockwell Orphanage girls, after suffering from

heart disease and consumption, passed away on May 13th. At the funeral service, Mr. Charlesworth quoted the following report of her last words, as supplied by the nurse:—

"Is it morning yet?"

"Yes, it's three o'clock."

"Do you think Jesus will come for me to-day?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Do you think He will come soon?"

"I think so; shall I ask Him to?"

"No, let Him come when He likes."

She then said:—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." 'I will fear no evil,' for He is near me."

Thinking she had forgotten the exact words of the text, the nurse said, "Thou art with me, Daisy."

"Yes," she replied, "but He is near me. He is near me. 'Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.'"

And then she said, "It is all dark. Oh! it is dark; but I can bear the darkness."

The nurse said:—"Don't think of it, it will soon be light. You are not afraid, are you?"

"Afraid?" she replied, "Oh, no! Why, He is with me! 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' I can see the water; but it is all shining." . . .

"I'm going! I'm going! He's coming! He's coming! He's coming!" . . .

And so, Daisy Wetton, at the age of fifteen, passed from the Orphanage at Stockwell, to the Father's House beyond!

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Colportage Chronicles.

Friends will read, with interest, the article upon "The Colporteurs' Conference," which appears in the present issue of the Magazine, and they may hope to find the full Annual Report of the Association in the July number of "The Sword and the Trowel." Since the Conference, the reports from the colporteurs have been all aglow with testimony to the blessing received and new inspiration gained from their meeting together.

Much regret was felt, among the colporteurs and the Committee, on hearing of the death of Mrs. Samuel Johnson; and, from one of the sessions of the Conference, messages of condolence were forwarded to the bereaved husband, who, for many years, has

been a member of the Colportage Committee.



SHOWING HIS WARES.

* * * *

Miscellaneous Matters.

The Haddon Hall Gospel Total Abstinence Society held its eighteenth annual meeting on Wednesday, April 16th. Mr. J. Kitchin presided, and was supported by Mr. William Olney. Other speakers were Mr. John Williams Benn, L.C.C., Pastor C. S. Hull, and Mr. William Cook. Solos were given by Miss Goddard. Two hundred and thirty-one pledges have been taken during the year, making a total of 3,844 since the formation of the Society.

The twenty-eighth anniversary of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association was held in the Tabernacle, on Wednesday, April 30th. Alderman G. White, M.P., occupied the chair, and there was a full house. The Revs. J. Q. A. Henry, D.D., and W. R. Mowll, M.A., gave addresses. The Stockwell Orphanage hand-bell ringers and choir rendered vocal and instrumental music.

The Tabernacle was lent to the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society, on Tuesday, May 13th. Gatherings were held in the morning, afternoon, and evening, and were characterized by the usual enthusiasm evinced by these warm-hearted folk.

The Spring Meeting of the Home Counties Baptist Association, was held at Guildford, on May 14th, and was exceedingly successful. Pastor T. Spurgeon, as Moderator, presided. Beginning, as usual, with a real "live" prayer-meeting, the usual routine of business was gone through. Then a tender and helpful address was given

by Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, upon "Shrinking Springs, and the Unshrinking Grace of God," as exemplified by Elijah at the Brook Cherith. The jubilee of the Secretary, Rev. E. W. Tarbox, and his twenty-five years' service for the Association, were then celebrated by the Moderator handing to him an album recording the circumstances, and the life-governorship of three benevolent institutions. This represented contributions from nearly a hundred churches. Pastor H. J. Horn, of Teddington, opened the afternoon conference on "How to deal with anxious souls." Pastor Thomas Spurgeon preached to a crowded assembly in the evening. Pastor J. Rankine proved himself a most genial host, and all his guests greatly enjoyed the day.

The Haddon Hall Sunday-school will hold its anniversary gathering on Wednesday, June 4th.

The annual meeting of the Pioneer

Mission will be held at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday, June 10th.

We have received the Annual Report and Accounts of the Lansdowne Place Ragged School and Mission, Tabard Street, Borough, which has been in existence over fifty years, in one of the poorest parts of London, and is now carried on by a staff of about fifty voluntary workers. C. H. Spurgeon said:—"It is a grand work that the gallant band are doing;" and his testimony is still true. The Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Passmore, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C., will be pleased to send a Report to any address, and he will be grateful for all contributions towards the £156 needed for repairs to the buildings, or to defray the deficiency of £34 on the General Account.

The Annual Report of the Evangelization Society records another year of earnest and faithful service for the Saviour. It can be obtained at 21, Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collection at Edith Road Chapel, Nunhead, per Pastor C. P. Sawday	3 3 0	Contribution from Salem Baptist Church, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3 10 6
Contribution from Baptist Church, New Brompton, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	3 0 0	Mr. J. G. Hall	1 1 0
Miss M. E. White	0 10 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Burton-on-Trent, per Pastor J. Askew	1 12 0
Mr. F. Leete	1 1 0	A few friends at Commercial Road Chapel, Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine	3 8 6
Mr. J. Leete	1 1 0	Collection at Little Tew Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Judd	0 18 6
Mr. H. Arnold	1 11 6	Subscription from Ibstock Baptist Church, per Pastor A. E. Johnson	2 15 0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	2 0 0	A friend, per Pastor Isaac A. Ward	3 0 0
Mr. E. Brayne	1 1 0	Mr. Stephens, per Pastor Isaac A. Ward	3 3 0
Mrs. Hawes	2 2 0	Mr. J. G. Graves, per Pastor Isaac A. Ward	1 1 0
Mr. J. C. Smith	2 0 0	Collection at Barking Baptist Tabernacle, per Pastor H. Trueman	1 11 0
Contribution from Warwick Street Baptist Church, Leamington, per Pastor A. Phillips	1 2 6	Contribution from Brasted Baptist Church, per Pastor C. A. Ingram	1 5 0
Mr. W. Johnson	1 0 0	Pastor W. Seaman	0 10 0
Mrs. D. Baker	1 1 0	Mr. H. Barrett	1 1 0
Mr. J. Woodgate	1 1 0	Miss Dransfield	1 1 0
Mr. T. Gurney	0 10 0	Pastor G. H. Smith	2 2 0
Pastor A. Macdougall	0 10 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Sevenoaks, per Pastor C. Rudge	2 0 0
The Misses Gould	4 0 0	Friends, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	1 2 6
Mr. W. W. Thompson	10 10 0	Contribution from City Road Church, Winchester, per Pastor A. W. Wood	1 0 0
Mrs. M. Virtue	2 2 0	Pastor G. J. Knight	1 0 0
Mr. H. J. Mansell	2 0 0	Pastor C. Welton and friends	1 7 6
Pastor L. S. Steedman	0 7 6	Pastor A. Pritter	1 0 0
Miss Jensen	1 0 0	Mr. W. Pitcher	2 2 0
Mr. J. Winckworth	5 5 0	Mrs. Tinniswood	2 2 0
Mrs. Ellwood	10 0 0	Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	2 2 0
Mr. Chamberlain	1 0 0	Mr. R. Bomford	2 2 0
Mr. H. Packham	5 0 0		
Pastor W. T. Soper	1 0 0		
Mr. and Mrs. Sedcole	1 1 0		
Mrs. C. A. Miller	10 0 0		
Rev. S. Atlee	0 10 6		
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	3 0 0		
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5 0 0		
Mr. T. E. Derwent	5 0 0		
Mr. R. Brazil	5 0 0		
Mr. E. H. Keen	3 3 0		

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Rev. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	4 4 0	Miss Kerridge	1 1 0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5 0 0	Miss S. E. Mannington	1 0 0
Mr. F. Whittle	10 0 0	Mrs. J. Johnson	0 16 0
Pastor J. E. Perrin	0 2 6	Miss Bluth	1 0 0
Pastor A. J. Parker	0 2 6	Mrs. Cluettbert	1 1 0
Per Pastor T. W. Medhurst:—		Anon.	0 2 0
Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	10 0 0	Mr. E. Vincent	1 1 0
Mr. J. Jones, J.P.	2 2 0	Miss M. Vincent	0 19 6
Mr. J. Davies	2 2 0	M. P.	0 2 6
Mr. S. Grey	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Gould	0 2 0
Mr. W. Grey	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell	3 3 0
	16 6 0	Miss Russell	1 1 0
Rev. J. J. Kendon	2 2 0	Mr. G. Williams	1 10 0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Chatham, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby	2 4 0	Mr. C. Phillips	5 5 0
Pastor J. Bradford	3 3 0	Rev. W. Stott	3 3 0
Contribution from Enfield Taber- nacle Church, per Pastor G. W. White	1 6 6	Mrs. and the Misses Olney	15 0 0
Pastor H. Kidner	0 5 0	Mr. G. T. Drew	1 1 0
Contribution from Rochester Baptist Church, per Pastor G. A. Miller ..	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh	2 2 0
Contribution from St. Peter's Park Baptist Church, per Pastor J. M. Cox	1 0 11	Mr. and Mrs. Reavell	5 0 0
Contribution from High Street Bapt- ist Church, Ilford, per Pastor F. H. Smith	8 2 0	Mr. W. Olney	10 0 0
Collection at Octavius Street Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour ..	0 10 6	Mr. H. K. Olney	5 0 0
Contribution from John Street Bapt- ist Church, Edgware Road, per Pastor F. S. W. Nicholson	3 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blake	1 10 0
Collection at Queen Street Chapel, Peterborough, per Pastor H. Knee	11 17 6	Mr. F. Sexton	2 2 0
Rev. J. Bennett Anderson	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Johnston	1 0 0
Mr. J. A. Dry	0 10 6	Miss E. E. Johnston	1 0 0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1 1 0	Mr. J. H. Brown	1 1 0
Miss Greenop	1 1 0	Mrs. Spelman	1 1 0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren	5 0 0
Mr. F. Hooker	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Fuller	2 2 0
Mr. J. W. Wolfe	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell	5 0 0
Mons. C. Buchel	2 2 0	Mr. R. W. Harden	2 2 0
Pastor C. T. Johnson	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge	5 0 0
Collection at Pinner Baptist Church, per Pastor J. S. Bruce	1 17 0	Mr. and Mrs. James Hall	10 0 0
Collection at Park Street Church, Luton, per Pastor F. Thompson ..	8 0 0	Miss Leila Hall	5 0 0
Mr. W. H. Hodder	2 2 0	Mrs. Higgs and family	50 0 0
Mr. F. Higgs	3 3 0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	30 0 0
Mr. R. Sortwell	3 3 0	Mr. Joseph Hill	10 0 0
Mr. F. Adams	3 3 0	Pastor Archibald G. Brown	5 0 0
Contribution from West Park Street Church, Chatteris, per Pastor T. Knight	1 0 0	Mr. J. D. Betts	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith, per Pastor C. Potter	1 0 0	Mr. W. Mannington	25 0 0
Collection at Commercial Road Baptist Church, Oxford, per Pastor C. Potter	1 5 0	Mrs. M. Davies	2 2 0
Contribution from Ashdon Baptist Church, per Pastor T. H. Smith ..	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Higgs	5 0 0
Collection at St. Peter's Church, Thanet, per Pastor J. T. Castle...	1 0 0	Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Mayers	2 2 0
Mr. T. G. Ackland	5 0 0	Miss Smallbridge	1 1 0
Mrs. Snelling	5 0 0	Mr. J. W. Harrauld	2 2 0
Dr. T. J. Barnardo	5 5 0	Miss Harrauld	1 1 0
Collection at Child's Hill Baptist Church, per Pastor J. S. Poulton ..	2 2 0	Miss F. M. Harrauld	1 1 0
Mr. S. P. Catterson	4 0 0	Mr. Henderson	1 1 0
Miss D. Catterson	1 0 0	Mr. Joshua Keevil	5 5 0
Mr. W. Vinson	5 0 0	W. M. H.	1 0 0
Mrs. Vinson	1 1 0	Mr. F. W. Masters	10 10 0
Mr. H. Vinson	1 1 0	Mr. C. Searle	5 5 0
Mrs. Moore	1 0 0	Mr. C. F. Allison	2 0 0
Miss Langridge	0 5 0	Mr. Alfred Norman	2 2 0
Mrs. Tyson	1 1 0	Miss Mitchell	0 10 0
Mr. H. G. Budden	3 3 0	Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	5 0 0
Mr. H. L. Cook	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Joiner	2 2 0
		Dr. and Mrs. McCaig	5 5 0
		Rev. F. C. Carter	3 3 0
		Miss A. Carter	1 1 0
		Mrs. E. Jeffery	1 1 0
		Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Percy	2 2 0
		Pastor W. Williams	2 2 0
		Mrs. Goddard Clarke	2 2 0
		Mrs. Carter	0 10 0
		Mr. W. Wooland	10 0 0
		Mr. and Mrs. Horniblow	1 1 0
		Mrs. J. B. Parker	5 0 0
		Mr. J. Emery	1 1 0
		Miss E. J. Emery	25 0 0
		Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Downing	5 0 0
		Mr. W. Davis	1 1 0
		Mr. J. G. Swinton	0 10 6
		Mr. G. H. Judd	5 0 0
		Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Harvey	1 1 0
		Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ford	2 2 0
		Mr. E. Pearce	3 3 0
		Miss L. Pearce	1 1 0
		Miss M. Pearce	1 1 0
		Mr. A. E. Pearce	1 1 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	2	2	0	Pastor T. Greenwood	10	0	0
Mr. Finch	4	0	0	Pastor W. H. Smith	0	5	0
Miss Hooper	3	3	0	Collection at Queen's Park Chapel, Glasgow, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	3	3	0
Mr. F. G. Buckmaster	1	1	0	Mrs. Kelly	2	2	0
Mrs. and Mrs. Foyle	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Broomfield	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	3	3	0	Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Osborn Neal	3	3	0	Mr. C. P. Arlow	5	5	0
Mr. A. Culverhouse	1	1	0	Contribution from Nottingham Tabernacle Church, per Pastor W. Kirk Bryce	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Juniper	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce	5	0	0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Crawley, per Pastor J. McAuslane	0	10	6
Mr. Shepperd	1	1	0	Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
Miss Lyon	1	1	0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Horley, per Pastor H. R. Cripps	1	1	0
Mr. E. T. Williamson	0	10	0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Dereham, per Pastor R. Layzell	0	12	6
Mr. J. E. Williamson	0	10	0	His Honour Judge Willis	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	1	10	0	Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon and friends at South Street Church, Greenwich	25	0	0
Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	0	0	Collection at Brunswick Road Chapel, Gloucester, per Pastor W. E. Rice	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Spink	2	2	0	Mr. Charles Johnson	2	2	0
B. C. E.	1	0	0	Miss Stanley	0	10	6
Mr. E. Walker	1	0	0	Messrs. W. Wayre and Son	3	3	0
Mrs. G. Walker	0	10	0	Mr. F. W. Weekes	0	10	6
Mr. M. Walker	0	10	0	Mr. John Measures	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Dives	1	1	0	Messrs. G. W. Russell and Sons	1	1	0
Mr. John Billendeth	5	0	0	Mr. G. W. Russell	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	5	5	0	Contribution from Southwood Lane Baptist Church, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	6
Miss F. Butcher	1	1	0	Mr. G. H. Foster	2	2	0
Miss Stephenson	0	10	0	Mr. R. Lane	2	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	5	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Newland	2	2	0
E. M.	0	0	6	Mr. John Neal	2	2	0
M. Jackson	0	0	6	Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Roff	1	10	0	Miss Wollacott	1	1	0
Mr. T. Round	1	1	0	Mr. Albert Mead	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Richardson	2	0	0	Mrs. E. Manning	1	1	0
Mr. and Miss Spreadbury	4	4	0	Mr. A. H. Bullman	1	1	0
Mrs. Upton	6	6	0	Contribution from Tooting Baptist Church, per Pastor A. H. King	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	3	3	0	Pastor G. Turner	1	1	0
Mrs. Sillitoe	2	2	0	Mrs. Donaldson	2	10	0
Miss Wade	2	2	0	Mrs. E. Oldfield	2	2	0
Miss Upton	2	2	0	Mr. J. Coutts	5	5	0
Mr. J. Everett	2	2	0	Contribution from Hornsey Road Baptist Church, per Pastor Percy J. Smart	1	3	0
Mr. Ottaway	1	5	0	Pastor G. Davies	0	10	6
Mr. H. Foster	2	2	0	Contribution from Aldershot Baptist Church, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	10	0
Mr. John Hall	5	0	0	Pastor W. Sullivan	0	5	0
Pastor J. Doubleday	1	0	0	Pastor W. T. Shepherd	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Doggett	3	0	0	Collection at King's Langley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Macmillan	1	4	0
Mr. J. Leaver	1	1	0	Miss R. F. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. Godbold	1	1	0	Pastor R. B. Morrison and friends	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorn	1	10	0	Part collection at Sherborne Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. S. Morris	1	6	0
Mr. W. Norman	2	0	0	Pastor J. H. Banfield	0	2	6
Pastor E. H. Ellis	1	1	0	Pastor J. S. Hockey	0	10	0
Mrs. Moss	1	1	0	Mr. T. Drake	5	5	0
H. O. M.	0	10	0	Miss Ware	0	2	6
Mrs. Mackey	0	10	0	Miss G. Olney	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0	Mr. G. T. Stevens	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Phillips	1	1	0	Contribution from Enfield Highway Baptist Church, per Pastor A. W. Welch	1	1	0
Miss M. Phillips	2	2	0	Mr. Drayson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Fisher	5	5	0	Pastor G. Pring	0	5	0
Mr. T. Summers	5	5	0	Mr. Geo. Lister	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Ladds	2	2	0	Pastor J. Hillman	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Wagstaff	5	5	0	Pastor W. F. Edgerton	0	7	6
Pastor C. B. Sawday	2	2	0				
Mrs. Bailey	1	1	0				
Miss Bailey	1	1	0				
Miss A. M. Bailey	1	1	0				
Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Neale	3	3	0				
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willcox	10	10	0				
Mr. and Mrs. Cordrey	5	5	0				
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0				
Mr. J. W. Lindsay	1	1	0				
Mr. H. Mills	1	0	0				
Mr. Stanley F. Thompson	1	0	0				
Alderman G. White, M.P.	25	0	0				
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Devenport	10	0	0				
Professor W. H. and Mrs. Gausson	3	3	0				
Collection at Conference annual meeting	31	9	0				
Mr. A. C. Hollands	2	0	0				
Pastor A. K. Davidson	0	10	0				
Contribution from Bunyan Taber- nacle Church, Kingston, per Pastor I. O. Stalberg	3	3	0				

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Contribution from Chesham Baptist Church, Bury, Lancs., per Pastor F. J. Greening.....	0 10 6
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	5 5 0
Contribution from Willenhall Baptist Church, per Pastor A. B. Tettmar	2 0 0
Collection at Abingdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Doggett	1 6 4
An old student	0 5 0
Mr. W. Coleman	1 10 0
Pastor J. R. Hadler	0 5 0
Pastor W. Goacher	0 7 6
Collection at Landbeach Baptist Chapel, per Pastor E. Spanton	0 12 6
Mrs. F. E. Kirkham	1 1 0
Mr. Joseph Benson	3 3 0
Mr. W. Spice	2 0 0
Mr. Frank Thompson	8 0 0
Miss S. Buswell	1 1 0
Pastor S. O. Kempton	1 0 0
Contribution from Twickenham Baptist Church, per Pastor S. Jones	1 1 0
Mr. E. S. Boot	1 1 0
Mrs. E. S. Boot	0 10 6
Miss N. A. Boot	0 10 6
Mrs. C. E. Blakeway	0 10 6
Mrs. A. E. Dunman	0 10 6
Mr. J. Brazil	1 1 0
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	50 0 0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Stroud Green, per Pastor F. H. King	5 0 0
Pastor W. B. Nichols	0 10 0
Collection at Union Chapel, Luton, per Pastor C. E. Stone	3 15 6
Mr. G. H. Dean, J.P.	21 0 0
Rev. A. Billington (Congo)	10 0 0
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5 0 0
Pastor C. H. Homer	0 10 6
Contribution from Downend Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. A. Webb	0 10 0
Contribution from St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge, per Pastor C. Joseph	3 1 0
Mr. E. H. Vesty, per Pastor C. H. Homer	2 2 0
G. W. C.	0 10 6
A. B.	0 10 6
Miss St. Clair S. K. Trotter	2 2 0
Miss E. Spliedt	2 0 0
Miss C. Clarkson	0 10 0
Mr. Sheriff Horace B. Marshall	50 0 0
Mr. Pound	0 10 0
Contribution from Ilfracombe Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Philpot	1 0 0
Pastor G. D. Evans	0 5 0
A. and M.	1 1 0
Mr. W. Mills	5 0 0
Contribution from Broughton Baptist Church, per Pastor H. A. Tree	1 0 0
Mrs. Shearman	3 0 0
"An Irish friend"	1 0 0
Pastor W. H. J. Page	0 5 0
Collection at Burnham-on-Crouch Chapel, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	2 2 3
Pastor R. Ensell	0 5 0
Contribution from Beulah Baptist Church, Bexhill, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	5 0 0
Sunday evening collection at Worthing Baptist Church, per Pastor W. D. Ross, B.Sc.	5 0 0
Contribution from Peckham Tabernacle, per Pastor F. M. Smith	3 3 0
Pastor C. Bloy	0 2 6
Weekly offerings and collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	50 0 3
	£1,291 12 2

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1902.

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
H. McS.	1 1 0
Pastor W. T. Soper	0 5 0
Christian Endeavour Society, Forest Row, per Mr. J. E. Compton	1 1 0
Mrs. Hockey's Bible-class, Bexhill	1 0 0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	2 0 0
Miss E. Spliedt	2 0 0
Mr. E. Barnes	1 0 0
Row Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Cooper	1 1 0
An Irish friend	0 10 0
For Christ's sake	0 5 0
Collected by—	
Mrs. T. Spurgeon	0 6 4
Mrs. Gibbon	0 5 0
Miss Permain	0 11 3
Miss B. Coward	0 1 10
Miss Gunner	0 4 3
Mrs. Atkinson	0 6 6
Miss C. Hurley	0 4 9
Mrs. A. Harvie	0 4 6
Miss A. Blackman	0 3 6
Miss L. Blackman	0 5 0
Miss N. Haseltine	0 6 6
Miss L. Buswell	1 10 0
Miss Wollacott	1 0 0
Mrs. Haddock	0 3 1
Miss Underwood	0 3 6
Mrs. Soper	0 15 10
Mrs. Harris	0 10 0
Mrs. Knowlden	0 4 3
	£17 14 11

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1902.

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	366 17 6
Mrs. Everett	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. Ville	0 10 0
Mr. Prebble	2 10 0
Mrs. Whiteside	1 0 0
Miss Seed	0 10 0
Mrs. Donaldson	2 10 0
Mrs. Westbrook	1 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. W. Harden	2	0	0	Deposit interest	4	2	5
Miss Sheen	1	0	0				
Miss S. A. Hawkins	1	0	0				
Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0				
					£884	2	5

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 15th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The Trustees of the Thomas Porter Equipment Fund	165	0	0	Christmas dinner-table collection, per Pastor T. G. Pollard	0	5	3
Collected by Mr. W. Beard	0	13	0	Mr. T. Field	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Lewis	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Everest	0	7	6
Miss G. Shaw	1	0	0	Postal order, Sandgate	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. A. Lowe	0	3	6	God's tenth, Portsmouth	0	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	4	0	Mrs. E. Corby	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Warner	0	10	0	Mr. W. Conquest	1	1	0
Miss Aukland, per V. J. C.	2	2	0	Collected by Miss E. Kirby	0	12	0
Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald, per Miss Fitz- gerald	1	1	0	Miss E. L. Fisher	0	5	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	3	0	0	Miss R. Ireland	0	4	0
J. L.	0	7	6	Mrs. C. Hale	0	10	0
Misses J. and A. Hogg	0	2	6	Mr. J. B. Meredith	2	2	0
Per F. R. T.:-				Mr. J. Aubrey	0	4	6
Mr. T. R. Johnson	0	5	0	Sympathy, Burton	0	10	0
Mrs. Howard Blight	0	10	0	Mrs. L. Cox	0	1	6
				Mr. E. W. Diver	0	2	6
Mr. L. W. Borton	0	15	0	Miss S. Green	0	2	6
Mr. W. Hiner	2	0	0	Mr. J. Norkett	2	2	0
Mr. D. Thomas	0	12	6	Sympathy, Dursley	1	0	0
Postal order, Mansfield Road, Not- tingham	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Crooks	0	5	6
Mr. J. Rowlands	0	2	0	Mrs. H. Keevil	20	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
A. A. J.	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Millman	1	6	0
Mothers' meeting, East Dereham, per Mr. J. W. Ottaway	0	5	8	Mrs. M. Morrell	0	1	6
Mr. J. W. Ottaway	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. F. H. Bone	0	2	3
Collected by Master H. Ottaway	0	9	4	Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0
Rev. A. E. Calver	0	15	0	Collected by Mrs. Robins	1	0	0
Trustees of the Delmar Charitable Trust, per Messrs. Kerly, Son, and Verden	5	5	0	Mr. H. W. J. Adams	0	10	0
Miss M. L. Sampson	0	1	0	Castle Street Baptist Sunday- school, Guildford, per Pastor W. Chisnall:-			
Mrs. Rolfe	0	2	6	Young Men's Bible-class ...	1	9	0
Orphan boy's collecting card, H. E. Newton	1	1	0	Young Women's Bible-class ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Kench	1	1	0	Boys' class	0	8	6
Mr. J. Hainey, jun., per Mr. T. J. Reid	0	1	0	Girls' class	0	18	7
Postal order, Clay Cross	1	0	0	Infants' class	0	10	3
Postal order, Porth	0	3	0	Per Miss Parsons	1	0	0
A friend, Southampton	0	10	0				
Bank of England Note J'91 11611, Cannes	5	0	0	M. J. B.	4	16	4
Mr. T. Wright	0	1	0	Per Mr. F. H. Alden:-	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0	3	6	New Road Chapel P.S.A., Oxford	0	8	6
Mr. W. Brown	0	10	0	New Road Chapel Sunday- school	0	16	0
Postal order, Hilltown, Dundee	0	5	0				
Collected by Mrs. Herd	0	5	0	Mrs. A. L. Davies	1	4	6
Rev. G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6	Mrs. M. D. MacLeay	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Foster	1	7	6	Postal order, Thame	0	5	0
Mr. R. Goodman	1	0	0	Postal order, Welshpool	1	0	0
Collected by Master Townsend	0	1	8	Postal order, Bedale, For Christ's sake	0	8	0
Miss E. Hughes	0	10	6	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:-			
A friend, per Widow Adlem	0	2	0	Mrs. Bonsema	2	0	0
Mr. T. Ross	0	2	6	A. T., North Sydney	0	15	0
Mr. J. Wheatcroft	100	0	0				
Mr. J. G. Priestley	10	0	0	An Irish friend	2	15	0
Mrs. McLean	0	5	0	Mr. T. Gurney	0	10	0
Mr. R. Cory's gift:-				Friend, per Pastor R. S. Latimer ...	1	1	0
Anchor Line (Henderson Bros.) ½ year's interest on £200 1st Mort- gage Debt. Stock (less tax)	4	4	8	Pastor W. G. Hailstone	0	5	0
Mare Street Sunday-school, Hack- ney, per Mr. J. F. Sorrell	3	1	0	Messrs. G. W. Russell and Son	1	1	0
F. J. S.	2	0	0	Mr. G. W. Russell	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0	A. and M.	1	0	0
				South Street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich, per Mr. Milner Gray	2	2	0
				Young readers of the "Baptist," per Mrs. Shorey	0	15	0
				Executors of the late Mr. George Sach	66	9	9

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew	0	2	0	Mr. C. B. Brooke	5	3	0
Executors of the late Mr. George Tyler	4	5	0	Miss E. L. Fisher	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. G. S. Stowe	100	0	0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—			
SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—				Young Abstiners' Union, Champion Hill	1	0	0
Miss Wood	0	10	0	Vernon Chapel, King's Cross	6	0	0
Miss M. L. Sampson	0	1	0				
Mr. J. Kench	1	1	0				
Miss M. Horsburgh, per Rev. E. G. Lovell	0	5	0				
					£561	19	5

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM APRIL 15TH TO MAY 14TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—9½ lbs. Butter, Mr. Ottoway; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 15 doz. Eggs, Mr. J. Hannam; 4 Churns of Milk, Messrs. R. Higgs and Sons; 2 doz. Bath Chaps, 53 lbs. Lard, Mr. W. Dixon.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—35 Articles, Mrs. Humphreys, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 49 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Articles, Mrs. R. Broomfield; 1 pair Boots, Mrs. Jordan.

GENERAL:—1 dozen copies "Our Heritage," Mr. J. Chase; 1 School Form, Miss Sargeant; 1 Box of Flowers, The Uckfield Y.P.S.C.E., per Miss Dumsday; a quantity of Laces, Anon.; 1 Teapot Holder, 7 Pillow Slips, 2 Dolls, 1 Cradle, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 1 parcel Magazines, Anon.; 1 Box of Flowers, The Crickham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. J. Gadsby; 54 Books and Magazines, 2 Skipping Ropes, 2 Games (No. 6 Girls), A friend, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1902.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—				£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Crownhill, per Mr. F. B. James	2	4	6				Mr. H. H. Ballard	1	1	0
Ilminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	11	5	0				Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Narraway	1	0	0
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	11	5	0				Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	20	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	1	5	0				Miss Neales	0	2	6
Home Counties Baptist Association	30	0	0				Miss Brook	0	5	0
Belfast, per Mr. F. W. Carson	12	10	0				Mr. and Mrs. Jones, per Mr. S. Holly	0	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	140	0	0				Mrs. E. Gregory	0	10	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0				Miss C. Clarkson	0	10	0
Sellindge, Mr. W. L. Hogbin, per							Mr. T. McMahon	0	5	0
W. G. Tester	0	10	0				Mr. E. Garrett	0	10	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	10	0	0				Collected by Brother John Cawdell from the Belton friends, per Mr. H. Mears	0	10	5
	£223	19	6							
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—				£	s.	d.		COLLECTORS:—		
Mr. George Cadbury	2	2	0				Mr. and Mrs. H. Mears	15	5	0
Mr. W. C. Edwards	1	3	6				Mr. C. Gibbs	0	3	0
Miss E. A. Lillington	0	2	6				Mr. C. Neale	0	10	6
Mr. G. B. Sowerby	1	0	0				Mr. G. Botwright	2	6	0
Mr. W. Ransford	1	1	0				Mr. R. Bellamy	2	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	1	1	0				Mr. J. P. Allen	3	11	4
Mrs. E. G. Biggs	0	10	0				Mr. E. Paine	3	4	0
Mr. Raymond Bomford	1	1	0				Mr. E. Piercey	1	5	0
Mrs. R. Lane	1	0	0				Mr. T. Bendall	0	11	6
Miss Halloran	0	5	0				Mr. W. Bird	3	10	0
"Beta"	1	0	0				Mr. W. Hodge	0	5	6
Mr. John Lamont	2	2	0				Mr. F. G. Rose	1	2	6
Mr. Frank Gough	5	0	0				Mr. T. Bignell	1	5	0
Mr. S. Loader	0	2	6				Mr. A. Gould	2	7	0
A. P.	5	0	0				Mr. John Ford	1	10	0
Mrs. J. B. Parker	0	10	0				Mr. William Allen	1	4	0
Mr. G. Gregory	0	10	0				Mr. J. W. Andrew	3	7	0
Mrs. Howell	1	1	0				Mr. A. Phillips	0	10	6
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	2	2	0				Mr. G. H. Phillips	0	5	0
Mr. J. J. Smith	10	0	0				Mr. W. Lloyd	3	6	0
Miss J. Wood	0	10	0				Mr. Job Smith	0	8	0
Mr. John Smith	0	5	0				Mr. R. Dodds	1	11	0
Mr. Herman N. Wayne	0	6	0				Mr. J. W. Baggett	0	10	0
Mr. J. T. Casswell	5	0	0							
Mr. J. C. Ranford	1	0	0							
Mr. William Higgs	10	0	0							
Mr. Edwards, Southampton	0	5	0							
Mr. Joseph Hill	1	1	0				GENERAL FUND:—			
Mr. William Payne	0	10	6				Mrs. R. Wilkinson	0	10	0
Mr. John Cory, J.P., D.L.	20	0	0				Miss Elsie Newland	0	10	0
							Miss Agnes Newland	0	5	0
								£150	12	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Johnston	1	0	0	Mr. R. Bellamy	0	10	0
Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald	1	1	0	Miss Lily Piercey	0	5	6
Amounts collected by the late Mr. A. Walker	1	3	9	Mr. W. Bird	0	2	6
Mrs. E. M. Nicholson	10	0	0	Mrs. Portingall	0	10	0
Miss Bacon	0	2	6	Miss Carver	0	14	0
Mr. Frank Gough	5	0	0	Miss Weston	0	8	0
Mrs. H. Knight	5	0	0	Miss Boutell	0	3	6
Mr. David Davies	0	5	0	Small Dole Chapel, per Mr. T. Bignell	0	4	4
S. G. T.	1	0	0	Mr. C. P. Carpenter	0	3	7
Mr. Joseph Bettinson	5	0	0	Miss Grace Gould	0	3	10
Mr. Edward Pearce	0	10	0	Mr. C. Gibbs	0	3	0
Proceeds of lantern lectures at Egham, per Mr. Jesse Sayer	1	2	2	Mr. C. Payne	0	4	6
Mr. S. Pewtress	1	0	0	Mr. G. Mead	0	2	1
Miss Gunner	0	6	0	Mr. T. M. Mead	0	3	6
Mr. C. Wagstaff	1	1	0	Mr. Nettle	0	4	0
Mr. H. Wakeling	0	2	6	Miss Grace Pearce	0	17	0
Miss Wigney	0	10	6	Master Henry May	0	9	2
Mr. H. Band, per Mr. Henry Mears	0	10	0	Mr. Cooke	0	2	6
Mrs. Curtis	1	0	0	Mrs. Rothwell	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Chamberlain	1	0	0	Miss Lizzie Keddle	0	5	0
Pastor J. W. Harrauld	1	1	0	Miss Ethel Goddard	0	10	0
Miss Ada Olney	2	2	0	Mr. J. Morey	0	5	0
Collections at annual meetings	11	5	3	Mr. J. P. Allen	0	3	8
A reader of "Sword and Trowel"	0	10	0	Mr. H. Webb	0	3	0
Miss E. Durrant	0	5	0	Mr. T. R. Todd	0	2	6
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0	Mrs. Curtis	0	6	0
Mr. J. J. Smith	5	0	0	Mr. C. Neale	0	3	1
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0	Mrs. Rafield	0	15	1
Mrs. Ellwood	3	0	0	Mr. A. C. Margetts	0	2	6
COLLECTING BOXES:—				Mr. G. Harris	0	2	6
Mr. William Cook	0	10	0	Mr. F. Collier	0	4	0
Ladies' Working Society	0	11	6	Miss Louisa Spurgeon Bell	0	16	7
Mr. and Mrs. Jones	0	7	6	Colportage Depot	0	8	1
Miss Nellie Green	0	10	0				
Mr. G. Botwright	0	4	10				
						£80	6 6

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

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—	
"In memoriam, Lanarkshire"	3	0	0	Grateful"	0 10 6
Mrs. Richards	1	0	0	Any"	0 10 0
Mrs. Mannington	0	10	0		
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0		£15 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.

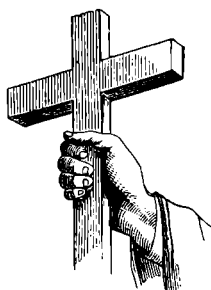
Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan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

ANNUAL PAPER
CONCERNING
THE LORD'S WORK
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
NEWINGTON, LONDON.
1901-1902.

ET TENEO



ET TENEOR.

Printed for the College Trustees by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE AND SONS, LONDON, E.C.

1902.

Founder, and President 1856—1892,

C. H. SPURGEON.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS, 1901-1902.

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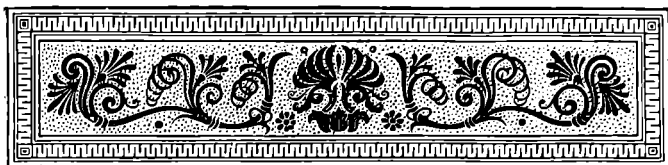
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PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION, JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

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REPORT OF THE LORD'S WORK.

President's Report.

THE call for the President's Report comes, unfortunately, when I am scarcely in reporting trim, but the College, thank God, is not in weakly condition if its President is. I question if it could be much healthier. Pulse and temperature are all that could be desired. I know of no symptoms of an alarming or even of a suspicious nature. The same good men and true are my trusty helpers as Trustees and Tutors. The Students, of course, are ever changing, but I am persuaded that "the right sort of men" are sent to us. This does not mean, however, that we do not exercise great care in our choice. The President, Vice-President, and Tutors form a Selection Committee which makes all possible enquiries, and applies such tests as are deemed necessary. On Friday afternoons, I have had the pleasure of introducing from the Lecture platform many dear brethren, many of them "Our Own Men," who have come to my help. Ministers of other denominations have also visited us at my invitation, and thus variety has been secured and interest maintained. I rejoice to note that our financial outlook is distinctly brighter. The Tabernacle Congregation still does its utmost to support the College, and other Churches—presided over by our men—are coming to our help. A thousand thanks to them! Thanks also to the generous friends who send us aid year by year.

We have much to rejoice over, so we do rejoice, yea, and we will rejoice.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-President's Report.

WHEN one is well occupied, it is a common experience to note how time flies, and in no service is this more marked than in that connected with the Pastors' College. The last page of the annual paper concerning the Lord's work in connection with this beloved institution seems hardly to have been prepared, printed, and published, when it becomes necessary to issue its successor. We are thankful to say that the task is a pleasant one, for we have constantly to record how greatly and graciously God hath owned and prospered our work. We have nothing new to report as to the method we adopt in the training of the students, and we have only the same happy tale to tell regarding the diligent labour and conscientious study of the men.

Exercises in extempore speaking of a very practical nature have proved helpful, and the "making of a sermon" has engaged the attention of the juniors who assemble at my Friday morning classes. My main object and chief aim has been to help these younger brethren in some of the minor, but no less important matters appertaining to the practical part of preaching, believing that faults remedied in class will prevent failures in the pulpit. During the Friday afternoons, it has been my pleasure to listen to some very excellent papers upon subjects which are given to the writers. Here, also, it has been our desire to test the powers of research, as well as the ability to reproduce matter of interest upon the varied themes chosen. All have done well, but some excel in this department. It has also been my pleasure to deliver several lectures to the men in the absence of the President. The men have also enjoyed the advantage of using a hired field for football, while, during the summer months, cricket, etc., have furnished them with pleasant recreation.

Unfortunately, the prevailing epidemic of influenza has laid aside a few of our brethren; otherwise, we are glad to be able to report that the men have continued in fairly good health.

There is maintained in our midst a high tone of spirituality, and one cannot be too grateful that such is the case, for it is no uncommon experience to find that gain in mental culture often means loss in soul growth.

Once again we thank God and take courage, praying that the blessings of the past may be renewed for the future, and that increasing interest, with corresponding financial support, may be taken by the Church of Christ in this time-honoured and God-blessed institution.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

Dr. McCaig's Report.

IN writing my *tenth* report, I recall with grateful joy the fact that, throughout these years, which have followed the "home-going" of the honoured Founder of the College, the good work of training young men for the ministry of the Gospel has continued to prosper under the Divine smile; and never more manifestly than during the past year. President, Vice-President, and Tutors work together harmoniously and happily; the students apply themselves assiduously and strenuously to their studies, the churches continue to look to us for pastors, and there is at our doors a never-ceasing stream of fresh applicants for admission. During these ten years, no less than 170 men have passed out of College into spheres of labour at home or abroad; this fact represents an enormous amount of consecrated service in the Redeemer's Kingdom, and ought to inspire the helpers of the College with fresh enthusiasm for this noble work.

Continuing on the usual lines, I have had two weekly Classes with the whole College in Systematic Theology. On Tuesdays, in the Hodge Class, the subjects have been Eschatological;—Death, the State of the Soul after Death, the Resurrection, and the Second Advent. In this Class, I occupied a considerable part of the year in giving a course of Lectures on the different aspects of the Gospel. In my Wednesday morning Lectures, I finished the consideration of the Work of Redemption, and have since given a series upon Natural Theology; we are now dealing with the Christian Evidences.

In my Greek Testament Class, the senior men have read 1st and 2nd Thessalonians, and for the past six months have been occupied with the important Epistle to the Romans.

In the Hebrew Classes, a good amount of honest work has been accomplished. The seniors have read, very thoroughly, the Book of Jonah, a selection from the Psalms, and the first part of Joshua. They have also been giving special attention to the intricate but important subject of Hebrew Accentuation. The middle men have made good progress with the Grammar, having gone very carefully over all the

verbal paradigms; they have recently begun to read, and have gone diligently through the first chapter of Genesis. For the men who entered in August, I had, until December, a Class in Paley's Evidences; since then, these brethren have been making acquaintance with the Hebrew rudiments.

I continued my Septuagint Class until the end of last year, during which time we read a considerable portion of Deuteronomy. We are now, with this Class, studying Greek New Testament synonyms under the guidance of Archbishop Trench.

I have also had a Class, with two sets of men, in New Testament Introduction.

At the June Matriculation Examination of the London University, Messrs. Reid and Shaw passed in the first division, and they are now studying for the Intermediate B.D.; for this I am trying to help them with special Hebrew lessons. Several brethren who are studying with a view to Matriculation are getting special help in their classical work from Professor Hackney.

The weekly discussions have shown considerable debating power; and in the Sermon Classes the ordinary standard has been well maintained. Our aim in the matter of preaching is not the composition of finished literary essays, though we do not despise literary grace, but the production of sermons in which the Divine truth is clearly expounded, and the Gospel forcibly and attractively presented with the view of reaching the hearts of men. We desire that our students shall still be known as Scriptural, Evangelical, Soul-winning preachers.

I am glad that I can, as heretofore, bear testimony to the sterling character and devout spirit of the students. There is among them much mental vigour and alertness, but the spiritual force is unabated.

The health of the men has been generally good with a few exceptions. It has been a grief to us that our worthy Vice-President has been so long ill, but we are very thankful for his recovery. The sudden and serious illness of our beloved President, from the shadow of which we are just emerging, was a cause of great concern, and evoked much earnest prayer. God has been very good to us in raising him up again, and we pray that President and Vice-President may long be spared to carry on the work of the College, and to see it become increasingly a mighty Evangelical force, an efficient agency for the extension of the Kingdom of God.

ARCHIBALD McCAIG.

Report by Prof. Hackney, M.A.

TO write a report of my work in the College during the last year is a pleasant task, for it is to tell of continuous fellowship with those who are intensely in earnest to secure the best results from their College course, and who toil with unremitting and painstaking energy to satisfy their Tutors in order to become able ministers of the New Covenant.

The necessity for such an equipment becomes more and more evident to us all. It is impossible to estimate the infinite consequences for time and eternity which flow from this service for the King. No one can tell what it means to send out men into the world full of the truth of Jesus and the Holy Ghost, who shall be able to preach the word effectively in the power of God. It is a distinguished honour and immense responsibility to have these men in charge, and to impress their life-thought, character, and activity with our personality and teaching.

The actual instruction in my Classes has fallen within the limits of the Greek and Latin languages. We have been reading together the Greek Testament in Hebrews, 1 John, 1 Corinthians, 1 Timothy, Mark's Gospel, and John's Gospel. We have studied in Classical Greek, Aristotle's Ethics, Plato's Apologia, Xenophon Anabasis, and Thucydides' History. In Latin we have worked with Cicero's De Senectute, the Epistles of Horace, Virgil's Eclogues, and Cæsar's Commentaries, while other Classes have been held in the rudiments of both languages.

But all this detail is transfigured by its meaning. Both as discipline of character and development of mind this study prepares them for after days of personal investigation and interpretation of God's Word, and for that strenuous devotion to the ministry of Jesus Christ on which their hearts are bent, and in which they will need to exercise every capacity of intellect and learning, as well as every grace and faculty of the Holy Ghost.

We can only pray with deep concern that our work may become more efficient, and that every man who leaves us may be fully equipped after the mind of God.

WALTER HACKNEY.

Report from Prof. W. H. Gaussen, M.A., LL.B.

THE supreme end of the Pastors' College is, I conceive, to impart a deeper knowledge of the things of God as revealed in the Word of God. In the teaching of Theology, strictly so called, I have no share, but Butler's Analogy and the Bible Handbook are closely linked with it, and, in connection with the latter, we have this year made a special point of Old Testament study.

Next in importance I should place the mental discipline and training of a course like ours, broadening not the doctrinal but the intellectual outlook, creating intellectual alertness, and fostering habits of concentration and study which will save from mental atrophy hereafter. All the subjects contribute to these results, but I would specially mention Geometry and Logic as helping in mental development.

Those who are constantly preaching soon find the need of having the mind stored with facts of all kinds, and being well informed on as many subjects as possible. Helpful in this direction are intended to be my English Literature and Poetry, History of Philosophy, Greek or Roman History and Ethic Classes.

Lastly, there is the important aim of preserving the men who have had few early advantages from mistakes of grammar, pronunciation, dialect, or even orthography, which might prejudice their message in the eyes of educated people. For this I have two Classes in English.

These are only a few of the ends at which the College aims, and though I have grouped my Classes in accordance with their special bearing upon these ends, it must be remembered that they are kept in view in all the Classes, and the fact is never forgotten that we are dealing with those set apart for sacred service.

It is possible that the men may not always have discerned the full bearing on their life work of the tasks before them, but they have worked loyally and well, and their advance has been most evident.

WM. H. GAUSSEN.

Professor Richardson's Report.

IT is with more than ordinary pleasure that I write my brief Report this year. The students in my Classes have taken an increased interest in the mechanical part of the work,—voice production and articulation. But they have done more than this. They have advanced beyond the fundamentals of speaking, and approached the higher aspects of the art. They have been considering the question of impression,—of impression as the basis of expression,—the fact of *being* as anterior to the act of revealing.

That impression is the basis of expression would be admitted by all. Most persons, too, recognize that expression is capable of development; but very few appear to understand that impression itself needs to be cultivated,—that the glorious faculty by which we are able to associate ourselves with things in order to be influenced by them may be greatly strengthened.

The students have already experienced the practical benefit of this study; and we anticipate that the future will fully develop its usefulness.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Settlements.

SINCE issuing our last Report, the following students have left the College, and become pastors, or gone forth as heralds of the Cross in foreign lands.

Mr. W. W. Butcher has undertaken the oversight of the Tabernacle Church, Great Yarmouth, commencing his ministry there in June, 1901. The Vice-President attended his recognition services, and was pleased to see evident tokens of an earnest work going forward, and the prospect of future prosperity.

Mr. J. Haydon received a call to the Church at Boroughbridge, Somerset, which he accepted in June last, and favourable reports are to hand concerning the progress of the work.

Mr. D. Russell Smith had for some time been student-pastor over the newly-established Baptist Cause at West Hendon, and the work had so greatly prospered under his ministry that it was felt that it would be even more so if he became the pastor. Consequently an invitation was given to Mr. Smith to settle among the friends he had gathered round him, and in July, 1901, he took up the full pastorate. Much blessing has attended his enterprise.

Mr. C. J. Tinsley has returned to Australia, and a hearty welcome was accorded him by the Church at Stanmore, Sydney, N.S.W., and the future is bright with hope.

Mr. A. Hedley Brown left College in November, 1901, and has become pastor at Rye, Sussex. This Church was formerly presided over by another of "Our Own Men," Brother Edward Compton, and, upon his retirement, we are glad that another Pastors' College man has been called to this sphere of usefulness.

Mr. Donald Fraser commenced his ministry in connection with the pastorate oversight of the Bedworth and Longford Churches, Warwickshire, in January, 1902, and blessing is already manifested in both places.

Mr. W. V. Burch has gone to Summertown, Oxford, while the Church at Commercial Road in the same city has elected *Mr. Christopher Potter* as its pastor. Both these brethren commenced their labours in January, 1902, and already report "good work going on."

Mr. B. J. Wicks received the "call" to the Church at Swadlincote, Derby, and in November, 1901, commenced his ministry there under happy auspices and hopeful signs.

During the month of March of this year the following brethren have settled:—

Mr. C. E. Charlesworth at Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire. The Church here is one of historic interest, as it was the first pastorate of the ever-beloved Founder of the College, and must ever be associated with the peerless ministry of Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Mr. Arthur Mayo has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work at San Salvador, Congo River, and is already on his way thither.

Mr. Joseph Smith has gone to Christ Church, Neath, Glamorganshire.

News from "Our Own Men" in the Homeland.

A NOTHER year of hard and faithful labour for the Lord has passed, and many are the pleasing records of "great blessing" reported by "Our Own Men" in response to the annual circular letter (copy below) which was sent forth as a kind of bugle note to "dress for parade," and a summons "to assemble" for the coming Conference. The communication runs thus:—

PASTORS' COLLEGE,
TEMPLE STREET,
NEWINGTON, S.E.
December, 1901.

DEAR BROTHER,—Our letter of reminder and of salutation is a shadow of coming events. The New Year will soon be dawning, the Spring will follow, and then (D.V.) our Conference.

We want you to help us to have everything in readiness. Please let us have your report and returns without delay. Do not put us to the trouble and expense of asking a second time. You have good tidings to communicate, we trust. Let it fly apace.

Our wish for you in view of 1902 runs thus:—"God prosper you, and send you all the good His wisdom deemeth best," and for all the time of your sojourning—here we plead that pearl among the promises, "The Lord shall open unto thee His good treasure."

We are, yours very heartily,

THOMAS SPURGEON, *President.*

CHARLES SPURGEON, *Deputy-President.*

FRANK H. WHITE, *Vice-President.*

PASTOR P. J. WALKER, of PEMBURY, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, writes:—"Your 'shadow of coming events' comes like the warmth of the summer sun when the days are at their shortest and the months at their dullest. 'The letter of reminder and salutation' helps us to feel through the post the thrill and the cheer of the hearty Conference handshake ere we begin another year. The past year has been one of many encouragements, spiced with just a few discouragements scattered over it, to make it all the more savoury to the taste of faith. Six years ago, the Church was looked upon by some as a forlorn hope, for not only was she a poor frail thing caught in stormy waters, but she was going to pieces through bitter disagreements within herself. Patient waiting, working, and hoping were rewarded. The South wind blew, and we are sailing in waters that are only choppy, and during last year ten souls have stepp'd on board. In our prayer-meeting, this prayer, or, rather, note of praise was offered: 'O Lord, we have prayed for a long time that Thou wouldst revive this Church, and now we praise Thee for answering our prayers, for we believe Thou hast conquered to revive us.'

"I have a splendid band of young people around me, a source of strength and continual joy to me.

"In spiritual work, as well as in nature, we can appreciate the spring all the keener because of the winter's gloom and barrenness."

PASTOR C. HERBERT CLAPP, of HORSHAM, happily reports:—The past year has been one of real blessing and cheer. God has been with us, and we have seen His goings and doings in our midst. Sinners have been won for King Jesus, through His good Spirit, saints have been strengthened and helped, and our Church is happy, united, and active. During the year, three of our young folk have left us to prepare for larger spheres of labour. Two have gone to America for medical training previous to taking up work in China, and one is preparing in England for Foreign Missionary work. We have much to encourage us indeed. We are not in any degree satisfied with our attainments, however, for although we are only in the seventh year of our existence as a Church, we feel we ought to be more earnest and aggressive, and such by God's help we mean to be. We have prepared for this by purchasing property adjoining our chapel in view of future extension, which we hope will soon be necessary."

Such good news as this may well make us clap our hands for joy, while lifting them up in supplication for continued prosperity.

Yet another note of gladness is struck by PASTOR ROBERT SCOTT, of GUISELEY, LEEDS:—"The year just closed has been one of the happiest in my ministry. I am pleased to say that the outlook is bright. While the spiritual condition is encouraging, the financial position is also highly satisfactory. Thus are the past, present, and future filled with bright tokens of God's goodness. 'Oh, that men would praise the Lord!'"

The following account reminds us of the mountaineer who, upon reaching the summit of a high peak, exultantly waves his cap and shouts for joy. PASTOR THOMAS DOUGLAS, of WALTHAM CROSS, has had a stiff up-hill bit of work, but he and his people have put a stout heart to it, and they have reached the top, and they gladly give God the glory. The following makes interesting and inspiring reading:—"The year 1901 has proved to be the best year in our history as a Church. Several souls have been 'born again,' seven believers have followed their Lord's example in the ordinance of baptism; the roll of membership indicates a gain of eleven, and we have wholly extinguished our chapel debt by raising 3,080 shillings! We started to raise 1901 shillings to *reduce* the debt, but our Heavenly Father had something better in store for us. Now, after seven years, we are able to preach from the text, 'Owe no man anything.' Our chapel and school-room are now our very own. Praise God, for He 'hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'"

"The past year has been one of great mercy and peculiar blessing in our Church life and work. Those who have known the Church from its infancy, say that they have never known a year so fruitful. To God alone be the glory." So writes PASTOR E. A. TYDEMAN, of LORDSHIP LANE, and he concludes his cheery letter by adding:—"In common with other Churches, we opened 1901 with direct Evangelistic work, preparing, for it, in the autumn of the year before, by waiting upon God in prayer, and almost from the commencement of our supplica-

tions the blessing began to come. We had no large meetings, but those present felt the power of the Word, and were led to Christ, so that, in the face of a most careful revision of our Church roll, we still have between 40 and 50 increase, and the good work still goes on."

PASTOR W. W. BLOCKSIDE tells a brief story of unprecedented prosperity in connection with his work at New Brompton :—

"This year is *the record year* at New Brompton. We have raised for all purposes nearly £1,200. The new school for infants, the rooms for Bible-classes, electric light, and other improvements are now being used and enjoyed. God richly blessed us in spiritual matters, and sixty-six new members have joined the Church this year. Forty-four were baptized out of this number. There is prosperity and unity in every department of our work. I thank God that, after more than twenty years here as pastor, the grace of Christ still rests upon the work. To God be all the glory." Is not this worthy of note that, "after more than twenty years as pastor" over the same Church, our brother is able to report "*this year is the record year*"? Thus is "patient continuance in well doing" rewarded, and "the Lord hath pleasure in the prosperity of His servant."

The following seems to be an echo of the former glad tidings, as it speaks of over 21 years' service at WALLINGTON, SURREY. PASTOR J. E. JASPER writes :—"I am pleased to report that it has been with us a year of great blessing. The additions to the membership have been more than in any previous year, the congregations larger, and the finances better. For this we give thanks to our gracious God. The advance made during the past year is all the more gratifying to me, as I have now completed twenty-one-and-a-half years in this my *first* pastorate. The Gospel message is still fresh and new, and it is ever a delight to proclaim it. May it *always* be so!"

Of similar nature is the account furnished by PASTOR A. E. JOHNSON, of IBSTOCK, LEICESTER :—"This has been to us a year of great blessing, I think the best year of my pastorate here. Congregations larger, attendance at the Lord's supper higher, and a larger income. Our additions have been larger in some former years."

"In sending report of my first year in the present sphere of labour, my heart is full of gratitude to God for the many blessings He has bestowed." So writes PASTOR E. LAST, of the BATTERSEA PARK TABERNACLE :—"Our congregations have greatly increased, and nearly a hundred have been added to our membership; best of all, nearly every week, conversions have taken place in our midst. Just now, we are specially cheered by a deepening interest in the prayer-meetings, and with increasing mistrust of many gigantic man-made plans to reach the unsaved, we are *waiting upon God*. 'Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can cause rain? or can the heavens give showers? Art not Thou He, O Lord our God? Therefore we will wait upon Thee; for Thou hast made all these things.' (Jeremiah xiv. 22.)"

Our brother, PASTOR J. T. CASTLE, who holds the fort at ST. PETER'S, in the Isle of Thanet, sends a satisfactory return :—"The past year has been one of peace, progress, and spiritual power. For the first

time in twenty years the church is free from debt. Blessed be the name of our covenant-keeping Lord. To Him alone be the glory. We have had our difficulties, but we have also had our deliverances. 'Hitherto' the Lord hath helped us. Henceforth, by His grace, we will with greater zeal, 'fall backward upon His Word, go forward in His service, and mount up in prayer and praise.' "

PASTOR WM. E. RICE, of GLOUCESTER, thus summarises his experience:—"Through the mercy of God, I have been enabled to tell the 'good tidings' for another year, and it has, in truth, been a year of grace. The Lord has given me much joy in the work, and has blessed the Word. That is worth telling, is it not? We have had steady additions to our membership which have more than made up for the inevitable losses which occur. But much true and lasting work has been accomplished which statistics cannot tabulate."

The following epistle savours of the "briny", but comes from an inland fishery. PASTOR J. E. BARNES, of KINGSHILL, GT. MISSENDEN, remembers that he has been called, like the disciples of old, to be a "fisher of men."

"I fish in a village pond, and so cannot report a great draught. Still, I praise God we have landed a few lately, and others are biting. The Gospel line is long enough, and the bait tempting enough, so that the worst man may be landed. Some of the fish are from the Sunday-school, but *little fish* are sweet. Wishing you breaking nets and sinking boats in your great *see*, and the direction and presence of the Master."

The following partake of the nature of telegraphic messages, yet they contain sufficient intelligence to cause much heart rejoicing:—

"Trial, Testing, Humiliation, Uplifting, Blessing, and Prosperity. *So* has the Lord led us during 1901."—PASTOR C. PUMMELL, of MANOR PARK.

"For the cause here, the year has been one of a chequered character. There have been trials of an unusual kind, but we have all found grace sufficient, and are working together happily, heartily, and hopefully."—PASTOR WALTER HOLYOAK, of TENTERDEN.

"Our services are all well attended. The simple Gospel, we find sufficient to attract the people and convert souls."—PASTOR T. B. FIELD, of CREWE.

"We are thankful to God to be able to keep the 'clear light' burning amid the darkness of an ever-increasing, arrogant Ritualism."—PASTOR W. J. JUNIPER, of BURES.

"We keep the old, yet ever new and powerful Gospel ever to the front. Hearts are hard, but we know of nothing to break them but the love of God in Christ. In numbers we have rather more than held our own amidst a diminishing local population."—PASTOR L. S. STEEDMAN, of TULLYMET, PERTSHIRE.

"We get good congregations which are interested in the Gospel we preach; needless to say that is 'the Old Story.' We continue contending for the faith, we complain of few adherents to the faith, we combine together to win souls to the faith, and we cheerfully hope for our harvest."—PASTOR T. HENRY SMITH, of ASHDON, ESSEX.

News from "Our Own Men" from Over the Sea.

DR. G. A. J. HUNTLEY, of HANYANG, HUPEH, CENTRAL CHINA :—
 "We have had the joy of baptizing 21 new converts during the past year. These have all endured hardness, and attended the services regularly during the terrible Boxer troubles. These are not 'rice Christians,' but 'wheat Christians' if you like, for they will be among the 'finest of the wheat' when the Lord comes to gather in His sheaves. Our medical statistics are as follows :—In the Out Patient Department, new patients, 1,422 male and 342 female, making a total of 1,764 new patients. Return visits, 1,883 male and 405 female, making a total of 2,288 on return visits, and a total of attendances in the Out Patient Department altogether of 4,052, a daily average of 16.4. In the hospital we have treated 128 patients, 36 of whom were paupers, and 92 of whom paid for their own rice. These have remained in the hospital on an average 36 days, and some, before leaving us, professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Morning and evening services have been held regularly in the hospital chapel, and much bedside work has been done by the Evangelists and native Christians. In addition to the above statistics, fifty visits have been made to patients in their own homes, and eighty more visits have been registered for foreigners, making a grand total of 4,310 visits for the year. Operations.—159 minor operations have been performed in the Out Patient Department, and 65 in the hospital; of these 31 were under chloroform. Total number of operations for the year, 224. . . . Please find enclosed cheque value £1 as a donation to the Pastors' College."

PASTOR G. H. HOOK, of CALCUTTA, INDIA :—"We have had some very gracious times this year. Some eighteen souls have been added to us. The Spirit seemed to come down upon us like the dew, so gently that we did not discover His presence till we saw the tears falling from the eyes of the anxious, as the dew falls from the flower when shaken by the wind. So, when the Spirit shook the hearts of our hearers, then the dew fell, and times of refreshing came. But, oh! it seems for this land of sun and storm as if we need the Spirit to come as the rushing mighty wind, and carry all before Him, as He did in Jerusalem. And even that is not impossible to this city of Calcutta, for He is as the Master is, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

PASTOR CHARLES E. COLES, of QUEENSTOWN, CAPE COLONY :—"The Lord has been very gracious to us during the past year. Souls have been saved and baptized; sixteen new members have been added to our Church fellowship, and over £100 paid off the Church debt. And this in time of war!! Humanly speaking, much of this blessing would not have been ours but for the war. 'The Lord maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him.'"

PASTOR WM. H. WATSON, of DURBAN, NATAL :—"We have received much help and encouragement, and God has blessed us greatly, though

the difficulties of Christian work in this beautiful but enervating climate are vastly greater than at home. Our most urgent need is a new Church;—the present building is only of wood and iron, which during the summer is intensely hot. In eighteen months we have paid the debt off our Church, and have raised over £200 towards the new Church. One deacon has presented the ground. We have no Society whatever to aid us. The joy of Colonial life seems to be banishment from all Societies that exist to help in the erection of new Churches and the establishment of new Baptist Causes. With such conditions, the work seems stupendous; but, by God's help, we will do it."

PASTOR FRANK DANN, of AVON, OHIO, U.S.A. :—"We are working under great disadvantages and in the face of many discouragements. Sometimes we find it to be hard work just 'holding the fort.' We are in the midst of a German Roman Catholic population, which outnumbers the American about three to one. Before we settled here we could not have thought what this fact really signified. We have found out—it means spiritual paralysis; and that not only amongst themselves,—it is contagious. Protestants, even those who are Christians, are affected in some measure. The Lord has graciously kept us alive in the midst of it for more than six years. We have always tried to tell 'The Old, Old Story,' for which the beloved C.H.S. lived and laboured and died. During the past few weeks, God has kindly looked upon us, and given us a token of His favour in leading several precious souls into the faith of the Gospel."

PASTOR EDWARD ISAAC, of FITZROY, MELBOURNE :—"I am glad to be able still to 'report progress.' The year has been full of goodness and mercy, and especially has the Lord *crowned* the year with His goodness, as towards the end of it we have had a large number yield themselves to Christ. I have just completed seven years of happy service, and the way grows brighter and brighter still. The old doctrines, so magnificently preached by our ever-beloved sainted President, have lost none of their freshness or converting power, and the passing years only increase the joy of proclaiming them."

PASTOR HENRY CLARK, of NEW TOWN, SYDNEY, N.S.W. :—"We have had the joy of receiving 31 new members into the Church at New Town during the past twelve months. When all the surrounding circumstances are taken into account, we feel encouraged at this result, although our heart longed to see greater things than these. We have had conversions in our services from time to time, for which we give thanks to God. We have our ups and downs, encouragements and discouragements, but the former we believe are more than the latter, and so we are able to report some progress."

PASTOR H. D. ARCHER, of CASTLEMAINE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA :—"By the grace and mercy of God, through another year, amid sunshine and cloud, disappointments and His appointments, I continue to this day knowing none other Gospel than that of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, risen, and coming."

Letter from Our Brethren in New Zealand.

Nelson, New Zealand,

November 13th, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—

Assembled as we are in Nelson, upon the occasion of the Jubilee of the Baptist denomination in this Colony, the brethren desire to send you a word of loving greeting from these sunny shores. It is, as you are aware, only upon the holding of the annual meeting of our N.Z. Baptist Union that the brethren, who were once students in the Pastors' College, and who are now so widely scattered throughout the Colony, have the opportunity of meeting each other.

We all join very heartily in congratulating you upon the success with which God has crowned your labours in the rebuilding of the Tabernacle, and in the continuance of your honoured father's ministry. We rejoice that health and strength and grace have been vouchsafed you in your very arduous work. We are far, and some for a long time have been, separated from our Alma Mater: but our love for it is unabated, and our best wishes and prayers are for its continued prosperity and usefulness. It may be of interest to you to know that we are loyal to the old Gospel, and count it our highest privilege and joy to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Our present gathering reminds us of the happy days when we rejoiced in counting you as one of ourselves, and we cannot forget your faithful and efficient ministry in these Southern lands. We lovingly commend you to God, and pray that His richest blessing may rest upon you, and upon your dear wife (whom we gladly claim as a Colonial) both in your private life and public work.

With loving remembrances to your dear mother, and grateful thanks for her many kindnesses in the bygone days,

We are, dear Brother,

Yours very heartily,

GEORGE D. COX, Oamaru.

CHAS. DALLASTON, Wellington.

GEORGE WAINWRIGHT, Dunedin.

EDWARD RICHARDS, Palmerston North.

H. H. DRIVER, Dunedin.

JOSEPH CLARK, Auckland.

ARTHUR DEWDNEY, Wanganui.

FRANK WM. BOREHAM, Mosgiel.

A. V. G. CHANDLER, Caversham.

Pioneer Mission, 1901-1902.

THE Pioneer Mission has experienced much of the Lord's blessing during the year 1901-2. We can trace, by the Spirit's power on the preaching of the Word, some hundreds of conversions during this period.

During the year, Pastor Wicks has left College, and taken the pastorate of the Church at Swadlincote, near Burton-on-Trent, where he and his friends are arranging to enlarge the premises.

We are rejoiced to have the co-operation of Professor Gaussen, who has taken the pastorate of Woodside, South Norwood. The increase is already manifest, and a building project is being started this month.

God has opened the way and distinctly led to our taking up work in France in connection with Pasteur Saillens and his Committee at Paris.

The work at Rouen has been re-started and Pasteur Gross, a Pastors' College man, has charge. Already some have come forward for baptism, and several are seeking the Lord.

Also at Nimes, in the South of France, another College man, Pasteur Dubarry, is settled as pastor, and we hope for much good work.

There are now 13 Pastors' College men in charge of churches started (most of them) by our Mission.

The work at Godalming, Surrey; St. Budeaux, Devonport; and New Quay, Cornwall; badly needs places of worship to enlarge the work God is blessing. The large iron chapel at Paisley Road, Glasgow, was opened by Pastor J. Wilson, Woolwich. The blessing has been very glorious, and the Kelvinside work has so prospered that 160 members are in the Church, and about £800 or more in gifts and promises for the new building.

At Walthamstow, Pastor Walkey has had a large ingathering in connection with a most successful Mission by Mr. W. Olney, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the blessing is still continuing.

Two of our young brethren have entered College after a very successful service, Mr. L. Smith, at St. Budeaux, and Mr. H. H. Turner, at South Molton.

We are grateful to the Presidents, the Trustees, the Principal and Tutors for their many kindnesses in connection with our Mission.

To God be all the glory for all He has done. My growing conviction is that our College men are wanted in large numbers. The power of God is promised to faith, but we want men and money. There are openings for a 100 enterprising men in new districts waiting for them to enter. God is willing, but where is the money for the College to train them, and for our Mission to give them a start?

"For Ever with the Lord."

MR. W. J. WHITE.

Our brother, Mr. W. J. White, passed away, at the age of fifty-three, at Tokio, Japan, on May 2nd, 1901. In 1878 he was sent out by the Baptist Missionary Society to take up work in that land, but as

ultimately the Society relinquished its stations in 1890, he shortly afterwards became the representative of the Religious Tract Society. Mr. White had previously been in Japan while engaged in commercial life, and to fit himself as a missionary he entered and passed through the Pastors' College. The Reverend Prebendary L. B. White, D.D., Secretary of the R.T.S., thus writes of his namesake:—

“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.”

PASTOR MATTHEW MORRIS.

In October, 1901, our brother, Pastor Matthew Morris, passed away, in Queensland. Nearly twenty years ago he went out to South Australia, and after some years there he removed to New South Wales, and thence to Queensland. Before going out to the Colonies, he was pastor at Monkwearmouth. Mr. Morris was pastor of the Hendra Baptist Church at the time of his death, for only that very night had the business been concluded, and Mr. Morris had received and accepted the pastorate, after having been for some months acting pastor. Mr. Morris was 53 years of age.

PASTOR LEVI PALMER.

Pastor Levi Palmer, of Taunton, was called home to his rest and reward on Saturday, December 28th, 1901. Born at Broughton in the year 1852, he was the youngest but one in a family of eight. The sterling piety of a holy mother, linked with the example of so good a father, greatly influenced him from childhood. At the age of sixteen, he became a member of the Union Church at Broughton. The next three years were spent in Kettering. Here he was baptized by the late James Mursell, who was then pastor at Fuller Chapel. After studying under the private tuition of Rev. J. B. Myers, the present Association Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, Mr. Palmer entered the Pastors' College at the age of nineteen. After two years of study, our brother was unanimously invited to become the pastor of Lock's Lane Baptist Church, Frome. In the year 1874, Mr. Palmer accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church of Woodstock, Oxfordshire. Here, in three years, a decayed Church was revived, the debt on the chapel paid, while a new chapel was built in a neighbouring village, and opened free of debt. Mr. Palmer received invitations to several larger spheres; and finally, decided to accept the one sent him, in 1878, from the Albemarle Baptist Church, Taunton. and for twenty-four years, until his death, he laboured among his people. Thus writes the President concerning “a brother

beloved " :—" Levi Palmer was a faithful pastor. He loved his people, and longed for their spiritual well-being. He preached the Gospel faithfully to them, and he took pains to follow up his earnest word. Like Jonathan's lad, he ran to find out the arrows which had been shot. His preaching was expository, practical, personal, and powerful. Thousands of mourners thronged the route, and pressed around the grave. Taunton's testimony was unmistakable. The chapel was a veritable Bochim. All sorts and conditions of men were there, and the leading spirits of all the churches counted it an honour to walk in procession behind our brother's bier. Even those with whom he had crossed swords, and such as had no sympathy with his views and his work, esteemed *himself*, and helped to swell a truly notable tribute to ' a hard-working minister.' "

PASTOR W. SMITH.

On Monday, March 10th, 1902, a paralytic stroke seized Pastor W. Smith, and he entered "into the joy of his Lord." Born at Gainsborough in 1831, he early in life removed to Hull and later to London. After fulfilling his student's course in the Pastors' College, he settled at Brentford, and from thence he went to Malton, in Yorkshire. Previous to his settlement, some seven years ago, at Kirton-in-Lindsey, he had been pastor at Cullingworth; Arthur Street, King's Cross; and Henrietta Street, London. The last communication received from him was characteristic of the man. "We are still clinging to the Cross, and pointing to the Lamb of God. The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our Refuge." He was very much beloved by the young people, greatly esteemed by all classes, and will be sorely missed by a bereaved family and Church.

As we go to press, we learn with deep regret that

PASTOR W. J. TOMKINS

entered into rest on Thursday, April 10th, 1902, at Whitstable, Kent.



STATISTICS

INCREASE.

Return for the Year.	Number of Pastors making Returns.	By Baptism	By Profes- sion of Faith.	By Letter- from other Churches.	By Restora- tion.	Total Increase.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528
1881	363	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908
1882	387	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152
1883	387	5,008	1,065	2,046	191	8,310
1884	397	5,338	880	2,126	257	8,601
1885	398	5,522	1,020	2,338	305	9,185
1886	421	4,852	968	2,451	236	8,507
1887	381	5,014	1,022	2,258	299	8,593
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*	417	3,652	1,095	2,858	240	7,845
1901	439	5,014	1,171	2,973	216	9,374
TOTAL . . .		140,758	28,394	69,103	6,648	244,903

* The discrepancy between the figures for 1900 in this year's Report and that of 1901, is due to the addition of 11 returns received too late for insertion last year.

OF THE CHURCHES.

DECREASE.						Total Number (returned) of Members in Church Fellowship
By Death	By Dis- mission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non- Attendance.	Total Decrease.	CLEAR INCREASE.	
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
829	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	2,709	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
918	2,571	174	2,036	5,699	2,146	81,061
845	2,858	230	2,153	6,086	3,288	85,351
21,245	56,643	5,970	49,971	133,829	111,074	

439 Churches furnish returns for 1901: of these, 315 show an average increase of 14 members per church; 87 an average decrease of 12 members per church; 37 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 8 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1901.

32.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

RECEIPTS.					PAYMENTS.				
				£ s. d.					£ s. d.
To Donations	1,823 7 8	By Salaries and Lecturers' Fees	1,187 15 6	
„ Legacies	630 13 5	„ Board and Lodging and Medical Attendance	1,609 16 0	
„ Weekly Offerings and Collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle	523 16 6	„ Books, Printing, Postage, and Office Expenses	133 9 4	
„ Dividends and Interest	239 8 2	„ Clothing	3 10 0	
„ Collections and Donations from Churches whose Pastors passed through the College	635 9 11	„ Book-grants to Students upon leaving College	82 7 5	
					„ Preaching Stations	34 10 0	
					„ Furniture and Fittings	18 9 6	
				3,862 15 8	„ Annual Conference and Supper	256 18 5	
					„ Repairs and Renovation of Building	543 19 1	
								3,869 15 3	
„ Balance in hand, January 1st, 1901	563 11 7	„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1901	546 12 0	
				<u>£4,416 7 3</u>				<u>£4,416 7 3</u>	

Audited and approved, January 15th, 1902.

FRANK THOMPSON, *Treasurer*.

G. P. JOHNSTON
SAMUEL R. PEARCE, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1901.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1901	892 19 8	By Loans to Churches:—			
Repayments of Loans	1,093 5 4	Wandsworth	...	500 0 0	
				Christchurch	...	300 0 0	
				Erith	...	200 0 0	
				Kensal Rise	...	200 0 0	
				Clapton	...	400 0 0	
						1,600 0 0	
			£1,976 4 0	.. Balance in hand, December 31st, 1901	...	376 4 0	
							£1,976 4 0
			£ s. d.				
Loans outstanding	4,742 0 4				
Cash at Bank	376 4 0				
Total of Fund	£5,118 4 4				
FRANK THOMPSON, <i>Treasurer.</i>				Audited and approved, January 15th, 1902. { G. P. JOHNSTON, { <i>Auditors.</i>			
				{ SAMUEL R. PEARCE. }			

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1901.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
To Donations...	86 18 4	By Salary, Dr. Churcher	...	180 0 0	
.. Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Part support. Pasteur A. Blocher (Paris)	...	75 0 0	
Missionary Union	240 0 0	.. " " Rev. R. F. Elder (Argentina)	...	50 0 0	
Collecting Boxes	18 19 4	.. Printing and Postage	...	3 1 11	
Mr. Dunn's Men's Bible Class (for Rev. J. P. Wigstone)	20 0 0	.. Rev. J. P. Wigstone (Spain)	...	20 0 0	
			365 17 8			328 1 11	
.. Balance in hand, January 1st, 1901			197 9 5	.. Balance in hand, December 31st, 1901		235 5 2	
			£563 7 1			£563 7 1	
FRANK THOMPSON, <i>Treasurer.</i>				Audited and approved, January 15th, 1902. { G. P. JOHNSTON, { <i>Auditors.</i>			
				{ SAMUEL R. PEARCE, }			

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

DURING the past forty-six years, one thousand and thirty-one 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-seven) 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-eight brethren. Of these six hundred and fifty-seven are in our own denomination as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists. They may be thus summarized:—

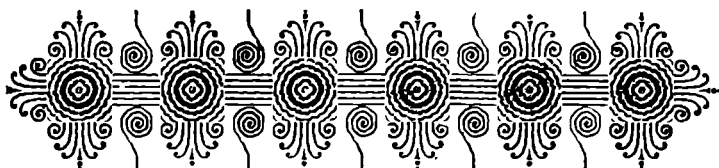
Number of brethren who have been educated in the College	1031
" now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists...	657
" without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	82
" not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings...	28
" Educated for other denominations	3
" Dead—(Pastors, 127; Students, 10)	137
" Invalided	21
" 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.

The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church-meeting in the beginning of the year.

FORM OF REQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____
pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JULY, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

III.—THE MAN WHOSE NAME WAS HELP.

"Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the Slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the Wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld, in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there.

"CHR. 'Sir,' said Christian, 'I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither, I fell in here.'

"HELP. 'But why did you not look for the steps?'

"CHR. 'Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.'

"Then said he, 'Give me thy hand.' So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way (Psalm xl. 2)."



ACCORDING to the diversity of gifts which proceeded from the self-same Spirit of God, those who laboured in guiding wayfarers to the Celestial City, in the early ages of Christianity, fulfilled different offices, and were known by different names. Paul tells us, in his first Letter to the Corinthian pilgrims, (1 Cor. xii. 28,) "God hath set some in the Church, first apostles." These were to go from place to place, founding churches, and ordaining ministers. There were, "secondarily, prophets;" some of whom uttered prophecies, while others were gifted in explaining them. Then came, "thirdly, teachers;" who were, probably, either pastors settled over divers churches, guiding pilgrims along the heavenward road, as Great-heart did, or men like Evangelist, journeying about to warn and direct such as they met.

"After that, miracles; then, gifts of healings;" and the apostle

does not forget to mention another class of persons, called "HELPS." Who these people precisely were, it would be very difficult, at this period of time, if not quite impossible, to tell. Some, who are learned in the pilgrim records, have thought that they were assistant-ministers, who occasionally aided settled pastors, both in the pastoral work of visiting, and also in preaching the Word. Others have supposed that they were assistant-deacons, and perhaps even deaconesses, an office which was recognized in the apostolic churches. Others, again, have imagined these "helps" to have been the attendants in the sanctuary, who took care that strangers were properly accommodated; and managed those details, in connection with the gatherings of persons for united worship, which always must be superintended by somebody. Whoever they were, or whatever may have been their functions, they appear to have been a useful body of people, worthy to be mentioned in the same list as apostles, and prophets, and teachers, and even to be named with miracle-workers, and those who had the gifts of healing. It is very probable that they had no official standing, but were only moved by the natural impulse of the Divine life within them to do anything and everything which would assist either teacher, pastor, or deacon in the work of the Lord. They were of that class of brethren who are useful anywhere, who can always stop a gap, and who are only too glad when they find that they can make themselves serviceable to the Church of God in any capacity, however lowly. The Church in this age rejoices in a goodly brigade of "helps", but perhaps a word or two may stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance.

John Bunyan, whom we shall see to be the master of Christian experience as well as of holy allegory has, in the passage at the head of this chapter, described a part of the work of these "helps" which is most valuable, and most required. "The man whose name was Help" came to Christian when he was floundering in the foul morass of despondency. Just when the poor man was likely to have been choked, having missed his footing in the Slough, and when, with all his struggling, he was only sinking deeper and deeper into the mire, there suddenly came to him a person,—of whom Bunyan says nothing more throughout his whole allegory, and here only tells us his name,—who put out his hand, and speaking some words of encouragement to him, pulled him out of the mire, set him on the King's highway, and then went about his business;—a man unknown to fame on earth, but enrolled in the annals of the skies as wise to win souls.

There are periods, in the Divine life, when the help of judicious Christian brethren is invaluable. Most of us, who are now rejoicing in a well-assured hope, have known quite as much as we wish to know about that awful Slough of Despond. I myself floundered in it for five years, or thereabouts, and am therefore well acquainted with its terrible geography. In some places, it is deeper than in others, and more nauseous; such as the spot where David was when he cried, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing;" but, believe me, a man may reckon himself thrice happy when he gets out of it; for, even at its best, when he is fairly in it, it threatens to swallow him up alive. Dear, very dear to us, must ever be the hand that helped us out of the horrible pit; and while we ascribe all the glory to the

God of grace, we cannot but love most affectionately the instrument whom He sent to be the means of our deliverance.



HELP DRAWS CHRISTIAN OUT OF THE SLOUGH.

On the summit of some of the Swiss passes, the Canton, for the preservation and accommodation of travellers, maintains a 'small body of men, who live in a little house on the mountain, and whose business it is to help travellers on their way. It was very pleasant, when we were toiling up the steep ascent of the Col D'Obbia, in Northern Italy, to see, some three or four miles from the top, a man coming down, who saluted us as though he had known us for years, and had been awaiting our arrival. He carried a spade in his hand; and though we did not know what was ahead of us, he evidently knew all about it, and was forearmed and prepared for every emergency.

By-and-by, we came to deep snow, and our kind pioneer immediately went to work with his spade to clear a footway, along which he carried the weaker ones of the party upon his back. It was his business to care for travellers; and, ere long, he was joined by another, who brought with him refreshments for the weary ones. These men were "helps", who spent their lives on that part of the road where it was known that their services would frequently be in requisition. They would have been worth little in the plains; their attentions might even have been considered intrusive had they met us in any other place; but they were exceedingly valuable, because they presented themselves just where they were required, having, as it were, waylaid us with kindness.

"Helps" are of little use to a man when he can help himself; but when he is hopelessly slipping amid the slime of the Slough of Despond, then a man of affectionate heart becomes more precious than the gold of Ophir.

The men of this brigade of "helps", if I understand Bunyan aright, are stationed all round the borders of the great dismal Swamp of Despond; and it is their business to keep watch, and listen along the brink of the Slough for the cries of any poor benighted travellers who may be staggering in the mire. Just as the Royal Humane Society keeps its men along the borders of the lakes in the parks in wintertime, and when the ice is forming, bids them be on the watch, and take care of any who may venture upon it, so, a little knot of Christian people, both men and women, should always be ready, in every church, to listen for cries of distress, and to watch for broken hearts and cast-down spirits. Such are the "helps" whom we need; and such, perhaps, were the ancient "helps" mentioned by Paul.

It may be well to give a few directions to these "helps" as to how they may assist seeking sinners out of the Slough of Despond.

From my own pastoral experience, I am led to recommend a careful imitation of "the man whose name was Help" as he is described by Bunyan. So, first, when you meet with one who is despairing, *get him to state his own case*. When Help assisted Christian, he did not at once put out his hand to him; but he asked him what he did there, and why he did not look for the steps. It does men much good to make them unveil their spiritual griefs to their comforters. Confession to a priest is an abomination, but the communication of our spiritual difficulties to a fellow-Christian will often be a sweet relief and a helpful exercise. You, who seek to aid the awakened, will be wise, like the angels at the tomb, to enquire of the weeping Mary, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Their answers will direct the helper's line of action, and assist in the application of the necessary consolation. The patient who understands the malady will the more cheerfully yield to the treatment of a wise physician. I have occasionally found that the mere act of stating a difficulty has been the means of at once removing it. Some of the most distressing doubts, like hideous screech-owls, will not bear the light of day. There are many spiritual difficulties which, if a man did but look them fully and fairly in the face long enough to be able to describe them, would vanish during the investigation. "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

is our Lord's way of setting reason in battle array against unbelief. Let the mourner state his case, by all means; and do you patiently listen to it. Get that young man alone, dear brother; ask him to sit down quietly with you, and then enquire of him, "What is the point that puzzles you? What cannot you understand? What is it that makes you so dejected and dispirited?" Wisely did good Help induce Christian to unbosom his griefs; do thou likewise.

Next to this, *enter, as much as lieth in you, into the case before you.* Help came to the brink of the Slough, and stooped down to his poor friend. This may seem to you, perhaps, an unimportant direction; but, depend upon it, you will be able to give very little help, if any, if you do not follow it. Sympathy is the mainspring of our ability to comfort others. If you cannot enter into a soul's distress, you will be no "Son of Consolation" to that soul. So, seek to bring yourselves down to "weep with them that weep," that you may uplift them to the platform of your joy. Do not sneer at a difficulty because it seems small to you; recollect that it may be very great to the person who is troubled by it. Do not begin to scold, and tell the anxious enquirer that he ought not to feel as he does feel, or to be distressed as he is. As God puts His everlasting arms underneath us, when we are weak, so you must put the outstretched arms of your sympathy underneath your younger and weaker brethren, that you may lift them up. If you see a brother in the mire, put your arms right down into the mud that, by the grace of God, you may lift him bodily out of it. Recollect that you were once just where that desponding sister of yours is now; and try, if you can, to bring back your own feelings when you were in her condition. It may be, as you say, that the stripling or damsel is very foolish. Yes, but you were yourself foolish once; and, then, you abhorred all manner of meat, and your soul drew near to the gates of death. You must, to use Paul's language, "become a fool for their sakes." You must put yourselves into the condition of these simple-minded ones. If you cannot do this, you need training to teach you how to be a help; as yet, you do not know the way.

Your next step may be, to *comfort these poor brethren with the promises of God.* Help asked Christian why he did not look for the steps; for there were good and substantial stepping-stones placed through the very midst of the Slough; but Christian said he had missed them through excessive fear. We should point sinking souls to the many precious promises of God's Word. Brethren, mind that you are yourselves well acquainted with the consoling declarations of Scripture; have them on the tip of your tongue, ready for use at any time that they are required. I have heard of a certain scholar, who used to carry miniature copies of the classic authors about with him, so that he seemed to have almost a Bodleian Library in his pocket. Oh, that you would carry miniature Bibles about with you; or, better still, that you had the whole Word of God hidden in your hearts, so that, like your Lord, you "should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary"! "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" Whenever you come across a distressed soul, what a blessed thing it is for you to be able to say to him, "Yes, you are a sinner, it

is true; but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners"! Possibly, he will tell you that he cannot do anything; but you may answer that he is not told to do anything, for it is written, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He will, perhaps, reply that he cannot believe; but you can remind him of the promise, "Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved."

Some texts in the Bible are like those constellations in the heavens which are so conspicuous that, when the mariner once sees them, he knows in what direction he is steering. Certain brilliant passages of Scripture appear to be set in the firmament of Revelation as guiding stars to bewildered souls. Point to these. Quote them often. Rivet the sinner's eyes upon them. Thus shall you aid him most efficiently.

If a despairing soul should read these pages, let me quote to him these exceeding great and precious promises of our gracious God: "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." "He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." These three texts are specimens of the "steps" which "the Lord of the way" has caused to be placed where they can best assist sinking sinners.

After quoting the promises, *try to instruct those who may need your help more fully in the plan of salvation.* The Gospel is preached, every Sabbath day, in thousands of pulpits, yet there is nothing that is so little known or rightly understood as the truth as it is in Jesus. The preacher cannot, even with all his attempts, make the simple Gospel plain to some of his hearers; but you, who are no preachers, may be able to do it, because your state of mind and education may happen just to suit the comprehension of the person concerned. God is my witness how earnestly I always endeavour to make clear and plain whatever I say, but yet my peculiar modes of thought and expression may not be suitable to the cases of certain persons in my audiences. You, by holy tact and perseverance, may be able to cheer those hearts which gather not a gleam of light from me. If my brethren and sisters, the "helps", will be constantly and intelligently active, they may, by homely language, often explain where theologians only confuse; that which may not have been understood, in the form of scholastic divinity, may reach the heart when uttered in the language of daily life. We need parlour and kitchen and workshop preachers, who can talk the natural speech of men; Universities and Colleges often obscure the truth by their modes of speech. If you, our friends who mingle with the world, will only put the same thing in another shape, the sinner will say, "Ah! I see it now; I could not comprehend it from the pastor's language, but I can understand it from your plain talk." Do, if you would help souls, point them to the Saviour. Do not trouble them with irrelevant matters, but direct them at once to "the precious blood of Jesus," for that is the one source of pardon and cleansing. Tell the sinner that whosoever trusts in Jesus shall be saved. Do not point to the Wicket-gate, as Evangelist did; for that is not the truest way, but bid the sinner go straightway to the Cross. Poor Christian need not have wallowed in the Slough of

Despond if he had met with a fully-instructed believer to direct him at the first. Do not scold the mistaken Evangelist, but seek, by always pointing the sinner to Calvary, to undo the mischief he wrought to the pilgrim.

Would you supplement this? Then, *tell the troubled one your own experience*. Many have been aided to escape from the Slough of Despond in this way. "What!" exclaims the young friend to whom we are speaking, "did you ever feel as I do?" I have often been amused, when I have been talking with enquirers, to see them open their eyes with amazement to think that I had ever felt as they did, whereas I should have opened mine with far greater astonishment if I had not. We tell our patients all their symptoms, and then they think we must have read their hearts; whilst the fact is, that our hearts are just like theirs, and, in reading ourselves, we read them. We have gone along the same road as they have, and it would be a very hard thing if we could not describe what we have ourselves undergone. Even advanced Christians often derive great comfort from reading and hearing the experience of others, if it is anything like their own; and to young people, it is a most blessed means of grace to hear others tell what they have gone through before them. I wish our elder brethren would be more frequently "helps" in this matter; and that, when they see others in trouble, they would tell them that they have passed through the very same difficulties, instead, as some do, of blaming the young people for not knowing what they cannot know, and upbraiding them because they have not "old heads on young shoulders," where, by the way, they would be singularly out of place.

Once more, you will very much help the young enquirer *by praying with him*. Oh, the power of prayer! When you cannot tell the sinner what you want to say, you can sometimes tell it to God in the sinner's hearing. There is a way of saying, in prayer with a person, what you cannot say direct to his face; and it is well, sometimes, when praying with another, to put the case very plainly and earnestly,—something in this way,—“Lord, Thou knowest that this poor young woman, now kneeling before Thee, is very much troubled; but it is her own fault. She will not believe in Thy love, because she says she feels no evidence of it. Thou hast given evidence enough in the gift of Thy dear Son; but she will persist in wanting to see something of her own upon which she may rest, some good frames or feelings. She has been told, many times, that all her hope lies in Christ, and not at all in herself; yet she will continue to seek fire in the midst of water, and life in the graves of death. Open her eyes, Lord; turn her face in the right direction, and lead her to look to Christ, and not to self!”

Praying in this way puts the case very plainly, and may be in itself useful. Moreover, there is a real power in prayer; the Lord assuredly hears the cry of His people still. As certainly as the electric fluid bears the message from one place to another, as certainly as the laws of gravitation control the spheres, so certainly is prayer a mysterious but a very real power. God does answer prayer. We are as sure of this as we are that we breathe: we have tried it, and proved it. It is not occasionally that God has heard us, but it has become as regular

a thing with us to ask and have as it is for our children to ask us for food, and to receive it at our hands. I should hardly think of attempting to prove that God hears my prayer; I have no more doubt about it than I have of the fact that the law of gravitation affects me in walking, in sitting still, in rising up, and in lying down. Exercise, then, this power of prayer; and you shall often find that, when nothing else will help a soul out of its difficulty, supplication will do it. There are no limits, dear friends, if God be with you, to your ability to help others through the power of prayer.

These directions—and they are not very many,—you should keep in your memories, as you would the directions of the Royal Humane Society, with reference to people who have been in danger of drowning.

* * * *

(The next picture is a continuation of this theme, and will be entitled "HELPS.")

The Growth of an Evergreen.



CANDIDATES FOR THE R.S.U.

PEOPLE who see the letters, R.S.U., in a newspaper notice for the first time, ask what they mean. Upon being told that they stand for Ragged School Union, another query naturally follows, "What does the Ragged School Union itself stand for?" "Helping poor children and their parents to a larger, fuller life, through faith in the Saviour," might be the answer, with the addition that "such material aid, as will make their struggle with adverse circumstances a more equal combat, is thrown in; but the heart of the work is, implanting in young souls, with many things against them, the ideals and purposes that deal death to the 'don't care' spirit."

Such a reply generally arouses interest in the Lord's people who are unacquainted with the work; and of these, alas! there are more than there should be, so that an invitation to

give details to substantiate the claim advanced usually follows. Old friends are never bored, for its history is a much-loved story, its prospective work has in it bright hopes for the future, its present-day grind appeals not in vain to the Christian conscience, and the result often is, that practical effort and financial support are both forthcoming.

But responsibility daily increases in this plastic Mission, with no barriers to its benevolence but lack of means. London continually grows, so additional friends must be found, upon whom the Lord shall lay the obligation to serve Him with their money or their personal powers. This fact is the justification for our article. Present position is reached through past achievement. In a work fifty-eight years old, this must be the case. A *résumé* of history will, therefore, be fitting.

The London of 1844, though still only a feudal city with accretions a few miles across, attached by long straggling roads to outlying townships, was in a very dangerous as well as a very scandalous condition. Its juvenile population, apart from the children of the comfortable classes, was growing up in ignorance. Industrial openings for them were few; criminal openings, numerous and easy, and not unprofitable, barring certain risks. Crime was organized; but the checking machinery of the State was only just beginning to be so, and crime had all the advantages of numbers, and the community of interest that comes from a common peril. The working of prisons, instead of being corrective, could not have done more to propagate and foster evil, if they had been designed for that purpose, instead of for putting it down. Punishments, too, were disproportionate, and sometimes very harsh, so that the criminal often felt, and reflecting members of the law-abiding community often felt with him that, at the bar of a pure equity, the positions of prisoners and prosecutors would be exactly reversed. In London, criminals and loafers were being turned out more rapidly than labourers and artisans, and the criminal was being supplied with a moral justification for his position. Add to this, horrible insanitation, imperfect lighting, no quick means of communication, no rapid transit, and you have the picture of a city of perils.

This picture began to appal many of the citizens, but it was another picture that appealed to the evangelists who started the Ragged School movement. It was not fear, but love, that lay at the root of their efforts. To them, London was a city of snares for the souls of children. Lord Shaftesbury, and the men who worked with him, saw more of the spiritual death-traps for the poor than the resulting social risks to the well-to-do. Their work removed both.

They began in faith with the Bible, not seeing a hand's-breadth in front of them. But the need was all but infinite, and the clamour of it called them into many paths of service. Education was the first outcome. Day Schools, where the rudiments of learning were imparted, were tacked on to the Sunday Schools. Industrialism was the next, and it consisted of (1) training many thousands in simple handicrafts; (2) making and finding situations, and fitting and equipping children to occupy them; (3) starting agencies for absorbing young people, such



"SHINE YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

as the Shoeblack Brigades, Training Ships, and an Emigration Scheme; (4) an inducement to steadiness, in the first year of service, in the shape of a prize and a certificate for good conduct, the latter signed by the Queen. These certificates were greatly valued, and in many instances have proved means of opening prosperous careers.

The Polytechnics, to the influence of which so much value is now attached, all arose from a small effort begun by Alderman Quintin Hogg in Hungerford Market on the site of Charing Cross station. There were other agencies that sprang from an intense zeal for souls, a face-to-face combat with the difficulties of the work, a keen sympathy with the poor, and an unstinted giving forth of personal service. They contained the germinations of all subsequent operations proposed by individuals or sects, or

undertaken by the State itself, for dealing with the social residuum. Night Refuges, where homeless waifs found shelter, Industrial Homes and allied institutions sprang up in due course, and Residential Schools for specially handicapped children, such as cripples, came into existence as time went on. The Reformatories and Industrial Schools of the State, and the Truant Schools of the London School Board, were framed upon the experience gained. Dr. Barnardo was a Ragged School teacher, and one of the early leaders of thought and action. Subsequently, the Church of England Homes for Waifs and Strays followed on similar lines. Mr. Fegan, of the Southwark Boys' Home, wrote, in a "New Century" letter of greeting to Mr. John Kirk, Secretary of the Ragged School Union, "The Ragged School Union is the mother of us all." This testimony, endorsing an earlier one of Dr. Barnardo, serves to elucidate the title of "Franciscans of the Nineteenth Century," given by Sir Walter Besant to the pioneers, and repeated by Mr. Stead in "The Review of Reviews." Many of the early efforts served a temporary purpose, and vanished. A forerunner of the Household Salvage Brigade of the Salvation Army's "Darkest England" Scheme, for example, existed as "The Rag-picking Brigade." Its trucks, it should be said, collected other things besides rags.

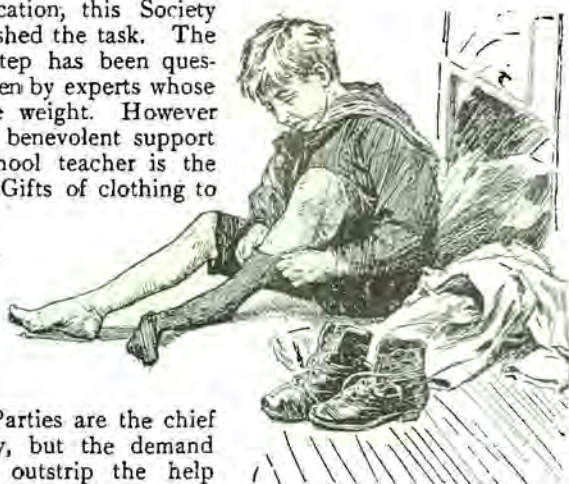
Speaking broadly, the movement branched in two directions somewhat early, one dealing with the waif in an institutional way, taking over his maintenance, and the other continuing to deal as heretofore with the wastrel who had some sort of home-life, but had much to contend against in his physical development, moral life, and social progress. This was the Ragged School Union, that, later on, added

to its title the words Shaftesbury Society, in order to embrace social operations which the original name did not include. It still unites the Ragged Schools of London, Evangelical centres, working by a variety of direct missionary and indirect social operations for the uplifting and soul-saving of some 100,000 children and adults in the poorest parts of the metropolis. Sunday Schools, Children's Services, Evening Schools, Bible Classes, Industrial Classes, Mothers' Meetings, and Pence Banks, are among the operations conducted by honorary teachers and workers at the simplest expenses of working in 152 buildings, not a few of which are freehold. To these affiliated Schools, grants are made annually.

The chief drain upon the Society's resources, however, is made by the extensive operations connected with the Shaftesbury Society side of the work,—THE BAREFOOT MISSION, HOLIDAY HOMES, AND CRIPPLE MISSION.

When the State took over the slum child's education, this Society gradually relinquished the task. The wisdom of that step has been questioned by some, even by experts whose opinion had some weight. However that may be, the benevolent support to the Board School teacher is the line now taken. Gifts of clothing to render School attendance possible, is the chief form of help, and hundreds of thousands of garments are needed for this purpose.

Ladies' Working Parties are the chief sources of supply, but the demand threatens to far outstrip the help available, unless other friends come forward. There is, of course, the winter demand for warm clothing; but there is also need for summer garments to enable children to avail themselves of a fortnight's holiday.



TRYING 'EM ON.



CRIPPLES AT CRICKET.

Through the agency of this Society, some 75,000 children have enjoyed a fortnight's stay in the country or at the seaside since the work

began, under the well-known authoress, A.L.O.E., in 1869. Last year, some 6,000 children, senior scholars, and a few run-down adults, had a change; and, this year, we are hoping to send still more. It may not be known that this useful form of joy-giving may be pursued at the cost of *TEN SHILLINGS per child*. At the Holiday Homes at Bournemouth, Margate, Southend, Brenchley, Bognor, Windsor, etc., the children are in the care of godly matrons; and not a few instances of conversion, resulting from these visits, have come under notice.

The Cripple Mission is an agency whereby access is gained for a Christian visitor to every home where there is a cripple in the family, throughout London. There are upwards of a thousand of these kind helpers who give their scanty leisure to brightening the lives of little sufferers, for the Master's sake. Of course, as may be guessed, the needs of these 6,000 children are very numerous, and very difficult to meet. A great deal is done in the way of providing seaside holidays to assist cure. The work, however, that calls for most pecuniary help is the Surgical Aid part of the Mission. Providing appliances



"LESS PAIN NOW!"

and supports for the children's limbs, is a costly business; and, in spite of all that has hitherto been done, and is now being done by other Societies, there is still a vast uncovered field, and no more practical and valuable work can be undertaken than that of supplying supports that may prevent a crippled condition, or appliances that tend to level the chances of gaining a livelihood for the child already maimed.

The beloved C. H. Spurgeon said, years ago, what is true to-day, "The Ragged School Union is as much needed as ever it was, and I am afraid, until the millennium, it always will be. There will always be poverty in the land, and there will always be uncared-for children who ought to be cared for by their own parents, but who cannot be, because of their unfitness to be parents, knowing not the sanctity of that relationship."

There is much more that might be said, but an article already encroaching upon valuable space must be brought to a conclusion. An up-to-date work, adapting itself to the changing conditions of London life, rigid in nothing but fidelity to the fundamental principles that brought it into being, should be better known, and so supported as to enable it to permeate to the heart of the Empire, however large that heart may grow. All communications concerning the work should be addressed to Mr. John Kirk, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

"If Thou canst do any thing."—Mark ix. 22.

"If thou canst believe."—Mark ix. 23.

MANY a time, dear Master, have I come to Thee, as this poor troubled father came, with so heavy a load of sorrow that its very weight seemed to crush out of my heart all hope of complete deliverance. Unbelief has persistently suggested the endeavour to rid myself of the trouble by ways of my own; sometimes, by patient endurance; oftener, by impatient murmuring and fretting; and, always, by efforts which began and ended in self. I have sought aid here, there, and everywhere, without success; till, at last, worn out and despondent, I have been forced to Thy feet with the half-hearted cry of, *"If Thou canst do any thing, have compassion on me, and help me."*

How ashamed am I now to realize the lukewarm faith which must have surprised and grieved Thee! Did I not know of Thy Divine Omnipotence;—had I not experienced, over and over again, Thine ability and willingness to be *"a very present help in trouble,"* Thy readiness to save from sorrow and from sin? Why, oh, why did I use that disloyal little word *"If"*, when Thy love, and Thy grace, and Thy sovereign power were in question? Forgive me, Lord, and impart to me such an access of simple faith that, as a child to its parent, or a chicken to its mother, I may fly to Thee when fears or distresses of any kind threaten or affright me!

"If Thou canst do any thing." There might have been some excuse for such language from the lips of the unhappy father in the sacred narrative, and none need wonder that his faith was found so small and weak; for he had been eagerly petitioning the Lord's disciples, who perhaps boasted great things; and he had received sad evidence of their inability to aid him. He did not know Thee, Lord, or understand who Thou wast, and that he stood before a God Incarnate, having *"all power in Heaven and in earth,"*—*"able even to subdue all things unto Himself."* He was bewildered, uncertain, agitated by the acute sufferings of his son; and only tremblingly hopeful that this great Healer, of whose power he had heard so much, could in this case maintain the reputation He had won.

But we, dear Lord, in these latter days, have no such plea of ignorance to set up. The Gospel has sounded in our ears since our babyhood; and the Name of Jesus has been woven, with more or less of distinctness, into every part of our life as it has been measured out before us. We are so used to the blessed knowledge of Thine infinite power and authority that it ill becomes us to venture on any expression of doubt or uncertainty. O Lord Jesus, King of kings, Mightiest of potentates, *"Very God of Very God,"* our own gracious and compassionate Saviour, we know that Thou canst do everything, and that it is the joy of Thy great heart of love to heal, and save, and

bless all those who come to Thee by faith, and accept Thee as their Redeemer and Lord!

* * * *

I have frequent letters from those whose troubled hearts are sorrowfully crying, "*I want Christ. I feel my own sinfulness, and long for His salvation; but I get no further. I do not realize or rejoice in Him as my personal Saviour; and I am miserable under the burden of unforgiven sin.*" This is but an echo of the words we are thinking about: "Lord, if Thou canst do any thing." It is a condition of soul utterly opposed to the mind of God, and betokening a depth of unbelief which would surprise and shock the subject of it could he see himself as God sees him. An instant and glad acceptance of the Lord's plans and promises is what He expects and deserves from us; and our peace and safety are assured when, with all our heart, we "believe on Him whom He hath sent."

I wish I could say something which the Holy Spirit would so graciously impress on the minds of any troubled ones reading this "Note" that, dropping every other hope and effort, and dwelling only on the fact of Christ's power and willingness to save, they would *at once* yield to His love, and put themselves into His hands to be cleansed and pardoned. 'Tis so easy, yet so hard, for human pride to lay aside all questionings, to cast away all fears, to cease the strugglings of self-righteousness, and simply to be willing to be saved in the Lord's own way.

Christ's answer to the appeal of the lad's father, in the narrative, is just the reply He gives to you, if you are a true yet trembling sinner. In your soul's misery, you sometimes cry out, "Lord, help me, if I am not too sinful, too far gone in wickedness, if I have not already passed the bounds of Thy pardoning love, and become a castaway, because of my coldness and indifference,—oh, *if Thou canst* do any thing, have compassion upon me!" Then the Lord says to you, very tenderly, "Poor soul, that is not the right way of approaching Me. Put that 'If' on the other side of the way, and the avenue to My heart will be opened wide before you: '*If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*'"

O blessed word of power and mighty love! Take it promptly to thyself, and hug it to thy heart of hearts. Be as alert as was the poor man in the sacred story. "Lord, I believe," said he; and, like a wise petitioner, claimed instant help from Jesus by the prayer, "Lord, increase my faith." Go thou, and do likewise, trembling soul; and the result will be that "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

Dost thou still shrink back? Canst thou not grasp His promise, and rely upon His faithful word? Yet again I say, go to Him, and tell Him so;—lay bare before Him that insensible, unbelieving heart; bring it to His feet; beseech Him to give thee the power to believe, reminding Him that "He is the Author and Finisher of our faith." His weighty words, "*If thou canst believe,*" are a blessed challenge to thee to "trust, and not be afraid." Didst thou ever hear of one

distressed soul who sought His face in vain? Never! Never has such a thing been known! "I will in no wise cast out," is a promise from His own Divine lips; and it is enforced and fortified by another kingly utterance, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

Can a poor sinner need more encouragement, or expect greater security, than this?

"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."—2 Tim. iii. 15.

The Talking Book.



"I WANT to introduce myself to all the boys and girls I meet, for I have many things to say to them that will be for their good. But, as it is only right that they should know who is speaking to them, I will begin by saying, My name is BIBLOS. Your sweet English tongue turns that into BIBLE. I may say that I am half Hebrew, and half Greek, but I am truly English for all that, and can speak your language like a native. Although I am a book, do not think that I cannot talk with you. One who loved me greatly has said to you, on my behalf, that you should bind me continually upon your heart, and that, when you awake, I will talk with you. Listen, then, my young friends, while I do so.

"There are some places in which I do not like to be put. Will you please remember not to place me away on the shelf, where the

dust gathers on my coat, and my mouth gets so filled with it that I cannot speak? I do not like, either, to be buried under books of fairy tales, and stories of impossible adventures, and trashy novels. I do not mind being alongside of lesson books, or any right kind of books, provided you do not let them crush me into silence, or shut me from your sight. And if ever you go away to boarding-school, or for a summer holiday, or to be apprenticed to some business, remember that I do not like to be placed right at the bottom of your trunk, so that my voice cannot struggle through the woollen garments, and other things that muffle me.

"But let me tell you some places where I dearly love to be. One of them is, in your house. It is a poor, sad, sinful home where my voice is not heard. I like to be in your hand, too, my young friends. Oh, what a thrill of pleasure it gives me, and how sweetly I am prepared to speak to you, when I feel your fond fingers touch me! Carry me about in your pocket also. I can, in that way, often speak a word to you in the course of the day! And those who listen to me, during intervals of lessons, or business, often find my voice specially sweet.

"Let me whisper to you about one other place where I like best of all to be. Let me be sitting in your ear all the day, so that my voice may sound through your brain, and into your heart. The ear is like the door of your soul, and the brain is like the common room where almost everybody, and anything, may come; but the heart is the inmost, private place where no one but friends get. I am so sorry that many people have the house of their soul in such disorder that my words cannot reach the inner part of their being. Although I talk ever so much, or speak most sweetly, they will not listen. My voice scarcely enters their door, although it ought to reach their heart.

"But I will believe, my dear young friend, that you have made up your mind to let your heart be in your ear while I speak. Reverence me, then, because, when you hear me, you are not listening to human talk, but to the voice of God. Attend to me in the morning, also, for you will hear many voices, during the day, that would lead you astray. But if the truth I speak to you, the first thing, be kept in mind, it will keep you in the right way. Did I hear you say that the Bible is such a big book that you don't know how to find your way in it? Do you know about the I.B.R.A.? No, these letters do not stand for, 'I be right always,' but that is true. They mean, International Bible Reading Association.* There are many young people, amongst the different nations, that have agreed to listen to my voice every day, and some of my friends send to them leaflets with suitable portions chosen for their guidance in reading, so that, in this way, I speak a helpful word to many thousands of young people every morning. Would not you like to join their number? Ask some of your older friends about it; they will tell you how to join.

"I might say ever so many more things to you, but time would

* A very interesting, illustrated article on the I.B.R.A. appeared in the "Sword and Trowel" for September, 1901.

fail at present. I will say them to you, however, day by day, as you listen to me. But these few words more I must say to you now:—

"I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find me."

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Arbroath.

GEORGE MENZIES.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CIII.—PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, OF CARDIFF.



THE election of PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST as Vice-President of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, for the year 1902—3, seems to be a fitting occasion for briefly telling again—in the Magazine which has so often contained most welcome contributions from his pen,—the interesting story of his long life and useful work for the Master.

Born in the same year as C. H. SPURGEON, who was just a few months his senior, Mr. Medhurst can trace his glorified Pastor-President's wonderful career even further back than the commencement of the New Park Street pastorate. While "the Boy-preacher of the Fens" was supplying the pulpit there, he was asked to speak at a Sunday-school anniversary meeting at the old Maze Pond Chapel. One of his auditors, that evening, was young Medhurst, who up to that time had been sitting under the ministry of that redoubtable Hyper-Calvinist, "Jimmy" Wells, as he was popularly called.

The address of the youthful preacher was of so striking a character that Mr. Medhurst resolved to go and hear him preach at New Park Street Chapel. He went, on the following Sabbath, and heard a discourse upon the passage, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord;" or, as it was corrected by Mr. Spurgeon, "Then shall we know, *as* we follow on to know the Lord." That sermon convinced him of his condition as a sinner in the sight of God, and the impression was still further deepened by his continued attendance upon the ministry which was evidently intended by the Lord to exercise a lifelong influence over him.

Mr. Medhurst has told the whole story of that interesting period in the second volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, so it need only be summarized here. On a memorable Thursday evening, the Pastor preached from John vi. 37: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." That discourse was blessed to our friend's conversion; he was baptized by Mr. Spurgeon, at New Park Street Chapel, on September 28th, 1854; and soon began to preach in Billingsgate fish-market, on Tower-hill, and at Bankside, though without any idea then of entering the ministry.

When two of his converts became members of New Park Street Church, Mr. Spurgeon suggested that he should seek to prepare himself for pastoral work. He had just completed his apprenticeship at Mr. Porter's Rope Factory, in Rotherhithe, and was not quite twenty-one years of age. After due consideration and prayer, he gratefully accepted Mr. Spurgeon's offer, with the help of two friends, to provide for his maintenance; and, in July, 1855, he went to reside at Mill Road Collegiate School, Bexley Heath, Kent, with Rev. C. H. Hosken, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Crayford. Once a week, he spent several hours with Mr. Spurgeon at his lodgings in the Dover Road, studying theology under his direction; and it was on one of those occasions that the Pastor "caught him by guile," and taught him a lesson that he has never forgotten, and which has been helpful to many others also.

In a very despondent spirit, Mr. Medhurst said, "I am afraid, sir, I have made a mistake as to my calling, for I have been preaching for three months, and I don't know of a single soul having been converted." "Well," said Mr. Spurgeon, "you surely don't expect the Lord to save souls every time you open your mouth?" "Oh, no, sir!" innocently replied the young preacher. "Then," said the Pastor, "that is the reason why you have not had conversions: 'According to your faith be it unto you.'"

About the same period, Mr. Spurgeon preached at Bexley Heath, and he was much amused by overhearing the remark of one of his student's great admirers, in reply to the enquiry of a friend, "How did you like Mr. Spurgeon?" "Oh, very well; but I should have enjoyed the service more *if he hadn't imitated our dear Mr. Medhurst so much.*" The President, in telling the story to other students, in later days, used it as a warning to them not to imitate him, lest similar consequences should result if he ever preached to any of their people.

Towards the close of the year 1856, Mr. Medhurst became pastor at Kingston-on-Thames, where his labours were greatly blessed. In accepting the position of Vice-President of the P.C.E.A., our brother related, as an interesting coincidence, that he had been called out from the Conference meeting, that morning, to see a lady who was one of the fruits of his ministry at Kingston. Mr. Spurgeon made arrangements with the church there to repay to him the amount he was expending for his student's tuition at Bexley Heath, in addition to the sum they were giving to Mr. Medhurst for his services. The sequel can best be told in our friend's own words:—"At the expiration of the first quarter, Mr. Spurgeon handed me a cheque, saying, 'That is yours; the deacons would not have given that extra if I had not put it in the way I did.' On my refusing to accept the cheque, he at once said that, as he had given the money to the Lord for two years, he must take a second student. In that way, *the Pastors' College was commenced.* I went to reside with Rev. George Rogers, at Albany Road, Camberwell, on March 21st, 1857; and, in the course of that year, the second student (Mr. E. J. Silvertown) was received."

Mr. Medhurst was pastor at Kingston for about four years; then at Coleraine for two years; afterwards at North Frederick Street, Glasgow, for about seven years; at Lake Road, Portsmouth, for twenty years; and since 1889 he has been at Hope Baptist Chapel, Cardiff; so that part of his forty-three years' ministry has been exercised in each portion of the United Kingdom; and, throughout the whole of this long period, the Lord has graciously set His seal of approval upon our brother's earnest and faithful service. He has been twice married; first, to Miss Cranfield; and, then, to Miss Bowser, of Glasgow, who is still spared to be a true helpmeet in his Cardiff pastorate.

What C. H. Spurgeon thought of his first student, was revealed in a story that Professor Fergusson thus related of Mr. Medhurst:—"The dear old Governor was one day down in the dumps, and talked as if all men had turned against him, so we went together into his 'den' for a little prayer. Before we knelt, I said, 'Let us look at the College list, and see how your men stand.' We began, 'Here is Medhurst,—No. 1.' Instantly, his dear face was wet with tears, and he said, 'Praise the Lord, Medhurst has never caused me one anxious thought, and he was my first!'"

Similar testimony is given in the many precious letters that our brother has so carefully preserved. Before the beloved President was "called home," his first student had been the means of sending to him, for the Stockwell Orphanage, fully A THOUSAND POUNDS. The annual acknowledgments of the amounts, as they came to hand, contain

many such expressions as these :—" You are always kind, and the cause of kindness in others. *Your* friends have always been among the best of *my* friends." " Many brethren have done generously ; but thou excellest them all." " The Lord return into your bosom a thousandfold all your kindnesses ! Who else has ever helped as you have done from the first day even until now ? " " What a help you have been to me ! I am sure you have paid old debts, and put me into your debt, and there I mean to keep." " Your words cheer me. Oh, for a thousand such as you are ! " " You are indeed a grand helper ; FIRST STUDENT in other senses beside that of time." " You have been ever my loving and faithful brother and helper. In you also the Orphanage has ever found a true advocate, fruitful in generous effort. The Lord God Almighty bless you, and cause His face to shine upon you ! "

With such a record as the foregoing, it was most seemly that Mr. Medhurst should have been chosen by his brethren to render such service as might be asked of him, in connection with the P.C.E.A., by his former Pastor's son and successor, to whom he is as loyal as he was to " the ever-beloved C. H. S.," as he still delights to describe the honoured leader with whose name and fame his own are indissolubly linked.

JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

My Lady's Garden.

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

VII.—SUMMER SHADES.

WHAT a magnificent sight a forest in Brazil must present with the *cucujo*, or fire-fly, appearing and vanishing in myriads down the deep glades at night ! We miss much by living in England. For instance, such a gratuitous illumination as " blazing stars, crossing and recrossing in every direction." In Brazil, the fireworks are continued nightly, and you only pay in possible fevers and bites. But the tax-collectors are capricious, and some go scot free. However, there may be nothing to boast about in not being bitten in July. Perhaps there was nothing worth biting !

There are two kinds of terrestrial astronomy ;—natural and artificial. As to the latter, it affords the average man as prolific a source of grumbling as the weather supplies to a discontented farmer. Many, many years ago, in the days of rushlights and poor gas, a local preacher and the writer were returning along a country road on a black mid-winter night. It would not be the truth to say that it was dark, and writers always are, or ought to be, particular as to the truth. It was not dark, for " dark " will admit of qualification. The night was pitch-black. Ink was nothing to it. You would not have been able to see the ink if you had spilled it. We had a horse, but we walked ourselves, and we walked the horse. At last, the local preacher jumped like Billy Bray. " Hurrah ! " said he, pointing with his finger to some straggling sparks far away, " There's Dicky Smith's astronomy ! " It was an irreverential way of referring to the gas manager of our town ; but it served.

So much for artificial illumination. Things have altered since the days of rushlights and "Dicky Smith",—those dear old times, softened now into misty memories, when my mother, to prevent me from reading at night, would allow me nothing more light-giving than a "long ten." But, in the realm of Nature, the changeless cycle moves on. I used to gather glow-worms, and put them round my cap, when I was a boy; and now, after all the weary years, on summer evenings, I stop beside the bank, and watch their pale blue light. Someone near me suggests that they would make a nimbus round a certain parson's brim. Perhaps they would. The suggestion can be passed on to anyone longing for a halo. A Midsummer night's aureole of phosphorescent grubs!



The glow-worm belongs to the same order as the fire-fly. The female form of the insect is the more brilliant of the two, at all events after dusk; but the male outvies her when the day comes. In fact, but for the light she is able to show, the female would only pass for a dull, brown insect, crawling slowly among the leaves. It is the light which she is able to give which redeems her from mediocrity. Thus, this humble worm can be used as a simile in higher things.

No one should exterminate the glow-worm. It is hardly likely, except thoughtlessly, that this would be done, for who does not admire this little terrestrial star upon the bank on a summer's evening? And who does not know that the female thus illuminates her house at night to show her mate her whereabouts? But it may not be so generally known that the larva of the glow-worm feeds upon molluscs, especially upon the smaller snails, which it is able to reach even when hidden within the walls of their shells. In order to cleanse its body from the slime which exudes from its prey, the beetle is furnished with a kind of brush near the tail. This can be put out of the way when it is not wanted; and when it is required, it can be vigorously used by means of the flexible joints of the abdomen. Such is the wonderful equipment of Nature.

It is July, and the air is heavy with heat. Sometimes, a North wind prevails, and, for days, the sky is brilliantly blue, with hot sunshine and an extraordinary dryness. Then is the time to find the lustrous beetles.—green, purple, blue, and gold. Many of the weevils are most brilliant; their minute scales, even under a common field-glass, presenting a really fascinating appearance. Why all this display should adorn such humble life, it is difficult to say. Reasons could be given; and these, in their turn, would set us pondering on a fresh wonder,—that, in the multitude of living things, the adaptability of means to ends is never lost sight of.

Among the insects abroad, through the long summer hours, are the *Coccinellida*, the ladybirds of our youthful days. How often, with one of these pretty spotted creatures on the back of our hand, have we indulged in the nursery ditty,—

“Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home!”

* * * *

When the North wind blows, the evenings will be cool even in July. Should the wind from the North-East increase in force, the result will be that, before long, great quantities of electricity will be generated, and usually, after a few days, a line of small rounded clouds, defined as to summits, but with a base of strata, will appear low down, mostly in the W.S.W. When this line shows itself, you may be sure that thunderstorm depressions exist, though afar off. Should the wind go East, by a point or two South, and drop to a breath, with the morning opening close and hazy, and heavy clouds rise from a point further South, then be sure that the storm is not far away. The parched earth will soon drink in the downpour.

Given a day of clear sunshine, with a gentle air from the North, and My Lady's Garden will be just a paradise of delight after sunset. No wonder that the Lord God was said to walk in Eden “in the cool of the day.” “In the wind of the day;” so saith the Hebrew. Would this be an allowable translation? “And they heard the voice of the Lord God coming through the garden in the wind of the evening?” It would certainly be a just description of our own experience. What other time lends itself either to quiet assurance, on the one hand, or heart-searching, with a sense of nakedness and fear on the other, as doth the evening? There is the dawn, when, after prolonged prophecy increasing into the imminence of announcement, the sun rises, and sets his seal in majestic silence upon the new day. This we greet with adoration and hope. But, in the evening, it almost seems a lifetime since the rising of the sun, so full has the day been. At sunset, the hours of feverish activity seem to draw off, like a procession that is past, leaving but a flash of the pageant seen through a crowd of ideas. In such an hour, the mind either subsides into the repose of quiet thankfulness, tintured with the pensiveness which most days leave behind them, or it peers into the gathering shadows with a restlessness born of disappointment and alive with fear.

We have sat, grateful and reflective, in My Lady's Garden “in the cool of the day.” In such an hour, the twilight's rearguard has spread in a crescent across the zenith; the trees have stood out as

silhouettes against a radiance opalesque; the garden borders have been lighted with the flowers of the evening primrose, and scented with the overpowering perfume of the evening stock. In large gardens, nothing can excel the blossoms of the first-named flower for after-sunset effects. The garden ways are dark in contrast to the pearly glow which forms a background to the trees. In the S.E., a faint star appears. It is then that, in front of the laurels, rising over masses of *antirrhinum*, the large *anthera* bells open wide, and the border seems hung with miniature lamps. The display works like a spell, especially if the "churr" of the night-jar reaches you from the plantation, or a thrush sings late.

In such an hour, circles of mystery, like fine netting, envelop you imperceptibly on every side. Think of the growing stillness, only broken by sounds foreign to the day. Think how many voices have ceased with the sun, and how the far-off has become nigh. Here is a paradox. There is a time when multiplication works out subtraction! Think, too, of the things asleep, and of the things awake;—fearsome, some of these,—creepy, slimy, predaceous. Blue butterflies, showing only the brown of their underwings, hang head downwards on spires of grass. Do they dream? You would have a very bad dream indeed were you to sleep head downwards. Did you ever consider the effect of assimilation in colour as protective against danger, and draw from the thought a spiritual comparison?

Up there, in the prongs of the pollarded elm, are many nests; so there are also in the thick ivy covering one side of the house. If you were near enough, you might hear, in the night, an occasional twitter, but that would only be because the growing brood feel the nest a bit small. Otherwise, perfect quiet reigns. The evensong is over, and, for a few brief hours, the gaping beaks will not set moving the untiring wings of the parent birds. No marauders will intrude; for, hidden in the thick greenery, the birds brood their young. This brooding is going on all around,—in the dense holly, under the eaves, between the tall chimneys, and where the long grass of the meadow effectually hides the home of the lark,—the bird which lives so low, yet soars so high.

As the light lessens, the owl may be heard. In the woods on the outskirts of London, the barn owl, the tawny owl, and the long-eared owl are all more or less frequent. Two owls were seen sitting, fast asleep, on a fence near Chenies, in the middle of a hot afternoon. They looked like elderly officials unwittingly dozing during a long function. But, in the July twilight, the owl is wide awake enough. Woe unto the small creatures of the field that he spies; or, for the matter of that, solitary birds as well. When the mice set out, after dusk, to catch the moles, then the owls sally forth to prey upon the mice. An observer, however, found, in the nest of a tawny owl, three young ones, and, as food for them, five leverets, four young rabbits, three thrushes, and a trout weighing nearly half a pound. So, through the night, on noiseless wing, the owl scans the fields and streams, and, all unwittingly to the greater marauder, man, has, before morning, added to the list of Nature's tragedies. The sparrow-hawk is his *alter ego* by day; and, paralyzed little birds, coming under the spell of his swoop, fall an easy prey. If the jay is about, he will give

a cry of danger: then there will be a general scuttle. It is wonderful how that, even among birds, some dispositions are highly strung. They lead the way in apprehensiveness. Quickly nervous people are mostly voted a nuisance; but, like the jay, they are useful if they do not scream too often.

Thus, as we sit under the maples in My Lady's Garden, our eyes idly resting on the *anothera* lamps, we ponder on the world asleep, and the other world awake, a stranger world than that of the day; or is it only that we are less familiar with it?

Nor is this all. The wonderful processes of plant-growth claim our thought. During the hours of the day, carbonic acid gas has been unceasingly withdrawn from the air by all green-coloured plants, and just as constantly replaced by the respiration of animals, and many other ways. This is known to botanists as the process of "assimilation", and is said only to take place in the light. Leaves, too, give off great quantities of water through minute slits in their substance, known as *stomata*. These mouths open in the day, and close in the dark. This process is called "transpiration." The water comes from the roots, and ascends through the cylinder of sap-wood. But there is a third process, namely, "respiration", which goes on constantly, and consists in the absorption of oxygen, the gas of life, and the exhalation of carbonic acid. As we sit in the garden, during the July night, we think of all these complicated movements; of the delicate structures necessary for their operation; and that, on their unceasing action, the poise of Nature depends. Well might the psalmist exclaim, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"Men Wondered at."

(Zechariah iii. 8.)

A PAPER READ AT THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY
PASTOR GEORGE J. KNIGHT, NEWBURY.

I. THESE "MEN WONDERED AT" WERE ISRAELITES BY NATURAL DESCENT, AND "ISRAELITES INDEED" BY SPIRITUAL FAITH. In a double sense, therefore, they were numbered among the people "elect of God." They were chosen individuals, of "a chosen generation." The Lord of hosts, who describes them as "men wondered at," defends them from their adversary, and silences the accuser of the brethren, not by lengthened argument, but by the authority of His own election and action: "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee."

This is the spring-head of all blessedness: "The Lord hath chosen." Zechariah is pronounced upon the doctrines of grace, and is not afraid to say, "The Lord hath chosen." Many modern divines hide their light, if they have any, on this subject. Perhaps, however, they have not yet been delivered from the darkness of nature's Arminianism. We are born in that darkness; and if we come out into the light, it is "of grace." At one time, the apostles themselves were in this

gloom, and it caused them to invert the spiritual order. But before He suffered, Jesus poured upon them the sweet, relentless rays of His truth, and swept from them this darkness for ever. "Ye did not choose Me;"—they needed that gentle correction: "but I chose you;"—they welcomed the strong consolation.

2. THESE "MEN WONDERED AT" WERE SIGNALLY AND SPLENDIDLY GRACED.

We can stand by the prophet's side, and behold, as in a series of living pictures, their leader and representative experiencing a surprising transformation; and while we gaze upon him, we may not only see them, but ourselves also. *There is "Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord."* Now, the prophet was familiar with the high priest, but never before had he seen him as he saw him now. Hitherto, he had looked upon him as he moved among men; now he beholds him as he stands "before the Lord"; and we *are*, as we stand before God, not as we may appear unto men.

It was a sad, a distressing sight. "Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel." In the execution of his office, and fulfilment of his ministry, he would stand before the Lord; and, as Matthew Henry says, "he had no clean linen of his own." *Is not this an illustration of an unsanctified minister*, one officially occupying a holy position, constantly busy about holy things, frequently approaching near to the Thrice-Holy, and yet, "clothed with filthy garments"? The Lord have mercy upon us, and sanctify us wholly!

Did Joshua lament his condition? Was he acquainted with it? Self-knowledge is not common. "After a spirit of discernment," says an old French sage, "the next rarest thing in the world are diamonds and pearls." Yet surely Joshua knew something of his filthy state, for Satan, as a court adversary, appears on the right hand of the angel, to plead against him his vileness, and worthlessness, and *Joshua utters no word in self-defence.* He stands as one abashed, speechless, before the angel; his attitude and his silence constituting a profounder confession than a flood of words, and his sorrow proving even "too deep for tears."

In the court of the Holy, there is nothing to be said for sin. When our sinless Sin-bearer stood in the high priest's court, "He held His peace, and answered nothing." At Herod's judgment bar, "He answered him nothing." Before Pilate, accused by the chief priests of many things, "He answered nothing." He *could not* say one word in defence of our sin. He *would not* say one word to deliver Himself from our death. Something can be said for the meanest creature under heaven, but sin is defenceless in the universe; and Joshua, having a spirit of discernment, perceived this.

The Lord describes Joshua as "a brand plucked out of the fire." He had done with Joshua, as He tells us to do with others, "some save, snatching them out of the fire; hating even the garments spotted by the flesh." A firebrand, fit for the burning, and already aflame, or ascorch with the fire,—such was Joshua, and such were we. "A firebrand" is not an illustration that suggests any native dignity, latent goodness, or hidden worth, in man; yet it is God's own illustration! Of what possible service is a "firebrand", except to burn? The

most skilled horticulturist could not produce fruit, nor a living tree, from "a firebrand"; nor can all the arts, that men devise, develop a saint out of a sinner.

We are believers in the supernatural. Our holy faith is supernatural. Our work, along its highest levels, is supernatural. Our resources—everlasting thanks to God!—are supernatural. But there are, to-day, those calling themselves by Christ's dear Name, and found in Christian churches, who deny the supernatural; and these persons talk of a germ of good in the heart of man, that only awaits the developing touch of skilled hands, to result in a full-blown saint. You have, doubtless, seen their processes in operation; you have seen the educational plane at work, making the firebrand smooth, and then the application of the polish of higher culture, imparting to it a beautiful gloss;—but, after all, there was no life. When they had done their best, it was only a French-polished firebrand; the fire, still at the heart of it, quietly eating its way to the surface.

Now Grace accomplishes what is impossible to nature and man. The angel of the Lord, who is also the Lord of the angels, speaks: "Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him He said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee." His ministers, working at His bidding, instrumentally take away the filthy garments from the convicted, contrite soul; but *He Himself* is entirely responsible for causing the iniquity of the penitent to pass from him, and *He Himself* assures the anxious heart that it is gone. The filthy garments disappear for ever! *Cannot we enter into the feelings of Joshua at this juncture?* Have we not ourselves known the intolerable weight, heavier than the most cumbersome coat of mail, and the unspeakable horror of "the filthy garments"? Have we not experienced the blessed relief, the wondering gladness, the tears and the laughter, the thankfulness and the love, occasioned by their removal?

"God, long-injured, now
Melts me with mercy; the Great God forgives!
Yea, the Great God forgives, forgives, forgives
The meanest, vilest, worst!"

Can we ever forget? If we can, miserable backsliders are we. If we can, and so remain, the sooner we get out of the ministry, the better for our hearers, and for ourselves; for "the joy of the Lord is our strength." That joy gone, our strength is gone; and then, the ministry can only be like Samson's prison, with its ceaseless daily grind.

Here, my soul, is cause for adoration, that He should ever say to thee, "Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee." Only the Lord Himself can understand the infinite fulness of this word, or measure the unsearchable riches of the grace of it, or know the cost, to Him, of being able to say it; and He, knowing all this, calls upon me to "*behold*." And I can never have done with the gazing; for, the longer I look, the more I desire to "behold"; and the intenser my gaze, the richer glows the radiant grace.

But the cleansing is not more wonderful than the clothing. "I will clothe thee with change of raiment," "with rich apparel." (R.V.) What a change is here! Instead of "the filthy garments," "the gar-

ments of salvation," and "the robe of righteousness,"—clothing which is for beauty and glory, the adornment of the holy priesthood. "Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness." "I will also clothe her priests with salvation,"—the clothing with which the Lord, taking pleasure in His people, "beautifies the meek,"—the raiment of the redeemed in Heaven.

"Who are these in white array,
Brighter than the noonday sun?"

Whence their resplendent robes? "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "White!" The whiteness of light is caused by the perfect combination of the colours of the solar spectrum; and the whiteness of the robes of the ransomed is caused by all the perfections of Christ being poured forth, *in the blood of His heart*, for their cleansing. Costly robes indeed! Many valuable garments are being prepared for the coronation of Edward VII., and his Queen; and we have read of bridal attire worth a king's ransom; but all the revenues of the nations could not clothe the Church as she shall appear "prepared, as a bride adorned for her husband." Her wondrous garments are her Lord's. The terms used respecting the appearance of Christ's garments, when he was transfigured, tally with the description of the robes of the glorified. Matthew says, "His raiment was white as the light." Mark, "His garment became glistening, exceeding white." Luke, "His raiment became white and dazzling." The Bride in the Apocalypse appears "arrayed in white robes, in fine linen, pure and bright."

The crowning is equal to the cleansing and the clothing. "And I said, Let them set a fair mitre upon his head." Some ancient authorities read, "HE said;" and surely those ancient authorities are right. Later, the word of the Lord came to the prophet, to take silver and gold, and make crowns for the high priest and his fellows. Anyway, it was a thought worthy of the King of grace, and originally His own, to set a fair mitre, with "holiness unto the Lord" upon its golden crown, upon the brow of this man, and so to complete the transformation of the filthy firebrand into a kingly priest of the Most High God!

Concerning all this, shall we not cry, "Grace, grace, unto it"?

3. THESE "MEN WONDERED AT" WERE ALSO MINISTERS. They belonged to the priesthood, and are indicated to Joshua as "thy fellows that sit before thee." Under the high priest's charge and instruction, they were yet his brethren and fellow-helpers in his work. In troublous times, they were engaged in rearing a temple, the most glorious the world has known, surpassing in glory Solomon's magnificent pile, by the difference between the Shekinah and Him whose emblem the Shekinah was,—the difference between the Law and the Gospel. "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord; and in this place I will give peace, saith the Lord of hosts."

With these "men wondered at," the Lord renews the covenant of peace He made with Levi. "If thou wilt walk in My ways, and if thou wilt keep My charge, (or ordinance,) then thou shalt also judge My

house, and shalt also keep My courts, and I will give thee places to walk (a place of access, R.V.) among these that stand by." Service for such a Lord is wondrous grace, and the reward for faithful service is the confirmation and enlargement of service, and a place of access among those that stand by the Lord. Intimate contact with the Lord, in service and in communion, is the elixir of life to His servants that serve Him. The tone, style, spirit, and aim of their service are expressed in the words "minister unto Me" from Exodus xxx. 30: "Thou shalt anoint Aaron and his sons, and consecrate them, that they may *minister unto Me* in the priest's office." Whatsoever the appointed work of the anointed and consecrated servant of God, in that work he is to *minister unto the Lord*. So, lowly engagements are dignified, small services are magnified, and all works are glorified, inasmuch as they are done "unto the King."

4. THESE "MEN WONDERED AT" BELONGED TO THE RESTORATION. Now, when backsliders are reclaimed, reinstated, re-endowed;—when "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for Mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel;"—when these free-grace promises become experiences, who can help marvelling at the wonders of redeeming love?

5. THESE "MEN WONDERED AT" WERE, THEN, OF A TYPICAL CHARACTER, AND SIGNS TO THEIR OWN, AND SUBSEQUENT TIMES. As Isaiah and his children were for signs and for wonders in Israel, from the Lord of hosts, so Joshua and his fellows stood as types and signs in the period of the Restoration. Joshua typifies the Messiah, as Joshua's fellows typify believers whom our Lord admits to a share of His priesthood. "He hath made us unto our God a kingdom and priests, and we shall reign on the earth."

6. CHRIST HAS RANSOMED HIS PEOPLE THAT THEY MAY BE SIGNS AND WONDERS AMONG MEN FOR HIMSELF. "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall shew forth My praise;" is a Scripture that applies supremely to the New Testament Church. The saints are required to "declare His wonders among all people;" and, as "the heavens declare the glory of God" by being glorious, the saints can best declare the wonders of the Lord by being wonders. This applies with an added emphasis to ministers of the Gospel.

There are ways, in modern life, in which people become "men wondered at," that are, perhaps, best avoided. Some are "wondered at" because of their eccentricities, their singularities, and, may be, their angularities. Some are "wondered at" because of the cleverness with which they can display a limited stock in a manner calculated to impress the innocent with an idea of vast unseen reserves. Some are "men wondered at" because of certain learned-looking letters which *mysteriously* attach themselves to their names. But I need not enlarge. A cheap notoriety is dearly bought, and is far from being the purpose of our Lord for His children.

David said, "I am as a wonder unto many," but the people of God, and especially His ministers, are also *often* a wonder to themselves. John Newton, in his *Cardiphonia*, says:—"My soul is kept alive, as it were, by miracle. The enemy thrusts sore at me that I may fall. In London, I am in a crowd of temptations; but, in the country, there is

a crowd of temptations in me. To what purpose do I boast of retirement, when I am possessed of Satan's legions in every place? My mind, even in Olney, is a perfect puppet-show, a Vanity Fair, an absolute Newgate itself." There is comfort, brethren, in reading such words from such a man. Let me also quote from Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, upon the letter to the angel of the church in Pergamos:—"Satan is a spirit, . . . and dwells not in temples made with hands, . . . but only in the spirits of men, and most of all in the spirits of ministers, as this epistle teaches us, and as all the best commentators tell us it teaches us. And the reason of that so perilous pre-eminence of ministers is plain. Ministers, if they are real ministers, hold a kind of vicarious and representative position, both before Heaven and hell; and the swordsmen and archers of both Heaven and hell specially strike at, shoot at, and sorely wound and grieve, all such ministers, and the hearers of all such ministers only advertize their own ignorance when they go about saying that they do not understand their ministers when they speak of such things. 'No devil has a seat in their heart, that they know of;' they say. 'No arrows of Satan stick in their flesh, that they know of;' they say. . . . 'I will neither be much richer, nor much poorer of such people,' Satan says. 'But never let their ministers out of your sight, night nor day,' Satan says; . . . and Satan is right. For, let a minister but succeed in his own battle against Satan; let a minister but 'overcome', as our Lord's word is in every one of these ministerial epistles, and his whole congregation will soon begin to share in the spoils of their minister's victory.

"Thus Satan trembles when he sees
A minister upon his knees."

7. THE SAINTS AND SERVANTS OF GOD OUGHT TO BE "MEN WONDERED AT," FOR, "YE ARE GOD'S WORKMANSHIP." We all know something of God's workmanship in lower realms. We have observed it among the mosses, and ferns, the flowers, and trees of the wood; we have seen it in the ever-fresh and glorious outburst of life in the Springtide; in the growth and glow of Summer; in the richness and ripeness of Autumn; and in Winter's frost and snow. Wherever we have steadily gazed on God's workmanship, we have marvelled at its wonderfulness. But Nature is the workmanship of God's *hands*. Grace is the workmanship of God's *heart*. May it not be reasonably expected that the Grace-workmanship, in its beauty, perfection, and glory, shall exceed all the beauty, perfection, and glory of Nature? All are agreed that, ultimately, when the work is complete, it will be so; but the analogy of Nature suggests that, not only the results, but the processes of God's workmanship are wonderful. And does not His Word support this suggestion? "If any man is in Christ, there is a new creation: the old things are passed away; and, behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God." This is a statement of spiritual fact, rather than the presentation of an ideal to be sought. Just as the mark of God's work is to be seen in the infantile form, and in the child mind, as well as in the after growth and maturity of the man; so the stamp of God's work is visible on the babe in grace, as well as on the man in Christ; and inasmuch as it is

God's workmanship, it is all wonderful. But Nature is entirely docile and responsive to God's handiwork. Man is not so to God's heart-work. Often, he hinders it all he can. If we were only plastic as clay in the hands of the potter, what lovely workmanship of God should we present to an astonished world! Jesus *was so* plastic to the will of the Father, and He is "Wonderful", and most wonderful to those who best know Him.

8. WE OUGHT TO BE "MEN WONDERED AT," FOR, TO THIS END, CHRIST BOTH DIED AND ROSE AGAIN. It is put in different words, thus:—"He died for all, that they which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." A man really and wholly living unto Christ, all the time, is not a common sight. On his visit to England, in 1867, D. L. Moody heard words which marked an epoch in his life:—"The world has yet to see what God will do with, and for, and through, and in, and by, a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him." God blessed those words, and Moody became a "man wondered at."

The Targum paraphrases the words of our theme thus, "men worthy to have miracles wrought for them;"—worthy, as in the case of the centurion, of whom the people said, "Lord, he is worthy;" but who, better knowing himself, said, "Lord, I am not worthy." There is a fitness about whole-hearted consecration, both in its backward and its forward look. In its backward look, miracles of mercy have been wrought to produce it. In its forward look, miracles of mercy are waiting to reward it.

9. WE OUGHT TO BE "MEN WONDERED AT," FOR CHRIST CHOSE AND APPOINTED US WITH THIS IN VIEW. "I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My Name, He may give it you." The soul that bears the fruit the great Husbandman loves,—bearing it, not once in many months, as the trees of nature fruit, but abidingly, like the Tree of Life which yielded its fruit every month,—such a soul will have power with the Father in prayer, and will be an object of interest and wonder to Heaven and earth. The realization of the purpose of Christ's choice and appointment cannot fail to be a wonderful thing in any life. But these words have a *special application to ministers*, for our Lord still does choose and appoint His ministers, and no one is a *true* minister of Jesus Christ, whom He has not chosen and appointed. "Holy orders" are from the Holy Christ, and we care for none other. If, then, He has chosen and appointed us to go and bear fruit, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy behaviour and godliness!

10. WE OUGHT, CERTAINLY, TO BE "MEN WONDERED AT," FOR OUR FAITH IN CHRIST. How Jesus pleads for our trust! In His last discourse before He suffered, He says, "Ye believe in God, *believe also in Me*." Again, a little later, He says, "*Believe Me* that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me: or else *believe Me* for the very works' sake." This repeated pleading for our unwavering confidence in Himself, not only reveals His profound concern about our faith, but implies an indisposition on our part to exercise such trust. Yet, without it, we can never please the Father. "This is the work of God,

that ye believe *on Him* whom He hath sent." Such is the Father's command to those *without* the fold. "This is His commandment, that ye should believe *in the Name* of His Son Jesus Christ." Such is the Father's commandment to those *within* the fold. Those without are required to believe *on Him*. Those within are required to believe *in Him*. In a measure, all real Christians do this, and yet our faith may be perilously thin and weak, little able to bear the strain of any severe test.

"Not to see Christ, yet follow Him, is faith.
Not to see Christ, yet if He smite, to cling,
Is Faith's fair flower. . . .
Not to see Christ, altho' we have lived with Him,
And yet to worship Him, whom we have lost,
This is Faith's vintage, and yields royal wine."

Men of Abrahamic faith, who stagger not at the Word of God, but when He calls, abandon home, and offer up their Isaac ;—men of Job-like faith, who, having much to lose, can bear the loss of all, and then say, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord ;"—men of Daniel-like faith, who, with death threatening, will not compromise with the enemy so much as to shut down the window hitherto open at prayer-time ;—men of Elijah-like faith, who are so mighty upon their knees that they get their way with God ;—such men are not to be found in every pew, nor in every pulpit. Men of mighty faith in Jesus are wonders. Jesus Himself marvelled at the strong faith of the Roman.

The preaching of Christ, and of faith in Christ, must not only be preceded by the preacher's personal trust on Him, it must be accompanied by faith in Him. A great faith in Christ, in the pulpit, has a tendency to produce a great faith in Christ in the pew. The arrows of truth, feathered by love, and shot from the crossbow of a strong faith, "are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, whereby they fall under Thee." Humanly, nothing helps an anxious soul to trust the Lord more than the absolute reliance of the preacher upon the Saviour. Faith has a tone of her own, as inimitable as it is influential. Surely it is a crime against the souls of men, as well as against our great Christ, if the Christian, especially the man in the pulpit, does not give Him *his most unbounded confidence!*

In the Christian churches of to-day, how weak seems the faith of many! Yet faith's increase cannot be expected *unless we supremely aim at pleasing God*. Men-pleasers never have strong faith in Christ. "How can ye believe," Jesus asks, "which receive glory one of another, and the glory that cometh from the only God, ye seek not?" Getting the eye off Christ, lack of consideration of His promises and performances, worldlikeness, and disobedience to the known will of God, may largely account for the feebleness of the faith of some ; but it is a solemn question whether the weakness of the Church may not be largely due to *the slenderness of the faith of its ministers!* Jesus said, "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do, shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father." If, now, the measure of our faith in Him may be ascertained by the fruit we bear to Him, and the works we do in Him and for Him, how would our faith appear? He, the infinitely-generous, found it neces-

sary to say to His own intimates, "O ye of little faith!" *Would He, must He, thus appraise us?* Much that passes for faith in Him is not, as you well know, faith in Him at all. It is faith in appearances, faith in circumstances, faith in services, faith in moods, and men.

Real faith in Him needs no support from sight.

"Faith steps upon the Word,—her only 'seen.'
Faith wings invisible air, and though 'tis night,
Faith's starry eyes grow larger in the dark,
And with unnatural splendour pierce the gloom.
Unheard at midnight, Faith embarks her all
Upon some ancient promise of the Word, .
Blind sense discarding."

Faith, true faith in Him, is a mighty, victorious thing. It purifies the heart; it works by love; and it overcomes the world.

Faith, strong faith in Him, leads the soul down into the sweet dells where the lowly flowers of humility exhale their fragrance, and try to hide their beauty. A man, who really believes in Jesus, must as heartily disbelieve in himself, for these two are in everlasting opposition to one another. Where Jesus is in the ascendant, self is under His pierced feet. Where self bears rule, the blood of the covenant is trodden under foot.

Faith, real faith in Jesus, imparts courage to the timid, and power to the weak, so that they are brave and strong to face disease, or death; stern duty, or a frowning world; and only fear to be afraid, when He bids them "Go."

Faith, true faith in Him, accepts with gladness all His will, because it is the best, the wisest, and the most loving will in the universe. It even welcomes—

"Life's disappointments as veiled Love's appointments,
Angels of rescue travelling in disguise."

Faith, living faith in Him, secures the anointing, the infilling, and the immersion of the Holy Ghost.

"Our empty souls, when filled, like vessels sink
Of their own fulness, in the flood they drink."

Faith, strong faith in Him, inflames the heart with love,—with love to man, both friend and foe; but chiefly love to Him. Then—

"To crown His feet, is Love's supreme life-crown;"

but love learnt this while gazing through the eyes of faith into His much-marred face.

Faith, mighty faith in Him, is the least that we can render unto One who loves us so.

What love is Thine, dear Lord!
It stoops from Heaven to hell;
It batteth with the surges of our sin,
And sinketh not;
It beareth shame as tho' 'twere gain,
And for the love of our poor hearts, it seetheth
As for treasure trove;
It beareth loss, and cross,—the death of curse,
And turneth not aside,
Nor changeth ever.
O Lord, what love is Thine!

After all His lavish expenditure in the redemption of sin's slaves, His enemies, shall we, dare we, can we, ever doubt Him any more?

By-and-by, we hope to see Him at Home; and then, if sorrow could pass the veil, what grief would rend us that, while on earth, among His foes, we did not trust Him, absolutely, without one doubt!

Meanwhile, "all things are possible to him that believeth;"—the greatest prayers, the sweetest praises, and the holiest services. There are no Heaven-piercing heights of the mount of communion that are inaccessible to "him that believeth," for faith's feet are sure, and agile, and familiar with the mountains. There are no notes in the song of the Redeemer's praise impossible to "him that believeth," for faith's voice is of fullest compass, and can pour forth the sevenfold Doxology, in richest melody. There are no deeds of grace too daring or too lowly, too gentle or too fine, for "him that believeth," for faith's eye is keen, her heart is strong, and her hands are skilled.

In order, then, that all darkness, dulness, and dimness of faith, and of soul, may pass away from each one of us for ever, upon us—

*"Pour Thou Thine own unutterable splendour,
Thou wounded Face that light'st eternity!"*

"Yet not I."

I CANNOT claim the slightest credit, Lord,
Whene'er I do a thing that pleaseth Thee;
For Thou both will and strength must first afford
Before aught worthy can come forth from me.
To Thee alone must all the praise be due
Of any good, that I may say, or do.

I do not like to name the word "reward."
That I *may* do the smallest thing for Thee,
Is full repayment,—is such honour, Lord,
Far, far, beyond desert of one like me.
To loose Thy latchet, touch Thy garment's hem,
Is more to me than monarch's diadem.

'Twould be no joy to me to wear a crown,
(Even in Heaven.) as though it were my own,
Save that before Thee I might cast it down
When, with Thy ransomed ones, before Thy throne.
One head, alone, should wear the kingly sign,—
And that, by one consent, dear Lord, is Thine!

And though I may not hope, among that throng,
To reach beyond the lowest and the small,
My voice shall join the universal song
Of, "Crown Him, King of kings, and Lord of all!"
Honour and blessing, majesty and power,
Be to Thy holy Name for evermore!

The Language the Holy Spirit Teaches.

PAUL claims that his very language, like the substance of his teaching, was Spirit-taught, and that it avoided, on principle, the learned jargon of the Schools, and chose instead the simple speech in everyday use, which the common people would hear gladly, and be likely to understand.

* * * *

The Spirit of God is the great Democrat. The language which He teaches is language which goes home to the heart and conscience of universal humanity. It is popular *versus* scholastic language; the language of the marketplace *versus* the academy; the language of "the man in the street" *versus* the University don.

* * * *

That the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was a Spirit-taught preacher, no one could for a moment dispute. We once heard him make a very significant remark in an impromptu address to an assembly of brother-ministers. Speaking of the importance of simplicity and plainness of language, he expressed his fear lest he might not have preached as simply as he ought to have done; and he declared it to be his purpose and endeavour, then and henceforth more than ever, so to preach that, if "Vilikins and his Dinah" were to stray into the congregation, it would be impossible for them *not* to understand. He acted on this principle, we believe, all through his ministry: and, therefore, at the beginning of that ministry, and for many years, he was reviled, slandered, sneered at, caricatured, and even put down as a vulgar mountebank. Nevertheless we protest that, in so doing, he was acting under the instruction and impulse of the Spirit. For let it not for an instant be imagined that such language as we have been indicating—the language of ordinary intercourse, of the home, the shop, the street, yea, or the language of the slums—is too secular, too coarse, too common, to be called spiritual, taught of the Spirit. Our contention is, that language which serves to make clear, and convey Spirit-given truth to the minds and hearts and consciences of all classes of men, is the language which the Spirit wishes us to use. In answer to all such objections, we quote the rebuke spoken to the apostle, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."—THE LATE PRINCIPAL R. H. ROBERTS, B.A., in his volume, *The Spiritual Mind* (Hodder and Stoughton, see Reviews).

"Between the Dead and the Living."

(Numbers xvi. 48.)

A REMINISCENCE, BY W. JEVES STYLES.

IN certain conditions of the atmosphere, distant objects appear clearer and more vivid to the vision than others that are closer at hand. So with men who are beginning to feel the burden of advancing years. Long-past events seem as if they occurred but yester-

day. Hushed voices are once more heard; vanished hands touch one as "in the days of auld lang syne." Certainly, this is so with the writer's recollections of his third Session at the dear old College.

The Autumn of 1863 was felt to be a solemn and earnest time with most of us students. Two of our number had been close and inseparable friends,—the Damon and Pythias, the David and Jonathan, of our little confraternity. John Collins and Alfred Searl were, in fact, hardly ever seen apart, and not unfrequently sat, hand-in-hand, while our Theological Tutor, Rev. George Rogers,—so austere in manner, so kind at heart,—read his incomparable Lectures on Divinity.

One memorable Monday, as we gathered together in the Lecture-hall, and waited for our beloved Pastor-President to enter, and commence the proceedings,—the tidings circled round that poor Searl, who had been long ailing, was dead,—and the hush of a great awe filled our hearts. When Mr. Spurgeon entered, it was evident that he had been crying; and he sat, for some time, with his handkerchief to his face before breaking silence. He then said that he supposed we all knew what had happened. He pointed to two little tablets, which in those days hung on the North wall to perpetuate the memory of Messrs. Wheeler and Flight, two students who had passed away before my time, and proceeded to speak of the dear youth whose loss we all felt so keenly. Then he called us to prayer. Few, perhaps, could believe that one, ordinarily so fluent when leading others to the throne of grace, could be so hesitating and constrained as he was on that occasion. At first, his voice faltered, and nearly failed, and there was no trace of the almost inspired eloquence which characterized so many of the petitions which still live in the hearts of those who loved him. Presently, he began to address the Lord in words that approached bitterness in their complaint at the removal of one of such grace and promise; and he glided, I think involuntarily, into the words, "We have nourished and brought up children;" when, seeing how inept the close of the verse would be, he paused, wiped his eyes, and closed abruptly. What further occurred that afternoon, I fail to remember.

On the following Monday, Mr. Spurgeon made a few passing references to our deceased companion and friend, (whose funeral sermon had been preached by our Tutor, at Loughton, the day before,) concluding with some characteristic remarks on the earnestness which our present and future lives demanded. This led to his saying that he had read hymns for many special occasions, and for the use of almost all sorts and conditions of Christians, but never had he seen one specially intended for students for the ministry. This had induced him to string together some verses of this character, which he then read, and asked us to join in singing. I took the hymn down, but have, unfortunately, lost it. I am, however, all but certain that it was in Common Metre, and that each verse ended with the refrain,—

"Then, 'twixt the living and the dead,
We'll wave the censer high."

How this touched me, I can hardly say; but it abides in my mind as a tender and holy memory even unto this day.

* * * *

Several months since, I asked my esteemed friend, Mr. J. W. Harrald, whether a copy of this hymn had been found among our late dear President's papers. He thought not; but subsequent research has brought the following to light. It is a half-sheet of notepaper* containing what I imagine must have been the rough draft of the hymn as our President gave it out that afternoon. Mr. Harrald having kindly placed it at my disposal, it lies before me as I write, and reads thus,—

"For holy warfare (conflict) train our souls,
Like soldiers (warriors) for the fray;
If summon'd to the utmost poles,
Our Captain we'll obey.

"In robes of grace array us all,
Anointed from on high,
Then, 'twixt the living and the dead,
We'll wave the censer high.

"With sacred (priestly) oil anoint each head,
Our spirits sanctify;
Then, 'twixt the living and the dead,
We'll wave the censer high."

I incline to think that what I have called the "refrain" came first and spontaneously to Mr. Spurgeon's mind, and the other lines were written to give it a fitting position, and that these—judging from the many words that are erased, and the three alternative readings which I have noted in brackets,—were not wholly to the writer's satisfaction. I have heard him say that he hated composition when compelled to "stodge" over his work. The hymn, in its perfected form,—probably written on the other half of the sheet of paper which we have,—is, it is to be feared, hopelessly lost, unless one of those who helped to sing it may perchance have preserved it.

Many of these long since responded to the Master's "Home-call." W. Stammers Webb, who sat beside me; Thomas Cannon, who entered College the same day as myself; R. Davies Smith, whose mind failed long ere he died; Thomas Ness, the courtly and gracious; F. G. Hughes, with his fine aptitude for Systematic Theology; and many others, whose young, eager voices joined in that solemn song so long ago, can neither contradict nor confirm what is here stated. It would, however, be pleasant to know whether any, who "remain until now" treasure this memory as the writer does; whether we still pray, as assuredly we *then* did, with the face of our deceased comrade so present to us all; and whether the old enthusiasm still moves us,—

"Betwixt the living and the dead,
To wave the censer high."

* It is worthy of mention that, on the back of the same half-sheet of paper, Mr. Spurgeon had written, in pencil, this verse of another hymn, apparently as a prayer for a student leaving the College to enter the ministry,—

"Go with our brother, gracious Lord,
Aid him to preach Thy Sacred Word;
As by the fishermen of old,
So now, by him, Thy grace unfold."

In Memoriam—Elder J. T. Dunn.

ON Lord's-day evening, May 4th, at the Tabernacle communion service, the Church Secretary, ELDER J. T. DUNN, reported the deaths of seven of the members; on June 1st, his own name was on the list of those who had been "called home" since the previous monthly communion. As we briefly intimated in our last issue, the summons reached him early in the morning of May 22nd, in the middle of his seventy-third year. He had, apparently, recovered from the very serious illness which almost proved fatal during the past year; but, a fortnight before the end, bronchitis and pneumonia, accompanied with grave symptoms of heart failure, caused the deepest anxiety to his many relatives and friends. All that was possible was done for him, but his long course was evidently run, and he heard the Master's call, "Come up hither," and he passed in to be "with the King, for His work," in the upper sanctuary.



The Pastor was preaching in Paris, on the following Friday and Sunday, so he had to be content with expressing his sympathy, in writing, to the bereaved family, and Church, and Bible-class. Pastor C. B. Sawday made appropriate references, at the Sabbath services, to the "promotion" of the esteemed Elder; at the Men's Bible-class, over which Mr. Dunn has presided for so many years, a great part of the afternoon was devoted to grateful testimonies to his worth and work; while, at the Richmond Street Mission, of which he was the beloved Founder and President, there were manifest signs of the grief of his noble band of fellow-workers, and of the many on whose behalf he had so long and so earnestly laboured.

The funeral was fixed for Monday afternoon, May 26th, at Camberwell Cemetery, near Honor Oak Station. A short service, at the house, was conducted by Pastor C. L. Gordon, of Wantage, an old and faithful friend of Mr. Dunn, and the one who buried Mrs. Dunn a little more than two years before. As the *cortège* passed into the cemetery, most of the Tabernacle Deacons and Elders, with hundreds of the members of the Church, Bible-class, and Mission, and nearly all the Committee of the Home Counties Baptist Association, followed in the procession, or clustered around the open grave. Pastor C. B. Sawday, after reading suitable passages of Scripture, gave a tender and touching address, in which he said that their beloved brother was brought to the Lord while yet a young man, and as he gave himself to the work of God from the very first, he served the Saviour for over half a century. In December, 1859, he was transferred from Parish Street to New Park Street, and it was not long before the now-glorified Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon, saw in Mr. Dunn peculiar fitness for work amongst the sick and the poor in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle. He was then connected with the London City Mission; but, resigning his position, he became the missionary of the Tabernacle Church. A little later, he was elected an Elder; soon after, he was appointed Secretary of the Church; and, from that time, until the end, he was a most devoted, sympathetic, self-denying, Christ-like worker amongst the people. Only a few weeks before he was called away, he said to one of the deacons, "I should like to be able to work right up to the last;" and he had his heart's desire.

Mr. Sawday gave further testimony to the esteem in which Mr. Dunn was held by the many poor folk from Richmond Street who had

gathered around the house in which he formerly lived; the hymn,—so often sung at Tabernacle funerals conducted by Mr. Dunn,—

“For ever with the Lord,”—

was sung; prayer was offered by Pastor Charles Spurgeon; and then the service was closed with two verses of—

“Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest.”

At the close of the prayer-meeting, the same evening, a church-meeting was held, at which the following resolution was unanimously passed amid many signs of sympathetic interest:—“That we record, in the Minutes of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, our sense of the great loss we have sustained, as a Church, by the home-going of our beloved Elder, John T. Dunn, who departed this life on Thursday, May 22nd. His consecration to the Master, his consistent conduct during the whole of his Christian life; his devotion to the Church from the year 1859, when he joined us, first as a private member, then as an Elder for about thirty years, and as the Secretary of the Elders’ Court; his labours as President of the Men’s Bible-class and of the Richmond Street Mission, have endeared him to us all, and we magnify the grace of God in him. We commend his family to the covenant mercies of his God and theirs, and earnestly pray that others may be raised up to carry on the work he loved to do.”

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.

“*My Gospel.*” Twelve Addresses Delivered in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By THOMAS SPURGEON. Arthur H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

As we have already called attention to the publication of this book,—Vol. xxiii. in “The Baptist Pulpit,”—it may suffice if we give the titles of the twelve discourses which are included in it. They are “My Gospel,” “Bar and all,” “Satan’s sneer,” “The Man at the Wheel,” “When it is Grown,” “Ever the Same,” “The Stars also,” “Any more for the Cross?” “It is the Lord,” “Fainting Fits,” “Make Fast,” and “The Old Landmarks.” We think readers of the volume will say that its contents are fully equal to those in “*God Save the King!*” though the latter is outwardly more attractive in appearance.

The Preacher and his Work. By A PREACHER. (Second edition, 6d. net.) Passmore and Alabaster.

PREACHERS and teachers, ay, and hearers and scholars, too, must

benefit by these “sententious sentences,” as C. H. Spurgeon called them. This little book should be in the studies of all our ministers, both hearing them and asking them questions. The profits from its sale are devoted to Foreign Mission Work.

The Spiritual Mind. By R. H. ROBERTS, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE last fruitage of a choice mind, a brave heart, and a consecrated spirit. A volume that the modern theological upstart will dismiss as mystical, but which is, on that very account, precious to all who value experimental truth. The late Principal of Regent’s Park College learned many things during his last illness, and they are here given to us. We have ventured to print elsewhere a remarkable extract on the ever-beloved C. H. S. and his transparent language, which shows how warmly the writer appreciated the great preacher’s popular forms of expression. It is a gracious memorial to both men.

"One and All" Gardening, 1902.
 Edited by EDWARD OWEN
 GREENING. 92, Long Acre,
 London, W.C.

THIS is the Handbook of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, a Mutual Society of 3,000 self-supplying consumers, who serve themselves and the public with highly-guaranteed seeds and manures. They trade under the old Cornish motto, "One and All." The Editor of the Handbook is their Managing Director. The little book itself gives a great amount of information on gardening which should be specially useful to amateurs. There is a most readable chapter on rose culture by Mr. T. W. Sanders, F.L.S.

Francis E. Clark: Founder of the Y.P.S.C.E. By W. KNIGHT
 CHAPLIN. Andrew Melrose.
 (1s. net.)

It is most fitting that this brief summary of the remarkable career of "Father Endeavour Clark" should have been written by his son in the Endeavour faith, W. Knight Chaplin, and admirably has the labour of love been performed. We thought we knew Dr. Clark and the Y.P.S.C.E., but we know both of them far better now that we have read this delightful little volume.

Of course, every Endeavourer must have a copy of the book, so Mr. Melrose had better be getting several new editions ready. In the first, will the esteemed author note that a figure has been dropped on page 36, reducing thousands to hundreds; that "thrice" on page 52 and "twice" on page 55 do not agree; and that, on page 88, the word "can" has been interpolated into the quotation from the Revised Version of Eph. iii. 20?

Optimism and the Vision of God.
 By BENJAMIN A. MILLARD. Arthur
 H. Stockwell.

THERE is distinct power in these sermons; but Optimism, that reaches even to Dives in torment, outruns the Revelation of God!

The Sinlessness of Jesus. By CARL
 ULLMANN, D.D. T. and T. Clark.

It is too late in the day to praise this book, with its masterly and convincing argument for the truth of Christianity; but we very gladly draw the attention of students of theology to this translation of the seventh altered and enlarged edition. Messrs. Clark are doing a service to the whole Church of Christ by its issue.

Dreams and Realities. By GEORGE
 E. MORGAN. Morgan and Scott.

SPIRITUAL vision and common sense are the marks of these practical papers. We commend this little book highly, and are glad to think that *The Christian*, where its chapters first appeared, is in such capable hands.

"Brooks by the Traveller's Way."
 By J. H. JOWETT, M.A. Allenson.

THESE week-night "Gems by Jowett" are full of the tender lustre and soft graciousness of Bible teaching, and are as attractive as they are Scriptural. Happy are the people who listen to such rare preaching as this; it is, indeed, by waters of peace and in green pastures of rich abundance, that they are led. Altogether delightful and inspiring.

Will Faithfull's Notions; or, Homely Thoughts on Sundry Church Matters. By W. J. HARRIS.
 Arthur H. Stockwell. (6d. net.)

SEVEN brief, bright, brotherly papers by our esteemed friend Harris, of Luton, who writes with the pen of a modern Puritan, and not seldom with the homely wit and wisdom of dear "John Ploughman"; and no wonder, for "Will Faithfull" was one of "John's" shepherd boys. This is one of the best booklets Mr. Stockwell has ever published.

The Great Saints of the Bible. By
 LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.
 Charles H. Kelly.

A VOLUME of thoughtful and earnest sermons. The preacher does not

disdain to use anecdotes; and being slightly Talmagian in style, these discourses would be likely to keep a congregation interested, and thus give the truth a chance to reach the heart. The choice of "great saints" is an unusual one; the qualifications of some of the characters treated hardly entitle them to front rank. It would be instructive to see the preacher's selection of minor saints.

Life and Liberty. By GORDON B. WATT, M.A. Edinburgh: The Christian Literature Co. London: Marshall Brothers.

DEEPLY spiritual and extremely practical. The author is "a man with a message."

The Century Bible. Thessalonians and Galatians. By Prof. W. F. ADENEY, M.A.

Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon, and Philippians. By G. CURRIE MARTIN, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

THE volume by the General Editor of the series has all the freshness of treatment which we noticed in his "LUKE." For instance, he contrasts the surging vehemence of the Epistle to the Galatians, and the reasoned calm of the Epistle to the Romans, with Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera* on the one hand, and with his *Modern Painters* on the other. But we do not believe, as he seems to suggest, that Paul's faith in the Second Advent was either "delusion" or "illusion."

Mr. Currie Martin keeps his Exposition well within bounds, but he says many excellent things; his suggestion that the Fourth Gospel owes something to the Epistle to the Ephesians being not the least valuable. But again we meet with the fashionable doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood of God: in commenting on the word *adoption*, he says, "All men are God's children, but some special word is needed to express the conscious sonship of faith and obedience, and this is Paul's expression." We protest that our "adoption as sons

through Jesus Christ unto Himself" leaves no room for any other sonship. Our consciousness cannot be the measure of relationship. Why will those who believe in the new birth continue to use one word for two things? If "Fatherhood" is the term for God's relationship to His saints, let us distinguish it by using another term for His relation to those who are unregenerate.

A New Heaven and a New Earth. Partridge and Co.

IMAGINATIVE, dogmatic, and notwithstanding a seed of truth, untrue.

Power for Witnessing. By ALBION F. BALLENGER. Partridge and Co.

THE saints of God so greatly need the power of which this volume treats, that we are not inclined to be over-critical of an author who evidently, out of a burning heart, and from his own experience, exhorts us to receive more of God into our lives. We must not, however, be supposed to endorse his views of healing and perfection. The book is beautifully produced.

The Greatest Things in the World. By Pastor R. A. WEST. Arthur H. Stockwell.

GOOD average talks on a dozen themes, suitable for the Christian Endeavour meeting;—not the greatest nor the most suggestive we have met, but full of Evangelical fervour and zeal. We hope the author will be encouraged by their sale, and that lasting good may attend their publication.

In His Presence. By WM. GOVAN. New Edition. Nisbet and Co.

SWEET, gracious poems of the Christian life, well worth a re-issue. For a choice little gift-book to a devout believer, no better one could be chosen; it is the very thing for a birthday or other special occasion of personal interest. A little box covers each copy, and so commends it as a souvenir book.

Apostolic Optimism. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE miss, in the sermons which compose this volume, the rare charm of Mr. Jowett's personality, but the sermons themselves are beautiful and forceful. It is a subject for praise that one, occupying such an honoured position, and so largely before the public eye, has drunk so deeply at the fount of truth. The preacher seems to be impregnated with the grace of God, and his horizon to be bounded by the majesty of the Atonement. This is a book to read, and re-read, until the thoughts that have soaked into the preacher's own soul sink also into ours.

In the Days of the Dragons. By E. C. DAWSON, M.A. Seeley and Co.

ONE of those very rare books—of addresses to boys—that exactly hit the mark. It is strong, robust, breezy, yet full of gracious savour. It is a little overdone with military pictures, but that is only a small blemish on an unusually good book for its special purpose.

Keynotes to the Happy Life. By Mrs. CHARLOTTE SKINNER. Part-ridge and Co.

TWELVE beautiful little chapters, full of illustration, with the dainty touch of a woman's hand on them all. This small volume deserves a wide circulation.

Notes.

GOD SAVE OUR KING AND QUEEN!

Personal Paragraphs.

Hail, gentle Peace! Lord's-day, June 1st, was indeed a day of good tidings. The news that terms of peace were signed reached us while we were singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." A few moments later, we sprang to our feet again, and, the great congregation expressed its relief and gratitude in "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Who does not rejoice? Whatever our opinions as to the origin and conduct of the war; whatever our anxieties as to the future of the territories acquired by conquest, we bless God that the war-drum throbs no longer, that the sword is sheathed. Long may they sleep!

Why will the nations strive? Why do they resort so readily to the dread arbitrament of the sword? Will they learn wisdom from this sanguinary struggle? 22,450 deaths on our side! And what were the losses of our foes? Oh, the pity of it! oh, the folly! the sin! How far we seem from realizing that of which the angels sang! Yet it will surely be.

"Years are coming when, for ever,
War's dread banner shall be furled.
And the Angel Peace be welcomed
Regent of the world."

We were more than pleased with our short trip to Paris. Pasteur Saillens and his happy household made us right welcome, and to see his work, and his workers, brought us real delight.

Of the three meetings in which we were privileged to share, the French service, on the Sunday afternoon, at Rue Meslay, pleased us most.

The large muster, the hearty singing, the Pasteur's eloquent sermon, our opportunity for a little talk, interpreted sentence by sentence, our fellowship with brethren of another tongue, but of the same faith and order, at the Lord's Supper, and, to crown all, the Tabernacle National Anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross," (in French, of course,) such items made the meeting memorable.

Our visit has made us more than ever anxious to help our Baptist brethren. They are worthy for whom we should do this. Their task is difficult, and their encouragements are necessarily few. These are the men to open Mission Halls for the preaching of the Gospel throughout Paris and its suburbs. British Baptists must help to find the funds.

Our Auxiliary is trying to arrange an extended tour for Pasteur Saillens in November. Will some ministers invite him to address public meetings? Will some laymen be good enough

to arrange drawing-room meetings? Pastor E. H. Brown, of Surbiton, Surrey, is the man to write to. We are always glad to forward financial help.

By way of postscript, let us add that, if any friends want to find for themselves, or for their young people, a home in Paris, and an opportunity to learn the language, they would do well to seek admission to Pasteur Saillens' circle. He resides in a healthy suburb, and his good wife and daughters know how to make visitors feel at home. For terms, apply to Pasteur R. Saillens, 13, Rue Louis Philippe, Neuilly, Paris.

We are anxious to secure two copies of each issue of "The Signal," in which our evening sermons appear, for the following dates of 1901,—April 3, Aug. 7, 14, and 21, Sept. 4, Oct. 30, and Dec. 4. Can any friend oblige by sending any of these to Pastor Thos. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E.?

Owing to the pressure on our space, we are obliged to postpone, until next month, the continuation of Pastor Hugh D. Brown's masterly arguments in favour of the Plenary Verbal Inspiration of the Scriptures. We hope it will not be necessary again to interrupt the series, which will, probably, go on until early in next year; and, afterwards, the articles will be republished in a volume, which ought to be very widely circulated by all lovers of the "God-breathed" Word.

IN MEMORIAM.—Australian Baptists have suffered a severe loss in the sudden death of REV. A. W. WEBB, of Geelong. He was our predecessor in the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Auckland, New Zealand, and we built on a foundation that was well and truly laid. Though feeling ill, he bravely took his part in the great simultaneous mission; and while praying with a friend, he became unconscious, and, a little later, calmly breathed his last. "He knelt down and prayed, . . . and he fell asleep."

As we have had to go to press specially early with this issue, we are unable to refer at length to the death of the REV. JOHN SPURGEON, which took place on June 14. The dear old saint, beloved by all, would have been 92 years of age had he lived to July.

His end was perfect peace. We hope to pay an affectionate tribute in next month's Magazine.

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

The Open-air Services have been held, notwithstanding the showery weather. The meeting on Lord's-day, May 18th, was under the auspices of the Free Church Federation, and several leading ministers took part in it.

The annual garden party of the Young Christians' Missionary Union, held at the Orphanage, on Saturday, May 31st, was in every way happy and successful. Some 250 friends assembled in the afternoon, and about 500 in the evening. A series of meetings had been arranged, and amongst those who took part were Revs. R. Wright Hay, W. Justin Evans, D. W. Vaughan, M.A., William Carey, J. Gregory Mantle, and Mr. Malcolm Spencer, who came up from Oxford to open a Conference on "Christian Endeavour as a Missionary force."

Lord's-day, June 1st, will not soon be forgotten. The evening service had not proceeded far when a special dispatch was handed to Mr. Spurgeon, and read by him to the great congregation, as follows,—

"PEACE ARRANGED.

"The Central News announces, with profound gratification, that a telegram from Lord Kitchener, received at the War Office to-day, announces that terms of peace were signed at Pretoria, last night, by Lord Milner, Lord Kitchener, and all the Boer delegates."

The message caused a thrill of emotion to run through the audience. At the bidding of the Pastor, the Doxology was sung, and prayer and thanksgiving followed. The good news was confirmed, a few minutes later, by similar telegrams from the Editors of "The Morning Leader" and "The Daily Express." Later in the evening, Mr. Spurgeon expressed the hearty thanks of the Church and congregation for the extreme courtesy displayed by these three Editors.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, May 29th, eight,—Alice Bourne, Henry J. Eaton, Novello Edmunds, Eliza

Maud Hubbard, Fanny M. Worley, Henri Larioux, Elise Lawry, Constance V. Smith; at Haddon Hall, May 29th, six,—Emily Potter, Cressy Millard, Walter Millard, Ada Millard, Charles S. Henry, William Lymer.

At the monthly communion service, on Lord's-day evening, June 1st, the deaths of the following members were reported:—Dinah Drew, Harriet Johnson, Eleanor Druce, John T. Dunn.

On Wednesday evening, June 11th, the Rev. J. Richardson lectured to the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society upon "Wrecks and Salvage."

Four hundred of the King's guests will be accommodated for the Coronation Dinner to the poor, at the Tabernacle, on Saturday afternoon, July 5th. No beer will be served. The entertainment, which follows the dinner, will be given by the handbell ringers and choir from the Stockwell Orphanage under the direction of Mr. Charlesworth.

The young friends of the Tabernacle Sunday-school will take their annual trip to the country on Tuesday, July 8th. They will go to Tonbridge by railway. We wish them and their devoted teachers a happy day under cloudless skies and in a genial atmosphere.

During the Pastor's holiday, the following brethren will (D.V.) occupy the Tabernacle pulpit:—August 10th, 17th, and 24th, Rev. John McNeill; August 31st, Pastor C. B. Sawday; September 7th, Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, of Edinburgh; September 14th, Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Liverpool.

Concerning the College.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. H. Bailey, from Lerwick, to Shrewton, Wiltshire; Mr. A. Waugh, from Belvedere, to Rowley and Blackhill, Co. Durham; and Mr. J. G. Williams has resigned the pastorate at Attercliffe on becoming Secretary of the Yorkshire Baptist Association.

Our Brother Townsend has had a mingled experience on returning to Canada. His first letters were full of gratitude to God for providing him

with a most hopeful sphere of service at St. Martin's, New Brunswick, where he was unanimously invited to accept the pastorate on his arrival in the Dominion. A few days later, he had to send the sorrowful tidings that his eldest girl had died of diphtheria, while he was at St. Martin's arranging for his wife and family to come to him, and that his other two girls had been attacked, but were progressing favourably. We deeply sympathize with our bereaved friends, and pray that they may be graciously upheld in this season of sore sorrow.

We have received our brother's next article on Life and Work in Canada, which will appear in our next number.

Our Fatherless Family.

The early publication of this month's Magazine—to avoid the crush of Coronation week,—makes it impossible to include any account of the Ophanage Festival. This will (D.V.) be given next month, together with the Annual Report of the Institution, and the long lists of contributions which will, no doubt, by that time, have been added to its funds.

Colportage Chronicles.



THE BOYS' FRIEND.

Sales have recently been considerably interfered with by holidays, Coronation preparations, etc., and less exciting conditions are eagerly desired in the interests of the work.

A capital method of practical observance of the Coronation, in rural Districts, would be the opening up of new Colportage centres, by Christians who, while wishing to express their

loyalty, desire to place their money out at good interest. A useful all-round Christian worker can be engaged, for a whole year, in a suitable locality, for £45; and a few friends could readily lay this amount at the feet of King Jesus for fresh aggressive work in His cause. Several new Colportage Districts are in contemplation, and we hope that favourable decisions will be arrived at with regard to some of them before long.

The Colporteur at Wellow, Isle of Wight, has superintended the Sunday-school there for some twenty-seven years; and on May 18th and 19th, the centenary of the Church and School was observed, when the Secretary was present, and took part in the proceedings.

A brother gives some short, pithy extracts from his Report as follows:—"Found a person, at a lonely cottage, suddenly taken ill. There being no one to attend her, I left my pack, and went about a mile to secure the services of a friend to take charge of the invalid." "I was requested to visit a man lying seriously ill; he wanted to know if there was forgiveness of sin for him. I counselled him, read to him from the Scriptures, and prayed, promising to call again." "Spoke to an aged man by the wayside about his soul's salvation, and trust it was a word in season." "Was told of benefit and blessing a cottager had received from reading Moody's 'Way to God,' which I had sold her." "I entered a cottage, and found no one at home but a young woman very ill. It was a cold day, and the fire was out; so I chopped some wood, found her coal, and kindled a bright fire. We then had a little talk about Divine things, and I left her comfortable and grateful."

An earnest appeal is made for subscriptions for the General Fund, which will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

* * * *

Miscellaneous Matters.

The annual tea and public meeting of the Haddon Hall Sunday-school were held on Wednesday, June 4th. Mr. G. Pedley presided, and addresses were given by the Rev. Frank Smith, M.A., Mr. C. Wagstaff, and Mr. J. Kitchen. The Report, presented by

Mr. F. E. Dilly, included the following interesting details,—scholars, 1,088, of whom 200 are over fifteen years of age; officers and teachers, 55; church-members, 90, of whom 18 have joined during the past year. £89 was raised for missionary work. In the Scripture Examination, 17 out of 19 who entered, "passed," and a first prize was gained.

On the following day, Pastor Archibald G. Brown preached a sermon to Sunday-school teachers and senior scholars.

On Tuesday, June 10th, the thirtieth anniversary of the Pioneer Mission was celebrated at the Tabernacle. After a meeting for prayer and praise, S. T. Lancaster, Esq., presided at the subscribers' tea, and the Pastor took the chair at the evening gathering. The Annual Report and Balance-sheet of the Mission appear in the current issue of "The Pioneer Review," published by the Baptist Tract and Book Society, which gives a most cheering account of the progress of the work, and also reveals the great need of increased financial help if Mr. Carter's many projects are to become accomplished facts.

On Tuesday evening, June 17th, the Richmond Street Mission, of which the late Mr. J. T. Dunn was the President, held an impressive Memorial Service, at which Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided.

On the same date, the Free Church Council held an enthusiastic meeting at the Tabernacle re the Educational Bill.

It is always a real treat to read the Reports and Appeals which come from Miss Sharman's pen. The Orphanage in West Square, Southwark, is a true Home, and Miss Sharman is a true Mother. In the circular before us, she sings the praises of her little charges, and says, "Now I want to reward them by giving them the happiest summer outing that I can possibly arrange for them." She asks for special gifts for seaside holidays, and for Coronation Festivities. We shall rejoice if some of our readers will help our esteemed neighbour. They could hardly do better.

The 49th Annual Report of the Open Air Mission is appropriately

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Smeed	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Angus	0	10	0
A lover of C. H. Spurgeon's work	0	1	0	Mrs. E. Porter	0	5	0
Mary Campbell	0	1	0	Newbury Baptist Sunday-school,			
Collected by Miss M. Blythe	0	3	6	per Mr. T. S. Waite	1	3	0
Gordon House School, Kingston				Mrs. R. Boushield	50	0	0
Hill, per Mr. W. Dixon	0	5	0	Mrs. J. M. Knight	10	0	0
Mr. T. Davis	0	4	0	Misses A. J. and E. Gould (In			
Collected by Mr. G. Hicks	3	10	0	memory of our dear father's birth-			
Mrs. Critchell, per Mr. G. Hicks	0	10	0	day)	3	0	0
Mr. W. F. Lamb	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Reavell	2	2	0
Mrs. W. H. Jones	5	0	0	Mr. C. Moss-Cockle	1	1	0
Lord Overtoun	100	0	0	Miss Poole	1	1	0
A reader of the "Christian World,"				Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.	1	1	0
per Messrs. J. Clarke and Co.	1	0	0	Sir Frederick Howard	1	1	0
Mrs. Gearing	0	5	0	Mrs. A. M. Williams	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0	4	0	Mr. J. A. Tawell	1	0	0
Stamps, Balloch	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Proctor	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Rees	1	0	0	Mr. E. J. Upward	0	10	0
J. W.	10	0	0	Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Coggeshall Baptist Sunday-school,				Richmond Street Sunday-school, per			
per Mrs. J. Willsher	0	7	6	Mr. Everett	15	0	0
Collected by Miss Willsher	0	10	0	M. H. B. W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Jago	0	9	0	Mr. B. Billimore	2	0	0
Sir Andrew Wingate	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Lang:—			
Miss J. Pearce	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Beckingsale	0	5	0
Miss L. Ireland	0	3	0	Mr. E. Beckingsale	0	5	0
S. S.	0	2	6	Mrs. M. L. Lang	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Heasman	0	5	0	Readers of the "Life of Faith," per			
Miss White's Bible-class, Stockwell				the Editors	4	18	6
Baptist Chapel	1	1	3	Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. R. Brown	1	0	0	Mr. D. J. Brooks	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Beaver	1	2	0	Mrs. H. Eley	2	2	0
Postal order, Llanelly	0	10	0	Mr. F. Frank	2	2	0
E. B. and F. P., per the "Christian				Mr. T. A. Kelly	0	10	6
Herald" Co., Ltd.	0	10	0	Mrs. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. T. Moore	5	0	0	The Misses Kemp	5	0	0
Mr. F. Bartlett	0	15	0	Miss Sladen	5	0	0
Two sisters	0	7	0	Mrs. E. J. Dixon	1	0	0
Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0	Mr. E. Rawlings	5	5	0
Mr. R. Hayward	5	0	0	Mrs. Page	2	10	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0	Sir James Colquhoun	4	0	0
Townley Street Mission, per Mr. A.				Mrs. H. S. Creasey	1	1	0
H. Tomkins	0	15	6	Mr. E. Amsden	1	1	0
East Hill Baptist Sunday-school,				Miss A. M. Davis	1	1	0
Wandsworth, per Mr. S.				Miss F. Hall	0	5	0
Saunders	1	0	0	Miss Jennings Bible-class	0	5	0
B. J. T.	1	0	0	Mrs. E. S. Wilby	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Wilson	0	10	0	Miss M. A. Sargeant	1	1	0
Anon:—				Mrs. F. C. Bishop	0	5	0
In memory of Mr.				Mrs. A. Shearman	6	0	0
Spurgeon	1	0	0	Mr. J. Russell	5	0	0
Instead of a Legacy	5	0	0	Mr. J. Forster Cooper	2	2	0
	6	0	0	Miss M. J. Brittain	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Martin	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Elgee	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Mrs. Jefferis	1	0	0
Old Stockwellians Association, per				Mrs. Dales	1	0	0
Mr. L. R. Roff	9	5	0	Mr. H. Sharman	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Lockett	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Frew	4	0	0	Mrs. S. Stevens	0	0	6
Mr. Giles Shaw, per Mrs. C. H.				Mr. J. Gallienne	1	1	0
Spurgeon	2	0	0	H. E. S.	10	10	0
Mr. W. Adam	1	0	0	Mrs. Mason	5	5	0
Mr. W. A. Nathan	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Hinton	5	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	S. and N.	3	3	0
Miss A. Payne	0	2	6	Mrs. Petter	2	2	0
J. H. R.	0	5	0	E. D. M. S.	1	6	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Major H. Imbusch	0	10	0
Mrs. Hewkley	1	0	0	Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. A. Wells	2	2	0	Mrs. Scruby	0	10	6
Mrs. and Miss Bayley	3	0	0	Collected by Miss Taylor	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. A. James	3	0	0	Miss M. H. Jones	0	10	6
Mrs. G. Howes	0	10	0	Children's S.U. sale of work, Christ			
Mr. J. T. Nesbitt	0	10	0	Church, Richmond, per Mr. R.			
Mr. T. Bedford	0	5	0	Hughes	1	12	3
Mr. R. Morgan	2	2	0				

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Miss A. Stevenson	0 2 6	Miss Scarfe	0 1 0
Croyham Road Baptist Church, South		Mrs. C. Field	0 2 0
Croydon, per Miss K. Taylor	3 6 4	Collected by Miss A. L. Barrett	0 10 0
Mr. W. B. Bawn, L.C.C.	2 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Pavey	1 2 0
Pastor F. H. Smith	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Kitch	0 10 0
Mrs. E. A. Calder	21 0 0	Collected by Miss E. Jones	0 3 0
Mr. A. Ross	1 1 0	Collected by Mr. H. Thompson	2 2 0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0 10 0	Collected by Messrs. Horn and Co.	
Postal order, Maidenhead	0 2 6	and employees	1 12 0
Mrs. Walker	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. R. Hargreave	0 4 0
Mr. E. Avery	1 0 0	M. Harper, Kingsholm	0 2 6
Mrs. E. Hood	0 5 0	Mr. F. C. Peel	0 5 0
Mrs. Duncan Sharp, In memory of		SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Mr. Spurgeon's Birthday	0 10 0	Mrs. R. Bousfield	2 2 0
Collected by Mr. S. W. Brett	1 8 9	Mrs. M. Whiting	0 5 0
Mr. Jas. F. Pullar	50 0 0	Per Mrs. J. Withers:	
Miss Harding	0 2 0	Mr. A. Palmer, J.P.	5 0 0
Mr. C. Freeman	0 4 0	Mrs. C. Simonds	0 10 6
Mr. and Mrs. H. Crees	2 2 0	Mr. W. Cowslade	0 5 0
Rev. T. Bagley	1 0 0	Mrs. J. Davis	0 2 6
Mr. S. Sharp	1 1 0		5 18 0
Sir R. G. C. Mowbray, Bart., M.P.	1 0 0	Mrs. Dyer	0 5 0
Miss Treves	0 10 0	Stamps, Peterboro'	0 4 0
Mr. J. E. Perraton	2 0 0	Mrs. G. Howes	0 5 0
Mrs. E. Sandwell	1 0 0	Mrs. Harding	0 10 0
"Keep it up"	1 0 0	Mrs. Page	2 10 0
Mr. T. S. Stevenson	1 1 0	Miss Bell	0 5 0
D. T. W. T.	1 0 0	Mrs. Martin	0 2 6
Mr. W. Sloan	0 5 0	Mr. J. Allder	1 1 0
Mrs. J. L. Bradley	0 13 0	Mr. S. Sharp	1 1 0
Mr. J. Wickham	0 5 0	Mrs. E. Sandwell	1 0 0
Mr. J. Mee	0 3 0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH	
Rev. S. R. Young	0 2 6	AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Miss S. Cabban	0 5 0	Jews' Society Annual Meeting	1 2 1
Mr. I. Holborow	0 10 0	I.B.R.A. Annual Meeting, City	
Mrs. Willcox	0 5 0	Temple	2 2 0
Stamps, Kilmarnock	0 7 0	Streatham Baptist Church (and	
Miss D. Leng	0 2 6	amount)	0 4 6
P. O. N.	0 5 0		£508 0 11
Stamps, Canterbury	0 0 6		
Mr. R. Mitchell	0 5 0		

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM MAY 14TH TO JUNE 13TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 19 lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes; 22 qtrs. Bread, Mr. Henderson; 17 lbs. Beef, Mr. W. Gunn; 2 doz. pots Jam, Mrs. James East; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 19½ lbs. Ham, Miss O. E. Self.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—18 Articles, Mrs. E. Rees; 25 Articles, The Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Mrs. Greenhill; 18 Articles (for Sale), Mrs. Hitchman; 4 Articles (for Sale), Mrs. Johnson; 19 Articles, The Christian Inasmuch Committee of the Junior C.E., Croyham Road Baptist Chapel, S. Croydon, per Miss Taylor; 53 Articles, The Misses Jenkins and Savage; 6 Articles, Mrs. M. O. Sellar; 20 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 39 Articles, Mrs. James East.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—A quantity of Bows, 7 Articles, 20 Caps, The Misses Jenkins and Savage.

GENERAL:—1 parcel Worn Clothing, Anon.; 1 Auto-Harp, Mr. Robert Colman; 2 Bed Spreads, 4 Aprons, 4 Sale Articles, Anon.; 25 Books, Mr. C. N. Coote; 5 Sale Articles, Miss M. B. Cowper; 1 Box Flowers, The Teachers and Scholars of the Baptist Sunday-school, Oakham, per Mr. J. C. Goward.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		Penrhilwceiber, per Mr. R. Cory,	
Hayle, per Mr. T. M. Stocker	11 18 5	J.P.	11 5 0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J.		Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A.	
Harvey	10 0 0	Tyler	11 5 0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	60 0 0	Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones	11 5 0
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10 0 0	Bishop's Stortford, per Mr. W.	
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny	11 5 0	Holland	11 5 0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-		Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, D.L., J.P.	11 5 0
wood, J.P.	8 15 0	Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10 0 0
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood		Puckeridge, per Mr. R. C. Rhodes	11 5 0
Bros.	10 0 0		
Hadleigh, per Mr. J. G. Stow	10 0 0		
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	11 5 0		

£220 13 5

AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—

AGED COLPORTEURS FOUND:—		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Lewington		0	10	0
Mrs. M. Rainbow		0	5	0
Mrs. J. J. Cook		0	10	0
Miss Bond		0	5	0
Mr. J. Gretton, M.P., per Mr. J. P. Allen		1	0	0
Mr. W. Vickery		1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Henry Mears		0	10	6
		£4	0	6

GENERAL FUND :—

GENERAL FUND.—		£	s.	d.
Worthing Baptist Church, per Mr. Jasper Cowell		5	0	0
Mrs. M. Rainbow		1	0	0
A Christian friend, per Mr. F. G. Rose		0	5	0
Bath Railway Mission Young Men's Class, per Mr. F. G. Rose		0	5	0
Mrs. Helliell		0	10	6
Miss Tarrant		0	4	0
Miss J. Cockshaw		0	2	6
A reader of "The Christian," Luke x. 2.		2	2	0
Mr. C. H. Price		1	0	0
Mr. E. Vincent		0	2	6
Mr. R. Fifield		0	9	0
N. B., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon		5	0	0
Mr. A. H. West		0	5	0
Mr. H. B. W.		0	10	0
Mr. Henry Imbusch		1	0	0

Mr. F. T. Lewis, In Memoriam,	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. Giles Shaw, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	0	0
COLLECTING BOXES:—			
Miss Matilda Ead	0	2	0
Miss Gladys Johnston	0	14	6
Mrs. S. Wigney	0	17	1
Mr. S. Hynard	0	10	0
Mrs. B. D. Wagstaff	0	4	7
Miss Kathleen Cope	0	2	6
Mr. J. Goring	0	10	6
Miss Eva Dimmer	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Wilmot	0	11	0
Mrs. F. G. Bridger	0	4	0
The Misses Tatnell	0	6	1
Mr. Robert Hall	0	5	9
Miss Harvey	0	2	1
Mr. A. J. Gill	0	10	6
Miss Gwendy Jarvis	0	3	10
Mrs. Burton	0	4	5
Miss Brook	0	6	1
Miss L. Russell	0	1	4
Mr. H. Stanley Watts	0	3	6
Mrs. H. Mears	0	3	0
Miss Hilda Cox	0	2	0
Mr. Dean Chandler	0	5	8
Miss Johnson	0	3	6
Miss Grace Wagstaff	0	3	8
Miss Humphreys	0	17	3
Miss Queenie Russell	0	5	0
	£28	3	

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

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1902.

M. J. B., Newport, Mon.	£	s.	d.	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—	£	s.	d.
B. orsfor refunded		9	10	M. R.		1	0
Per late J. T. D.		3	3				
Miss Jessie Taylor		0	10				£7 18 6
Mrs. Hewkley		1	0				
Mrs. J. Lewis		1	0	Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon very gratefully			
P. O. N., Northampton		0	5	acknowledges the receipt of £3 for her			
				Book Fund from "A reader of the 'Sword			
				and Trowel,' Rothesay."			

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.

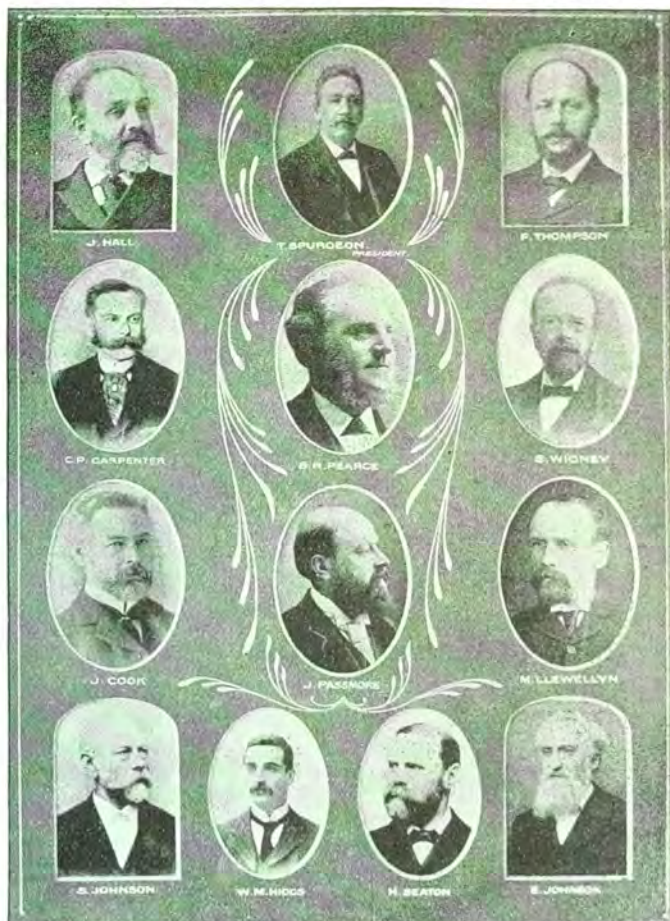
Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan 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
35TH ANNUAL REPORT
 OF THE
 METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE
Colportage Association,
 1901.

PRESIDENT: PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.



THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.



PASTORS' COLLEGE, TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD
 LONDON, S.E.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

Founder : — CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, 1866.

President : — PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-Presidents :

LORD KINNAIRD.

GEORGE H. DEAN, Esq., J.P.

R. COPE MORGAN, Esq.

JOHN MARNHAM, Esq., J.P.

Hon. Treas. : — C. F. ALLISON, Esq.

Hon. Sec. : — C. P. CARPENTER, Esq.

Committee :

MR. S. R. PEARCE, *Chairman*.

MR. JOSEPH PASSMORE.

MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

„ M. LLEWELLYN.

„ EDWARD JOHNSON.

„ J. J. COOK.

„ H. H. SEATON.

„ FRANK THOMPSON.

„ A. S. TATNELL.

„ JAMES HALL.

„ 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 Asso-

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1901.

WE are privileged once more to pen the record of a year of active service for King Jesus on the part of our Association, and to inform the friends of Colportage concerning the progress of the work.

Recognising as we do that the agency entrusted to us is essentially a spiritual one, and that its primary object is the Glory of God, and the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, we gratefully acknowledge the many evidences of the Divine help during the months that have passed by, in carrying out the manifold details of the work, and in view of all the success achieved and prosperity enjoyed we unfeignedly exclaim, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

It is pleasant to be permitted to report favourably concerning all the operations of the Association; there is no glowing account to give of remarkable and abnormal progress, but we can with all sincerity tell of steady and well maintained success, of good solid work done, and of abundant tokens of spiritual results.

During the year there has been no change in the personnel of the "Committee of Management," and those who have held office for a long period, as well as those whose assistance is of more recent date, have under the leadership of the President worked heartily in helping forward the interests of the work.

In view of the many drawbacks marking the year in which the good "Queen Victoria" died, such as the business and financial depressions caused by the continuance of the War in South Africa, the declining taste for solid reading on the part of the public, the increased competition with regard to the sale of all kinds of literature, and the urgent demands upon the generosity of Christians caused by the closing efforts of the various Century Funds, we are gratified to be able to record a year of fair sales with a satisfactory revenue from the profits made, and also an improved General Fund, the Committee being thus enabled to present a balance-sheet showing a small surplus instead of a deficit, as was the case in the preceding year.

The number of districts occupied in 1901 was Fifty One, and the total sales amounted to £5,320 os. 3d., while the number of visits made by the Colporteurs was 247,280, and the Services conducted and Addresses given were 6,368.

Speaking generally, the health of the Agents was well maintained during the year, and none of the brotherhood were removed by death.

The special effort on behalf of our "Aged Colporteurs," introduced in May, 1900, was prospered in such a degree that at the time of the Annual Conference last year an amount of Five Hundred Guineas had been raised, the bulk of which has since been invested by the Committee, as the foundation of a source of income from which to assist those workers who by reason of age and infirmity are obliged to retire from active service. In the interval since that date a strenuous endeavour has been made to strengthen this foundation, and the hope is entertained, that at the Annual Meetings when this Report will be presented, the amount above recorded will have become doubled.

The generous assistance which has been given by our many friends both in maintaining the "General Fund," by which the year's work is closed without deficit, and also in connection with the Fund for the Veteran Workers above referred to, is warmly appreciated, and gratefully acknowledged.

Thus we are enabled to look back with thankfulness, to look up with confidence, and to look forward with hope, earnestly desiring that the present year may prove one of extended opportunities, of faithful, consecrated service, and of the Holy Spirit's seal resting upon all the labours put forth.

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.

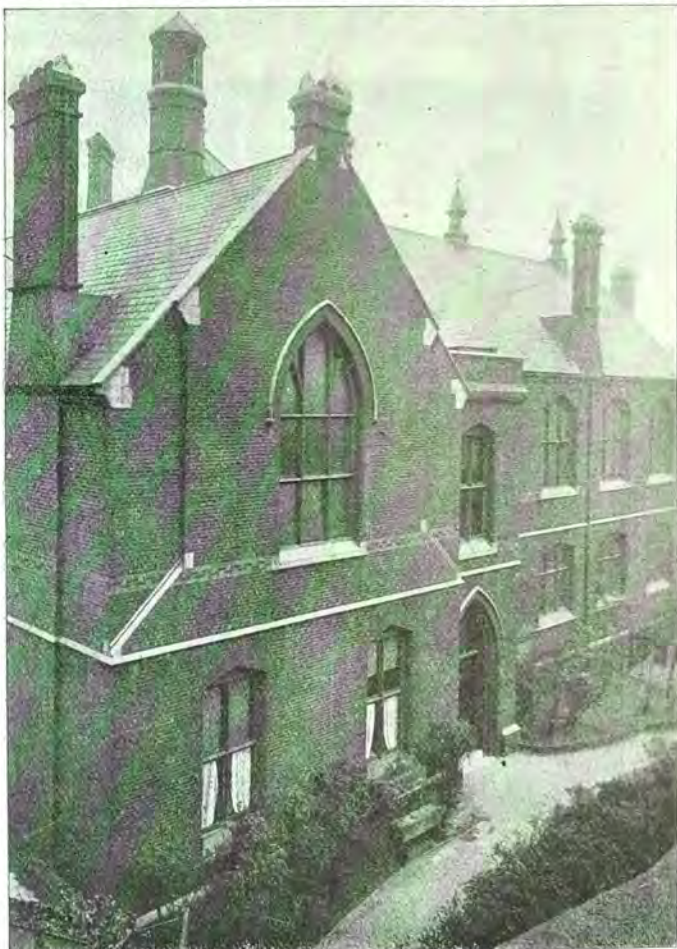
FORM OF REQUEST.

I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____ pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Newington, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said Legacy; and this Legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the Association.

THE COLPORTAGE DEPÔT.

The buildings erected for the Pastors' College were opened in 1874, and at once became a source of benefit and comfort to the many students who had hitherto pursued their studies without adequate accommodation in the rooms situated within the basement of the Tabernacle.

From the time of the opening of the College Buildings the Colportage Association has occupied one of the large halls on the floor level



OUR HEAD-QUARTERS.

as the depot where all goods are received, and from which they are despatched into all the districts. Here the Secretary's Office is located, and a staff of active workers are fully engaged in attending to the details of the business department.

Friends of the Association visiting London will always receive a welcome from the Secretary if they can favour him with a call.

ONE METHOD OF OPENING A DISTRICT.

We believe there are two indisputable facts which have relation to our work. The first is that there are very many localities in which the work of Colportage is sadly needed; and the second is, that there are a large number of earnest, warm-hearted Christians whose eager desire is to see Colporteurs placed for active labour in such districts. The difficulty which appears to stand in the way of bringing these two



SHORT JOURNEY COLPORTAGE.

facts into practical union is the raising of the needed forty-five pounds per annum, as the local contribution towards the Colporteurs' support. We venture to suggest that this difficulty may be readily obviated, and the sum easily raised. There is really no absolute need for a wealthy leader, or a strong church, or an influential committee, in order to start a new Colportage district; and we would call attention to the "Circle System" as a capital means by which ordinary Christians with limited means may promptly take up such work. In connection with foreign missionary work, this system is largely employed, and there are many

engaged in preaching the gospel to the heathen, whose income is provided by the plan to which we now refer. We may define a "Circle" as the union of a certain number of individuals for the purpose of raising a fixed amount for a definite object, each undertaking an equal share of responsibility. Thus, if in a locality a Christian lady or gentleman of modest means should be impressed with the desirability of securing a Colporteur, such friend will not find it difficult to propound the scheme, plan out the number of shareholders required, and carry it through without strain upon the income of any. The amount required for a Colporteur, as before stated, is forty-five pounds per annum. A proposal could be laid down by the enthusiast in question that a "Circle" should be formed, consisting of thirty shareholders, each



LONG JOURNEY COLPORTAGE.

of whom shall contribute or secure *one penny per day*. There is scarcely a district in the land in which there could not be found thirty Christians, each of whom could with ease, and sacred pleasure, indulge in the luxury of laying aside this tiny offering, day by day, for the service of "Him who though He was rich yet for their sakes became poor." It is the united, systematic, daily action that is required in such a case, and the only official needed would be a collector, who would readily gather the amounts and periodically transmit the required sum to our Association. We commend this plan to those who realise that in so many parts of the country "the Harvest is plenteous and the Labourers are few."

CANDIDATES FOR COLPORTAGE WORK.

A first requirement is that they should be soundly converted men, having felt something of the evil of sin, having experienced the joy of forgiveness through the Blood of Jesus, and who are full of holy zeal to lead others to the Saviour.

A further qualification is the possession of gifts suitable for engaging in Home Mission work, including a good knowledge of the Scriptures, *decided evangelical views of doctrine*, ability to speak words of counsel or comfort to the poor or the afflicted, and some experience as preachers of the Gospel in Halls or in the Open Air.

A most important need in a candidate is suitability for active business life, the Colporteur's main duty is that of selling Christian literature, and of inducing people in godless homes to purchase Bibles or such books, etc., as may prove a spiritual help to them. In this daily task geniality, tact, and plodding industry are required. Colportage is both hard work and happy work, and only those who are able and willing to bring both head and heart into their vocation, and to "Endure hardness as good Soldiers of Jesus Christ," should aspire to the work.

The Secretary is always glad to hear from young men who, answering to the above, desire to become candidates, and upon receiving particulars from such, will forward a form of application.

WAYS OF HELPING THE ASSOCIATION.

We would suggest to friends that they may become valuable helpers in the work of the Association by assisting in either of the following ways:—

- 1st.—By earnest prayer for the Colporteurs and the work in their respective districts.
- 2nd.—By calling the attention of others to the value of Colportage work with a view to enlisting their interest.
- 3rd.—By becoming a regular subscriber to the General Fund.
- 4th.—By the purchase of books, etc., for personal requirements from the Colporteurs.
- 5th.—By taking charge of a neat Collecting Box or Card on behalf of the work.
- 6th.—By securing an Annual Collection for the Association.

PLEASE NOTE.

Friends will recollect that last year we 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.

TABLE OF COLPORTEURS' SALES.

A complete list is impracticable, on account of the number of Books sold; but the following table indicates the number of Books and Periodicals sold in considerable quantities during the year 1901:—

BOOKS.

	TOTALS.		TOTALS.
Bibles... ..	4,516	Books under 6d.	43,392
Testaments	4,415	„ over 6d.	35,417
Christian Almanacs	6,769	Scripture Cards, Wall Texts,	
Penny Illustrated, various Books	64,096	Intaglios, &c.	99,897

PERIODICALS.

Adviser	2,220	Mothers' Treasury	1,890
Appeal	1,125	Notes on Scripture Lessons	2,040
Band of Hope Review	5,968	Our Little Dots	4,320
Band of Hope Treasury	1,980	Our Own Gazette	1,980
Child's Own Magazine	2,520	Prize	5,816
Colporteurs' Messenger	32,560	Sunshine	2,752
Gospel Trumpet	4,569	Good Tidings	10,594
Herald of Mercy	2,040	Chatterbox	3,264
British Workman	4,836	Sword and Trowel	2,752
British Workwoman	1,568	Young England	2,660
Child's Companion	3,126	Boy's Own Paper	1,920
Children's Friend	4,780	Girl's Own Paper	5,370
Cottager and Artisan	6,125	Quiver	7,356
Family Friend	11,945	Sunday at Home	2,760
Friendly Visitor	2,184	Miscellaneous Magazines... ..	71,547
Golden Rule... ..	2,740	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons	7,436
Home Words	3,172	Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Ser-	
Infants' Magazine	3,576	mons	7,140
GRAND TOTAL			497,133

These figures give some idea of the sales made in 51 Colportage Districts. In addition to this the Colporteurs distributed gratuitously upwards of 48,900 Tracts, made about 247,280 visits, and conducted 6,368 services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association:—

£226,561 14s. 11d.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, with Districts occupied during 1901.

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	A. Phillips	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	Miss E. A. Tyler.
Friatham	Hampshire	R. Bollamy	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., Anonymous.
Swaffham Prior ...	Cambridgeshire ...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridgeshire Association.
Repton	Staffordshire ...	C. Payne	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew	1882	Friends in locality.
Tewkesbury	Gloucestershire ...	R. Dodds	1882	Rev. W. Davies.
Great Totham	Essex	T. Bendall	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrhiwceiber ...	Glamorganshire ...	S. Holly	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Aylesbury	Bucks	Job Smith	1883	A. Turner, Esq.
Melksham	Wiltshire	A. Walker	1884	Mrs. H. Keevil.
Stratford-on-Avon ...	Warwickshire ...	S. Bartlett	1884	J. Smallwood, Esq.
St. Margaret's ...	Kent	B. R. Slater	1889	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Egham	Surrey... ..	J. Sayer	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.
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.
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.
Steyning	Sussex	T. Bignell	1898	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
North Cheam	Surrey... ..	C. Gibbs	1899	Home Counties Baptist Association.
Eden Bridge	Kent	W. Downes... ..	1899	Rev. R. Hill Powell.
Ilminster	Somersetshire	W. D. Dunning	1899	F. Harcombe, Esq.
Crownhill	Devon	H. Cope	1900	Miss Halloran.
Taunton	Somerset	T. Haines	1900	Thos. Penny, Esq.
Orpington	Kent	A. R. Richards... ..	1900	W. Jones, Esq.
New Wincor	Hampshire... ..	E. Piercey	1901	Southern Baptist Association.
Bingley	Yorkshire	F. Bannister	1901	J. Snowden, Esq.
North Petherton	Somerset	H. Young	1901	Rev. Levi Palmer.
Bishop's Stortford	Herts	J. W. Baggett	1901	W. Holland, Esq.
Mendlesham	Suffolk	J. H. Tenger	1901	Suffolk Congregational Union.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

*Received from 1st January to 31st December, 1901.**(Previously acknowledged in The Sword and the Trowel.)*

FOR DISTRICTS.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Aylesbury	40	0	0	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	90	0	0
Axbridge	15	4	6	Melksham	56	5	0
Brentford	40	0	0	Monk's Leigh	40	0	0
Barrow	30	0	0	Malden	41	10	0
Bingley	33	15	0	Minchinhampton	30	0	0
Bridgwater	22	10	0	Mendlesham	11	5	0
Bishop's Stortford	11	5	0	Orpington	45	0	0
Cowling Hill	40	0	0	Penrhilweiber	45	0	0
Codicote	45	0	0	Repton and Swadlincote	80	0	0
Cardiff	45	0	0	Southern Baptist Association	206	13	4
Chard	45	0	0	Swaffham Prior	40	0	0
Crownhill	36	10	6	Stratford-on-Avon	35	0	0
East Dereham	33	15	0	Sellindge	33	0	0
Eastchurch	45	0	0	Stow and Aston	40	0	0
Evesham	40	0	0	Tewkesbury	37	10	8
Eden Bridge	11	5	0	Taunton	45	0	0
Earl's Colne	40	0	0	Wolverhampton	45	0	0
Fritham	45	0	0	Wallingford	45	0	0
Great Totham	40	0	0				
Horsforth	45	0	0				
Home Counties Baptist Association	120	0	0				
Ilminster	33	15	0				
					£1,024	4	1

GENERAL FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0	Bridger, Mr. J.	0	5	0
Annesley, Rev. C. H.	0	9	6	Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A.	0	10	0
Accock, Mr. R.	0	10	0	Bowsher, Mrs.	0	3	0
A. H.	5	0	0	Barber, Mr. L., J.P.	0	10	0
Ackland, Mr. and Mr. T. G.	5	0	0	Bird, Mr. W., Profit on Sale of Poems	1	10	0
Attlee, Rev. S.	1	0	0	Brown, Miss	1	0	0
Attlee, Mr. J.	0	2	6	Bristow, Mr. H. W.	0	3	6
Alford and Alder, Messrs.	1	1	0	Bignell, Mrs. T.	0	2	0
Ashburton, The Lady Louisa	2	2	0	Burch, Mrs. A.	0	2	6
Adams, Mr. F.	0	10	6	Budden, Mr. H. G.	1	0	0
Adams, Mrs. F.	0	10	6	Cochrane, Mr.	0	12	0
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. S.	2	0	0	Chapman, Miss Florence	0	10	0
Alderton, Mr. J.	0	10	0	Creasy, G., Esq.	0	5	0
Allison, Mr. C. F.	2	0	0	2 Cor. Chap. 9, v. 15	1	0	0
Baldwin, Mrs. C.	0	10	0	Campbell, Mr. P.	1	0	0
Bayley, Mrs.	1	0	0	Cadbury, Mr. George	1	1	0
Brayne, Miss	0	4	3	Cockshaw, Miss	0	2	6
Bacon, Miss	0	2	6	Curtis, Mrs.	2	0	0
Barrett, Mrs.	0	10	0	Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. J.	1	0	0
Bullman, Mr. A. H.	0	10	0	Campbell, Miss, per Mr. C. Gibbs	0	2	6
Barrow C.E. Society, per Mr. F. G. Rose	0	5	0	Cox, Mr. E., per Mr. C. Gibbs	0	5	0
Booker, Mrs. M. A.	0	5	0	Collier, Mr. F.	0	4	2
Beer, Mr. W.	0	5	0	Cowan, Mrs. E.	2	0	0
Band, Mr. H., per Mr. H. Mears	0	10	0	Cook, Miss J.	0	1	0
Brassey, Rt. Hon. Lord, K.C.B.	2	2	0	Cassell, Messrs. and Co., Ltd.	2	2	0
Bettinson, Mr. J.	1	0	0	Calder, Mrs. E. A.	5	0	0
Burton, Mr. F.	2	0	0	Colman, Mr. H. S.	0	10	0
Bartlett, Mr. H. L.	0	2	6	Cory, Mr. John, J.P., D.L.	1	1	0
"B. P."	2	0	0	Clark, Mr. James	1	1	0
Bayley, Mr. J. R.	1	0	0	Catterson, Mr. S. P.	0	10	0
Buswell, The Misses	0	10	0	"Church of England"	0	5	0
Bunn, Miss	0	12	0	Culverhouse, Mr. A.	0	5	0
Biggs, Mrs. E.	0	2	6	"C. P."	1	0	0
Brayne, Mr. Edwin	1	1	0	Church, Mrs. S.	0	5	0
Bocock, Mrs. E.	0	6	0	Clark, Mr. C. Goddard, J.P., L.C.C.	1	1	0
Billing, Mr. J.	1	0	0	Clissold, Mrs. W.	1	0	0
Browne, Mrs.	1	1	0	Collection at Bethel Chapel, Minster, per Pastor W. Whitehead	1	4	6
Brazil, Mr. R.	4	0	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at North Cheam Chapel	0	13	0	"F. W." A Reader of "Christian Herald"	0	1	6
Collection after Mission at Reading, per Mr. W. Bird	0	15	0	Gough, Mr. F.	11	1	0
Collection at Annual Meetings	14	13	11	Gunner, Miss	0	11	0
Collection at North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs	0	10	0	Goring, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Collection at Knighton, Radnorshire, per Mr. David Davies	1	6	0	"G. C. H."	1	0	0
Collection after Services at Mark's Tey, per Mr. W. H. Collier	1	16	0	Gazard, Mr. J.	0	5	0
Collection at Edwardstone and Monk's Eleigh, per Mr. E. Paine	2	6	4	Garrett, Mr. E.	0	10	0
Collection at North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs	0	5	9	Greenwood, Mr. B. I.	2	2	0
Collection at Winsor Mission Hall, per Mr. A. M. Pope	1	10	5	Goveney, Mr. A. E.	1	1	0
Collection at Woodham Walter Chapel, per Mr. J. Keddie	0	12	0	Gregory, Mr. G.	0	10	0
Collection at Willington, per Mr. C. Payne	2	3	6	Gardiner, Mrs.	2	2	0
Collection at Swadlincote, per Mr. J. P. Allen	4	0	5	Gilpin, Mr. James	0	7	6
Collection at Mendlesham	0	5	0	Hoskin, Mrs.	1	1	0
Collection at Swaffham Prior, per Mr. F. Collier	0	10	0	Harden, Mr. R. W.	0	10	0
Collection at North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs	0	3	6	Hughes, Mr. J.	0	10	6
Collection after Barn Service at Totnam, per Mr. T. Bendall, through Miss M. J. Foster	0	11	6	Harker, Mr. E.	0	10	6
Collection at Bower Chalke, per Mr. W. Hardiman	0	14	0	Harrauld, Pastor J. W.	1	1	0
Collection after Service by Mr. T. Bendall, at Rivenhall, per Mrs. F. Springett	0	6	10	Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Collection at Mission Church, Upper Norwood, per Mr. C. Willoughby	1	2	0	Haseltine, Miss	0	2	6
Cory, Alderman R., J.P.	2	0	0	Halls, Miss	0	5	0
Cameron, Mr. John	25	0	0	Hooper, Miss	1	1	0
Christie, Mr.	2	0	0	Harris, Mrs. M. A.	0	2	6
Cook, Mr. J. J.	1	1	0	Howell, Mrs. M.	1	1	0
Daniell, Miss R.	0	10	0	Hiley, Mr. W.	20	10	6
Durant, Miss	0	5	0	Hart, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Dale, Miss E.	0	10	0	Higgs, Mrs.	2	0	0
Donaldson, Mrs. W.	0	10	0	Hellings, Mr. F. W.	0	10	0
Durham, Mrs. S.	0	10	0	Hancock, Miss	0	5	0
Dales, Mrs. S.	0	10	0	Haywood, Mrs. J. R.	1	0	0
Dransfield, Miss	0	10	6	Harris, Mr. Thomas	10	0	0
Davies, Mr. John	0	10	6	Hodges, Mr. W. D.	0	10	6
Dean, Mr. George H., J.P.	10	0	0	Higginbottom, Mr. and Mrs. J. M.	0	10	0
Dennis, Mr. J.	0	5	0	Hillman, Mr. H. W.	0	2	6
Dawson, Mr. Edward	1	0	0	Hall, Mr. J.	5	0	0
Dalby, Miss, per Mr. G. Freeman	0	10	0	Hackney, Prof. W. M.A.	1	1	0
Donaldson, Mr. "E. P."	0	5	0	Hodge, Mr. W.	0	5	0
Elliott, Miss Lizzie	0	2	6	Higgs, Mr. W. Miller	2	0	0
Ellwood, Mrs.	3	0	0	Hockey, Mr. Oliver	2	2	0
Extra for Collection	0	2	0	Haddock, Mr. J. P. C.	1	1	0
Everett, Mr. Joseph	0	10	0	Ingle, Mr. Edward	0	2	6
Edwards, Mrs.	5	0	0	J. R. S.	1	1	0
Edwards, Mr. W. C.	1	8	6	Johnson, Mr. E., Sale of Mottoes	2	0	0
Edwards, Mr. William	1	1	0	Johnston, Mr. J. P.	1	0	0
Elgar, Mr. F.	0	10	0	Jensen, Mrs. E. A.	2	0	0
Fifeild, Mr. R.	2	19	6	Johnson, Mr. Edward	2	2	0
F. C. W.	0	2	6	Knight, Mrs. H.	5	0	0
Ford, Mr. F. H.	0	10	6	Keen, Mrs. J. E.	0	10	0
From a friend, to be used in the Lord's work	2	0	0	Light, Miss	0	3	6
Fletcher, Miss	0	12	6	London and County Banking Co., Ltd.	2	2	0
Fitzgerald, Mr. E. G.	1	1	0	Lane, Mrs. R.	2	0	0
Fiddymont, Mr. J. (In memory)	1	1	0	Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. C. B.	1	0	0
Fearnley, Mr. T.	1	0	0	Lillington, Miss E. A.	0	2	6
Fordham, Mrs.	0	3	0	Loader, Mr. S.	0	2	6
Frowde, Mr. Henry	1	1	0	Lindner, Mrs.	5	0	0
Fuller, Mr. T.	0	2	6	L. S. Ltd., per Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	5	5	0
Fuller, Mrs. T.	0	4	0	Lamont, Mr. John	1	1	0
Fisher, Mr. F.	2	3	0	M.H.B.S.	0	10	0
				Llewellyn, Mr. L.	1	0	0
				Llewellyn, Mr. M.	1	1	0
				Llewellyn, Miss Dorothy	0	10	0
				Marshall, Mr. J., per Mr. H. Mears	1	0	0
				Macalpine, Mr. G. W., J.P.	1	1	0
				Marnham, Mr. J., J.P.	12	2	0
				Martell, Mr. E. J.	1	0	0
				McEwing, Miss M.	1	0	0
				Mead, Mr. and Mrs. J.	1	1	0
				Mead, Mrs. Joseph B.	2	2	0
				Matthew, 6 Chap. 20 ver.	0	10	0
				Mott, Mrs. A.	0	15	0
				Matthews, Mr. W.	1	0	0
				Maccnicoll, Miss E.	0	3	6
				M. and S.	0	4	2
				Murchie, Mr. Daniel	1	0	0
				Mannington, Mr. W.	3	0	0
				M. S.	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
McCaig, Principal A.	0	10	6	Rabbits, Mrs. Whittuck	5	5	0
Mounsey, Mr. Edward	1	0	0	Rogers, Mr. Matthew	1	1	0
Muir, Mr. Charles	0	10	0	Rabbich, Mr. G. M.	0	5	0
Nisbet, Col. R. Parry, C.I.E.	12	12	0	Rooksbridge, Mrs. L. W., per Mr.			
Newland, Miss G.	0	10	0	E. Garrett	0	1	0
Newland, Miss A.	0	5	0	Spiers, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Newland, Miss M.	0	5	0	Seaton, Mr. H. H.	1	0	6
Nicholson, Mrs.	10	0	0	Smith, Mrs. J.	0	5	0
Nurse Evans	1	0	0	Smith, Miss	1	0	0
Nagle, Mrs. E.	0	10	0	Stevens, Mrs.	0	5	0
Neale, Mr. C.	0	0	0	"Scotland"	5	0	0
Oldershaw, Mr. W.	0	2	6	Sale of Reports	0	16	10
Ottoway, Mr. J. W., per Mr. A.				Saver, Mr.	0	10	0
Portingall	0	2	6	Spurgeon, Pastor T.	1	0	0
Olney, Mrs.	1	1	0	Shaw, Mr. G., per Mrs. C. H. S. ...	1	1	0
Olney, Mr. W.	2	2	0	Spiedt, Miss E.	1	10	0
Owens, Mr. T. G.	10	0	0	Scandrett, Mrs.	0	2	0
Open Air Mission, per Mr. F.				Samuel, Mr. G.	0	1	0
Cockrem	2	2	0	Shearman, Mrs. A.	3	2	0
Priestley, Mr.	0	12	0	Smith, Mr. Edward	0	10	6
Penny, Mr. T. S.	1	1	0	Stuckbery, Miss L.	0	5	0
Price, Mr. C. H.	3	0	0	Smith, Mr. J. J., per Mrs. J. A. S.	2	0	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	6	0	0	Smith, Mr. Samuel, M.P.	1	0	0
Potter, Mrs. J. L.	1	1	0	Special Offering, Peterborough ...	0	3	8
Pearce, Mr. Edward	0	10	0	Spink, Mr. R.	1	0	0
Pewtress, Mr. S.	1	0	0	Surrey Mission, Pirbright, per Pastor			
Partridge, Messrs. S. W., and Co. ...	1	1	0	E. Roberts	7	10	0
Price, Miss Annie N.	0	10	6	Smith, Mrs. (Java)	4	0	0
Pearce, Mr. Arthur	0	10	0	Stocks, Mr. R.	0	2	6
Pastor's Birthday Fund, per Mr.				Sinclair, Mrs. E. A.	0	5	0
J. P.	25	0	0	Sawday, Pastor C. B.	0	10	0
Payne, Mr. W.	1	1	0	Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer ...	0	5	0
Philcox, Mr. H. N.	0	5	0	Sowerby, Mr. G. B.	0	5	0
Pearce, Mr. S. R.	1	1	0	Sadler, Miss	0	5	0
Passmore, The Misses	2	0	0	Squibb, Mr. and Mrs. W.	0	10	0
Phillips, Mr. Charles	1	1	0	Syng-Hutchinson, Lieut.-Gen. Coote	3	0	0
Percy, Mrs.	0	1	5	Sexton, Mr. F.	0	10	0
Pitcher, Mr. W.	1	0	0	Snelling, Mrs.	1	0	0
Passmore, Mr. Joseph	5	0	0	Stockwell Orphanage Boys' Christ-			
Per Mr. T. Boulton (Details)	2	12	3	ian Band, per Mr. W. J. Evans ...	0	5	7
Proceeds of Mr. F. Bullen's Lecture				Tarrant, Miss	0	4	0
in the Tabernacle	35	5	10	Tatnell, Mr. A. S.	7	0	0
Proceeds of L. Lectures at Orping-				Tickets (M. Llewellyn)	0	5	0
ton, etc., per Mr. A. R. Richards	2	10	0	Tyndall, Mr. W. H.	1	1	0
Proceeds of L. L. at St. Margaret's,				Tinniswood, Mrs.	0	5	0
per Mr. B. R. Slater	2	2	0	Thompson, Mr. Frank	1	10	0
Proceeds of Lecture at Hanwell, per				Tanner, Dr. John	1	1	0
Mr. H. Mears	2	10	0	Upton, Mrs.	5	5	0
Proceeds of Meeting at Brentford,				Van Notten Pole, Miss	0	5	0
per Mr. H. Mears	3	2	6	Vincent, Mr. E.	0	2	6
Proceeds of Meeting at Brightwell,				Virgo, Mr. G., sen.	0	5	0
Roke, Choseley, and Benson, per				Wilkinson, Mrs. R.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Bird	2	10	0	Wigney, Mr. P. S.	0	2	6
Proceeds of Lecture at New Winsor,				Wagstaff, Mr. Charles	1	1	0
per Mr. E. Piercy	0	7	6	Worthing Baptist Church and			
Proceeds of L. Lectures at Ilminster,				Y.P.C.E., per Mr. J. Cowell	5	0	0
etc., per Mr. W. D. Dunning	2	18	0	Wigney, Miss	0	10	6
Proceeds of Public Meeting at Eal-				Ware, Miss C.	0	2	0
ing, per Mr. H. Mears	2	12	6	Walker, Mrs. J.	0	12	6
Proceeds of Lecture at Melksham,				West, Mr. A. H.	0	5	0
per Mr. A. Walker	0	15	0	Wood, Mr. H. Ernest	1	1	0
Proceeds of Lectures at Fritham,				Whittle, Mr. F.	0	5	0
etc., per Mr. R. Bellamy	1	10	0	Wellman, Mrs.	0	5	0
Reeve, Mr. A. T.	1	0	0	Wood, Miss Janet	0	6	0
Raybould, Mrs.	3	0	0	White, Mrs. T.	1	0	0
R. W. N.	1	2	0	Worth, Mr. H. O.	1	1	0
Rayner, Mrs. L.	2	12	0	Wayne, Mr. H. M.	0	2	6
Rose, Mr. F. G.	0	7	6	Willby, Mrs.	0	10	0
Raybould, Mrs. E.	2	0	0	Windmill, Mrs. H.	0	10	0
Rainbow, Mrs.	1	0	0	Ward, Lock, Messrs., and Co.	1	1	0
Rodgett, Mrs. Richard	2	10	0	Wilson, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Rawlings, Mr. E.	5	5	0	Williams, Sir George	2	2	0
Rennard, Mrs.	1	0	0	Willcox, Mr. W. H.	2	2	0
Readers of the "Christian," per				Wigney, Mr. and Mrs. S.	1	1	0
M. and S.	1	0	0	Wood, Miss J.	0	5	0
"Rien sans Dieu"	0	2	6	Weymouth, Dr., M.A.	1	1	0
Rumsey, Mr. F. J.	0	10	0	York, Miss E.	0	10	6
Ransford, Mr. T. D.	1	1	0	Y. L., per Mr. Garrett	2	0	0

COLLECTING BOXES AND CARDS:—		£ s. d.		£ s. d.			
Allen, Mr. J. P.	0	9	10	Johnson, Miss	0	10	2
Alavoine, Mr.	0	4	7	Jenkins, Miss Florrie	0	11	8
Andrew, Mr. J. W.	0	16	0	Johnston, Miss Lizzie	0	16	0
Bridger, Mrs.	0	6	3	Jeffery, Mr. W.	0	2	0
Boutell, Miss C.	0	6	6	Keddie, Miss Lizzie	0	12	3
Bird, Master George	0	2	6	Knights, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.	0	4	6
Bellamy, Mr. R.	1	0	0	Ladies' Working Society	1	1	10
Botwright, Mr. G.	0	11	9	Lloyd, Miss W. Kate	0	12	1
Bartlett, Mr. S.	0	2	4	Lloyd, Mr. W.	0	5	9
Bell, Miss Louisa	0	4	10	Leverton, Master Horace	0	1	1
Burton, Mrs.	0	11	1	Ladds, Miss Dorothy	0	15	0
Burch, Mrs. S.	0	2	6	Mead, Mr. T. M.	0	5	6
Bannister, Mr. F.	0	2	0	Mead, Mr. G.	0	4	0
Bird, Mrs. G. A.	0	11	0	Morey, Mr. J.	0	7	6
Brook, Miss	0	4	8	Margetts, Mr. A., Jun.	0	3	0
Carpenter, Mr. C. P.	0	6	6	May, Master Henry	0	12	11
Collier, Mr. F.	0	8	6	Mead, Mr. T. M., per Card	0	13	0
Curtis, Mrs.	1	6	10	Nettle, Mr. G.	0	8	0
Cox, Miss Hilda	0	3	3	Oliver, Miss Violet	0	0	3
Carver, Miss E.	1	2	2	Portingall, Mrs.	1	12	0
Cooper, Miss Eunice	0	11	0	Payne, Mr. C.	0	6	6
Cook, Miss	0	1	6	Piercy, Miss Lily	0	8	6
Chown, Mr. J. H.	0	3	6	Pearce, Miss Grace	1	8	6
Collier, Miss Kathleen	0	8	6	Phillips, Mr. G. H.	0	3	0
Cobbold, Miss	0	7	6	Rose, Mr. F. G.	0	7	6
Downes, Mr. W.	0	2	6	Raffield, Mrs.	1	19	4
Dimmer, Miss Eva	0	9	0	Richards, Mr. A. R., per Card	1	0	3
Depot Box	0	10	6	Richards, Mr. A. R., per Box	0	5	0
Dunning, Mr. W. D.	0	5	0	Russell, Miss Queenie	0	5	0
Ead, Miss Matilda	0	6	1	Tatnell, The Misses	0	15	0
Frost, Mr. A.	0	2	2	Todd, Mr. T. R.	0	2	1
Gunner, Miss	0	12	6	Vine, Mr. A.	0	4	0
Gould, Miss Gracie	0	8	6	Weeks, Mrs.	0	5	0
Gibbs, Mr. C.	0	7	9	Wagstaff, Mrs.	0	4	10
Goddard, Miss Ethel	1	1	0	Wigney, Mrs. S.	2	2	7
Gill, Mr. A. J.	0	17	6	Williams, Mrs.	0	10	0
Humphries, Miss	2	3	9	Weston, Miss L.	0	5	0
Harris, Mr. G.	0	2	6	Webb, Mr. H.	0	7	0
Harvey, Miss Bertha	0	5	1	Wilmott, Mr. and Mrs. G. B.	1	1	6
Hills, Mrs. M. A.	0	2	6	Wagstaff, Miss Grace	0	16	2
Hooper's, Miss, Mothers' Meeting	3	8	11	Wigney, Mr. and Mrs. E. J.	0	12	6
Hockey, Mrs. J. S.	0	10	0	Watts, Master Stanley	0	8	2
Hynard, Mr. S.	1	4	0	Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. F.	0	5	0
Johnston, Miss Gladys	2	15	2				

£632 7 1

£632 7 1

Extracts from Letters and Colporteurs' Journals.

From Mr. W. LLOYD, of Poole.

"Blessed through a Colporteur's Sermon."

"A poor homeless and friendless lad has been taken in by a Christian household, in the hope of being able to do something for him. They brought him to the chapel where I was preaching last night. He was in tears during the whole of the service, and upon returning to the home was much troubled because he had not responded to the appeal which had been made. The friends pointed him to the Saviour, got him on his knees, and deep impression was very evident. After he had retired his sighs and prayers were audible for a long time. This morning, however, he gave them the glad testimony that he has yielded his heart to the Saviour, and I am asked to give him further words of counsel and encouragement."

From Mr. A. R. RICHARDS, of Orpington.

"The Book that has been Specially Blessed."

"I would like to mention the book, 'Precious Truths for Everyone,' which has been specially blessed throughout all my district both among old and young. Quite a number of details might be given, and some are being led to concern of soul by it. An old lady recently passed away very peacefully, trusting wholly to Jesus as her Saviour, who bore testimony to the comfort the book had been to her during the period of her last illness."

From Mr. JOB SMITH, of Aylesbury.

"Which was right, Vicar or Colporteur?"

"Visiting a certain village one day I found the announcements abroad that the vicar had arranged a dramatic performance, which was to take place the same evening. Upon arriving home I sent the vicar a copy of Pastor Archibald Brown's book, 'The Devil's Mission of Amusement.' He was so incensed that on the following Sunday in his preaching he referred to the presumption of a Colporteur pretending to enlighten a vicar, and defended the recent performances. The villagers were apparently annoyed at what I had done, and hearing of this I ordered a quantity of copies of the book in question and sold them largely through the village. Since then many have expressed the opinion that the vicar was wrong, and approve the sentiments of Mr. Brown's book."

From Mr. E. PAINE, of Hadleigh.

"Fruit from Open-Air Work."

"There recently passed away a friend, who said he thanked God for the first open-air service which I held in the neighbourhood. It was several years ago, but became the means of leading him to the Saviour, and I have been able periodically to visit him ever since. When his serious illness came on I was sent for, and during the closing hours was permitted to speak words of comfort. He died very happily, and it was a satisfaction to me to know that this fruit of a bygone effort was safely garnered in Heaven."

From Mr. S. PARKES, of Cowling.

"Welcomed by the Aged."

"My visits are much appreciated by the aged in my district. There are a good many whose ages vary from 80 to 90, and who look forward to my visits with great pleasure and delight. It is equally my pleasure to be permitted to call upon them and speak of the great salvation, for it has been among the aged and infirm that I have met with some of my richest blessing. One old lady always insists upon my dining with her. She is now about 83 years old, and hopes for my calls as long as she lives. I recently was asked to bury the oldest man in the district, he having reached his ninety-eighth year. When first I visited him he was without God, but from his testimony I have reason to hope that my visits were the means of leading him to Jesus. I saw him a very little while before he died, and he said, 'All is well; all is well.'"

From Mr. F. G. ROSE, of Barrow.

"The Torn Bible."

"Calling upon an aged widow recently, she referred to a book which I recently sold her, entitled, 'The Torn Bible.' Having a very ungodly son, whose evenings were usually spent at the public-house, she had induced him to stay at home, and had entertained him by reading this book to him night after night, with the result that he became much interested, and the mother's hopes and prayers had been stimulated that at least some blessing might be in store for the prodigal thereby."

From Mr. F. G. ROSE, of Barrow.

"Puzzled as to which Religion is right."

"Paying a monthly visit to a poor palsied man, I got into conversation with his wife, who narrated the cases of some persons she had recently heard of who had become Roman Catholics, and remarked, 'There seems to be so many sorts of religions, I am puzzled to know which is the right one.' This gave me my opportunity of telling her of Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that He is the only Mediator between God and man. We had reading and prayer together, for which she thanked me, and I trust blessing will follow the interview."



A COLPORTEUR'S SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

From Mr. A. GOULD, of Denmead.

"I like your Preaching because I can understand it."

"Such was a testimony to me from a working-man last Sunday. I had a busy day conducting services both morning and evening, as well as presiding at the communion table. A visitor worshipping with us said he had felt it good to be there, and a nice number of children seemed to enjoy being at the service with the Colporteur, who not only sold books but read them also."

From Mr. A. WALKER, of Melksham.

A Closing Report.

(Received only a few weeks before the brother passed away.)

"I am glad to say I have started again, and am extending my journeys day by day. If you could only know how pleased the people are to see me and hear my voice again it would do you good. A young man said to me on Saturday, 'I am glad to see you out again; what should we do without Spurgeon's bookman?'"

"Before my illness I went over on a dark, wet night to a village about fourteen miles away, and gave a lecture on 'Daniel Quorm.' The friends who gathered were delighted, and told me how thankful they were that I came, as there were people present who scarce ever go to chapel. The collection was for the funds of the Association."

From Mr. J. W. BAGGETT, of Bishops Stortford.

"A Few of my Encouragements."

"A lady who purchased 'Moody's Way to God' from me has found peace in Jesus, and three members of her family are now walking in the good way.

"A man who recently became a decided Christian said to me, 'I shall never forget the night when you spoke to me.' A person to whom I sold a copy of 'Precious Truths' said to me, 'I believe that book is sent on purpose to do me good.' A woman, under conviction of sin, gladly took a copy of 'Precious Truths,' and expressed her desire to have a chat with me about the way of salvation."

From Mr. G. HARRIS, of Cardiff

"A Roman Catholic Saved."

"I was recently providentially enabled to go and see a bedridden Roman Catholic living up the Rhondda Valley. After a brief conversation about 'The One Thing Needful,' I ventured to fall upon my knees at the bedside (to the great surprise of those who were in the room) and offered prayer through Jesus the great High Priest. He seemed impressed, and I was encouraged to make further visits, with the gladsome result that within a few weeks he was brought into the light and renouncing his own Roman Catholicism he believed in Jesus and found salvation. He lived but a short time after this, and died trusting simply to Christ. By request I buried him, and although some of his relations would not attend, there was a large and impressive gathering; as was the case, also, when a little later I preached the funeral sermon at a Baptist Chapel near to where he had lived.

From Mr. E. PIERCEY, of Totton.

"Now that is Beautiful."

"While on my rounds one day I was asked to see an old lady 86 years of age who was ill in bed. After a little talk I read Psalm xci., and parts of Isaiah li. She seemed to enjoy it very much, and kept quietly repeating, 'Now that is beautiful,' and when leaving begged me to come again to see her."

From Mr. J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

"The Colporteur Preferred."

"A customer one day mentioned to me that her next-door neighbour was very ill, and remarking that he had no particular love for clergymen, said, 'I wish you would call.' I did so, and obtained permission to see the invalid. I talked about spiritual things, but did not then make much headway. Next time I called I was welcomed, and there seemed some impression. Upon each succeeding visit increasing anxiety of soul was evident, and it soon became manifest that the end was near. A few days before he died I was rejoiced to find the bright rays of hope had appeared, and when he passed away he left a bright testimony that he was going to be with Christ. His good wife told me that when she had asked her husband if he would like a minister to be sent for, he expressed his confidence in the Colporteur as being quite sufficient to lead him right."

From Mr. W. HODGE, of Yarmouth, I.W.

"A Veteran's Report."

"The following are extracts from the Annual Report to my Superintendent, which is the twenty-seventh I have written.

"The longer I am in the work the more I am convinced of its value as an instrument for good. I have had testimony as to blessing concerning the following among the books which I have sold, 'Young Converts,' 'My Counsellor,' 'Precious Truths,' 'Traveller's Guide,' 'Shadow and Substance,' 'Good Tidings,' 'British Evangelist,' 'Colporteurs' Messenger,' and 'Spurgeon's Sermons.' I have been able frequently to read the Scriptures and pray with the sick and the aged, and have spoken a word for the Master when and where I have had opportunity. During the year I have been permitted to conduct 29 Sunday services, and I am persuaded that the Lord's blessing has rested upon my efforts. The year's work includes travelling over 2,000 miles, over 7,000 visits to families, the distribution of nearly 15,000 books, with a cash value of sales amounting to £114 17s."

From Mr. J. SAYER, of Egham.

"Just the Gentleman I want to see."

"Calling at a house when upon my rounds, the lady who opened the door remarked, 'You are just the gentleman I want to see. I have bought these books, and want you to tell me if they are good ones.' Upon examining them I found that they contained erroneous teaching, and advised her to be on her guard lest they should fall into the hands of young people. Calling a few days later I pointed out the character of the books she had bought, and compared some parts with God's word. Convinced that I was right, the lady tore off the covers and burnt the books in my presence."

From Mr. C. PAYNE, of Burton-on-Trent.

"A Transformed Life."

"In the case of a person upon whom I call in a village I have been able to rejoice in seeing a transformation of a life from 'Darkness to Light.' A mission was being held at which I was assisting. The good villager was invited, and came to the meeting. She became much impressed, was led to the Saviour, and had the joy of a knowledge of pardoned sin, and now for many months she has proved the reality of her conversion to God."

From Mr. J. W. ANDREW, of Hythe.

"Soul Food for Years Past."

"A customer told me the other day that the Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon had been 'the food of her soul for years past.' She is now specially interested in the sermons of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and tells me that as now she cannot get the simple Gospel at the church she attends she is glad to have these sermons and pass them on after perusal among her neighbours."

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account, December 31st, 1901.

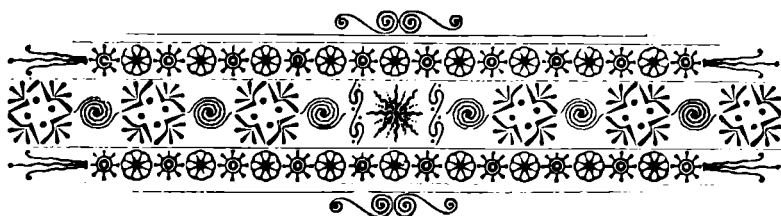
Cr.

Dr.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.		£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—								By Profit on Sales ...				
Wages	3,131	6	9				„ Subscriptions and Donations—		1,458	5	10
Expenses	302	3	1				For Districts	1,941	17	7
					3,433	9	10	For General Fund	632	7	1
„ Dépôt and General Expenses—										2,574	4	8
Salaries—Secretary and Assistants		423	1	0								
Printing, Stationery, Reports, &c.		51	15	2								
Postages	55	10	0								
Advertising and Travelling	25	12	6								
Conference Exps., less Contrib'us	6	11	6								
Sundries	22	9	11								
					585	0	1					
Surplus				14	0	7					
					£4,032	10	6			£4,032	10	6

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1901.

Dr.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.		£	s.	d.
To Creditors—								By Stock—				
District Subscriptions (in advance)		49	12	0				At Depot	706	8	5
Publishers, Printers, &c.	755	1	6				With Colporteurs	817	9	9
Deposit with Association	46	5	0						1,523	18	2
					850	18	6	„ Debtors—				
„ Capital Account—								Colporteurs' Balances	371	10	6
Balance, January 1st, 1901				2,726	4	7	Book Agents	65	16	2
Surplus				14	0	7	District Subscriptions (due)	154	8	0
										591	14	8
								„ Investment Victoria Stock	1,000	0	0
								„ Cash—				
								At Bankers'	435	10	10
								With Secretary	40	0	0
										475	10	10
					£3,691	3	8			£3,691	3	8

Examined with vouchers and found correct, } THOS. GREENWOOD.
March 25, 1902. F. G. LADDS.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

AUGUST, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IV.—“HELPS.”

HAVING spoken about the best way of helping souls out of despondency and distress, I shall now proceed to describe those who may truly be called HELPS,—for it is not everybody, and not even every professing Christian, who is qualified to perform this most needful work.

The first essential for a true “help” is, that *he should have a tender heart*. Some brethren are, by Divine grace, specially prepared and fitted to become soul-winners. I know an earnest brother, whom I have often called my hunting dog, for he is always on the watch for those who have been wounded by the Word. No sooner does he see that there are souls that appear to be anxious than he is on the alert; and whenever he hears of a meeting of converts, he is all astir. He may have appeared dull and heavy before, but, at such times, his eyes flash, his heart beats more quickly, his whole soul is moved to action, and he becomes like a new man. In other company, he might not feel at home; but, among converts and enquirers, he is all alive and happy. Where they are to be found, his heart takes fire directly; for, amidst the diversities of gifts that proceed from the one Spirit, his gift evidently is that of helping souls out of spiritual trouble. Such a man was Timothy, of whom Paul wrote to the Philippians, “I have no man likeminded, who will naturally care for your state.”

You know that, in ordinary life, some people are born nurses, while others cannot nurse at all. If you were ill, you would not care to have

them near you, even if they would come for nothing, or pay you for having them. Probably, they mean well; but, somehow or other, they have not the gentleness and tenderness which are essential in a good nurse. They stamp across the room so heavily that they wake up their poor patient; and if there be any medicine to be taken at night, it tastes all the worse if they administer it to you. But, on the other hand, you have known a real nurse;—perhaps, your own wife;—you never heard her walk across the room when you were ill, for she steps so softly that you might almost as soon hear her heart beat as hear her footfall. Then, too, she understands your taste, your likes and dislikes, and always knows exactly what to bring you to tempt your feeble appetite. Whoever heard of a nurse more fit for her work than Miss Nightingale? She seems as if God had sent her into the world on purpose, not only that she might be herself a nurse, but that she might teach others to nurse. It is even thus in spiritual things. I have used a homely illustration to show you what I mean. There are some people who, if they try to comfort the distressed, go to work so awkwardly that they are pretty sure to cause a great deal more trouble than they remove; to console the mourner is, evidently, not their *forte*. The true “help” to souls in trouble is one who, though his head may not be filled with classic lore, has a large and warm heart; he is, in fact, all heart. It was said of the beloved apostle John, that he was a pillar of fire from head to foot. This is the kind of man that a soul wants when it is shivering in the cold winter of despondency and distress. We know some such men; may God train many more, and give to all of us more of the gentleness that was in Christ; for, unless we are, in this way, fitted for the work, we shall never be able to do it properly.

A true “help” wants, not only a large and loving heart, but a *very quick eye and ear*. There is a way of getting the eye and ear sensitively acute with regard to sinners. I know some brethren and sisters who, when they are sitting in their pews, can almost tell how the Word is operating upon those who are near them. Trained and experienced “helps” know just what they ought to say to their



MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

neighbours when the sermon is over ; they understand how to say it, and whether they ought to say it in the pew, or going down the stairs, or outside the building, or whether they ought to wait till later in the week. They have a kind of sacred instinct ; or, rather, an unction from the Holy Spirit which tells them just what to do, how to do it, and when to do it. It is a blessed thing when God thus sets His watchmen along the borders of the Slough of Despond. Then, with quick ears, they listen to every sound ; and, by-and-by, when they hear a splash in any part of the mire, though it may be very dark and misty, they hasten to the rescue. Possibly, nobody else hears the cry of the soul in distress but those who lay themselves out to listen for it.

We also want, for this work, men who are *swift of foot*, to run to the relief of the distressed. Some professors never speak to their neighbours about their souls ; but we thank God that there are others, who will not let a stranger go away without an earnest word concerning Christ. I pray such "helps" to persevere in the good habit, and I am sure that the Lord will bless them in it ; for, while there is much that can be done by the preacher who faithfully delivers his Master's message, there is often even more that can be done by those who are able, in personal conversation, to get at the hearer's conscience, and, with the Holy Spirit's aid, to enlighten his soul.

For a thoroughly efficient "help", give us, also, a *man with a loving face*. We do not make our own faces ; but no brother, who is habitually grim, will do much with anxious enquirers. Cheerfulness commends itself, especially to a troubled heart. We do not want levity in this holy service, but there is a great difference between cheerfulness and levity. I know that I can always tell what I feel to a man who looks kindly at me, but I could not communicate anything to one who, in a cold official way, talked at me from a great elevation, as though it were his business to enquire into my private concerns with the view of finding me out, and sending me to the rightabout. Engage in this difficult work softly, gently, affectionately ; let your cheerful countenance tell that the religion you have is worth having, that it cheers and comforts you ; for, in that way, the poor soul in the Slough of Despond will be more likely to hope that it will cheer and comfort him.

Earnestly, too, let me recommend you to have a *firm footing* if you mean to be a "help" to others. If you have to pull a brother out of the Slough, you must yourself stand fast ; or, otherwise, while you are trying to lift him out, he may pull you into the mire. Recollect that, listening to the doubts of others may give rise to similar doubts in your own mind unless you are firmly established as to your own personal interest in Christ Jesus. If you would be useful in your Lord's service, you must not always be doubting and fearing. Full assurance is not necessary to salvation, but it is necessary to your success as a helper of others. I remember, when I first taught in a Sunday-school, that I was trying to point one of the boys in the class to the Saviour. He seemed troubled about his spiritual state, and he said to me. "Teacher, are you saved?" I replied, "Yes." "But are you sure you are?" he asked ; and though I did not answer him just then, I felt that I could not very well assure him that there certainly was

salvation in Jesus Christ, unless I had trusted Him myself, and proved His power to save. Endeavour to get a sure foothold yourself; for, then, you will be more useful around the edge of the Slough of Despond than those will be who are constantly slipping on its slimy banks.

As you want to help those who are struggling in the Slough, try to know it well; find out its worst parts, ascertain where it is deepest. You will not have to go far to learn this; you have probably been in it yourself, and therefore remember something about it; and you can easily gather from one and another whereabouts it is worst. Seek, if you can, to understand the mental philosophy of despondency of spirit:—I do not mean by studying Dugald Stewart and other writers on mental philosophy; but by real, heartfelt experience, seek to become practically acquainted with the doubts and fears which agitate awakened souls.

When you have done this, may the Lord give you—for you will need it if you are to become very useful,—*a strong hand*, in order that you may firmly grip the sinner whom you want to rescue! Our Lord Jesus Christ did not heal the lepers without touching them, and we cannot do good to our fellow-men if we always remain at a distance from them. The preacher is sometimes able to lay hold of his hearers: he can feel that he has them in his grasp, and that he can do almost anything he likes with them; and if you are to be a “help” to others, you will have to learn the blessed art of laying hold of the conscience, the heart, the judgment, the whole man. When you once get a grip of a troubled heart, never let it go till you land it in peace. Have a hand like a vice, that will never let the sinner go when once you have hold of him. Shall a servant of God ever let a sinner fall back into the Slough when once he has taken him by the hand, and begun to pull him out? No; not while the rock, on which he stands, remains firm and steadfast, and he can hold the sinner by the hands of faith and prayer. May God teach you to clasp men by love, by spiritual sympathy, by that sacred passion for souls which will not let them go till they are saved!

Once more, if you would help others out of the Slough of Despond, you must have *a bending back*. You cannot draw them out if you stand bolt upright; you must go right down to where the poor creatures are sinking in the mire. They are almost gone; the mud and the slime are well-nigh over their head; so you must roll up your sleeves, and go to work with a will if you mean to rescue them. “But they cannot speak correct English!” says someone. Never mind; do not speak superfine English to them, for they would not understand it; speak bad English which they can understand. It is said that many of the sermons of Augustine are full of shockingly bad Latin, not because Augustine was a poor Latin scholar, but because the dog-Latin of the day was better suited to the popular ear than more classically correct language would have been; and we shall have to speak in similar style if we want to get hold of men. There is a certain prudery about ministers which disqualifies them for some kinds of work; they cannot bring their mouth to utter the truth in such plain speech as fisherwomen would understand, but happy is that man

whose mouth is able to declare the truth in such a way that the persons to whom he is speaking will receive it. "But remember the dignity of the pulpit," says one. Yes, so I do; but what is that? The "dignity" of a war-chariot consists in the number of captives that are chained to its wheels, and "the dignity of the pulpit" consists in the souls converted to God through the Gospel proclaimed in it. Do not give your hearers any sublime jargon, Johnsonian sentences, and rolling periods; there is no "dignity" in any of these things if they go over the heads of your hearers. You must, as Paul wrote to the Romans, "condescend to men of low estate;" and, sometimes, you will meet with men and women whom you must address in a style which does not commend itself to your own fastidious taste, but which your judgment and your heart will command and compel you to use. Learn to stoop. Do not, for instance, go into a cottage like a fine lady who lets everybody see what a great thing it is for her to condescend to visit poor people; go and sit down on a broken chair, if there is no other in the room; sit on the edge, if the rushes are gone; sit close to the good woman, even if she is not as clean as she might be; and talk to her, not as her superior, but as her equal. If there is a boy playing marbles, and you want to talk to him, you must not call him away from his play, nor look down upon him from a great elevation, as his schoolmaster might; but begin with a few playful expressions, and then drop a more serious sentence into his ear. If you would do people good, you must go down to them where they are. It is of no use to preach oratorical sermons to drowning men; you must go to the edge of the pool, stretch out your arms, and try to lay hold of them.

These, then, are some of the qualifications of a true "help."

Now I close by endeavouring to incite those of our brethren and sisters, who have been "helps" in the past, to go on yet more earnestly with that work in the future, and to stir up those who have not tried it, to begin at once.

Perhaps somebody asks, "Why should I help others?" My answer to that question is,—*because souls need help*; is not that enough? The cry of misery is a sufficient argument for the display of mercy. Souls are dying, perishing; therefore, help them. A few weeks ago, there was a story, in the papers, of a man being found dead in a ditch; and it was afterwards ascertained that he must have been lying there for six weeks. It was said that somebody had heard the cry, "Lost! Lost!" but it was dark, and he did not go out to see who it was! "Shocking! Shocking!" you say; and yet you may have acted in the very same way towards immortal souls. Among your neighbours, there are many who may not cry, "Lost!" because they do not feel that they are lost, yet they are; and will you let them die in the ditch of ignorance without going to their relief? There are others who are crying, "Lost!" and who need a word of comfort and direction; will you let them perish in despair for the want of it? Brethren and sisters in Christ, let the needs of humanity provoke you to activity on behalf of the many lost ones all around you.

Remember, also, *how you were yourselves helped when you were in a*

similar condition to theirs. Some of us will never forget that dear Sunday school teacher, that tender mother, that gracious woman, that kind young man, that excellent elder of the Church, who once did so much for us when we were in trouble of soul. We shall ever recollect their tender attention and assistance; they seemed to us like visions of bright angels when we were in the thick fog and darkness of despair. Then, repay the debt you owe to them, discharge the obligation by helping others as you were yourselves helped in your time of trouble.

Moreover, *Christ deserves it.* There is a lost lamb, out there in the darkness; it is His lamb, so will you not care for it for His sake? If there were a strange child at our door, asking for a night's shelter, common humanity might prompt us to take in the poor little creature out of the snow and wind; but if it were the child of our own brother, or of some dear friend, the sympathy of kinship would constrain us to protect it. That sinner is, in any case, your brother in the one great human family; so, by his relationship to you, though he may not discern it at present, a moral obligation rests upon you to give him all the help that is in your power.

Beloved, you would not want any other argument, did you know *how blessed the work is in itself.* Would you gain experience? Then, help others. Would you grow in grace? Then, help others. Would you shake off your own despondency? Then, help others. This work quickens the pulse, it clears the vision, it steels the soul to holy courage; it confers a thousand blessings on your own souls, to help others on the road to Heaven. Shut up your heart's floods, and they will become stagnant, noisome, putrid, foul; let them flow, and they shall be fresh and sweet, and shall well up continually. Live for others, and you will live a hundred lives in one. For true blessedness, divorce me from idleness, and unite me to industry.

If that is not sufficient reason, remember that *you are called to this work.* Your Master has hired you, so it is not your place to pick and choose what you will do. He has lent you your talents, so you must do with them as He bids you. To-night, before you go to your bed, do some practical service for your Master, for He has called you to it. If you do not, you will probably soon feel the rod of correction. If you do not help others, God will treat you as men do their stewards who make no right use of the goods entrusted to them; your talent will be taken from you. Sickness may come upon you, because you were not active while you were in health; you may be reduced to poverty, because you did not make a right use of riches; *you* may be brought into deep despair, because you have not helped despairing souls. Pharaoh's dream has often been fulfilled since his day. He dreamed that seven fat kine came up out of the river, and that there came up seven lean ones after them, and ate up the fat kine. Sometimes, when you are full of joy and peace, you are lazy and idle, and do no good to others; and when this is the case, you may well fear lest the seven lean kine should eat up the seven fat ones; and you may rest assured that lean days, in which you do nothing for your Master, lean Sundays, lean

prayers, and so on, will eat up your fat Sabbaths, your fat graces, your fat joys, and then where will you be?

Beside all this, remember that, every hour we live, *we are getting nearer Heaven, and sinners are getting nearer hell.* The time in which we can serve Christ by winning souls is constantly waxing shorter. Our days are very few, so let us use them all for God. Let us not forget the reward which He will give to His faithful servants. Happy spirit, who shall hear others say, as he enters the celestial regions, "My father, I welcome thee!" Childless souls, in glory, who were never made a blessing to others on earth, must surely miss the very Heaven of Heaven; but they who have brought many to Christ shall have, in addition to their own bliss, the joy of sympathy with other spirits whom they were the means of leading to the Saviour. I wish I could put my Master's message into words that would burn their way into your hearts. I desire that every church-member may be a worker for Christ. We want no drones in this hive; and we want all bees, and no wasps. The most useless persons are generally the most quarrelsome; and those who are the most happy and peaceable, are usually those who are doing most for Christ. We are not saved by working, but by grace; but, because we are saved, we desire to be the instruments of bringing others to Jesus. I would stir you all up to help in this good work; old men, young men, brethren and sisters, according to your gifts and experience, help. I wish that each one of you would feel, "I cannot do much, but I can *help*; I cannot preach, but I can *help*; I cannot pray in public, but I can *help*; I cannot give much money away, but I can *help*; I cannot officiate as an elder or deacon, but I can *help*; I cannot shine as 'a bright particular star,' but I can *help*; I cannot stand alone to serve my Master, but I can *help*." An old Puritan once preached a very singular sermon; there were only two words in the text, and they were, "and Bartholomew." The reason he took the text was, that, in the Gospels, Bartholomew's name is never mentioned alone; he is always associated with one of the other apostles. He is never the principal actor, but always second. Let this be your feeling; that, if you cannot do all yourself, you will *help* to do what you can.

When I gather my congregation together, I look upon the assembly as a meeting of council, to present degrees to such disciples as, through many sessions of labour, have merited them; and then I feel that we may confer upon those who have used the opportunities well, the sacred title of "*HELPS*." Some of you have long earned this honourable name. Others of you shall have it when you deserve it; so make haste and win it. God grant that it may be your joy to enter Heaven, praising Him, that by His grace, He helped you to be a helper of others!

* * * *

Next month's picture will be entitled—

CHRISTIAN AND THE ARROWS OF BEELZEBUB.

In Memoriam—Rev. John Spurgeon.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."



C. H. SPURGEON, in a brief article on his father, published in 1884, confessed that, despite his rooted objection to the title "Reverend" for personal use, he felt disposed to accord it to John Spurgeon by reason of his "hoary head" and in view of the fact that all his descendants heartily revered him. He therefore headed his article "Rev. John Spurgeon." Much more, therefore, are we justified in so regarding him. A still younger generation may well revere the still hoarier head. Alas! that we can no longer speak of him in the present tense, although we rejoice to know that, in a very glorious sense, he is "yet alive." He passed from the land of the dying into the land of the living on June 14, 1902. The two blessings most prized by the ancients fell to his lot,—a numerous offspring, and a long life! He lived to be ninety two, save only for about one month, and to the very last was joyful and prayerful. We note that it has been said to his disparagement that, theologically, he lived in the seventeenth century. There is a mistake about the date. We rejoice that, theologically, he lived in the *first* century, and that nothing served to turn him one hair's-breadth from "the faith which was once

for all delivered unto the saints." But, then, these things were to him a matter of glad experience. He knew whereof he spake.

His famous son's prayer for him,—“May his eventide be long and light!”—was abundantly answered. Long after he had retired from the pastorate at Upper Street, Islington, he travelled through the land, preaching and lecturing; and his grandsons, in their own wanderings, have often met men and women who spoke, with sparkling eyes, of the dear old gentleman's visit on such-and-such an anniversary occasion, and of his fruitful sermon on “Consider,” or of his delivery of C. H. Spurgeon's “Sermons in Candles.” When travelling days were done, the veteran was still able to attend services and prayer-meetings near at hand, and by his presence at the House of God to urge attendance on the means of grace. He was genial, and useful, and prayerful to the last, as they can bear witness who lived with him or visited him. He had learned the secret of using the “save-all” of which the Candle Lecture speaks. God gave him—

“An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night.”

It was the privilege of his two grandsons to pay their tribute at the funeral service. The task was by no means light, for they loved him well; but they had a sympathetic audience, as all were mourners there, representing a still greater crowd of hearts that sorrow genuinely, albeit they do not sorrow as those without hope.

One thought must surely have crossed every mind. What a meeting there must have been in the shadowless land when father, and mother, and sons were re-united! But we must wait awhile ere we can know how joyful that must have been.

We are sure we may ask for our six dear aunts, and particularly for the two who were dwelling with their aged father at the time of his home-call, a very special sympathy. One does not part the more readily with a dear one because the loan is so long standing. The Lord Himself make good the loss, and fill the vacancy! One of these dear daughters, Miss Charlotte J. Spurgeon, has kindly jotted down some happy memories of our “grand old man.”

“At the Editor's special request, I will endeavour to relate one or two incidents in the life of one whose memory will ever be a source of refreshment and joy to those who knew him; how much more to those who loved and honoured him as only a daughter could!

“Going back many years, I can recall the lessons taught by my dear father when riding with him, on Sunday morning, to the little village where his labours were so blessed of God. Seeing a sheep in a ditch, unable to raise itself, he stopped his horse, crossed the field, and helped the poor creature up. Returning, he gave me a few words of good counsel on helping those in trouble.

“On another Sabbath, passing a man at work in his garden, he pleasantly said, ‘Good morning, friend; have you or I made a mistake this morning?’ The man could not at first clearly see the point of the question; whereupon father continued, ‘I thought it was Sunday

morning.' The man frankly acknowledged he was in the wrong, and, putting aside his tools, went, accompanied by his wife, to hear my father preach. God blessed the Word to the wife, who became a humble follower of Christ, and one hopes that the seed dropped into the man's heart may also have taken root.

"It always appeared to father a great mystery, that his two much-beloved sons should have been taken away, while he, 'a worn-out log,' as he called himself, was left. The thought that Charles was with his mother gave the dear old gentleman a large amount of comfort. His closing days were full of peace and joy. God kindly permitted no pain to harass him; and, at last, in a sleep, his spirit took its everlasting flight. One of his last sayings was, '*People do not attend prayer-meetings as they ought.*' Dear reader, take these words home to your heart, and see if the prayer-meeting cannot be to you what it was to him,—a necessity to spiritual life, and a source of truest joy."

* * * *

Good-bye, dear grandfather, till the morning-time!

T. S.

"Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(Continued from page 278.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(c) *The Self-witness of the Holy Ghost.*

4. *The Unconquerability of the Sacred Books.*

Again, the Bible is indestructible and invincible,—Divine in its conception, preservation, and destination. Its Inspiration, like everything that is of God, is in itself a miracle; and miracles cannot be explained, defined, reasoned about, reduced to theories, but must simply be accepted and believed. To ask how God inspired the Bible, to seek to get within and behind the will and mind of the Absolute and Eternal, must ever prove as vain an effort as an endeavour to solve the mysteries of the Incarnation and Resurrection. Accordingly, since the very existence and origin of such a Book constitute an argument and demand for supernatural power, we bow before THE FACT, without attempting any theory concerning it, save that "all Scripture is God-breathed," and "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Let us, however, consider—

(1) *The Conception of the Bible.*

In a profound and very reverent passage, Gaussen, the eminent Swiss Professor, alluding to the part occupied by man in the transmission of the Divine message, speaks of the power of the Holy Ghost overshadowing the womb of human thought, as God, through man's mind, and in His (God's) own words, declared His Revelation to a

fallen world. Thus, also, in the carrying out of the Almighty's programme concerning earthly events, we find that He used, in history, as in Inspiration, special men and women for special objects, creating, preparing, and moulding their characters, experiences, temperaments, and surroundings,—physical, social, and national,—for His own ends, taking the heathen King, Cyrus, Esther, the Jewish maiden, Samson, the Danite Hercules, and Boaz, the generous farmer, and laying hold even of accidental (?!) circumstances in the environments of His servants, such as David's shepherd life at Bethlehem, and Peter's hunger and vision at Joppa, and shaping them for the outworking of His own definite purposes. But, in all these things, God was *supreme*, absolute,—the Ruler, Originator, and Fulfiller of His own decrees; and yet, in infinite wisdom, He condescended to link humanity with Himself, and to work His Divine will through mortal agents; and, in so doing, chose such instruments, in each case, as were more peculiarly adapted, by actual temperament, experience, and surroundings, to carry out His programme. One can hardly imagine, for example, Aaron as an irate Iconoclast destroying golden calves, or Amos slaying the prophets of Baal upon Mount Carmel; but Moses and "the Prophet of Fire" seem eminently suitable in such capacities; and a diversity of character as strongly marked is manifested in the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah, and the apostles Paul and John,—each man, each writer, clearly revealing his own distinct personality,—the poetical joy, the deep sadness, the irresistible logic, and the abounding love,—and retaining his individuality even when uttering Divinely-given and God-breathed messages. That God, the Holy Ghost, need not have used the minds and mouths of sinners to convey His thoughts to men, we readily admit; but that He did, however, deign to do so, remains an incontrovertible fact.

To what extent, then, do we affirm a human element in the Bible? Emphatically, no further than as the medium whereby God breathed His own thoughts, clothed also in His own words, through His chosen messengers, the prophets, unto the people. To admit an intermingling of the Divine and human elements in the Holy Scriptures, part being of God, and part of man, would be to immediately stultify the integrity and accuracy of the entire Revelation; for we believe that the Bible not only *contains*, but is the Word of God; and the prophets and apostles themselves, as we have already proved, claim for their utterances, in the fullest and most unreserved fashion, an absolutely Verbal Inspiration, and that Jehovah put His words into their mouths! Indeed, were it otherwise, who could possibly presume to decide between the Divine and human element, and arbitrate concerning the claims of different passages and writings? Assuredly, I dare not. Nor, on the other hand, would God's Word consent to bow before the dictum of any mortal, however erudite and spiritual; if it did, each man would have a bible of his own, edited and revised according to his poor, fallible, errant judgment, and all finality, authority, assurance, and infallibility would immediately disappear.

"But," exclaims some proud man, rather hotly, "surely this reduces the prophet to a mere machine, or, at best, to nothing higher than a first-rate shorthand reporter!" Quite so; and any believer in the

ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans cannot, at any rate, stumble over such a proposition as that. Besides, it is no mean position for a skilled and accurate reporter to transmit to the world the thoughts and utterances of our mighty men; yet such an one is content to simply take down the *ipsissima verba* of the speaker, in order to convey to others his inner ideas and thinkings. In fact, such ideas and thinkings can only be intelligently interpreted through language as it is passed on unsullied and complete from the author's lips; and, therefore, it is surely *inconceivable that Almighty God, if deeming it fitting to speak to us, should prove less careful concerning His eternal message than statesmen and poets are regarding the ephemeral utterance of an hour*. We simply demand for the statements of Absolute and Unerring Wisdom the same accuracy of report that Hansard (an illustrious name) has so long secured for the members of the British House of Commons.

As we, however, said before, the personality of the prophet yet tinges and pervades the Divinely-given message through his lips. Subtle allusions to past experiences are laid hold of, and pressed home by God, for His own glory; characteristic expressions, associated by the Holy Ghost with the individuality of the writer, are easily distinguished; and the temperament or disposition of the prophet is used as a medium to convey the one great eternal message, which comes through all,—*toned*, however, in each case, with his own peculiar sympathies and emotions. Yet all is God-breathed;—ay, to the very words! Here is gathered together a mass of musical instruments,—both large and small,—some highly ornamental, others perfectly plain and simple; silver, brass, wood;—a reed-pipe organ, cornet, trombone, bassoon, piccolo;—very varied in their capacity for making sound, and all absolutely mute and useless until wind is poured through them from without, and skilful fingers handle them; but when *the breath* comes, and hands touch them, then does each instrument, in responding, simply obey the master-power outside it, in every note and detail, and yet *remain itself*; as, with the Spirit (*Pneuma*) poured into it, it gives forth sweet music, the message of an external and compelling force, tinged and toned, however, by its own distinctive and peculiar sound. Thus was it also with the holy prophets; each voice remained silent,—dumb, helpless, messageless,—until God breathed; each testimony poor and worthless until God touched. Then, all the mouthpieces of the Holy Ghost sounded forth His utterance in joyful and united song, a wonderful chorus of redemption melody; while, in that perfect harmony, one can discern the simple honest voice of James, the silver tongue of John, the plaintive notes of Israel's sweet singer, and the high-toned poetry of seraphic Isaiah;—the entire band absolutely dependent upon, and simply obeying their Master,—mute without infilling, God-directing power; yet every one unique in rendering such heavenly music as the breath and finger of the Eternal brought in, and out, through each of them (Exodus iv. 12; 2 Samuel xxiii. 2; Isaiah vi. 7; Jeremiah i. 9; 2 Timothy iii. 16; 2 Peter i. 21).

(2) *The Preservation of the Bible* is also, in itself, a miracle; for,

assuredly, there never was any other book so assailed, denounced, and persecuted; and yet, through all antagonisms and criticisms, it not merely survives to-day, but it lives with an ever-increasing and widening power, for "The words* of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times. *Thou shalt keep them, O Lord, Thou shalt preserve them* (margin: "*every one of them*") from this generation for ever" (Psalm xii. 6, 7). As the great prophet Moses, when a babe, was wondrously preserved by the Egyptian dynasty, which had determined on his destruction, and which he ultimately vanquished, so was the *Old Testament* retained intact by that nation whose sin, idolatry, apostacy, ruin, judgment, and dispersion, it most graphically narrated and predicted;—while our *New Testament* came to us principally through the heads of that Church, whose teachings, ordinances, traditions, priestcrafts, pretences, and fables, it utterly condemns; and it is indeed strikingly remarkable that neither Jews nor Romanists were ever permitted to alter a single sentence in the Manuscripts, so as to soften such criticisms, or mould the words of Scripture into a harmony with their own thoughts, ambitions, and practices. Nay, more, the Jews, who carefully counted every letter of the Law, would willingly have died rather than countenance the smallest variation of one jot or tittle; and Rome, who never scrupled, by fire, sword, poison, money, treachery, falsehood, flattery, or force, to cover her iniquities, and achieve her objects, *could not* effect this end, since God Himself preserved through her those Scriptures which shall yet accomplish her destruction and final overthrow.

Again, someone has justly remarked that, out of a grim antiquity, a few fragments only of the archives of Oriental nations remain to-day cast up upon the shore of time; but the Pentateuch, like Noah's ark, has floated triumphantly and safely above all the deluge of human change, conflict, and history. Thus, when lost for centuries, "The Book of the Law" was unexpectedly recovered, by godly Josiah, during his renovation of the temple (2 Kings xxii. 8—13; 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 14—16). The roll of Jeremiah, containing "the words of the Lord" written by Baruch from the prophet's lips, and read in wicked Jehoiakim's ear, (fit type of certain modern critics,) was penknifed first, and then cast into the flames by the angry monarch, but in "another roll" Jehovah ordained that there were to be "written all the former words," and "there were added besides unto them many like words." (Jeremiah xxxvi.) Antiochus Epiphanes, sweeping Jerusalem with the besom of his wrath, burnt every parchment he could discover, and punished all custodians of such writings with the supreme penalty of death; while Diocletian, and many others, afterwards, similarly essayed to stamp out the Scriptures, but all in vain. Pope, Prince, and Prelate interdicted, denounced, and sought to destroy the Bible; for Rome, while supernaturally restrained from tampering with the Sacred Word *in detail*, yet again and again assailed it venomously "*in globo*"; and, still, out of all fires, it has risen, Phoenix-like, from its very ashes; and though its friends and adherents may be burnt or imprisoned, "The Word of God is not bound;" and.

* "Oracles" (Septuagint), see also Romans iii. 2.

like the young Josiah, hidden amid the wickednesses and murderings of apostate religion, has, times without number, come forth to slay its enemies, and overturn the powers of all its persecutors.

Innumerable sceptics have attacked its pages, and foul-mouthed writers, like Voltaire, predicted, "In fifty years, no one will read this Book:" yet he and they are long since buried, while his very house is used to-day for the offices of a Bible Society! Thus mightily grows the Word of God, and prevails. Whereas, formerly, the devil was accustomed to salary his own agents in their attempted demolition of the Sacred Scriptures, he now *gets them salaried by the church*, and seeks to achieve his purpose more insidiously, as not only German and American, but also Edinburgh and Oxford Professors, from their endowed chairs of Biblical Criticism, deny in some cases not merely the Inspiration of Moses, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul, and Peter, but even the very virgin birth, and literal resurrection of our beloved Lord and Saviour! Still, notwithstanding and withstanding, the Bible has outlived, and will continue to outlive all these critics who betray it with a kiss; and they, too, must one day face *its criticism*, and be condemned at the judgment bar of the Eternal. The truth is, there is a Divinity in the Book; and the Holy Ghost Himself, being its Author, Witness, and Defender, it simply cannot be got rid of, nor even be preached out through the assistance of its so-called friends. Dr Dry-as-dust may be as dry as dust, but it is evergreen, fresh, breezy, solemn, soothing, all instinct and aglow with life and pardon, peace and purity, grace and glory; and, in the power of God, and the demonstration of the Holy Ghost, must infallibly and eternally prevail.

Why, the very history of the preservation of the various Manuscripts reads like a veritable fairy tale; as, for example, the discovery, only sixty years ago, by Tischendorf, (in his casual visit to the monastery of St. Catherine's,) of one of the most ancient,—the now famous Codex Sinaiticus,—which he literally rescued from the waste-paper basket, ere its impending careless consumption as fuel by the monks. The nation, also, which preserved "The Oracles of God," has lost all else. The holy vessels of the sanctuary are no more; the sacred ark of the covenant has disappeared; the noble city of Jerusalem lies broken down and desolate; Judæa languishes, and the very soil is sterilized; Israel, persecuted and outcast, is still scattered to the four winds of heaven, but "The Holy Scriptures" remain at once the heritage and condemnation of the Jewish race, and also the pledge and prophecy of Israel's restoration, "life from the dead," and coming glory.

(3) *The Destination of the Bible.* We have already shadowed forth the goal towards which the Holy Scriptures trend, as the Divine promises throb ever onward to complete fulfilment and triumphant victory. Even to-day, the Lord is still "confirming His Word with signs following" (Mark xvi. 20); for, not only is the creation and preservation of the Book a miracle, but "the Word of God" is itself the author and parent of innumerable miracles. Individuals, whose lives and practices have been of the foulest and most debased kind, have been transformed, regenerated: "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new; and all things are of God"

(2 Corinthians v. 17, 18). Many a stern antagonist of the Gospel, like Saul of Tarsus, or John Newton, "now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed" (Galatians i. 23); and when education, remonstrance, persuasions, logic, threatenings, and punishments have failed, the Bible has effected a peaceful revolution, and placed purity, self-control, love, and the Lord Jesus, upon the throne of Mansoul. These transformations, explain them as you will, are *facts*; and, to a myriad such witnesses we confidently appeal, as living testimonials of this wonder-working power.

And then, as regards the nations of the earth, has it not been demonstrated, again and again, that, where the Scriptures go, whether in India, Africa, the Fiji Islands, or New Zealand, murder, infanticide, demon worship, bestiality, all shades and forms of loathsome and unmentionable sins, Sutteeism, tyranny and superstition disappear, as flies the darkness before the dawning of God's day. To convert, transform, uplift, a Tierra Del Fuego, was pronounced by Charles Darwin to be the very climax of a moral impossibility; yet *the Word did it*, and that, too, so effectually as to call forth a frank and public acknowledgment of the astounding fact from the great Agnostic, who, ever afterwards, contributed annually to the Bible Society working in that land. It has been well stated that, in those countries where there is no Bible, tyranny, vice, and sorrow are absolutely rampant;—that, where there is a CLOSED Bible, superstition, ignorance, bondage, and decay exist; and that where there is an OPEN Bible, liberty, progress, and security of home and public life prevail. Take down the great world's map to-day, and contrast it with that of one hundred years ago; and tracing the argument for yourselves, you will see that there can be no denying that "the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." Even hospitals, Relief Societies, and the varied phases of philanthropic effort in our great cities, are but the reflections of God's grace;—while, in such matters, the very thoughts and actions of a professed Agnosticism are, unconsciously, but certainly, tinged and influenced by the teachings of the Holy Book.

In ancient Saxon language, the word "justified" is strikingly and suggestively enough applied to book-binding, when each page enclosed the other so perfectly that no one protruded or was jagged, each completely filling over and covering the rest;—so shall it also be, in that great day when all the promises of God are *justified*, each separate prophecy so covering its fulfilment that all pledges and completions will be of identical shape and measurement. Then shall the Jewish nation realize and enjoy all the Divine blessings to Abraham, Moses, David, and Solomon; and the Church, without a single member missing, be with and like her reigning Lord. Then shall the millennial peace and gladness spread their widening waves of benediction over all the nations; and, finally, the glories of "a new Heaven and a new earth" shall usher in the ecstasies of that eternal, sinless, tearless, deathless state, when "God shall be All-in-all." This has the Bible promised, and this also it is going to perform, for the man of sin shall yet "be consumed with the Spirit (*Pneuma*) of His mouth, and destroyed with the brightness of His coming," and the conquering "King of kings and Lord of lords" must triumph under

His eternal title, "The Word of God" (2 Thessalonians ii. 8; John i. 13, 14; Revelation xix. 13).

I have sometimes wondered whether a copy of the dear old Bible will be preserved in Heaven, just as the pot of manna was in the temple of King Solomon after the wilderness journey was complete. Would we not feel lonely without it? At any rate, our memories will then recall the helps and aids it gave us on the pilgrim way; and David will recite once more his Psalms, and Isaiah his Cross-centred Prophecies, and Paul his Expositions of the Doctrines of Grace, and John his grand Doxologies. Above all, the Author of the Book, who Himself indited the very words, will be there; and then, gazing on Him, how sweet shall be our triumph, as we confess and realize that, though dynasties have perished, philosophies faded away, Schools of Theology risen and disappeared, scientific discoveries (?) been buried in contempt,—the very sun, and moon, and stars, rolled from their places, and the heavens and the earth passed away,—yet that "there failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken (unto the house of Israel); all came to pass;" and that "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the Word which by the Gospel is preached unto you" (Joshua xxi. 45; 1 Peter i. 25).

(To be continued next month.)

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CIV.—PASTOR PHILIP A. HUDGELL, JUNCTION STREET, DERBY.

NEARLY fifty years ago, when curious and eager throngs were crowding New Park Street Chapel, attracted by the fame of the youthful preacher who had come up from Cambridgeshire, and taken London by storm, a young man in the audience was stricken by the arrow of conviction, and becoming a sincere believer, sought baptism and fellowship with the church. When he was received at the Lord's table, Mr. Spurgeon said, "Welcome, friend of my own age." "I think you are mistaken as to my age," said the young man, after the service. "Oh, well!" was the laughing rejoinder, "we're both hobble-de-hoys, neither men nor boys." The "hobble-de-hoy" was man enough to catch the evangelistic fervour of his youthful pastor, and quickly engaged in Christian work. Business took him away from London, but he carried with him the passion for souls; and, before long, relinquished mercantile pursuits to become the pastor of the church at Newton Abbot, in Devonshire. One of the first of "Spurgeon's men" to enter the Baptist ministry, during forty years the Rev. George Hudgell has witnessed a good confession as an earnest preacher, a zealous pastor, and a devoted helper of all good causes;—one of the many "faithful men" whose names hardly ever appear in our religious newspapers, but whose work is the foundation of our denominational strength and progress.

His son, PHILIP A. HUDGELL, was born at Newton Abbot, on

May 23rd, 1867; and was educated at Stow Hill School, Newport, Monmouthshire; Lewisham House School, Weston-super-Mare; Bristol Grammar School; and King's College, London. His father's ministry was blessed to his conversion at an early age, and (like John Foster and Thomas Comber,) he was baptized and joined the church when thirteen years old. Naturally, as he grew up, his thoughts turned to the Christian ministry, and becoming convinced that God had called him to the work, he sought admission to the Pastors' College in his twentieth year. The President took a kindly interest in him for his father's sake, and he is not likely to forget the words with which he was received into the College: "Ah, instead of the fathers, shall come up the children. You have a good father, whom I know well. You must try to be a better man than he, though you'll have a big job to beat him."



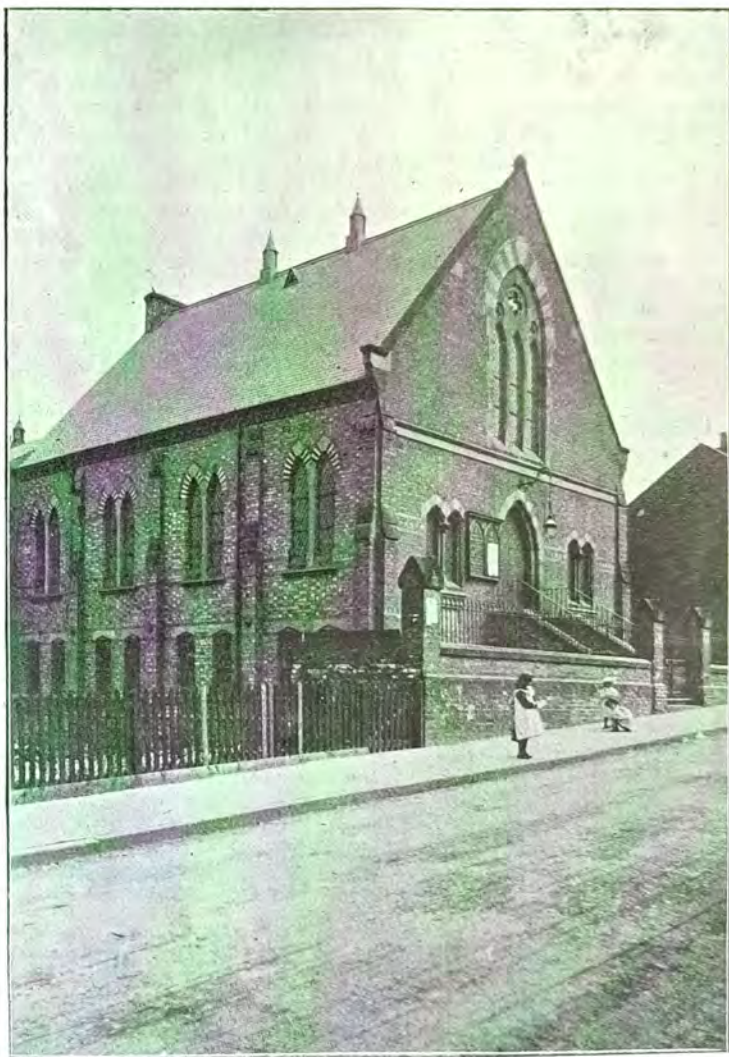
The three years of College life passed all too quickly, and, in April, 1889, Mr. Hudgell accepted a call to the pastorate of Chester Street Baptist Church, Wrexham. It was a difficult, but a hopeful sphere of labour. The town of Wrexham is the centre of a populous district,—thronged on market days and holidays by colliers from the surrounding villages,—and very unlike the purely Welsh and agricultural regions of the Principality. The church was in a low condition, and the ardent young minister was bent on gathering in the outsiders, so he set to work to "compel them to come in." Acting on the prin-

ciple that "a house-going parson makes a church-going people," he went, from house to house, among the streets and alleys of Wrexham, distributing tracts, and giving personal invitations to the indoor and outdoor services. His work was greatly blessed of God, and there were many additions to the church during his brief pastorate. But, after two years and a half at Wrexham, it seemed right for him to accept an invitation to join the staff of the Irish Baptist Mission, which led to his settlement, a little later, as pastor of our church at Waterford.

From North Wales to South Ireland,—from an inland colliery district to a seaport,—was a great change; but greater still was the contrast between the Protestant atmosphere Mr. Hudgell had left, and the Romanist atmosphere into which he entered. Unhappily, even among the Protestant churches of the city there was little love lost, and the Baptists were regarded by both Presbyterians and Episcopalians as unwelcome interlopers, while the great majority of the population were firmly set against giving the Protestant "heretics" any hearing at all. The general reply of the Catholics to any religious question or suggestion was, "Oh, we leave that to the priest!" and many would add, with engaging frankness, "he does our thinking for us." Open-air preaching and house-to-house visiting were alike out of the question in Waterford; but Mr. Hudgell found an outlet for his evangelistic zeal in work among the soldiers and sailors,—visiting the barracks and the vessels in the harbour, often rebuffed and discouraged, but frequently receiving a hearty welcome, and winning warm friends. The congregations at the Baptist Chapel, during his ministry, were often brightened by the soldiers' uniform, and the blue jackets of the sailors were not seldom seen at the services.

The work of a Baptist minister in Ireland is about as hard and discouraging as it can be anywhere, and I daresay my friend was not sorry to receive a call to the English Midlands, where the soil is so much more favourable to the growth of our churches and the spread of our principles. The church at Junction Street, Derby, was a branch of St. Mary's Gate when Mr. Hudgell accepted the pastorate, in February, 1895; and its history had been somewhat remarkable. Fifty years ago, there was a long row of houses on the outskirts of the town, called Parcel Terrace, which was inhabited principally by the workers employed at the neighbouring chemical works, lime kilns, and nailmakers' smithies. The neighbourhood had gained the unenviable name of little Sodom; and the open space adjoining the Terrace was frequently the scene of the wildest riot and disorder, especially on the Sabbath day. Many of the cottages were vacant, and a few young men from St. Mary's Gate (Mr. Robert Hilliard, J.P., is the sole survivor of the band, and is still a leader in the cause,) obtained the use of an empty cottage, and started a mission-school. They began with five scholars,—ragged and bare-footed,—but "who hath despised the day of small things?" Fierce and bitter opposition only emboldened the workers; many signs of the Divine blessing attended their laborious efforts; the whole character of the neighbourhood was changed; and, in the year 1860, the rented cottage was exchanged for a small chapel. In ten years' time, this was outgrown, and larger premises were erected, which have since been enlarged, and now need

to be replaced by still roomier buildings. Mr. Hudgell was the first pastor of the church, which, two years after his advent, became an independent body, and he has just celebrated his seventh anniversary. Under his pastoral care, Junction Street has prospered greatly: no fewer than 200 members have been added during his ministry; and, although there are many changes and losses in a church which is mainly composed of working people, their membership is upwards of



250, while there are over 900 scholars in the Sunday-school. It will surprise no one that the church has decided again to "arise and build." A site has been secured, adjoining the present sanctuary, and plans are being prepared for the erection of a commodious house of prayer, as soon as the funds in hand will justify such a course. It is an undertaking which deserves and should receive the warmest support. (Any contributions sent to Pastor P. A. Hudgell, 258, Uttoxeter Road, Derby, will be gratefully acknowledged.)

Mr. Hudgell was specially fortunate, early in his ministry, in his marriage to Miss Willcox, at Whittlesea, Cambridgeshire; she has proved a true helpmeet, and is greatly beloved by their many friends. It should be added that no minister in Derby is more generally respected than is Mr. Hudgell. He has served the churches of the town in many ways. Last year, he proved himself a most efficient and acceptable President of the Christian Endeavour Union; he is the Ministerial Secretary of the Free Church Council; and to the East Midland Baptist Association he has rendered splendid service as the Secretary of the Derbyshire Visitation Committee. Kindly in spirit, earnest in manner, large-hearted in his sympathies, ever faithful to "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," he has won a good report as "a workman not needing to be ashamed." Few young ministers have had such a varied experience in their first three churches, and few have acquitted themselves so well in such diversified spheres.

G. HOWARD JAMES.

Derby.



A View in Barden Park, Tonbridge,—

where the Tabernacle Sunday scholars enjoyed themselves to the full on July 8th (see "Notes"). Just the place for an annual excursion, private or public. For terms, write to Messrs. G. Taylor and Sons, Barden Park, Tonbridge, Kent.

The Journey to Emmaus.

LORD, when I think of how Thou didst reveal
Thyself to those disciples by the way,—
Thy gracious dealings with *them* make me feel
As if Thou nearer wert to *me* to-day ;
As if Thou wert,—O truest Friend, and Guide,
In Life's dark pathway, walking by *my* side !

Oh, how transfigured would my life be here,
If I could always feel Thee close at hand !
No foe or danger should I need to fear,
Nor Life's hard problems, then, misunderstand !
All would be light as seen in Thy clear light,
And even sorrow turned to pure delight !

And yet how wonderful, dear Lord, that I
Have travelled on so many miles of life
Unconscious of Thy presence, though so nigh,—
Waiting to help in times of stress and strife !
No chime of bells, or step, did Thee betray,
Yet hast Thou been *beside me all the way* !

Dear Lord and Master, open Thou mine eyes ;
Let neither joy nor sorrow cause me to mistake,
Or fail to know Thee, *whatso'er* disguise
It pleaseth Thee, at times, in love to take.
And oh ! may this my happy portion be,—
Uninterrupted intercourse with Thee !

Oh, may my life be one Emmaus-walk
In Thy sweet company, with Thee for Guide !
How would my heart rejoice to hear Thee talk,
Nor tire from morning until eventide ;
No vanishing, as when that walk was o'er ;—
Thou wouldst abide with me *for evermore* !

Felixstowe.

SAMUEL THOMPSON.

“Before honour is humility.”—Prou. xv. 33.

A Fable for the Bairns.

BY T. L. EDWARDS, GLASGOW.

THE BULB ; OR, DARKNESS MAY BE NECESSARY.

ALADY opened a drawer, where lay several dry and unsightly bulbs, not altogether unlike onions. “This will do,” she said, lifting one. She held it up to the light, then fitted it into the top of a long glass tube.

"This is splendid," said the bulb to himself. "I see I am destined to make a figure in the world. It wasn't altogether bad lying in that drawer, but this is much better. Now I shall see about a bit, and be seen, too."

At that moment, his reflections were interrupted; he was removed from the glass, and laid upon the table. His heart sank within him. The glass was almost filled with water, and a piece of black charcoal was placed in it. Then the bulb was once more elevated to his position of honour.

"Ah! well," he murmured, "my degradation didn't last long, at any rate. But I don't like this water business, it makes me very cold; and as for this piece of black stuff, it is very ugly. I wish people would let well alone. However, as I cannot help myself, I must put up with it. I am, at any rate, introduced into a much larger world, and shall see much more than I ever did before."

Just then, the lady's sister entered the room.

"I think this is a very fine bulb, don't you?" said the lady, addressing her sister, who was coming towards her.

"Yes, indeed," said the second lady, "I have seldom seen one I liked better."

"That's the kind of talk I like to hear," said the bulb to himself; "now I am on the way to high distinction."

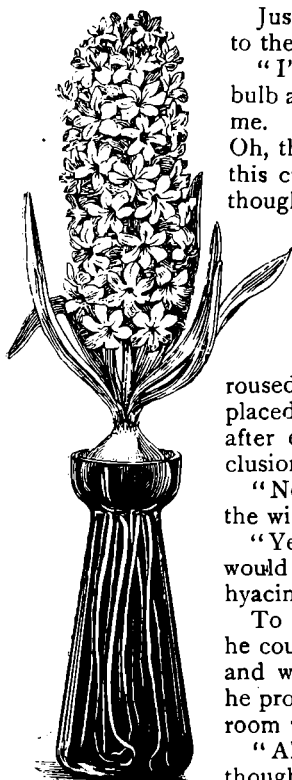
The lady then carefully lifted the glass, so as not to cause the water to wet the bulb, and carried it to a cupboard, where she placed it on a shelf, and shut the door. The poor bulb suddenly found itself in total darkness, with no one to admire it, and apparently with all its prospects of advancement destroyed. It began at once to bemoan its position.

"Alas! how false are my hopes! What a cruel world it is! Just as I was on my way to better circumstances, I am set over this chilly water, and shut up in darkness. What can a bulb do here, but bewail his lot? No wonder I feel so many pains. I feel as though I should burst, and I verily believe a strange growth is appearing;—yes, I am sure of it, I feel the water; and what is happening to my poor head I cannot imagine. Oh! how I wish I could see, or had never been taken out of the comfortable soil, where that deceitful person found me months ago! I thought, when she brought me into the house, and laid me carefully in the drawer, that she loved me; now I see she only meant to torment me. Woe is me! I wish I had never been born."

Thus he continued for several days. Fortunately, nobody heard him. At last, he settled into quietude, out of sheer exhaustion. One morning, the lady came to the cupboard with her sister. She opened the door, and lifted out the glass tube. "Isn't he a beauty?" she exclaimed, as she set him on the table. She gently lifted the bulb, and poured a little more water into the glass. "See how he forms his roots," she added; "they are unusually long, and his green spire is already rising finely."

"He is a splendid fellow," assented her sister, and again the poor bulb was elated.

"Now," said he, "fortune is smiling upon me; I shall prove to be somebody after all."



Just then, the glass was lifted, and carried back to the cupboard, where it was again shut in.

"I'll never believe these people again," said the bulb angrily; "they simply try to annoy and vex me. Had I legs or wings, I would leave them. Oh, that I could fly! I would either get out of this cupboard, or die in the attempt. I feel as though my strength were increasing, and my size, too; perhaps I shall be able to escape from my prison if I wait awhile. I'll try to wait, and not waste my strength in fretfulness."

He waited as patiently as he could.

Once or twice more, his anger was roused by being lifted out of the dark, and being placed in it again; but, one day, the two ladies, after examining him carefully, came to the conclusion that his position might be altered.

"Now," said the first, "we will place him in the window; he is fit for any position of honour."

"Yes," said the second, "a king's palace would not be disgraced by such a well-developed hyacinth."

To the bulb's great joy, he was placed where he could see and be seen. Day after day, light and warmth and moisture nourished him, until he produced a magnificent blossom, and filled the room with his delicate fragrance.

"Ah! I see now," said he, "that all that I thought so harsh was done in kindness. I wish I had been more patient; then, perhaps, I should have been even more beautiful than I am, and my fragrance might have been fuller and sweeter."

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY PASTOR C. W. TOWNSEND, ST. MARTIN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

IX.—MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

IN Canada, Cupid is busy as elsewhere in the world. Indeed, in this fair land, he does more execution than in some other parts of the earth, and brings down his victims sooner. The present Duke of Argyll, formerly Governor General of the Dominion, in his interesting book on Canada, notes the fact that, like their national animal, the beaver, Canadians mate early. The social conditions are favourable: there are not the impediments raised by poverty as in older countries; the prospects for obtaining a sufficient livelihood are greater. It is well known that these things have a pronounced effect upon the matrimonial market. In many cases here, a young couple do not have to start a fresh home: the youthful husband will bring his bride

to the parental homestead. There are numerous instances of this kind; and, with few exceptions, the joint household dwells in harmony. And here it is pleasing to note that most of the unions in Canada are happy. Marriage is generally a success, and the Canadians have solved the problem—"How to be happy, though married." In this respect, they are far ahead of their neighbours across the line. The divorce laws in some of the American States are a crying scandal, and a disgrace to their boasted civilization. In Canada, very few marriages are dissolved, and the majority of the homes are scenes of peace and domestic bliss.

Of course, there are now and again couples who do not pull well in double harness, and who would not be likely candidates for the Dunmow flitch of bacon. We knew, years ago, such an ill-matched pair. They had frequent altercations. Usually, the lady held the reins. But, on one occasion, her lord asserted his rightful supremacy. He followed her round the house, threateningly flourishing a carving-knife. Being greatly alarmed, she took refuge in the cellar, whereupon, he jumped up on the kitchen table, waved his sanguinary blade, and shouted, loudly enough for the whole neighbourhood to hear, "Hallelujah! the Lord has given me the victory." We are strongly inclined to believe that he had not been fighting one of the Lord's battles. His triumph was so unusual that he did not like to attribute it to his own strength; and, in the first flush of it, his theology got strangely confused. Happily, such conjugal conflicts are very rare in this land. Most of the matrimonial alliances are prompted by sincere affection. Even when the climate is coldest, hearts grow warm with emotions that are as old as humanity. Though rivers and streams are sometimes frozen, love finds its way; and though its course is not always smooth, it flows on till, in its mighty and mystic depths, soul mingles with soul.

In rural regions, where social opportunities are not so varied as in larger centres, inviting the fair one to take a drive will often afford the young man a pretext for starting love-making. If the object of his regard consents to accompany him, he will take it as a favourable indication, and make the most of the occasion. Several drives may follow before there is a formal engagement, and the lady agrees to drive with him on the journey of life. When that stage is reached, the services of the minister are called into requisition, and a little account of the part he plays may not be without interest to English readers.

In Canada, the facilities for marrying are greater than in the Old Country. The law is not so cumbersome, and its administration is simpler. Each minister acts as his own Registrar, and keeps a record on forms provided for that purpose. Every six months, he forwards such forms to a District Registrar, and they are ultimately sent to the Treasury Department of the local Government. In the Province of Quebec, the minister is even qualified to issue licences. In other Provinces, that is done by someone else specially appointed. Most people are married by licence, which is much cheaper than in England. No length of time is required before such a warrant can be obtained, and no previous residence in the locality is necessary. Upon the production of the licence, the minister, having previously entered the

required particulars, is authorized to proceed with the ceremony. Two witnesses must be present, who, with the bride and bridegroom, afterwards sign their names. In the wedding service, no legal formula is insisted on, and each minister may compile or adopt such form as he deems suitable.

Certainly, Canadian preachers fare better than their English brethren in the matter of fees. It is usually not less than five dollars (a little more than £1), even when the parties are in humble circumstances. There are times when it is considerably larger. Sometimes it falls below the customary standard, and the officiating minister must bear his disappointment with good grace, as he is not entitled to any specific amount. There was once a sailor, who came to be married; but he had not the sum mentioned by the clergyman. "Well, parson," said Jack, in his bluff way, "just marry us as far as it goes." We always tell the happy couple that it is better to have the job done thoroughly, and that, the more generous they are, the more likely they are to prosper.

Marriages in Canada may be legally performed at any time of day or night. We have tied the knot at almost all hours; in the morning, in the afternoon, in the evening, at midnight and even in the small hours. One Saturday, we had been away to a Temperance meeting many miles from home. When we returned, at one o'clock on the Sunday morning, we found a young couple patiently waiting in our study. Our good wife knew that their visit meant money, and had done her best to entertain them until we got back. We thought it wise to do the business with despatch, and soon they went on their way rejoicing, leaving us richer by five dollars.

The favourite time for the wedding ceremony in Canada is the evening. After it is over, the guests sit down to well-spread tables, and the festivities are sometimes prolonged until a late hour.

As there is no limit in the matter of time, so there is no place specified by law for the observance of the marriage service. Most of the weddings take place in the home of the bride's parents; those held in churches are exceptions to the general rule. One of the prettiest weddings at which we officiated was held on the lawn of the residence of the bride's mother. The couple, standing beneath a floral arch, were in the freshness of life; "it was in the prime of summer-time," the foliage was in the fulness of its beauty, the friends were picturesquely grouped around; and, as the soft light of evening rested upon the fair scene, it appeared to us truly paradisaical, and we seemed to hear "the voice that breathed o'er Eden."

At first, it struck us as strange to see people married in private homes; but, now, it appears to us almost more fitting that they should there be united. There is something beautiful in the fact of a bride being wedded in the house where she was born, and taking upon her the solemn vows amid the familiar scenes of her youth. Among such associations, the ceremony is not robbed of any of its impressiveness. If anything, it gains in noble and pathetic effect. A merely curious and careless public is shut out from the spectacle, and only relations and favoured acquaintances are present.

In other respects than those above-mentioned, weddings are much

the same in Canada as elsewhere. The bride is suitably attired, and the bridegroom is "well groomed" for the occasion. They are the recipients of numerous gifts from their friends. When possessed of means, they go on a bridal trip; and when starting, are targets for old shoes, rice, etc. There is one custom, however, that appears to be peculiar to some parts of Canada. The youths and young men in the neighbourhood serenade the house where a wedding takes place. It is their aim to make all the noise they can. To that end, they arm themselves with tin horns and cow-bells, and occasionally fire off guns. They are not satisfied until the newly-married pair appear at the door, when they give them a hearty greeting. Frequently, these harmless besiegers are invited within, and treated to refreshments. We heard of one case where the bridegroom was very stubborn, and refused to show himself or permit his wife to be seen. Consequently, the "boys" returned night after night, and kept up their noisy attentions for a week, until, weary with such importunities, the couple made their appearance, when their visitors, content with their victory, gave them three cheers, and quietly dispersed.

Canada is a land of happy homes,—homes where peace and plenty abide, and where true piety is often found. Built upon such foundations, we believe there is a great future for this nation, and we trust that, amid all the wonderful growth of population which promises to come with nearing years, these sweet simplicities and sanctities will not become obsolete. In such sacred ties of home and Heaven is found the true hope for any nation. "Happy is that people, that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

My Lady's Garden.

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

VIII.—A SILENT SEASON.

WHEN icebergs float out into the Northern seas, chill blasts sweep over the land. Then the tender leaves of Spring curl, and turn brown, and the flowers hesitate to divest themselves of their Winter clothing.

When a May gale comes in from the West, green boughs lie strewn in the path of the storm, while withered blossoms cover the garden walks.

But, as Summer lays the spell of her sway upon sea and shore, the wings of the great winds are folded straightway, or only move with the deliberate flight of the sailing rook.

Now and then, the languorous calm of August days is broken by a petulant squall, which sinks the pleasure boat, whose merry occupants sang at starting, oblivious of danger. Now and then, the brooding silence of the days of heat gives way before a storm rush, which drives the tidal waters as high as if it were the Equinox, strips the orchards of the Western land, and creates a miniature sea out of the billowy corn. But, for the most part, luxurious August lies full length along

the hot earth, or sways to the warm breeze, with drowsy head, dreaming Summer dreams in the open air to the lulling rhythm of the shallow stream, or the ever-present hum of insect life. And this is well-nigh all the sound that breaks the stillness, when fruits are ripening and the corn turns brown. The wheat makes a husky whisper, like to that of a corpulent man who cannot speak for fat; the stream babbles to the pebbles, as the garrulous to them that pay no heed; while, in the burning sunshine, where the brambles are in flower, wings vibrate. shot through with light,—green, gold, azure,—stirring up visions as to the beauty of the seraph, as to the capabilities of the heavenly ministries, for the question is but one of degree. The minstrelsy of the nightingale started the gentle angler's musing on the harmonies of Heaven. A mind in touch enters, of its own accord, any door which leads into the spiritual world.

It is the hum of countless wings, the undertone of falling water, the listless breaking of a slack tide that soothes the man able to escape from the raucous cries of the market and the metallic ring of the adamantine street. Summer in August speaks in whispers, as if she said to those who seek her in the haunts of Nature, "Hush! you have talked enough for twelve long months. Be still, and listen to my lullaby. You come not this way when the lark soars, when the nightingale turns the darkness into a hall of song, when lambs bleat on Spring mornings, and the wind rocks the rooks' nests high up in the elms. Then, you are full of life's fever, and you talk impatient talk. clever talk, urging rushing words, rising above all other sounds like the *vox humana* on an organ's keys. Now you are exhausted. You have had enough of orders, either in giving or taking them. You are sickened with the smell of damp town dust; satiated, more than satiated with crowds. Just lie still; and, though you come too late to hear my best musicians, if you shut your eyes, and give yourself up to the spell, and are fit to receive, you shall hear, as it were, pipers a long way off; you shall, if you have a gracious imagination, fancy that there reaches you the music of the City of joy, 'the voice of harpers harping with their harps.'"

Thus the murmur of myriads of sun-shot transparencies, the unceasing hum of wings on an early August day, becomes emblematic. If we are given to seeing God in all His works, is it any wonder that we find Him here; and that, at noon-day, as we muse in My Lady's Garden, or, during holiday, lie on some sunny bank with the wild thyme about us, the blackberry bush in flower above, and blue butterflies coming and going, these flowerings and flittings should set us thinking of the unalloyed sweets, the never-ending joys, and the abiding restfulness of the Better World?

I am well aware that there is another side to all this, but I do not think that is a reason for ignoring the side which lends itself to use in the way of legitimate illustration.

* * * *

There are marked changes in My Lady's Garden as the sun enters the constellation Virgo. The early plums ripen, and the birds that have ceased to sing gather to the spoil. They take the richest part of

the fruit, and leave the rest on the ground. The hot sun and the wasps complete the havoc. The common wasp is a creature of doubtful reputation. Have your tea out in the open, and then give your verdict. Certainly, the species gets rid of multitudes of flies, caterpillars, and grubs; but, on the other hand, wasps are fastidious enough to have a great liking for apricots and the very choicest plums. When these cannot be obtained, they are said to be mean enough to attack the poor man's gooseberries, leaving him little else than empty skins.

It is training, and long discipline under higher forms of life, which beget good manners. Nature's children never ask for leave. But it is rather tantalizing to see bullfinches drop down on your fruit without saying, "May we?" and equally vexing, when you have arranged to bring a fellow City man down for the week-end, that he and you may feast eyes on the glorious red clusters of your mountain ash, to find that the thrushes have cheated you out of the complacency of admiration. We have called the season languorous August, "when the fields are still," and "the woods are dumb." You are, however, inclined to say, "Bother the poets!" when the birds find out your garden, and assemble there at the unreasonable hour of four a.m., even to their hundredth cousin; or, say, when a queen wasp, all unknown to you, has chosen a sunny crevice for a nest, from whence, in harvest time, there issue hosts in uniforms of black and yellow. Yet, as some qualification to vexation, we may as well reflect that we should be irritated beyond endurance, during the very hot days, were it not for birds, wasps, hornets, and the like, for the dust of the earth teems with germs, and the very air is alive.

* * * *

All through June, the gardens and woods are resonant with song. Even into July, sweet music is discoursed towards evening; but, as the Summer increases in heat, and seed capsules begin to shake in the wind, the songsters of the Spring drop their blithe notes, and content themselves with common calls. You would not think the nightingale was the same bird, for all the sound you get from him is a harsh warn off, as if he had lost his temper in rearing his family. The thrush is lazy, the robin feeble, and the lark too busy. The swift is swift to go; and when August comes, he and the cuckoo leave the country with as much alacrity as Londoners depart from town. Late in August, I have heard the lark sing briskly on the Kentish Downs; and, far on in the month, the "laugh" of the green woodpecker and the "churr" of the night-jar are among the sounds which stir to interest the lover of Nature during his evening walk. Yet, for all that, you see multiplied signs of contrast to the time when—

"To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The red-cap whistled; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day."

* * * *

Now the dahlias appear upon the garden borders though still the *anothera* displays its primrose lamps when dusk sets in. Though these

flowers are short-lived, shrivelling under the hot sun, they are so exquisitely beautiful for evening effect that they cannot be too widely known. Grow the plants where tired men, sitting in the cool of the day, after the fret and fume of the hot hours are past, can rest their eyes upon the primrose blooms; and these ephemeral lights, against the background of the hastening night, will have, methinks, a softening influence upon the mind; perhaps suggesting, among other thoughts, that the treasure which shrinks from exposure in "the garish day", can be at its best when the shadows come; or that some sweet light which has cheered our evening,—some delicate girl, some soft-spoken wife,—may be as short a time our evening primrose as the flower itself. This may, or may not be, the channel of the mind's reflections; but sure it is that the *anothera*, like the lily of the field, can distil to us a blessed message from the Master Himself.

Through late August days, and in the month of dreamy skies and violet mists, the dahlia and the aster divide between them the sovereignty of the flowers till both give way before the Queen of Autumn, the superb chrysanthemum. Yet why begin to compare when each reign, in its turn, is splendid;—the Emperor Tulip, gorgeous in the coronation robe of his brief rule, lording it, in the garden, over hyacinth and iris alike;—the Rose, the Queen of June, type of British womanhood, to whom we all, women and men alike, render loyal homage;—its shy successor, the *Enothera*, reigning by proxy in the day through Campanula or Pansy;—and then the monarchs of "the Decline and Fall,"—the Dahlia, the Aster, and the Japanese dynasty of blooms? With the cutting off of the Chrysanthemum, the sway of the flowers ceases, till the Snowdrop—type of the Incarnation,—claims our eyes and hearts, and lays us under willing tribute to another Spring.

* * * *

Late August days reveal the first signs of the passing of the prime of the year. There are many dead leaves; the greens are as dark as they will be; the birds have grown-up families; the great emigration has begun; strange fungi appear; and, as the month ends, all things grow drowsy.

So, with human kind, there is a time when the prime slowly but surely passes. But even as, on August days Great Nature displays the fruits that have ripened through long hours, and also, upon her myriads of boughs, the promise of a life to come, so he, who has used his Spring and Summer well, shall, in his prime, be blessed with "fruit unto God;" and there shall be, upon the tree of such a life, the promise of a great hereafter.

Precepts and Promises.

SOMETIMES, a precept is the necessary counteracting principle to guard us from the perversion of a promise. Promises alone are like sweetmeats given to children, which, when too profusely eaten, bring on sickness, but the precept comes in as a healthy tonic, so that you may feed upon the promise without injury.—C. H. S.

there? Note the seal at the foot of the document. Ponder it well. The secret of all is there.

It will interest you to decipher the signatures. Do you see C. H. Spurgeon's? What a glorious list of sinners saved by grace! Sweet singers, noble missionaries, great philanthropists, mighty preachers, renowned evangelists, devoted laymen are there;—all "Whosoever" who believed and lived. "Put *your* name in." Say not, "But these were saints." They were anything but saints till, by faith, they put their names in God's big

T. S.

WHOSOEVER.

Founder's Day at the Stockwell Orphanage.

AS last year, so again this, the commemoration of Founder's Day (June 19th) at the Stockwell Orphanage was preceded by a full rehearsal, on the previous day, when a large number of invited guests had the privilege of witnessing the greater part of the Festival proceedings without any of the inconvenience which is inseparable from the presence of such crowds as usually gather for the actual celebration. On both days, the weather was most propitious, bright sunshine and health-giving breezes adding to the enjoyment of all concerned. This was all the more noteworthy as, on the very next day, drenching rain again fell.

Between five and six thousand persons were present on the Thursday,—an increase of several hundreds upon the attendance last year; and the financial result was above the average of the past few years. Both afternoon and evening, Mr. Charlesworth's Coronation Chorale was very effectively rendered by the children and the bands; and the other outdoor items on the programme—the orphans' processions, the distribution of Coronation Bibles to the children by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Barrow, the musical drill by both girls and boys, the *al fresco* refreshments, with the general decoration, crowned with the illumination at night,—were all successfully carried out.

Lord Overtoun had kindly promised, if in town, that he would preside at the afternoon gathering; but, finding that he could not be present, he sent £100 to the funds, and his place was occupied by the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon). After a brief reference to the cheering Report, which is issued as part of the present number of the Magazine, the Chairman called upon Rev. John McNeill, who had to speak rather hurriedly as he was on his way to Littlehampton, but who gave one of his usual lively talks on the advantages that the children obtained from being brought up in such an Orphanage as that at Stockwell. The esteemed Secretary of the Institution, Mr. F. G. Ladds, then gave the statement of accounts for the year; and, in doing so, referred very gratefully to the substantial balance on the right side, and also called attention to the fact that all the money, subscribed during the year, goes directly to the support of the orphans,—the expenses of management, and the establishment charges,—up-keep of buildings, etc., being more than met by the interest from the Foundation Fund, to which £1,000 had been transferred since the last anniversary.

Rev. D. Fyffe, M.A., Presbyterian minister, of Harlesden, gave several touching instances of the blessing that had rested upon C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons in cases that had come under his own notice, and expressed the great joy he felt in being permitted to render his tribute to the memory of the honoured Founder of that Institution.

At the evening meeting, the Memorial Hall was densely packed, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The chair was occupied by G. W. Macalpine, Esq., of Accrington, who gave an interesting reminiscence of his boyhood, when he sat next to C. H. Spurgeon, who was a guest at his father's house, and afterwards heard him preach,—the only time he ever enjoyed that privilege. Rev. R. Dixon, B.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Stockwell, gave a bright, sympathetic speech; the President and Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon) briefly spoke, the former referring to the home-going of his aged grandfather; and Gipsy Smith, who had previously sung a pathetic solo, gave a powerful and characteristic address, closing with a peculiarly tender appeal:—"If C. H. Spurgeon were here to-night, how much would you give him for the Orphanage? He cannot come; but his Master is here, how much will you give to Him? If these dear brothers Spurgeon are overwhelmed with their many responsibilities, and die, the nation will want to build them a tomb, and we shall all wish to drop a flower and a tear on their graves; hadn't we better give them the flowers now by helping the Orphanage? It is such a pity that we leave so many of our kind words until a man is too dead to hear them."

The collection followed, and then a special musical programme by Mr. Partridge and L'Orchestre Mignon; and, all the while, in other parts of the buildings, singing, handbell ringing, a sale of work, etc., had been proceeding, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," for which let all praise be given to the Father of the fatherless and the Advocate of the widow, as well as hearty thanks to all whom He moved to care for these special objects of His care.

What Will Become of Him?



A PRETTY North African baby! Happy is it for him that he was not born a girl; or, like the child of one of our neighbours, he might have been left to die as soon as he was born. Happy, too, for him that he was not born deformed in any way, or he might have been quietly got rid of, as was the child of another neighbour.

He is a boy, and healthy; and now what about his future? Already, alas! it is largely fixed. Likely enough, he has been named Mohammed, or Hamed, or Ahmed,—all forms of the name of the false prophet. Already, there probably hangs around his neck a little silver charm like a human hand,—Fatima's hand,—to ward off the evil eye; and, likely enough, too, a little red packet, containing a dirty scrap of paper, scrawled over with words from the Koran, and believed to be able to protect

him from all kinds of sickness.

And what a "home" he has entered! His mother was probably a

"sherika." That is, she shares his father's love with another woman. In this comfortless home, the little fellow will see and hear what no child should ever see or hear; and, likely enough, the first thing he will be taught will be to utter a curse.

And what about school? There, day after day, he will grind away for years committing the Koran to memory, yet not understanding the meaning of many of its words.

As we think of what the baby may become, we picture one or two types of young men with whom we are acquainted. May be, he will grow up to be like that *fokée* who, when we were preaching, the other day, on the death of Jesus, screamed into the room, his face white with excitement, "He did *not* die; He did *not* die;"—or like our friend H—, who has often heard the Word, but who has come no further than to say, "Well, God knows whether Christianity or Islam be true; He will decide between us." Or, perhaps, he will come out like Si A—, and, making a good confession, only keep quiet for fear of the authorities.

The saddest thought of all is, that he may grow up, and live, and die, without having even once heard the Good News of God's wondrous love to sinful men, and His amazing gift of His dear Son to die to redeem them.

Passing along a street, in Fez, one day, I heard a group of boys shouting, "*Whoa arsie; whoa arsie*;" which means, in English, "He is disobedient; he is disobedient." In their midst was a school-boy, hobbling along with heavy shackles on his legs. He had been disobedient;—had played truant, I think;—and so was compelled to go through the streets thus, jeered at by his companions.

How sad will be our lot if our great Master, who has bidden us go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, should have to say of any one of us, concerning the people living and dying in North Africa, "He neither sent nor went;" "*Whoa arsie; whoa arsie*;" "He is disobedient; he is disobedient."

T. G. CHURCHER.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

Presentation to Deacon William Higgs.

LAST May, MR. WILLIAM HIGGS, one of the Deacons at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, reached the 50th anniversary of his birthday; and if he and his dear wife are spared until August 1st, they will then celebrate their silver-wedding day. It was, therefore, felt by the Pastor and Church-officers that an effort should be made suitably to commemorate these notable events in the history of one who is universally beloved by all connected with the Tabernacle and its Institutions, and also in a still wider circle of Christian friends. The necessary preparations had to be made with the utmost secrecy, for it was perfectly well known that, if Mr. Higgs heard of the project, he would endeavour to stop it. This is what actually happened, for an anonymous correspondent wrote to congratulate him on reaching the 50th milestone on life's journey, and at the same time saying that he was unable to contribute to the Testimonial. This aroused Mr. Higgs' suspicions, and caused him to make enquiries; and also, when he knew the facts, led him to attempt to get the proposal abandoned. In this he was unsuccessful; and, accordingly, on Monday evening, June 23rd, some hundreds of the Tabernacle officers and members met for tea, and afterwards for a semi-private gathering under the presidency of the Pastor.

After prayer by Deacon William Olney, the Pastor briefly explained the object of the meeting, and read the following Acrostic, which was

entitled "The tribute of a humble member of the greatest Church in the world to one of the best of Deacons,"—the writer being Principal McCaig :—

"Wise master-builder, bearer of an honoured name
Impressed upon the tablets of our Church's fame :
Long hast thou nobly served with hand, and heart, and brain ;
Long may this Church thy faithful services retain !
In grateful strains, we celebrate thy jubilee,
And pray that blessings rich may ever rest on thee :
May health, and wealth, and soul-prosperity be thine !
Home joys abound ! and children know the grace Divine !
In all thy coming days, God's smile upon thee rest !
Guerdon of service here, until of Heaven possessed !
God grant that, while the Tabernacle Church shall live,
Some Deacon Higgs, like thee, his services may give !"



Deacon Frank Thompson having given some information with regard to the project, and the way in which it had been carried out, the Pastor expressed his own deep obligation to Mr. Higgs, as well as the esteem and love of the whole Church, and then made the presentation, which consisted of a flower bowl and pedestal from the famous Doulton Potteries at Lambeth ; two vases from the Staffordshire factory of the

same firm, painted by talented artists, and a small set of "afternoon tea" cups and saucers. The Pastor also read the illuminated address, in album form, which accompanied the presentation, the text of which was as follows:—

"Metropolitan Tabernacle, London,

"June, 1902.

"To

"WILLIAM HIGGS, ESQ.,

"Dear Sir and Brother,

"We, your fellow-members and officers of the Church of Jesus Christ worshipping at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, desire to take the opportunity of your FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, and your SILVER WEDDING, to offer you our sincerest congratulations, and to present you with a small token of our love and esteem.

"We rejoice that you bear so worthy a name that has been honoured and beloved among us for very many years, for your late dear father was C. H. Spurgeon's devoted friend and helper.

"We can never forget your invaluable services in connection with the REBUILDING OF THE TABERNACLE, nor your unceasing and unostentatious generosity to the good work in all its departments. Our prayer is that you and your dear ones may be the happy recipients of signal tokens of the Divine favour, and that you may long be spared to enjoy the affection and confidence which your geniality and your devotion to the cause of God have evoked from all the members of the great Church of which you are an honoured Deacon."

(Signed, on behalf of the Church, by Pastors, Deacons, and Elders.)

One advantage of the anonymous communication was that it enabled Mr. Higgs to prepare a more elaborate reply than he could have given if he had been taken wholly by surprise. After uttering his heartfelt thanks for the honour which had been done to him, he said that he had jotted down some reminiscences of his life-long connection with C. H. Spurgeon and the Church, which proved to be exceedingly interesting. He was one year old when Mr. Spurgeon came to New Park Street Chapel, where his grandfather, Caleb Higgs, then worshipped; and where his own father, William Higgs, shortly afterwards removed from the Wesleyan Chapel where he had previously attended. As a boy, eight years old, he laid a brick in the first Tabernacle on the stone-laying day, and he could recall many of the most notable discourses delivered there; such as "The Royal Death-bed,"—on the death of the Prince Consort,—Baptismal Regeneration, and at the service when "the two greatest Prime Ministers of the English race—W. E. Gladstone and C. H. Spurgeon—were within the walls of the Tabernacle." He also heard Mr. Spurgeon preach at Exeter Hall, the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, the Agricultural Hall, the Bow and Camberwell Halls built for Moody and Sankey's first London mission, and many times accompanied the Pastor in his preaching engagements away from the Tabernacle. In 1875, he went for the first time to Mentone with Mr. Spurgeon, who was, for a while, detained at Marseilles by an attack of gout.

On January 3rd, 1883, Mr. Higgs, sen., was "called home." Shortly afterwards, his son William was elected a Trustee of the Orphanage; and, in January, 1886, a Deacon of the Tabernacle Church. Mr. Higgs was at the City Temple when the "Down-grade" compromise was effected, but he could not join with those who sang the Doxology on that occasion. After Mr. Spurgeon delivered his last Conference Address,—*"The Greatest Fight in the World,"*—Mr. Higgs took him for a drive, in the course of which he spoke of not living to see another Conference, and mentioned his son Thomas as a likely successor. After

referring to the long illness, the partial recovery, and the home-going of the beloved Pastor, with the subsequent troubles that fell upon the Church, Mr. Higgs concluded by congratulating the present Pastor upon the success of his nearly ten years' ministry, and by handing to him, as a thankoffering for fifty years of blessing, £50 for the Church Poor Fund.

The Pastor briefly, but heartily, thanked the generous donor, and commended him and his family to the Lord in prayer. Most of them were present, including his elder son, who, before this Magazine will be in the hands of our readers, will (D.V.) have been united in marriage to a daughter of Pastor Archibald G. Brown.

J. W. H.

In Memoriam—Deacon Wm. Payne.

"For ever with the Lord."



MR. WM. PAYNE, senior Deacon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, passed into the King's presence on Saturday night, July 5th. His wife, and most of the members of the family were about him; and while they sang,—

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!"—

the spirit of the beloved head of the household fled to realms of light. It was a songful home-going. The earthly tabernacle was frail by reason of nearly eighty-one years of wear and tear, and it was gently taken down. One by one, the pins were drawn, and the cords were slackened. The "moving tent" was folded while the song of Zion was

rising. We spoke with him only a few days before the end, and wondered at his mental and spiritual force. It seemed as if the inward man was being renewed day by day. He was brimful of sentiments and experiences which he just longed to tell forth. The quiet which was, very properly, enjoined upon him, he hardly relished; but, now,—oh, the joy of it!—he sings and speaks of the things of God without let or hindrance.

Almost the last "Note" the late Editor penned for this Magazine was concerning "our well-beloved friend and deacon, Mr. Wm. Payne." The February number of *The Sword and the Trowel* for 1892 contained a detailed and highly appreciative reference to our friend's life and work. Ten years have sped away since then, and Mr. Payne has been serving the Church all the time, acting on its diaconate and auditing its accounts.

He was converted to God in 1847, became a member of the Tabernacle in 1861, an elder in 1865, and a deacon in 1876. For more than forty years, he was principal clerk in the City Chamberlain's office, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Alike in the Church, and the home, and at the Guildhall, he let his light "so" shine. Of his interest in Ragged School, Y.M.C.A., and other religious and philanthropic work, we can only make passing mention.

The funeral service on Thursday, July 10th, at Chatsworth Road Chapel, West Norwood, was very largely attended, despite the repeated thunderstorms of the afternoon. It was conducted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon; Rev. F. B. Meyer gave a touching address, and Dr. MacEwan read appropriate passages of Scripture. At the graveside, Rev. J. W. Genders thanked God for the long and useful life just terminated on earth, and tenderly commended the mourners to the loving Father's care.

On the following Sunday morning (July 13th), Pastor T. Spurgeon made extended reference to Mr. Payne's decease in a sermon based upon the words, "For ever with the Lord," to which we must refer our readers, as, unfortunately, our space is all too limited. Thus the Tabernacle Church is again bereaved; but it blesses God for so long a loan of a faithful helper, and rejoices alike in his useful life and his peaceful death.

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.

"Towards the Sunrising,"—a *Voyage to the Antipodes* (with 36 photos).
By Rev. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M.A.
(Price 2s. 6d. net.) Arthur H. Stockwell.

MR. GREENHOUGH has travelled to purpose. His eyes have been wide open, and he has written down his experiences and impressions in charming style. His conclusions are courteously but fearlessly stated, and will doubtless provoke the criticism of those who hold that a passer-by is apt to make mistakes. We were amazed at the statement that guests in New Zealand have to

shine their own shoes, and we were almost as surprised to learn that the Churches in that Colony are "a little out of date," till we discovered that this means that "those who cling tenaciously to the old lines" are not yet in happy union with "those who are supposed to be of the advance party." "God bless the clingers!" we say, "and save them from becoming compromisers!"

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have republished, at one shilling, a volume which has already attained a circulation of 98,000,—*Early Conversion*, by Rev. E. PAVSON HAMMOND,

—and which deserves the careful and prayerful study of all who desire the salvation of children. On the cover of the book is a reproduction of one of the choicest pictures of Christ blessing the little ones; a portrait of Mr. Hammond forms the frontispiece; and in the Preface, Mr. William Olney says that "he has the greatest pleasure in bearing his testimony to the value of Mr. Hammond's methods, as any success God has given him in bringing the young to the Saviour's feet is due, in a large measure, to the example and writings of this man of God, so clearly raised up and fitted to lead the children to Christ." Baptist Noel, C. H. Spurgeon, D. L. Moody, Dr. Cuyler, and many other leaders in the Christian Church, have endorsed Mr. Hammond's work; and among his converts was Professor Henry Drummond.

Life of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.
Compiled by W. PERCY HICKS.
(One shilling net.) "The Christian Herald" Co., Ltd.

A STRIKING shillingworth! Good paper, numerous illustrations, attractive cover, a vivid portrayal of Dr. Talmage's varied career, and several specimens of his preaching style. We question if the story of "A remarkable christening" was worth re-telling.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued, at 2s., a popular edition of *Life's Look-out, an Autobiography of Sydney Watson*. As we commended the volume so heartily when it first appeared, we need now only advise all our readers, who have not yet procured it, to take advantage of the publication of this cheap re-issue of a most interesting and useful work.

Pastor George Goodchild, of Skegness, whose work was recently described in our pages, has published a devotional booklet, consisting of four essays on *The Habits of Christ*,—"Aloneness with God," "Attention to Spirit Culture," "The Exercise of Spiritual Speech," and "Frequenting God's House." There is

much that is helpful in the booklet, which can be obtained of the author for sixpence.

A valuable booklet, worth far more than the twopence charged for it, has been written by Rev. J. IDRISYN JONES, and published by Messrs. Robert Banks and Son. It is entitled "*The Typical Pulpit*" VERSUS *The Penalty of Sin*, and is an answer to the recent statement of Dr. Guinness Rogers that "the Typical Pulpits no longer teach everlasting punishment." The drift of the pamphlet may be judged from its conclusion:—

"This dream of the entire race of mankind at last reaching Heaven, together with Satan and all his angels, bearing crowns upon their heads, and vested with robes of spotless white; of the last sigh in all the creation breathed out; of the last tear in all the creation wiped away; of the last criminal reformed; and the last prisoner set free; may seem a beautiful and fascinating dream. But, alas! the Bible does not endorse it!"

A Blessing in Disguise, and other Stories; The Secret of Dunstan Mere, and other Stories; and An Only Son, and other Stories. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Hodder and Stoughton.

EACH of these three half-crown volumes contains four stories, mostly of the usual love type; but if the perusal of them warns our young sisters of the many pitfalls around them, and prevents them from "marrying in haste, to repent at leisure," we shall not regret that they were written.

A Marriage through a Mystery. By W. HARRISON. *The Ways of the World.* By ESCA GRAY. Arthur H. Stockwell.

Two exciting stories in the series called "Popular", and we suppose correctly so called. The first is sufficiently sensational to satisfy the most morbid taste; and the second is sufficiently long to satisfy the most voracious appetite. This type of

fiction is not the highest literature; but it will, doubtless, please many to whom anything in story form is more welcome than books which might be truly helpful to the reader.

After the above notice was written, another volume in the same series came to hand, — *Christless Christendon*, by ERNEST J. GOODMAN. After carefully reading it, we really cannot see why it should have been written, nor what good it will do now it has been published.

While waiting for an opportunity of publishing these notices, six more books in the same series have been issued; — *The Rajah's Gift*, by A. J. FOXWELL, the story of the losing and finding of some famous jewels, and of the winning for the Saviour of a sailor, a far more precious gem; *Fetters of Gold*, by W. C. METCALFE, which shows how gold, abused, becomes a fetter, but rightly used, is a blessing; *Hope Deferred*, by ERNEST J. MEAD, is a tale of patient plodding rewarded at last; *Dorothy's Novelist*, by CONRAD H. CARRODER, is the life-story and love-story of a prodigal son; *Law and Love*, by J. HARTMAN OLIVER, is a plea for vegetarianism, with some queer teaching on doctrine; and *£50,000! and other Stories*, by J. DODD JACKSON, is a collection of short tales, the best being the story of an old grandfather's clock, which was the means of saving its owner's life, and leading him to the Saviour.

Mr. Stephen Swift, of Opal Street, Kennington, has published a lithograph, in colours, of his spirited and suggestive Temperance Chart, *The Tree of Death* (one shilling each). Pictorial settings forth of truth are always forceful, and such is specially the case with this graphic delineation of the roots and fruits of the detestable drink traffic.

Joints in our Social Armour. By J. RUNCIMAN. Popular Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANYTHING that will help in the battle against England's greatest

foes, drink and gambling, we gladly hail as from an ally; even when the aid is not as thorough as we could wish it to be. The essays here collected together throw a lurid light on our terrible social evils, and suggest some remedies. If they only convince the Laodiceans that the endeavour to remove these evils is not hopeless, they will do solid good; and their crisp, vivid style, with their sane reasoning, will surely do this. The remedies, however, we feel must be more drastic than the writer advocates; but we are grateful for even his instalment.

Seeing the King in His Beauty. By Rev. W. GRIFFITHS, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A GRACIOUS, devout exposition of some aspects of the godly life; but based on a theory of the Lord's second coming that is far from the generally received one.

Advanced believers will get no harm from it, but immature ones had better leave it alone.

Horæ Evangelicæ. By Rev. T. R. BIRKS, M.A. Charles J. Thynne.

A CHEAP, popular edition of a fine book of Scripture defence. Hitherto published at 10s. 6d., it now costs but one-third of that price. To Bible students and teachers, it is quite a library of valuable information. We warmly wish for it the widest sale, and guarantee to every reader a permanent enriching and equipment for service.

Constructive Congregational Ideals. Edited by D. MACFADYEN, M.A. H. R. Allenson.

A SERIES of essays and addresses bearing on the varied aspects of Congregational Church life. As Baptists, we are equally interested in the Congregational form of Free Church life, and these papers enable us to weigh well both its advantages and its drawbacks.

Dr. Dale's contribution is not the least of a goodly company of valuable addresses, well worthy of the careful study of all interested in the well-being of Congregationalism.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

Seven thousand copies of the POLISH translation of another of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons—"Jesus the Stumbling Stone of Unbelievers,"—have been printed for free distribution. The translator, Dr. Pindor, writing to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, says:—"In the name of our countrymen, I thank you with all my heart for this kind gift of yours, and assure you that it will be a great blessing to our readers."

We notice that, in the July number of *North Africa*, Mr. A. T. Upson, of Shebin-el-Kom, Egypt, writes:—"I have, during the month, translated (into ARABIC) Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Sermon on 'The Perpetuity of the Law of God,' and am just publishing a large edition of it as a penny tract."

It was our joy to officiate at the marriage of the elder son of our deacon, Mr. Wm. Higgs, to Miss Monica Brown, a daughter of Pastor A. G. Brown, at Chatsworth Road Chapel, West Norwood, on Tuesday, July 8th. What a multitude of friends wish this happy pair God's choicest favours!

The long and faithful services of Mr. GEORGE APTHORPE, of Cambridge, have recently been appropriately recognized by the Village Preachers' Association, of which he has been a member for over fifty years. Many of our readers will recollect that it was the "Bishop" of that Association who, by a sort of sacred stratagem, was the means of C. H. Spurgeon preaching his first sermon in the cottage at Teversham of which the whole world has since heard. Mr. Apthorpe was not his companion that day; but he accompanied him to many of the services, in Cambridge-shire villages, which so soon followed that first one. Even before that time, Mr. Apthorpe and C. H. S. had been fellow Sunday-school teachers at St. Andrew's Street Chapel; and, as their classes joined, the older man often paused to listen to the original remarks of his youthful neighbour. He was Mr. Spurgeon's lifelong admirer and friend, and the helper of all his Institutions, but more especially of the Stockwell Orphanage. May his

"evening time" be bright with his Master's perpetual presence!

IN MEMORIAM.—The "home-going" of DR. JAMES MACAULAY, at the advanced age of eighty-five, removes from the ranks of Christian literature one who was probably better known to the past generation than to the present. Readers of the Religious Tract Society's periodical publications, of which he was so long the Editor, and of the many biographical and other books written by him, cannot fail to be interested in hearing of the close of his long and useful career. While the compilation of "C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography" was in its earlier stages, Dr. Macaulay gave Mrs. Spurgeon the benefit of his lengthy literary experience, and it was at his suggestion that the work was simultaneously issued in monthly parts and in completed volumes.

* * * *

Tabernacle Tidings.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Missionary Union held its annual meeting on Wednesday evening, June 18th. Pastor C. B. Sawday presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. R. Wright Hay, of Talbot Tabernacle, and George Graham, of Las Flores, Argentina, whose work, during his absence, is being carried on by Pastor R. F. Elder. The income of the Missionary Union, for the past year, amounted to no less than £762.

The same Society resolved itself into a "Royal Commission" on Tuesday evening, July 1st, to enquire into the missionary responsibilities arising from the war in South Africa. Mr. F. H. Ford was the president, and evidence was given by Revs. C. Pummell and G. F. Gale, both of whom had laboured for the Lord in South Africa.

The annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Poor Ministers' Clothing Society was held, on Monday, June 30th. About 150 friends sat down to tea at 5.30. At the subsequent meeting, Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, and addresses were delivered by Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D.,

and Deacon Wm. Olney. The Report gave the following satisfactory record of the work of the Society:—Parcels of clothing sent out during the year, 58, of the value of £528 7s. 3d., and containing 2,970 garments; number of garments received from friends, 2,997; total receipts, £56 11s. 10d. Copies of the Report will be sent by the Secretary, Mrs. Barrett, upon application to her at the Tabernacle.

On Wednesday evening, July 2nd, the Rev. J. Watkin, of Surrey Chapel, delivered an able lecture, entitled "A Rake is a bad Reckoner," under the auspices of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society. In the absence of Pastor C. B. Sawday, who was on holiday, Mr. F. H. Ford occupied the chair.

The next meeting of the Society will (D.V.) take place on August 6th. The members will occupy the platform upon this occasion.

Friends are invited to join this Society. The minimum subscription is one shilling per annum.

The King's dinner to the poor, on July 5th, will not soon be forgotten at the Tabernacle. The Deacons responded to the application of the local Committee by lending the Schoolroom for the accommodation of four hundred guests, conditionally upon there being no beer, and that the entertainment to follow the dinner should be left in the hands of the Tabernacle authorities, both of which restrictions were readily agreed to. The Schoolroom was prettily decorated by Mr. Haddleton. About sixty ladies and gentlemen had volunteered to wait upon the diners, and to these were assigned definite duties and positions.

The doors were opened at half-past two, and it was soon evident that we had got the really poor. The crowd of hungry-looking men and women came surging in, and filled up the long tables. Women with babies, old and decrepit men, including one without a coat, all found a friend to welcome them to the feast.

Mr. Charlesworth, with the orphan choir, and handbell-ringers, with some accomplished soloists, occupied the platform. Mr. Partridge struck up some lively music upon the piano as the guests settled down. At three o'clock, Mr. Charlesworth announced

the National Anthem, and styling the guests "ladies and gentlemen," requested them to rise and sing.

Then began a scene long to be remembered. His Majesty's invitation had been "free as the Gospel," and the orders were that "everyone should have plenty,"—instructions which were carried out to the letter. To watch those hungry folk dispose of plateful after plateful of meat, with salad and new rolls, and to see their pleasure as they received the King's cups, and drank to the health of their Majesties,—not in beer, but in non-intoxicants,—did one's heart good. Next came the pastry, and whilst this was served, the orphan boys discoursed sweet music upon the bells. It was evident that these poor folk had never heard the like before, for they sat back in their seats as if subdued by the melody. The tarts remained untouched, and they listened with eyes and ears. The variations upon the bells included two of the old hymn tunes, and these seemed to touch their hearts; as though old memories of days long gone had been revived, scores of great rough men hummed the tunes; and when the music ceased, there was a roar of appreciation.

Then followed a gracious message from the sick King, to which a loyal reply was sent. Afterwards, the ladies sang, and were encored. Next came strawberries, chocolate, in dainty boxes, more music, and, last of all, tobacco and cigarettes for the men. At five o'clock, the Doxology was sung, and we bade the guests "good day"; and, as they shook our hands at the door, these sons and daughters of toil were hearty in their praise of the King's bounty, and of the efforts of some of his loyal subjects who had "served it out so pleasantly."

On Lord's-day evening, July 6th, the following deaths of members were reported at the communion:—Ezra Evans, James T. Blackmur, Maria Lugton, Maria Lydia Kemp, Jane Turner, and William Payne (Senior Deacon).

At the same service, the following friends received the right hand of fellowship from the Pastor:—Amelia Haynes, Mabel Helen Branscombe, Alfred W. Green, Georgina W. Green, Elsie N. Green, Mary Ann Green, and Esther W. Green.

The officers of the Tabernacle Church met, on Monday, July 7th, and unanimously passed the following resolution:—

“That, in endeavouring to fill the gap occasioned by the lamented decease of our brother, J. T. Dunn, of whose long and faithful services the Church has, in God’s providence, been deprived, we, the Deacons and Elders of the Tabernacle Church, are of opinion that it is desirable to request our friend, the Assistant-pastor, Rev. C. B. Sawday, to undertake these duties with the assistance of such Minute Secretaries as may hereafter be appointed by the Elders’ Court; and we hereby express our entire confidence in him, and promise our hearty co-operation with him.”

The Tabernacle Sunday-school annual excursion took place on Tuesday, July 8th, the large company travelling by the South Eastern Railway to Barden Park, Tonbridge, Kent. The weather was delightfully fine, and all went well. Mr. Taylor’s catering was, as usual, all that could be desired.

The following telegrams passed:—
“To Pastor Spurgeon, at Pastor Archibald Brown’s, Chatsworth Road, Norwood. Loving greeting from Tabernacle Sunday-school to our President, and may every blessing attend Bride and Bridegroom!—Pearce, Barden Park.”

Replies:—“Loving greeting to all. Happy may your outing be, and three cheers for the teachers and the Taylors! Thomas Spurgeon.” “Many thanks. Mr. and Mrs. Higgs, jun., join. Spurgeon.”

On page 412, we give “A View in Barden Park, Tonbridge,” in the hope that it will induce many other managers of Sunday-schools to take their scholars there.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will (D.V.) start for his holiday during the second week of August. In his absence, the Tabernacle pulpit will be occupied by the following brethren:—August 10th, 17th, and 24th, Rev. John McNeill; August 31st, Pastor C. B. Sawday; September 7th, Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, of Edinburgh; September 14th, Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Liverpool.

The Pastor will, all being well, be home for September 21st, and for his

birthday celebration, which will probably be held on the following day.

* * * *

Concerning the College.

The Tutors and students are away for their summer vacation, which terminates on August 12th.

The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. A. Bird, from Penzance, to Brannox-town, Ireland; Mr. E. George, formerly of Newbury, and for many years District Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has accepted the pastorate at Yeovil; and Mr. H. Thomas, who has been co-pastor with Mr. Groom at Woodbridge Street, E.C., is going to Albemarle Chapel, Taunton, to be the successor of our esteemed friend, Levi Palmer.

Our brother, F. J. Flatt, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church, Boxmoor, is now at liberty to conduct evangelistic services in connection with any of our Free Churches. His work has been already greatly blessed, among children as well as adults, and friends may have the utmost confidence in asking him to hold missions in their neighbourhoods. All communications should be addressed to Pastor F. J. Flatt, Boxmoor, Herts.

Our good brother, George Wainwright, has been preaching here and there since his return from New Zealand, and is occupied for some time to come with “supply” work; but he would be glad of a suitable pastorate. There is no need to recommend him. He is a man greatly beloved. Happy is the church that secures such a pastor. We are glad to know that he is in better health than he has had for years. Letters for him may be addressed to the Pastors’ College, Newington, London, S.E.

We have received, from Mr. R. F. Elder, a long and deeply-interesting letter telling of the baptism of five believers in Argentina. He asks us to thank all the kind friends for their sustained interest and earnest prayer; and adds, “God is with us. Some souls are entering into light. The Gospel has its attractive force here, as in other parts.”

On Lord’s-day, July 13th, Pastor Alfred Hall, of Port Elizabeth, was

at the Tabernacle, and took part in the morning communion service. On Monday evening, July 14th, Pastor W. Higlett said "Good-bye" at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, as he was shortly sailing for Queensland. It has been a great joy to meet these dear brethren, and several others who have been home from distant spheres of service.

Our Fatherless Family.

Our "Notes" concerning the Orphanage Festival will be found on an earlier page. We also ask special attention to the Annual Report of the Institution, which forms part of the present number of the Magazine.

The quarterly united service of the Orphanage Sunday-school was held, on July 6th, in the Memorial Hall, when a most interesting address was given by Rev. Richard Dixon, B.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Stockwell, from Daniel i. 8. Holding up Daniel as an example of "true manliness," he urged the children to dedicate their lives now to God, and to be decisive in all their service for Him. All the orphans, with teachers and staff, were present, and listened with rapt attention; and, at the close, a collection was taken for the Ragged School Union Cripples' Holiday Homes.

Colportage Chronicles.

Although, in these summer days, when country folk are all busy in the fields, and townfolk are thinking of holidays, the bookselling is not so brisk as could be desired, the colporteurs are able to send up cheering records concerning the spiritual results of their earnest efforts.

One brother writes:—"At a house where I called, the mistress seemed in trouble, and said, 'I am so glad to see you, for I have been praying to God that He would send someone to me.' I enquired as to her trouble, and, after words of advice, read and prayed with her; she also prayed amid many tears, and was enabled to cast her burden upon the Lord. When we parted, she assured me that I had been a means of real comfort to her, and that she was encouraged to trust the Lord amid her sorrow."

Another colporteur says:—"A

young man came to my stall, and as he looked over the books, I got into conversation with him; and having secured his confidence, he told me that, through the inconsistencies of a professor of religion, his faith had been greatly shaken, and he felt that he was slipping away from his hold upon Christ. I endeavoured to counsel and encourage him, and bade him to take Jesus only as his Exemplar. Several times he came and conversed with me; and, afterwards, I repeatedly called at his home. The last time I saw him, he thanked me, and said, 'Mr. A—, you have been the means of saving me from declension from the Saviour.'"



A HEARTY GRIP.

Another report tells of a testimony which much encouraged a colporteur, as follows:—"Calling at a cottage, a young woman remarked, 'I always think about my mother when I see you,' and then she went on to tell how vexed she used to feel when I visited her mother, because my conversation seemed to impress her with a concern about sin. Those impressions, however, had led the mother to seek and find the Saviour; and, now, in turn, the daughter had come to realize the same experience."

Miscellaneous Matters.

The Education Bill, now before Parliament, should continue to be most strenuously opposed by all Non-conformists, Protestants, and Evangelical Churchmen, and, indeed, by all who wish to save the children of Great Britain from the domination of the priest, either Roman or Anglican. The opposition with which it has already met has very considerably

changed its character since its introduction; and if the great masses of the people can only be fully enlightened and aroused, it may yet meet the fate of its two predecessors, and be ignominiously withdrawn.

Many, who were present at the great demonstration in the Tabernacle, on June 17th, felt that no such gathering had been held, on that historic spot, since John Bright presided there at a meeting of the Liberation Society. The Pastor was extremely sorry that he was obliged to be absent, for he would have been glad to express, in person, his full sympathy with the Free Church leaders upon this question. He wrote the following letter, however, to the Chairman, Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.:—

"My dear Friend,—I fear I cannot be at the meeting to-night at all. I have been at my grandfather's funeral this afternoon, and must preside at Elder Dunn's memorial meeting to-night.

"You will be the leader of an enthusiastic demonstration, for which there is, alas! good cause. The Government will surely not force this unjust Bill on us long-suffering Non-cons, during Coronation year, of all years. 'Twill be a crowning shame if they do. So it would be any year, for that matter.

"This is the thin end of a wedge which I pray God may never be driven home. God defend the right, and strengthen those who rally round an old but honoured banner!

"Yours very heartily,

"THOMAS SPURGEON."

The reading of the letter was punctuated with applause, which culminated at the sentence concerning the "crowning shame" of attempting such legislation, in the year of the King's coronation, against millions of the most loyal of His Majesty's subjects upon a matter which is so vital to them and to the whole nation.

Next month, we hope to have an

article upon this subject from the pen of Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D.

The summer gathering of the Home Counties Baptist Association was held at Redhill on July 2nd. At the afternoon Conference, an able address was given by Pastor I. O. Stalberg, of Norbiton, on "The Bible in the Critic's Chair," the leading idea being that men, who subject the Bible to criticism, may forget that it is also their Critic, and that it exercises that function with grave effect.

After tea, a public service was conducted in the chapel by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, the Moderator, who preached from Romans ix. 30, 31.

It was a very pleasant day, and everything went happily.

The annual garden party of the Young People's Missionary Association was held at the Stockwell Orphanage, on Saturday, July 5th, and was well attended. At three o'clock, Mr. H. E. Wood presided over a meeting held on the lawn, at which addresses were given by Rev. S. J. Bowskill, on "The Results of Missionary Work at San Salvador;" by Rev. G. J. Dann, on "The Plague Visitation at Bankipore;" and by Revs. P. Williams, of Jamaica, and R. E. Gammon, of Trinidad. After tea, in the Memorial Hall, a public meeting was held under the presidency of E. P. Collier, Esq., J.P., of Reading. Addresses were given by Mrs. Avetoom, late of the Zenana Mission; Rev. T. Bryson (London Missionary Society), from China; and Dr. H. Grattan Guinness.

At a recent meeting of the Committee of the British Auxiliary of Pasteur Saillens' work, the annual meeting was arranged for Tuesday, October 28th, at the Tabernacle. The Pasteur himself will (D.V.) be there, and we hope to make a very special occasion of it. Please book the date.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Duncan Sharpe	0	5	0	Collection at West Street Baptist Chapel, Crewe, per Pastor T. B. Field	0	15	5
Collection at Cecil Square Baptist Chapel, Margate, per Pastor B. Brigg	4	2	4	Collection at Baptist Chapel, Lower Edmonton, per Pastor D. Russell	3	18	0
Mr. F. L. Edwards	15	0	0	Contribution from Junction Street Baptist Church, Derby, per Pastor R. A. Hudgell	1	0	0
Postal orders, Camberwell	1	10	0				
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	0	0				
Mrs. E. Thomas	1	0	0				

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Miss Bury	0 2 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Newport, I.W., per Pastor A. E. Johns	0 10 0
Pastor T. I. Stockley	0 10 6	Pastor G. Dunnitt	0 10 0
Half collection at Wellington Chapel, Somerset, per Pastor S. J. Jones	1 16 2	Pastor T. E. Titmuss	1 10 0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, George St., Ryde, per Pastor E. B. Pearson	1 0 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Stoke Green, Ipswich, per Pastor R. E. Willis	5 0 0
Contribution from Bulwell Baptist Church, per Pastor W. Slater	0 10 6	Friends at Baptist Church, Stanmore, N.S.W., per Pastor C. J. Tinsley	5 0 0
Collection at Bridgeton Baptist Chapel, Glasgow, per Pastor W. Ruthven	2 1 0	Collection at Wellington Street Baptist Chapel, Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor N. H. Patrick	7 3 5
F.H.T.O.	5 0 0	Collection at Woolwich Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Wilson	7 9 3
Miss Tunbridge	0 10 0	A few friends at Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Pastor E. Last	1 7 5
Collection at Wellington Street Baptist Chapel, Luton, per Pastor W. J. Harris	7 0 0	Pastor E. R. Pullen	2 2 6
Collection at Old Baptist Chapel, Rushden, per Pastor W. F. Harris	2 0 0	Part collection at Shirley Baptist Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. R. Pullen	0 14 0
Contribution from Talbot Tabernacle Church, per Pastor Frank H. White	4 0 0	Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6
From friends at Toddington, Bedfordshire, per Pastor E. Smart	0 17 6	Contribution from East Greenwich Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Murray	1 17 0
Communion collection at Earlsfield Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. J. Payne	0 11 0	Collection at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Pastor F. G. Wheeler	2 5 0
Contribution from St. Leonard's Baptist Church, per Pastor H. Rodger	2 12 0	E. J. W.	0 10 0
Collection at Calverley Road Baptist Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, per Pastor W. Usher, M.D.	5 1 10	Communion collection at Wishaw Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Whittet	1 15 0
Contribution from Ceylon Place Baptist Church, Eastbourne, per Pastor H. E. Barrell	1 0 0	Miss L. B. Pavey	0 2 6
Pastor H. E. Barrell	1 0 0	Contribution from West Hendon Baptist Church, per Pastor D. R. Smith	1 13 0
Donation from Chiswick Baptist Church, per Pastor A. G. Edgerton	1 10 0	Friends at Horsham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. H. Clapp	1 0 0
Donation from Henrietta Street Baptist Church, per Student-Pastor A. Collie	1 0 0	Mr. J. Wilson	1 10 0
Pastor G. A. Ambrose	0 10 6	Annual collection at Princes Risborough Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. H. Markham	1 1 0
Contribution from Queen Street Baptist Church, Erith, per Pastor J. E. Martin	3 0 0	Weekly offerings and collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	48 6 5
			£157 12 10

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collection at Sunday-school and Bible-classes at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	6 10 11	H. McS.	1 1 0
		Mr. W. Gwillim	2 0 0
			£9 11 11

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	891 12 5	Mrs. Everett	0 5 0
Miss J. H. Howells	0 10 0	Mr. Barfoot	0 10 0
Mrs. J. J. Cook	2 2 0	Dividend on £740 2s. 4d., 2½ per cent. Consols	4 15 5
Mr. Heath	0 5 0	Mrs. Fullerton	0 5 0
Mrs. Barnard	2 2 0		
Mrs. Rainbow	1 5 0		
Mr. T. Bellamy	0 5 0		
Mrs. T. Bellamy	0 5 0		
			£904 1 10

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 15th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The late Miss S. A. Whitehead	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Carter	1	1	0
Mrs. Freeman	1	1	0	Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
J. F. H.	1	10	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	1	0	0
Miss Green	10	0	0	Mr. J. Harris	1	1	0
Postal order, Lee Green	0	2	0	Mr. A. Tessier	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	5	0	Mrs. Morris	0	1	0
Mr. H. J. Barrett	0	2	6	Collected by Miss Knowlden	0	13	0
Mrs. E. A. Sale	0	5	0	Mrs. Stiff	2	2	0
Mr. W. Hiner	0	1	1	Fatherland	1	10	0
F. G. D.	0	5	0	Mrs. Best	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Everitt	0	10	0	Mr. T. Greening	1	6	0
Postal order, Lambeth Walk	0	1	0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0
Mr. G. Tolley	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Lockyear	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Field	0	2	0	Mr. F. Bayes	0	5	0
Mrs. Cornish	0	1	0	Mr. J. Jackson	3	0	0
Miss Gregg	0	1	6	Mr. H. P. Coombs	0	10	0
Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0	A friend of little children	0	5	0
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	2	6	A widow's mite, Bewdley	0	1	0
Mr. A. Hunter	0	2	0	Mr. G. W. Selby	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Langley	0	10	0	Mr. R. Cuyler	0	2	0
Mrs. Ewins	0	5	0	Miss Green	0	2	6
Morland Road Baptist Sunday-school, per Rev. J. T. Cole	0	4	0	Mr. G. Wellstood	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. R. Campbell	0	4	1	Mr. E. Pullum	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. C. Jordan	0	9	0	A country minister	0	5	0
Collected by Master Lidiard	0	5	0	Mrs. H. Windmill	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Bolton	0	6	0	Mr. J. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Van Someren, M.D.	5	5	0	Mr. W. Eastman	0	5	0
Mr. J. Winckworth	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Louch	0	2	6
J. D. Brentwood	0	10	0	Mr. R. J. Halton	0	2	0
Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Smith	0	16	0	Mr. G. Bantick	0	5	0
Necropolis	0	2	0	Mrs. E. Porter	0	10	0
Miss M. S. Roleston	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. J. Manby	0	8	6
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Mapleston	0	2	6
Mrs. Cowdy	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. P. Towler	0	10	8
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	0	10	6	Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	0	14	6
Mrs. E. Maadison	0	10	0	Collected by Miss P. Smart	0	4	6
Mr. E. Essex	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Holder	1	13	1
Miss Barker	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Farnfield	0	8	0
Mr. E. R. Woodeson	1	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Allen	0	15	0
Rev. O. Heywood	0	10	6	Mr. T. Gostling	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	2	0	Mr. W. Gray	1	1	0
Miss J. Bird	2	0	0	Mr. G. Pedley	2	2	0
Mr. J. Boyle	0	5	0	Miss M. McEwing	2	0	0
Mr. J. Bishop	0	2	6	Miss E. Milroy	2	0	0
Daddy	0	10	0	Miss M. A. Dickens	2	0	0
Mr. B. Fielden	0	1	0	Mr. A. E. Southernwood	0	5	0
Mr. M. Oliver	0	5	0	Mrs. F. Atkinson	0	6	0
Miss Priestley	0	5	0	Mr. H. A. Tarrant	0	2	11
Mrs. J. Funnell	0	3	6	Collected by Miss F. Tingey	0	4	0
Mr. W. Barker	0	2	6	Collected by Miss Spall	0	9	10
Miss M. M. Thomas	0	0	3	Miss Grace Olney	2	10	0
Mr. C. Bayes	0	2	6	J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. F. A. Pearce	0	2	6	Mr. J. Warren	2	0	0
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0	Mrs. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Denue	0	5	0	The Misses Clark	0	2	6
Mr. A. C. Malley	0	5	0	Mrs. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. A. Swan	0	10	0	Mr. G. F. Fisher	10	0	0
Miss Jarvis	0	5	0	Mrs. Scutt	0	7	6
Collected by Miss M. Saunders	1	18	0	Collected by Miss J. Permain	2	10	0
Collected by Miss Parker	0	2	0	A friend	0	2	0
Collected by Master R. F. Adgie	0	10	0	Miss E. Burton	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. M. A. Hammond	0	5	0	Mrs. Kerridge	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. H. Smith	0	6	0	Mr. Lilley	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Blake	1	12	0	A friend	0	1	0
Collected by Master A. Moore	0	16	0	Miss Cuthbert	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. A. Webb	0	5	5	Mrs. Russell	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. J. Smith	0	12	0	Mr. F. Whittle	2	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Wain	7	4	0	Mrs. Spelman	2	2	0
Miss E. Lloyd	0	5	0	M. G. H.	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Friend	0	7	6	Miss Barrow	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Older	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	1	1	0
Mr. F. Burton	2	2	0	Mr. Round	0	10	0
Mr. J. Mead	2	2	0	Mr. W. J. Bigwood	1	1	0
				Two friends	1	2	6
				Miss Dyer	0	10	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. A. Marnham	2 2 0	Mr. B. Nicholas	2 2 0
Mr. E. W. H. Harrauld	0 5 0	Mrs. E. Sear	0 10 0
Mr. J. W. Harrauld	1 0 0	Mr. T. Clydesdale	0 10 0
Dr. McCaig	1 1 0	Mary Campbell	0 2 0
Mrs. Higgs	5 0 0	Mrs. Blundell	0 5 0
Miss A. Higgs	2 2 0	A widow's mite	0 5 0
Mr. J. Everett	2 2 0	Mr. W. Nicol	0 2 0
Mrs. Upton	5 5 0	Mrs. E. A. Blow	0 10 0
Mrs. Downing	1 1 0	Mr. E. Davis	0 10 0
Messrs. W. Wayre and Son, Ltd.	3 3 0	Postal order, St. Leonard's	0 10 0
Mr. E. Pearce	3 3 0	Miss L. Gibbins	0 2 0
Mr. G. Gregory	1 0 0	Miss Van Notten Pole	0 5 0
Mrs. Tatnell	2 2 0	Mr. B. Carey	1 10 0
M. N.	0 5 0	Mr. F. Hicks	0 2 0
Mr. R. Milnes	0 5 0	Mr. D. Davies	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Terry	0 10 0	Mrs. Jarman	0 5 0
Mr. W. H. Richardson	1 1 0	Mrs. E. L. Simpson	0 5 0
Mrs. Green	0 10 0	Mr. T. W. Doggett	2 0 0
Mr. A. E. Green	1 1 0	Presentation almanacks	0 5 0
Two friends	0 5 0	Mrs. R. H. Curtis	1 1 0
Mrs. J. B. Parker	2 12 0	Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0 7 0
Mr. A. White	5 0 0	Miss S. A. Ackland	0 4 0
Found on the floor	0 1 0	Collected by Mrs. Knowlman	0 18 0
Mr. Fuller	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. M. Larwill	1 0 0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	1 1 0	Collected by Miss B. Cobby	0 15 0
Mr. Perry	1 0 0	Rosebery Park Baptist Sunday-	
Mr., Mrs. and Miss Wollacott	5 0 0	school, Bournemouth, per Mr. D.	
Collected by Miss Dobson	0 1 11	Banks	0 8 0
Collected by Miss C. Stanley	4 0 0	Collected by Miss Frisby	5 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Court	0 1 0	Collected by Mrs. C. Chubb	0 2 0
Mr. R. Johnson's breakfast table box ..	1 0 0	Collected by Miss H. Taylor	0 6 3
Collected by Miss N. Petley	1 7 3	Collected by Miss Frost	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. M. A. Robinson	0 5 3	Miss R. Frost	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Parker	0 3 0	Collected by Mrs. Ford	0 5 0
Collected by Miss W. Chapman	0 8 0	Collected by the Misses Ford	0 10 0
Collected by Miss N. Teasdale	0 4 0	Collected by Mrs. Wenham	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Wilkinson	0 10 0	Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson	0 8 0
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard	0 7 0	Collected by Mr. Harris	1 0 0
Collected by Miss England	0 15 0	Collected by Miss J. Green	0 12 0
Collected by Mrs. Snape	0 10 0	Mr. S. P. Catterton	3 0 0
Collected by Mr. T. M. Powell	0 3 0	Mrs. R. Bailey	0 5 0
Collected by Miss K. Hearn	0 3 0	Miss A. Stevenson	0 2 0
Collected by Miss E. L. Ryder	0 17 0	Miss N. Skeate	0 7 0
Collected by Mr. T. A. Bramley	0 5 0	Mrs. E. Yallop	1 0 0
Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	0 8 0	Mrs. J. Gordon	0 2 0
Collected by Miss E. Luxford	0 10 0	Miss M. H. Kenway	1 1 0
Collected by Miss M. Waterman	1 14 8	Mr. G. Willoughby	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Bennett	0 9 0	Mr. F. Adams and family	2 7 0
Collected by Miss Jones	0 2 0	Mr. T. Smith	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Goodred	0 18 0	Mrs. A. Austin	0 10 0
Collected by Miss L. Kitchen	0 3 0	A friend, per Rev. N. Dobson	1 1 0
Collected by Pastor C. A. Ingre	1 7 0	M. L. Witney	5 0 0
Collected by Miss B. Cole	0 3 0	A. L. M.	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0 11 1	Mr. J. Manger	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Lumley	0 14 0	Mr. J. Walker	0 2 0
Miss E. A. Tunbridge	0 12 0	Miss R. Daniel	0 5 0
Mr. Bradbury	0 5 0	Mrs. Couper	0 2 0
Collected by Miss S. Cornish	0 2 0	Collected by Mr. H. C. Powell	0 4 0
A Welshwoman	0 5 0	Collected by Miss N. Johnson	0 2 0
Miss E. Martin	0 2 0	Collected by Miss F. H. Taylor	0 3 0
Mrs. Oxenford	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Benson	1 0 0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell —		Collected by Miss M. Rayner	0 3 0
J. J. S.	0 10 0	Mrs. Briggs	0 5 0
E. J. P.	0 5 0	Mrs. Warner	0 10 0
T. B.	1 0 0	Mr. B. Nicholson, J.P.	1 1 0
Mr. J. C. Bumsted	1 1 0	Mr. J. Holloway	0 5 0
		Miss E. Gazeley	1 0 0
		In memoriam	0 5 0
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	2 16 0	Postal order, Bermondsey	0 5 0
Mrs. Pleasant	5 0 0	Mr. Leatham, per Messrs. Passmore	
Mr. S. Priddy	0 10 0	and Alabaster	0 2 0
Mrs. Jas. Alp	2 2 0	J. A. C.	0 5 0
Mrs. B. Mingins	1 0 0	H. M. F.	0 3 0
Mrs. Reed	0 5 0	Old friends	0 2 0
Mrs. Walker	1 0 0	Mrs. Richings	0 10 0
Mrs. I. J. Carter	1 1 0	Miss Allan	0 3 0
Mrs. Raybould	1 1 0	Mr. J. Patmore	0 2 0
Mrs. M. Groves	0 2 0	Miss G. Gunner	0 5 0
Psalm cxlvi. 7-9	0 2 0	Collected by Mr. T. F. Bromham ..	0 7 0
Mr. R. Cockerill	1 0 0	Miss J. Stewart	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Elven	0 5 0	Mr. G. H. Jay	2 2 0
Mr. G. Smith	0 6 0		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0	Mr. W. Ramsay	0	10	0
Mr. J. Watt	1	0	0	Mr. J. Bucknell	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Wigney	0	14	0	Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0	2	6
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew ...	0	4	0	Rev. J. H. Grant	0	3	0
Miss D. C. McIlwaine	1	0	6	Office box	0	8	6
Miss R. Dodwell	0	2	6	Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. M. Morris	0	2	6	Mr. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Mr. D. Rippet	0	2	6	Mrs. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Miss M. Munro	0	4	0	Mrs. F. J. Blight	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class, West-							
bourne Grove Chapel, per Miss M.				Mr. G. Baker	0	15	0
Gregson	1	0	0	Readers of "The Baptist," per	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Hember	0	1	0	Mrs. L. Shorey	0	5	0
Woolwich Road Sunday-school, New				The Misses Horton	1	0	0
Charlton, per Mr. F. Parkinson ...	1	2	10	Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Harden	1	1	0	Mrs. Chapman	0	1	0
Rosneath	5	0	0	R. P.	0	1	0
Mr. J. Cobain	0	10	0	Collected by Miss C. Clarke	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Lloyd	1	1	0	A well-wisher, Lewisham	0	2	3
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0	Miss Maxwell	1	1	0
Mr. R. Dee	0	5	0	St. John's Green Baptist Sunday-			
Miss Stevenson	0	10	0	school, Colchester, per Pastor D.			
Collected by Miss G. Clarke	1	2	0	Flavell	2	6	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	4	0	Miss J. Roberts	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. M. Clubb	1	1	0	Campsbourne Dorcas Society, per			
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	2	0	0	Mrs. E. Musk	0	4	0
Collected by Miss A. Pears	0	3	6	Miss I. Lord	0	2	0
Mr. F. Holmes	0	3	0	Mr. J. Macbeth	0	10	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0	Mr. C. W. Bull	0	7	0
Postal order, Southend, Croydon ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Lowlands	0	2	0
Mr. G. Sargeant	0	2	6	Uncle Tom, Windsor	0	2	8
Mrs. C. Thomson	0	1	6	T. B. L.	1	0	0
Postal order, Appleby	0	6	0	Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Knight	0	15	0	Miss C. Dumas	0	10	0
Messrs. G. T. Cox and Sons	5	5	0	Mrs. C. Heffer	1	1	0
An old gentleman who is very fond				Mr. A. Marshall	1	0	0
of little children, per Miss N. M.				Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Stevens	5	0	0	Mr. J. Niblett	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cattell	2	2	0	Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0
Mrs. A. Pottinger	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. E. R. Tiddy	1	19	6
Mrs. Vague	0	2	6	Mrs. Evans	5	0	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0	Mr. A. Sargood	1	0	0
Miss M. Perrin	1	1	0	Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0	2	6
Madame Van Gogh	1	0	0	Miss Bennett	0	1	0
A. L.	1	0	0	Mr. J. D. Barrett	0	5	0
Emily	0	2	8	Baptist Tabernacle Y.P.S.C.E.,			
Mrs. Barter	1	0	0	Fontypridd, per Mr. J. James	0	5	3
Collected by Mrs. Moody	0	5	0	Mr. C. Ballam	1	0	0
Mr. C. Stone	0	6	0	Mrs. M. Morrell	0	2	0
Mr. S. Willson	10	10	0	Mr. C. Hooper	0	6	0
Mr. H. Gough	10	0	0	Miss A. Collins	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.	5	0	6	Bon Accord Crescent, Aberdeen	0	5	0
Mr. W. Sharp	2	2	0	In memoriam, Mr. and Mrs. C. B.			
Pastor H. M. Greenwood	1	1	0	Lewis	2	0	0
Miss Mathew	1	0	0	Mr. A. Redpath	0	10	0
Miss Ferguson	0	5	0	Mr. Giles Shaw	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	0	2	6	Mr. S. Church	1	0	0
Mr. J. Goodman	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Watkins	5	0	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6	E. B. and F.	0	4	6
Miss Mizen	0	2	6	Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Lovell	0	2	6	Miss E. S. Harrison	0	2	0
Mrs. A. Sillitoe, fines for spots on				Mrs. Underhay	0	2	0
table cloth	0	17	0	Royal Engineers' Charitable Fund,			
Peckham Park Mission, per Mr. L.				per Mr. T. W. Pearson	10	0	0
Wood	1	2	9	Mr. E. W. Diver	0	2	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	Mr. J. B. Collin	2	2	0
Mr. W. J. Tull	1	6	0	"God is love," Beeston	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Todd	0	5	0	Mr. R. Giles's Sunday dinner-table			
Half-year's interest on £4,200, 5 per				box	0	16	0
cent. Debenture Bonds, Messrs.				J. S. D.	0	1	0
Cory Bros. and Co., Ltd., less tax,				Mr. J. Reid	0	5	0
(Mr. R. Cory's gift)	98	13	2	A. and M.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	7	0	Air Scaidh Chuod	0	1	0
Mrs. Dear	1	0	0	A friend, per V. J. C.	10	0	0
Miss Hine	1	0	0	Executor of the late Mrs. E. Med-			
Mr. W. Wright	0	10	0	way	14	10	0
Mr. A. Glegg	1	1	0	Executor of the late Miss M. J.			
The late Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	Clements	10	0	0
An expression of gratitude, Erith ...	1	1	0	Executor of the late Mr. George			
Miss L. Perratt	0	10	0	Keel	45	0	0
Mrs. I. Maden	0	10	0				

MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH
AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—

	£	s.	d.
Shooter's Hill Baptist Chapel:—			
Proceeds of meeting 9 19 6			
Collected by Mr. G. F. Merralls	7	5	6
Surrey Gardens' Memorial Hall ...	17	5	0
Baptist Total Abstinence Association annual meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle	0	10	0
Pioneer Mission annual meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle	4	4	0
Dalston Junction Baptist Church...	0	10	0
Erith Baptist Church	12	0	0
Y.W.C.A., Brixton	8	1	11
	1	0	0

SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—

Mr. Freeman	1	1	0
Mr. H. J. Barrett	0	2	6
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	2	6
Mr. S. Cole	0	10	0
Fatherland	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lockyear	0	2	6
Mrs. Jeffreys	0	5	0
Mrs. J. T. Van Ryn	1	0	0
Mr. G. Phillips	0	5	0
Miss Grace Olney	2	10	0
Messrs. W. Wayre and Son, Ltd. ...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. L. Howard	0	10	0
Miss E. Gazer	0	10	0
Box at Seaside Home	0	19	0
Misses M. and D. Small	0	10	0
Mrs. Bickford	0	3	6
Miss E. Plowman	0	5	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	1	0
Mrs. J. Dickerson	0	2	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	3	6
A friend, Ashwale	0	2	6
Mrs. A. W. Page	0	1	0
Mrs. Cantwell	0	2	6
Mr. J. McLroy	0	10	0

RECEIVED AT ANNUAL FESTIVAL,

JUNE 19TH, 1902:—

COLLECTING BOXES:—

	£	s.	d.
Attfield, Mrs.	0	4	0
Aubrey, Miss	0	4	6
Allen, Miss	0	10	8
Armstrong, Mr.	0	4	5
Andrews, Mrs.	0	6	10
Anthony, Mrs.	0	9	10
Allen, Miss	0	14	0
Appleton, Miss	1	1	6
Atkinson, Mrs.	0	1	9
Bates, Miss	0	8	6
Bennington, Miss	3	10	9
Butler, Mrs.	0	15	4
Bolton, Mrs.	0	6	3
Barnden, Mrs.	0	19	0
Boggis, Mrs.	0	5	8
Bingham, Mrs.	0	5	9
Brazier, Mrs.	1	4	6
Bowerman, Mrs.	0	3	5
Banks, Miss	0	11	2
Bullman, Mr. A. H.	0	6	10
Black, Miss	0	4	6
Baskett, Miss	0	4	4
Burton, Miss	0	1	7
Box, Mrs.	0	4	1
Beaumont, Mr. E. J.	0	3	8
Best, Mrs.	0	6	5
Branscombe, Master P.	0	4	1
Bigg, Master L.	0	2	1
Boot, Miss	1	2	0
Brooking, Mrs.	0	4	11
Bishop, Mr.	0	3	0
Brice, Master S.	0	2	5
Barnard, Mrs.	0	7	0
Bellini, Miss F.	0	1	11
Bridle, Mrs.	0	1	3
Butt, Miss D.	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Bennett, Mrs.	0	3	9
Beck, Master	0	13	0
Bullivant, Miss	0	15	2
Burn, Mr.	0	2	7
Butcher, Miss F.	0	5	8
Bellini, Miss C.	0	4	10
Bradbury, Miss	0	1	11
Bowerman, Miss	0	10	9
Brooke, Miss M.	0	2	8
Barrow, Mrs.	0	8	6
Colley, Mr. A.	0	6	0
Cobley, Miss E.	0	16	5
Ching, Miss	0	2	7
Carter, Master	0	4	5
Cook, Miss	0	2	9
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	5	4
Cornish, Miss	0	3	6
Carse, Miss D.	0	1	11
Clinch, Miss	0	2	8
Clegg, Mrs.	0	9	10
Cook, Miss D.	0	2	4
Chisholm, Mrs.	0	11	3
Cracknell, Miss	0	2	5
Coxhill, Mrs.	0	4	1
Chittock, Mrs.	0	7	2
Cuthbert, Miss	0	3	0
Corry, Miss	0	5	11
Curry, Mrs.	0	6	3
Clark, Mrs.	0	6	1
Cooper, Mrs.	0	4	2
Chapman, Miss H. E.	0	17	7
Clow, Miss E.	0	10	4
Carter, Miss	0	9	11
Clay, Mrs.	0	5	7
Chase, Mrs.	0	6	1
Davies, Mrs.	0	1	5
Dyer, Mr. L.	0	1	4
Darby, Miss	0	1	11
Dale, Mrs.	0	4	8
Dear, Miss A.	0	10	3
Davey, Miss	0	1	6
Davies, Mrs.	0	3	5
Davies, Mrs. W.	0	11	11
Darwin, Mrs.	0	8	10
Dobson, Mr.	0	14	5
Dennish, Mr. A.	0	19	8
Dyer, Miss	0	1	11
Dike, Mrs. W.	0	15	6
Ellis, Miss M.	0	3	0
Ellis, Miss E.	0	15	8
English, Miss M.	0	1	7
Ellis, Mrs.	0	2	5
Ellard, Miss	0	5	9
Eakin, Miss	0	2	5
Ewen, Miss	0	12	6
Fosdick, Miss	1	10	0
Fuller, Miss E.	0	3	2
Felton, Mrs.	0	4	0
Ferris, Miss	0	1	2
Forsdike, Mrs.	0	3	7
French, Mrs.	0	4	4
Fitch, Miss	0	5	7
Fuller, Master L.	0	6	4
Furlong, Master T.	0	4	2
Fitch, Mrs.	0	3	0
Frith, Miss	0	3	11
Fitzgerald, Mrs.	0	12	0
Fisher, Mr. H. F.	1	3	0
Forsdike, Mrs.	0	5	8
Godfrey, Miss	0	10	0
Griffiths, Mrs.	0	2	2
Goode, Mrs.	0	5	9
Gurteen, Miss	0	7	5
Gates, Miss	0	5	2
Gubbins, Mr. S. J.	1	4	6
Glendenning, Mrs.	0	13	2
Gill, Mrs.	0	3	10
Green, Miss E.	0	1	4
Grant, Miss	1	0	4
Garland, Mrs.	0	4	4
Gleab, Miss I.	0	3	1

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Gill, Mr. H.	0	3	6	Mackey, Mrs.	0	8	0
Godbold, Mrs.	1	2	1	Matthews, Miss G.	0	5	3
Grose, Misses F. E. and				Murby, Miss	0	1	9
M. E. and Master I. W.	0	9	9	Messent, Master H.	0	3	6
Grimes, Mrs.	0	6	5	Metropolitan Tabernacle			
Hodsdon, Miss	0	6	1	Mothers' Meeting, per			
Higham, Miss	0	2	3	Mrs. Bartlett	1	17	6
Hobbs, Miss	0	10	3	Norman, Mrs.	0	2	1
Haselden, Miss D.	0	3	7	Nelson, Master	0	5	7
Hutchinson, Miss	0	5	2	Newton, Mrs.	0	1	4
Hunt, Master	0	1	5	Nears, Mrs.	0	10	6
Hallett, Miss	0	12	4	Noble, Mrs.	0	6	0
Hillier, Mrs.	0	11	6	Orton, Miss	0	2	6
Hart, Master	0	1	3	Oakes, Mrs.	0	3	8
Horwood, Mrs.	0	3	9	Osborne, Mr.	0	7	2
Higgs, Miss E.	2	8	1	Oldrieve, Miss	0	11	12
Hills, Miss M. L.	0	5	8	Pavey, Miss	0	13	1
Holmes, Mrs.	0	8	4	Plummer, Miss N.	0	6	7
Hornal, Miss M.	0	1	2	Powell, Mr.	0	13	11
Hornal, Miss G.	0	1	3	Pawsey, Miss E.	0	14	4
Hanwell, Miss A.	0	2	6	Pitt, Mrs.	0	4	3
Hunter, Miss B.	0	6	2	Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	5	0
Harvey, Miss	0	4	2	Peck, Miss	0	2	1
Hornal, Miss E.	0	1	1	Parker, Miss K.	0	7	7
Hayter, Miss	0	16	3	Peck, Mrs.	0	3	0
Hanwell, Master A.	0	2	2	Pearce, Misses J. and L.	1	14	5
Harvie, Miss G.	0	3	6	Pearce, Miss C.	0	1	5
Hadland, Master R.	0	3	5	Prebble, Mr.	1	2	11
Hawgood, Mrs.	0	19	3	Pegg, Mrs.	0	14	8
Huggett, Mrs.	0	3	3	Perrin, Mr. J. P.	0	6	6
Harris, Miss	0	11	8	Rymer, Mrs.	0	2	9
Haddock, Mrs.	0	8	7	Rees, Mrs.	0	5	0
Huitt, Mr. H. W.	0	8	0	Roberts, Mrs.	0	3	9
Hughes, Miss S.	0	11	0	Rimbault, Master	0	1	6
Hammond, Miss	0	3	0	Russell, Mrs.	0	2	7
Huitt, Mrs.	0	10	3	Rymill, Miss	0	1	3
Horton, Mrs.	0	3	10	Redding, Mr.	0	7	7
Howells, Miss	0	6	4	Randall, Miss	0	17	6
Harrauld, Miss	2	12	1	Rumsey, Mrs.	0	6	11
Isaac, Miss E. J.	0	3	2	Reed, Mrs.	0	3	5
James, Mrs.	0	4	9	Riddington, Miss	1	0	0
Jennings, Miss L.	0	15	9	Robson, Mr.	0	5	0
Jones, Mrs.	0	5	11	Sheringham, Miss	0	5	0
Jifkins, Miss	0	6	5	Stainthorpe, Miss A.	0	3	6
Jeal, Mrs.	0	2	0	Skinner, Master	0	4	0
Jones, Miss	0	1	6	Streeter, Miss	0	5	1
Jones, Miss E. E.	2	2	2	Standing, Mrs.	0	1	1
Johnston, Miss N.	1	1	3	Slade, Miss	1	7	5
Jarvis, Miss	0	4	8	Staines, Mrs.	0	7	11
Johnson, Mrs.	0	4	7	Sheppard, Mrs.	0	11	5
Johnston, Miss E.	0	6	10	Smith, Miss	0	8	6
Jeckell, Miss	0	1	3	Smith, Mrs.	0	8	6
Jewhurst, Miss	0	8	2	Stiff, Miss	0	6	10
Jifkins, Mrs.	0	3	4	Smith, Miss B.	0	10	1
Jones, Mrs. J.	0	10	0	Swan, Mrs.	0	2	0
King, Miss N.	0	1	0	Stainthorpe, Miss E.	0	4	9
Kerridge, Miss	1	13	3	Scott, Miss G.	0	1	3
Kittson, Miss	0	7	5	Skinner, Miss	0	3	3
Kingdon, Mrs.	0	6	7	Sampson, Miss E.	0	4	7
Keast, Miss	0	7	8	Soar, Mr.	1	12	6
Knight, Miss C.	0	1	7	Smith, Mrs.	0	1	5
Larkman, Miss B.	0	4	10	Shiers, Mrs.	0	1	5
Luckhurst, Mrs.	0	3	9	Smith, Mr. F.	0	4	1
Ling, Mrs.	1	2	10	Spaull, Mrs.	0	15	8
Lambourne, Mrs.	0	2	8	Speh, Miss	1	9	2
Levy, Miss	0	6	10	Trevillian, Mrs.	0	3	10
Le Seigneur, Mrs.	0	18	7	Thorn, Mr. R.	0	4	8
Lott, Mrs.	0	8	5	Taffs, Miss L.	0	1	7
Langley, Miss	0	6	6	Thorn, Mrs.	0	3	5
Legg, Miss K. A.	0	2	6	Turner, Miss M.	0	1	2
Manwaring, Miss	0	6	2	Tucker, Mrs.	0	11	10
Messent, Masters P. and H.	0	2	0	Tungate, Mrs.	0	6	3
Marsh, Miss	0	6	4	Tozer, Master H. P.	0	2	4
Middleton, Mr.	0	3	8	Taylor, Miss S. J.	0	13	3
Marshall, Mrs.	0	1	4	Thomas, Mr.	0	6	1
Marks, Miss L.	0	5	5	Thomas, Misses and Master	0	5	7
May, Miss	0	3	5	Veats, Mrs.	0	1	1
Manning, Misses	0	12	7	Vears, Mrs.	0	11	1
Morris, Master S.	0	9	2	Ville, Mrs.	0	4	6
Morgan, Mrs.	0	8	4	Vincent, Mrs.	0	6	6
Marsh, Mr. W.	0	13	4	Waite, Mrs.	0	4	9

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Wiseman, Miss H.	0	5	0				Allen, Mrs.	0	4	6			
Wood, Miss H.	0	4	2				Allen, L. J.	0	5	0			
Wicks, Miss	0	9	7				Bawn, Mr. Hy.	5	0	0			
Westbrook, Mrs.	0	12	2				Barrow, Mr. Samuel, J.P.	10	0	0			
Williams, Miss A. W.	0	2	9				Bowers, Mr. Thos.	0	10	0			
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	3	3				Corsan, Miss N.	1	5	0			
Windsor, Miss E. J.	0	11	6				Cullingham, Mr. and Mrs.	1	0	0			
Wilkins, Miss E. L.	0	3	4				Downing, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Watling, Mrs.	0	14	7				Drayson, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Willis, Miss	0	1	10				Earl, Mr. W. E.	0	5	0			
Wagstaff, Miss E.	0	3	0				Ellwood, Mrs.	5	0	0			
Winter, Miss	0	4	1				E. and M. A. W.	0	10	0			
Weller, Miss F. R.	0	13	8				Fort, Miss	0	10	0			
Wallis, Mrs.	0	6	7				Freeman, Mrs.	0	6	0			
Webb, Master K.	0	1	9				Fullerton, Miss C.	0	5	0			
Watts, Miss L.	0	2	4				F. H. T. O.	5	0	0			
Willmott, Mrs.	0	18	3				Johnson, Mrs. E.	1	0	0			
Whiting, Mrs.	0	11	1				Jones, Miss S.	0	5	0			
Windsor, Mrs.	0	3	7				Limebeer, Miss	0	5	0			
Wood, Miss	0	12	2				Lowe, Mr. A.	0	3	6			
Willoughby, Miss	0	11	7				Legg, Miss K. A.	0	5	0			
Wright, Mrs.	1	1	3				Per Mrs. Mott —						
Walton, Mr. J.	0	7	9				Mr. and Mrs. R. M. C.						
Wren, Mrs.	0	3	0				James	1	10	0			
Wadland, Miss L.	1	5	0				Mrs. Davies	1	0	0			
Young, Master	0	2	6				Miss C. Miller	1	0	0			
Boxes under a shilling and odd farthings and half-pence	1	15	3	125	12	10	Miss Miller	0	10	0			
COLLECTING BOOKS:—							Moore, Mrs. P.	0	10	6			
Broughton, Mrs.	0	10	0				Maccallpine, Mr. G. W., J.P. (Chairman)	10	0	0			
Cockshaw, Miss J.	1	10	0				McNeill, Rev. J.	0	10	0			
Cockshaw, Miss	0	16	0				Olney, Mr. W.	5	5	0			
Causton, Miss E.	1	10	0				Pound, Mr. T.	1	10	0			
Coleman, Mrs.	1	0	0				Rogers, Mrs. G.	0	10	0			
Evans, Mr. W. J.	3	13	7				Spreadbury, Mr. T. C.	2	2	0			
Everett, Miss	4	3	8				Stewart, Mr. R.	0	5	0			
Grove, Miss	2	2	0				Sullivan, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Howes, Mr. C.	0	13	0				Tudor, Miss	1	1	0			
Honour, Mrs.	1	6	0				Turley, Mr.	1	10	0			
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	0	5	0				Taylor, Mr. W.	2	2	0			
Mann, Miss	2	8	6				Tyson, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Mott, Mrs.	2	7	0				Tyson (The late Miss Rosa)	0	8	7			
Phillips, Miss M.	1	5	0				Woodcock, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Robins, Miss H.	0	15	3				Williams, Mrs. H.	1	0	0			
Sizeland, Mr.	0	6	2								66	4	1
Saqi, Miss	0	8	10				Collections at Meetings				30	11	6
Tarrant, Miss	1	2	0				Ladies' Stall (sale of work, etc.)...				20	11	3
DONATIONS:—				26	2	0					£931	19	5
A friend from Cheriton	0	5	0				Executors of the late Miss Martha Taylor				4,694	3	5

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM JUNE 16TH TO JULY 15TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—5 tons Potatoes, Mr. C. Dewar; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 8 dozen Mineral Waters, Messrs. Beaufoy and Co.; 20 dozen Mineral Waters, Messrs. Maugham and Co.; 44 lbs. Beef, Mr. W. Gunn; 29 quarters Bread, Mr. J. Law; 1 hamper of Radishes, Mr. F. Nixon.

GRILS' CLOTHING:—4 Girls' Articles, Mrs. Briggs; 2 Articles, and a quantity of Collars and Buttons, Mrs. Taffin; 41 Articles, The Ladies' Working Society, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 19 Articles, The Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill, per Mrs. Greenhill; 25 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 24 Articles, The Campsbourne Young People's Dorcas Society, per Mrs. Musk; 40 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 17 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 156 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), The Reading Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—200 Ties, Mr. F. Upton; 5 Articles, The Ladies' Working Society, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 3 Articles, The Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill, per Mrs. Greenhill; 13 Night Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 pairs Socks, Miss Roberts; 4 Shirts, Mrs. Wilson.

GENERAL:—34 Pots of Flowers, Rev. Frank Smith; 1 Scrap-book, Mrs. Laffin; parcel of cast-off Garments, Mr. B. Nichols; a quantity of pieces of Tapestry and Cretonne, Messrs. C. and M. Davis; 2 Bead Necklets, Mrs. L. Reynolds; 8 Books, Mr. C. N. Coote; a number of Copies of Music, Major John Paulet Gollop; 1 dozen Copies of "Our Heritage," Mr. J. Chase.

OMITTED LAST MONTH:—37 Articles Boys' Clothing, and 2 dozen Pots of Jam, per Mrs. James East.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1902.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat, F.S.S.	10	0	0	Mrs. Askew, per Mr. H. Mears	0 2 6
Harden, per Mr. J. Snowden	11	5	0		£0 14 6
Towkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies	3	19	6	GENERAL FUND:—	
Fritcham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	11	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Knights (Collecting-box)	£ s. d.
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7	10	0	Mrs. E. Raybould	0 4 0
Melksham, per Mrs. Hester Keevil	11	5	0	Mr. Wynn, per Mr. A. P. Smith	1 0 0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	10	0	0	Mrs. Bowsher	0 5 0
Mendlesham, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	11	5	0	Mrs. A. Mott	0 3 0
Repton and Swadlincote, per Mr. E. D. Salt	40	0	0	Miss Florrie Jenkins (Collecting-box)	0 5 0
East Dereham, per Mr. T. Phillips	11	5	0	Mrs. Potter	1 0 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. Evans and Sons	10	0	0	Mr. F. Burton	1 1 0
Bourton-on-the-Water, per Mr. J. Reynolds, J.P.	10	0	0	Mr. H. L. Bartlett	2 0 0
Loughborough, per Mr. G. T. Levers	11	5	0	Mrs. Squire	0 2 6
Cowling Hill, per Mr. F. J. Wilson	10	0	0	Mr. Cochrane	0 2 0
	£168	19	6	Mr. Priestley	0 4 0
				Mr. W. S. Ashby	0 4 0
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£ s. d.	Thankoffering for many mercies, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1 0 0	
Mr. H. Gladwin, per Mr. J. P. Allen	0	1	0	Mrs. L. B. Pavey	5 0 0
Collected by Mr. T. Boulton	0	5	0		0 2 6
Collected by Mr. H. Mears	0	6	0		£12 13 0

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

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.
"Homeward bound"	0 10 0
FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—	
"Grateful"	0 3 0
	£0 13 0

Pastor George Goodchild, of Skegness, gratefully mentions the receipt of contributions from our readers, all of which he has acknowledged with the exception of 5s., which reached him from Pitlochry without the kind donor's name.

Pastor W. T. Main also asks us to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in response to his advertisement in last month's Magazine:—"For the dear Master's sake," 2s.; A reader of the "Sword and Trowel," 1s. 6d.

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.

1901-1902

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

Founded 1867

By C. H. SPURGEON.

SEASIDE HOME BRANCH, CLIFTONVILLE, MARGATE.

Founded 1899

By Dr. J. A. SPURGEON.

Trustees and Committee of Management:

<i>President:</i>	<i>Vice-President:</i>	<i>Treasurer:</i>
THOMAS SPURGEON.	CHARLES SPURGEON.	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 Gynaec and Aural 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. LAODS.

1902.

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

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 nearly £10,000 per annum is required in free-will offerings 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, Mr. F. G. Ladds, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

ANNUAL REPORT,

1901—1902.

DEAR FRIENDS AND HELPERS,

All goes well at the Orphanage, thank God! We have enjoyed another year of the right hand of the Most High, both at Stookwell and at our Seaside Home Branch, Margate. "Marvellously helped" is our glad experience in all departments. Our exchequer has been supplied sufficiently when deficits are all too numerous; and the health of the children has been well maintained when epidemics have prevailed. For these signal favours we may well be grateful.

To our helpers everywhere we record our deep indebtedness, and our heartfelt gratitude. It is an intense delight to the Presidents and Managers to dispense their gifts, and to see the good work prospering. We wish all our subscribers could see the Homes and know exactly how things are managed. Our quarterly Magazine, "Within our Gates," does something to convey an idea of the place and of our methods; but there is nothing like seeing for one's self. Give us a call, dear friends, when you are in London. We invite inspection on any day of the week except Sunday.

Dear C. H. Spurgeon has been 10 years with God, and his philanthropic work has not been allowed to drop. Of course it has not! Any failure in this respect would be a reproach to Christians everywhere. The Orphanage appeals to all hearts. For Christ's sake, and for His honoured servant's sake, the fatherless shall still be fed, and clothed, and taught, and trained for God. What say you, friends, to this? Is not your reply a fervent "Amen"?

Well then, continue to aid us; secure some fresh sympathisers, for the ranks are ever thinning; and cease not to pray that we who build the house may not labour in vain, because the Lord Himself builds it.

I am, Yours gratefully and hopefully,

THOMAS SPURGEON

OUR SEASIDE HOME.

The following statement sets forth very clearly the objects of this important Branch of the Institution :

I.—A Kindergarten for little children.

We believe that if the younger children we receive can be kept at the Seaside Home for a couple of years, it will prove a great benefit to them for the remainder of their school term—perhaps for life.

II —A Sanatorium to which delicate children can be sent from time to time.

Every Orphanage has to make some special provision for such cases, and it is a distinct advantage to have a Seaside Home under our direct supervision and control.

III.—A Convalescent Home for children recovering from illness.

With a family of nearly 500 orphan children, cases of sickness must occur ; and it is an inestimable boon to have such a Home at our command.

Gentle reader, if the Lord has made it possible for you to assist in providing a Home for " His little ones," who need our tenderest care, it will be an honour and a joy to us to be the agents of your Christ-like beneficence.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Contributions to the Orphanage are promptly acknowledged by post, in every instance where names and addresses are given.

A monthly list is also published in "The Sword and the Trowel" Magazine, and a copy sent to each donor.

Our friends have, thus, a double guarantee that their gifts have been duly received and accounted for by the Treasurer.

While we have never employed paid Collectors to canvass for Subscriptions, we have welcomed the loving services of friends who have undertaken to secure for the Orphanage the generous help of their relatives and neighbours.

Under no circumstances should money be given for the Orphanage to anyone who is unable to show proof of being on our authorized list of Collectors. By the strict observance of this rule, the Institution will be safeguarded from the fraudulent designs of dishonest persons who impose upon the benevolent.

For all the loving sympathy and help we receive, the President and Managers are ever grateful, and tender to every contributor and collector an expression of our sincerest thanks.

" Brethren, pray for us."

TYPICAL CASES :

The following were admitted during the year :—

A. J. W., Harlesden.—One of five children under ten. Youngest, an infant of six months. Father was a cabman, killed by an accident.

D. E. and A. E. G., Wandsworth.—Two of six children, five wholly dependent. Father was a schoolmaster. No provision for the family.

E. M. H., Camberwell.—Youngest of six children. A total orphan, dependent upon earnings of an elder sister, only sixteen years of age.

M. O. P., Mayfield.—One of four children. A total orphan. Father was a clerk and traveller. The visitor writes: "The father died after a long illness, and left the widow and four children, the youngest a babe. After long and patient endurance, with calm trust in God, she died."

E. K. G., Lincoln.—One of four young children, eldest nine years, totally unprovided for. Father was a foreign correspondent.

L. P. S., Reading.—One of ten children, eldest twelve years, two youngest twins, three months. Father was employed in a factory. The visitor writes:—"I consider this a most deserving case, and worthy of the help sought."

M. V. M., Southwark.—One of a family of ten, the youngest under three years of age. Father was a bookbinder.

F. L. H., Twickenham.—One of six children, youngest nine months old, entirely unprovided for. Father was a builder's clerk.

E. A. D., Rochester.—One of seven children, youngest two years of age. No provision. Father was a blacksmith.

E. W. S., Plymouth.—One of four young children, totally unprovided for. Father was a soldier, Royal Artillery.

H. J. N., Sutton.—One of four young children, entirely unprovided for. Father was a commercial traveller.

W. H. S., Exeter.—One of six children, eldest seven years, youngest posthumous. Father was a house decorator and painter.

F. H. J. M., Wandsworth.—One of six children, eldest fourteen years, youngest ten months. No provision. Father was a journeyman tailor. The visitor, a well-known London minister, writes: "I consider the case one of the saddest I have ever visited."

G. B. F., Birmingham.—One of five children, eldest ten years, youngest three. Entirely dependent upon the earnings of the widow. Father was a coachmaker.

R. H. B., Stepney.—One of five children, eldest ten years, youngest two. Mother in delicate health, mainly dependent upon aged grandfather. Father was a foreman horsekeeper at a large city house.

TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED & TWENTY-THREE ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1902.

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics and Printing Trades ...	590	Journalists ...	12
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	347	Solicitors ...	10
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen ...	327	Surgeons and Dentists ...	9
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	283	Cooks and Butlers ...	8
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	275	Firemen ...	5
Mariners and Watermen ...	84	Architects and Surveyors ...	4
Farmers and Florists ...	73	Royal Engineers ...	4
Ministers and Missionaries ...	70	Inspectors and Vaccination Officers ...	4
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	66	Auctioneers ...	2
Railway Employés ...	58	Photographers ...	2
Commercial Travellers ...	53	Bandsmen ...	2
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	28	Gentleman ...	1
Police-men & Custom House Officers ...	25	Exhibition Proprietor ...	1
Commission Agents ...	23	Verger ...	1
Post Office Employés ...	21	Licensed Victualler ...	1
Accountants ...	18		
Soldiers ...	16		
		TOTAL ...	2,423

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England ...	965	Presbyterian ...	36	Roman Catholic ...	4
Baptist ...	635	Brethren ...	25	Salvation Army ...	4
Congregational ...	243	Bible Christian ...	6	Not specified ...	307
Wesleyan ...	189	Moravian & Lutheran ...	5		
		Society of Friends ...	4	TOTAL ...	2,423

PLACES IN LONDON FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—

Balham ...	13	Hammersmith ...	8	Peckham ...	71
Barnsbury ...	4	Rampstead ...	5	Penge ...	6
Battersea ...	35	Harlesden ...	4	Pentonville ...	8
Baywater ...	9	Harringay ...	1	Pimlico ...	5
Bermondsey ...	111	Hatcham ...	1	Plaistow ...	4
Bethnal Green ...	10	Haverstock Hill ...	4	Plumstead ...	11
Blackheath ...	1	Herne Hill ...	3	Poplar ...	8
Blacksbury ...	2	Highbury ...	6	Rotherhithe ...	15
Borough ...	12	Highgate ...	2	Shadwell ...	2
Bow ...	25	Holborn ...	10	Shepherd's Bush ...	4
Brixton ...	58	Holloway ...	25	Shoreditch ...	5
Brockley ...	2	Homerton ...	5	Silvertown ...	1
Bromley ...	5	Honor Oak ...	2	Soho ...	8
Brondesbury ...	3	Hornsey ...	13	Southwark ...	44
Camberwell ...	73	Horselydown ...	6	Spitalfields ...	1
Camden Town ...	14	Hoxton ...	17	Stepney ...	9
Canonbury ...	1	Islington ...	44	Strand ...	2
Chelsea ...	16	Kennington ...	22	Stratford ...	15
Chiswick ...	5	Kensington ...	13	Streatham ...	7
Clapham ...	31	Kentish Town ...	10	Stockwell ...	15
Clapton ...	18	Kilburn ...	17	Stoke Newington ...	18
Clerkenwell ...	17	Kingsland ...	3	St. John's Wood ...	6
Croydon ...	32	Lambeth ...	77	St. Luke's ...	4
Dalston ...	5	Lewisham ...	12	St. Pancras ...	9
Deptford ...	9	Leytonstone ...	11	Sydenham ...	3
Dulwich ...	17	Limehouse ...	6	Twickenham ...	1
Edmonton ...	1	Manor Park ...	1	Tollington Park ...	1
Finchbury ...	5	Marblebone ...	23	Tottenham ...	17
Forest Gate ...	7	Mill End ...	10	Vauxhall ...	10
Forest Hill ...	2	Newington ...	23	Walworth ...	73
Fulham ...	15	New Cross ...	20	Wandsworth ...	36
Gospel Oak ...	2	Norwood ...	23	Westminster ...	14
Greenwich ...	18	Notting Hill ...	14	Whitechapel ...	4
Hackney ...	20	Nunhead ...	7	Willesden ...	8
Haggerston ...	2	Paddington ...	11	Wood Green ...	8
		TOTAL ...	1,518		

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	1	<i>Devonshire</i> ,		<i>Gloucestershire</i> ,	
" Leighton Buzzard	1	" Torquay	4	" Stroud	2
" Luton	2	<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole	3	" Tewkesbury	1
" Sheffield	1	" Lyme Regis	1	" Weirstone	1
" Tingrith	1	" Portland	2	" Wotton	1
<i>Berk.</i> , Ardington Wick	1	" Swanage	1	<i>Hampshire</i> , Aldershot	1
" Chieveley	1	" Weymouth	3	" Basingstoke	1
" Childrey	1	<i>Durham</i> , Darlington	1	" Bournemouth	9
" Faringdon	1	" Durham	1	" Christchurch	1
" Maidenhead	2	" Hartlepool	1	" Freemantle	1
" Newbury	5	" Middlebrough	2	" Fleet	1
" Reading	37	" South Shields	2	" Farnborough	1
" Slough	2	" Stockton	4	" Gosport	3
" Twyford	1	" Wolsingham	1	" Hayling Island	1
" Uffington	1	<i>Essex</i> , Ashdon	1	" Headbourne -	
" Wantage	2	" Barking	2	" Worthy	1
" Wargrave	1	" Baxted	1	" Landport	4
" Windsor	1	" Braintree	2	" Lymington	1
" Wokingham	1	" Brentwood	1	" Newbridge, I.W.	1
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> ,		" Burnham	1	" Newport, I.W.	3
" Beaconsfield	1	" Chelmsford	2	" Pokesdown	1
" Chesham	1	" Ohingford	1	" Portsmouth	7
" High Wycombe	1	" Coggeshall	1	" Portsea	1
" Princes Risboro'	1	" Colchester	3	" Ryde, I.W.	1
" Winslow	2	" Dunmow	1	" Romsey	1
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		" East Ham	3	" Sandown, I.W.	3
" Cambridge	11	" Epping	2	" Southampton	11
" Cottenham	1	" Frinton-on-Sea	1	" Southsea	8
" Histon	2	" Grays	1	" Totton	1
" Landbeach	1	" Great Bardfield	1	" Ventnor, I.W.	1
" Linton	1	" Great Braxted	1	" Waterlooille	1
" Newmarket	1	" Halstead	1	" West Cowes, I.W.	2
" Priokwillow	2	" Harlow	2	" Winchester	2
" Soham	1	" Hatfield Heath	1	<i>Herefordshire</i> , Kingston	1
" Waterbeach	1	" Ilford	3	" Ledbury	1
" Wisbech	2	" Leyton	7	" Michaelchurch	1
<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	" Little Ilford	2	" Ross	1
" Chester	1	" Loughton	1	<i>Hertfordshire</i> ,	
" Hyde	1	" Maldon	9	" Berkhamstead	1
<i>Cornwall</i> , Falmouth	4	" North Woolwich	2	" Boxmoor	1
" Fowey	1	" Ongar	1	" Codicote	1
" Penzance	3	" Paglesham	1	" Dunstable	1
" Porthleven	2	" Plaistow	2	" Hemel Hempstead	2
" St. Columb	1	" Rayleigh	1	" Hertford	1
" Truro	2	" Romford	4	" Hitchin	1
<i>Derbyshire</i> , Alfreton	1	" Saffron Walden	1	" Hoddesdon	1
" Belper	1	" Southend	3	" Redbourne	1
" Derby	5	" Stanstead	1	" St. Albans	2
" Matlock Bath	1	" Thorpe-le-Soken	1	" Ware	1
" Swadlincote	1	" Upminster	1	" Watford	2
" West Hallam	1	" Wakes-Colne	1	<i>Huntingdonshire</i> ,	
<i>Devonshire</i> , Appledore	1	" Walthamstow	13	" Fenstanton	1
" Axminster	1	" Walton-on-Naze	1	" St. Neot's	1
" Bideford	1	" Wanstead	1	<i>Kent</i> , Ashford	4
" Brixham	5	" West Ham	3	" Belvedere	2
" Budleigh		" Witham	2	" Bexley	3
" Salterton	1	" Woodford	6	" Blackheath	2
" Combe Martin	3	<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol	8	" Boughton	1
" Dartmouth	1	" Cheltenham	3	" Brasted	1
" Devonport	3	" Cinderford	1	" Broadstairs	1
" Exeter	4	" Cirencester	2	" Bromley	6
" Hatherleigh	1	" Fairford	2	" Canterbury	2
" Newton Abbot	1	" Gloucester	2	" Charlton	3
" Plymouth	6	" Nailsworth	1	" Chatham	6
" Stoke	1	" Painswick	1	" Cranbrook	1

Kent,	Crayford ...	1	Middlesex,			Suffolk,	Aldborough ...	2
"	Dartford ...	1	"	Harlington ...	1	"	Bungay ...	1
"	Deal ...	3	"	Harrow ...	2	"	Bury St. Edmunds ...	2
"	Dover ...	3	"	Hendon ...	3	"	Clare ...	1
"	Eastchurch ...	1	"	Hounslow ...	2	"	Fressingfield ...	1
"	Eltham ...	1	"	Isleworth ...	3	"	Halesworth ...	1
"	Erith ...	1	"	Old Hampton ...	1	"	Ipswich ...	9
"	Eynsford ...	2	"	Roxeth ...	1	"	Lowestoft ...	2
"	Eythorne ...	1	"	Southall ...	1	"	Southwold ...	1
"	Folkestone ...	5	"	Teddington ...	2	"	Stanstead ...	1
"	Foots Cray ...	1	"	Walham Green ...	3	"	Stowmarket ...	4
"	Gravesend ...	5	"	Wembley ...	1	"	Woodbridge ...	1
"	Goudhurst ...	1	"	Whetstone ...	1	Surrey,	Addlestone ...	1
"	Hollingbourne ...	1	Monmouthshire,			"	Barnes ...	4
"	Lee ...	2	"	Abergavenny ...	1	"	Bletchingley ...	1
"	Maidstone ...	5	"	Blaenavon ...	1	"	Buckland ...	1
"	Malling ...	1	"	Maindee ...	1	"	Catford ...	1
"	Margate ...	9	"	Newport ...	10	"	Cranleigh ...	1
"	New Brompton ...	9	Norfolk,	Attleborough ...	1	"	East Moulsey ...	1
"	Northfleet ...	2	"	Dersham ...	1	"	Farnham ...	1
"	Orpington ...	3	"	Holt ...	1	"	Godalming ...	2
"	Pembury ...	1	"	Lynn ...	3	"	Godstone ...	1
"	Ramsgate ...	3	"	Norwich ...	4	"	Guildford ...	1
"	Rochester ...	4	"	Yarmouth ...	1	"	Horley ...	1
"	Sevenoaks ...	2	Northamptonshire,			"	Kingston ...	4
"	Sheerness ...	2	"	Brackley ...	1	"	Leatherhead ...	1
"	Sittingbourne ...	5	"	Kettering ...	2	"	Mortlake ...	1
"	St. Mary Cray ...	1	"	Northampton ...	4	"	Norbiton ...	1
"	Sutton Valence ...	2	"	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	Northumberland,			"	Surbiton ...	2
"	Whitstable ...	6	"	Newcastle ...	2	"	Sutton ...	7
"	Woolwich ...	1	Nottinghamshire,			"	Thornton Heath ...	1
"	Wrotham ...	1	"	Bingham ...	1	"	Tooting ...	4
Lancashire,			"	Nottingham ...	2	"	Wallington ...	1
"	Ashton-under-Lyne ...	3	"	Retford ...	1	"	Wimbledon ...	2
"	Blackpool ...	1	"	Sutton ...	1	"	Woking ...	2
"	Bolton ...	1	"	Worksop ...	1	Sussex,	Beeding ...	1
"	Fleetwood ...	1	Oxfordshire,	Banbury ...	2	"	Bexhill ...	1
"	Liverpool ...	9	"	Chinnor ...	1	"	Brighton ...	14
"	Manchester ...	5	"	Chipping Norton ...	3	"	Burgess Hill ...	1
"	Morecambe ...	1	"	Kidlington ...	1	"	Buxted ...	1
"	Rochdale ...	1	"	New Headington ...	1	"	Chichester ...	4
"	St. Anne's-on-Sea ...	1	"	Oxford ...	7	"	Eastbourne ...	1
Leicestershire,	Leicester ...	1	"	Thame ...	1	"	Faygate ...	1
"	Loughborough ...	1	"	Witney ...	1	"	Hailsham ...	1
"	Lutterworth ...	1	Rutlandshire,			"	Hastings ...	6
Lincolnshire,	Alford ...	1	"	Uppingham ...	1	"	Horsham ...	2
"	Boston ...	3	Salop,	Aston-on-Clun ...	1	"	Lewes ...	2
"	Grimsby ...	5	"	West Felton ...	1	"	Mayfield ...	1
"	Lincoln ...	6	Somersetshire,	Bath ...	4	"	Newhaven ...	1
"	Stamford ...	1	"	Curry Mallet ...	1	"	Portslade ...	1
Middlesex,	Acton ...	4	"	Taunton ...	3	"	Pulborough ...	1
"	Barnet ...	1	"	Wellington ...	1	"	St. Leonards ...	2
"	Brentford ...	3	"	Weston ...	2	"	Seaford ...	1
"	Cricklewood ...	1	"	Yeovil ...	1	"	Worthing ...	1
"	Ealing ...	2	Staffordshire,			Warwickshire,		
"	Edmonton ...	3	"	Bilston ...	1	"	Birmingham ...	10
"	Enfield ...	2	"	Burton-on-Trent ...	2	"	Coventry ...	2
"	Finchley ...	1	"	Stourbridge ...	1	"	Leamington ...	1
"	Hampton-Wick ...	1	"	West Bromwich ...	1	"	Oxhill ...	1
"	Hanwell ...	1	"	Wolverhampton ...	1	"	Quinton ...	1

Wiltshire, Calne ...	1	Worcestershire,		Wales, Carnarvon ...	1
„ Chippenham ...	1	„ Pershore ...	1	„ Cilgerran ...	2
„ Devizes ...	3	„ Tenbury ...	1	„ Dowlais ...	1
„ Downtown ...	1	Yorkshire, Bedale ...	1	„ Govilon ...	2
„ Pinton Stoke ...	1	„ Burley ...	1	„ Haverfordwest ...	3
„ Salisbury ...	3	„ Leeds ...	3	„ Hay ...	1
„ Summerford ...		„ Goole ...	1	„ Holyhead ...	2
„ Magna ...	1	„ Sheffield ...	2	„ Llanbister ...	1
„ Swindon ...	3			„ Llandudno ...	1
„ Trowbridge ...	1	COUNTRY...TOTAL	852	„ Llanelly ...	1
„ Warminster ...	1			„ Mold ...	1
„ Westbury Leigh ...	1	Wales, Aberystwyth ...	1	„ Narberth ...	1
„ Wroughton ...	1	„ Brecon ...	1	„ Rhyl ...	1
Worcestershire, Cradley ...	1	„ Bridgend ...	3	„ Swansea ...	4
„ Evesham ...	1	„ Builth ...	1		
„ Hampton ...	1	„ Cardiff ...	19	WALES ... TOTAL	47

Scotland, Dunfermline 1 | Scotland, Lennoxtown 1 | Channel Islands, St. Heliers 1
 „ Larbert ... 1 | Ireland ... 2

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31st, 1902.

FROM LONDON DISTRICTS:—

Bermondsey ...	1	Harlesden ...	1	Stepney ...	2
Brixton ...	2	Kennington ...	1	Streatham ...	1
Camberwell ...	3	Lewisham ...	2	St. John's Wood ...	2
Chiswick ...	1	Leytonstone ...	3	Tollington Park ...	1
Clapham ...	1	Manor Park ...	1	Twickenham ...	1
Clapton ...	3	Peckham ...	1	Vauxhall ...	1
Croydon ...	2	Plumstead ...	1	Walworth ...	1
Fulham ...	1	Penge ...	1	Wandsworth ...	5
Gospel Oak ...	1	Plaistow ...	1	Westminster ...	1
Greenwich ...	1	Rotherhithe ...	1	Willesden ...	1
Hackney ...	3	Southwark ...	2		

TOTAL ... 50

FROM COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES:—

Bath ...	1	Combe Martin ...	1	Newcastle ...	1	Sutton Valence ...	2
Beaconsfield ...	1	Devizes ...	1	Northampton ...	1	Ventnor ...	1
Budleigh ...		Exeter ...	1	Plymouth ...	1	Walton-on-Naze ...	1
„ Salterton ...	1	Enfield ...	1	Prickwillow ...	2	Watford ...	1
Bexhill ...	1	Frinton-on-Sea ...	1	Reading ...	2		
Brasted ...	1	Hartlepool ...	1	Rochester ...	1	WALES.	
Brighton ...	1	Lincoln ...	1	Sheffield ...	1	Mold ...	1
Birmingham ...	2	Mayfield ...	1	Sutton ...	1		
Cambridge ...	1	New Brompton ...	1	Southampton ...	1	TOTAL ...	35

TOTAL ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR, 85.

The above tables, while they tell of want relieved and sorrow soiced, also show the impartiality of the Committee in their selection of inmates and the inter-denominational character of the Institution. The poorest localities and the most needy classes have again furnished the largest number of Children received into the Orphanage; and this is as, we are sure, our friends wish it to be.

TOTAL DISMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR:—

Boys, 48; Girls, 37. Total, 85.

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London ...	1,518	Wales ...	47	Ireland ...	2
Country ...	852	Scotland ...	3	Channel Islands ...	1
TOTAL ...					2,423.

IN RESIDENCE AT THE TIME OF WRITING THE ANNUAL REPORT:—

Boys, 213; Girls, 233. Total, 446.

OUR SCHOOLS.

The work in all Departments has been well maintained, both at Stockwell and at the Sea-side Home; and the children have made good progress in School, notwithstanding their early disadvantages, and the fact that no educational test is imposed by the Board in approving their candidature. Orphanhood and necessity have outweighed intellectual capacity and attainments.

At the Annual Meeting of Teachers and Workers, an address was given by Rev. Walter Hackney, M.A., of the Pastors' College. This united gathering 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. H. Woffindin, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Tulse Hill; Rev. F. Hastings, Pastor of Markham Square Congregational Church, Chelsea; Rev. W. D. Springett, D.D., Vicar of St. Matthew's, Brixton; and F. F. Belsey, Esq., J.P., of the Sunday School Union.

The Sunday School Prizes, subscribed for by the Teachers and other friends, were distributed by J. Fletcher Moulton, Esq., K.C., M.P.

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION.

Conducted by the Brixton Auxiliary of the Sunday School Union.

SUBJECT:—"The Early Followers of Jesus."

Our Scholars secured 8 prizes; 66 first-class, and 89 second-class certificates.

YOUNG CHRISTIANS' BAND.

Present Membership, Boys, 24; Girls, 38. Total 62.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

Membership (including some former scholars), Boys, 210; Girls, 321. Total 531.

BAND OF HOPE.

Members having signed the pledge with the consent of friends, 168.

Twenty-one Meetings were held during the year, and instructive Lectures with Dissolving Views and Edison's Phonograph were given by friends.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE COLLECTIONS.

Sums Voted:—

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission, North Africa	1	5
Baptist Missionary Society	5	5
Do., for the support of a boy and girl at Wathen Station	10	0
Indian Sunday School Mission	2	4
Continental do.	1	5
Ragged School Union Holiday Homes	1	14
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work	21	11
	<u>£43</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>0</u>

We would bespeak for our earnest band of workers the prayers of all our friends, for the continued blessing of God upon their labours.

MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

To the President and Members of the Board of Management.

Gentlemen,

I have the pleasure to submit my 33rd Annual Report for the year ending March 31st, 1902.

There has been no death to report during the year; but there is a case of Consumption which may have a fatal termination.

Beyond the ordinary ailments of childhood, for the treatment of which our Infirmary affords the most perfect accommodation, there have been only a few cases of Influenza, Scarlet, Chickenpox and throat affections calling for special treatment.

It is worthy of record that no child is admitted without a certificate of re-vaccination, and there have been no cases of Smallpox in the Institution during the prevailing epidemic outside. With but few exceptions, the adult workers have requested re-vaccination.

I desire to express my warmest thanks to the members of the Honorary Consulting Staff, to the Board of Management, and to 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 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 is a student at Hackney College, and another is leaving Cheshunt College to become pastor of Kingsland Congregational Church.

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.

As we require nearly **Ten Thousand Pounds a year** in free-will offerings for the maintenance of the Orphanage, we are profoundly thankful to those friends who remember that our daily supplies must be as constant as our daily needs, and who send their contributions with great regularity. It is our earnest hope and prayer that there may be a large increase in the number of regular subscribers.

It is a matter of regret when we have to use legacies for current expenditure, as this source of income should be reserved to supply the falling off in donations as old friends pass away.

The Collectors who bring the claims of the Orphanage before their personal friends, render an invaluable service, for which we are ever grateful. It is a joy to the President to meet these helpers once a quarter, when they bring in the amount of their boxes or books; and we shall be thankful for a constant accession to their numbers. Those who live too far away to attend the meetings send by post the results of their loving labours, and these are thankfully received and acknowledged by the President.

At Christmas and Midsummer special collecting cards are issued to the friends of the inmates, and the amount they receive, mostly in pennies, is a welcome expression of gratitude for the benefits of the Orphanage, and a substantial help to our funds.

The Christmas dinner-table collection is a source of income we greatly prize, as it brings the claims of the Orphanage before a large number of friends, at a time when a grateful emotion prompts to loving generosity. We shall be glad to hear from those who have not hitherto adopted this method of helping us.

The Festival on Founder's Day is a rallying time for our friends from far and near; and, we venture to express the hope that it will always prove the occasion of generous gifts, as visitors see for themselves the substantial evidences of our work for God amongst the orphans.

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.

The Head Master, with a Choir of Boys, has visited many places during the year; and now that the appeals for the Twentieth Century Funds are over, we may hope for the re-opening of doors which have been closed against us. 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.

Subscriptions will always be gratefully received by the Treasurer.
Address—The Secretary, The Stockwell Orphanage, London, S.W.

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1902.

To Maintenance and Education:—	£	s.	d.
Salaries and Wages	2,654	11	4
Provisions	4,082	17	8
Clothing	1,505	18	6
Laundry	516	2	8
Fuel, Gas, and Water	964	4	10
Books and School Requisites	205	14	7
Seaside Home, Margate, and Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses... ..	567	17	5
Excursions and Travelling	46	7	6
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	309	6	0
Gardening and Sundries	32	18	0
	11,046	2	0
Printing, Publications, Advertisements, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	987	12	2
„ Repairs and Alterations, &c.	1,405	7	0
„ New Buildings: Office Extension, Boys' Playhall Renovation, New Sanitary Works, Regravelling Roads, &c.	586	0	0
„ Furniture, Fittings, Bedding, &c.	579	9	3
„ Poor and General Rates	150	0	0
	14,754	10	5
„ Transfer to Foundation Fund	1,000	0	0
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1902	979	2	5
	16,733	12	10

By Donations and Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.
General	8,102	0	9
Collecting Boxes and Books	835	6	9
Seaside Home	89	0	3
	7,026	7	9
„ Legacies	3,501	7	9
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates and Taxes, Insurance, &c.)	5,134	3	1
	15,861	18	7
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1901	1,071	14	3
	16,733	12	10

WILLIAM HIGGS,
Treasurer,
JAMES E. PASSMORE,
FRANK THOMPSON,

Trustees.

FREDERICK G. LADDS, Secretary.

Audited and found correct, this 8th day of May, 1902.

F. WHITTLE, 42, Gauden Road, Clapham.
G. H. PAYNE, 850, Kennington Road, S.E. } Auditors.

TO INTENDING BENEFACTORS.

By an Act of Parliament, bearing date August 5th, 1891, land and houses may be left for charitable uses.

Money left by will, with the direction that it be invested in land or houses, was forfeit until this Act was passed: it will not now be lost to the charity, but it must be used for its general purposes.

An important exception is made in the case of land or houses left or directed to be acquired, if it be proved that the property is necessary for the actual use of the charity, and not for investment.

The will must be signed by the testator in the presence of two persons present at the same time, and who must sign their names as witnesses in the presence of each other, and of the testator.

The following are in legal form, and may be copied:—

1.—In leaving a sum of money:—

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of.....
pounds sterling, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of
the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, in the county of London,
and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy.*

2.—In leaving Freehold Property:—

*I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
in the county of London, the freehold house (or houses) situated and
being known as—here state clearly the exact designation as to name
or number, the street or road, the parish, the town, and
the county.*

3.—In leaving Leasehold Property:—

*I hereby Give and Bequeath to the Stockwell Orphanage,
Clapham Road, in the county of London, the whole of my interest in
the leasehold house (or houses), situated and being known as—here
state clearly the exact designation as to name or number, the
street or road, the parish, the town, and the county.*

4.—In leaving Freehold Land:—

*I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
in the county of London, the parcel of freehold land—here give the
exact designation of the land in the precise terms of the title
deeds.*

5.—In leaving Land held on lease:—

*I Give and Bequeath to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham
Road, in the county of London, the whole of my interest in the
unexpired term of the lease of the land—here give the exact designation
of the land in the precise terms of the lease.*

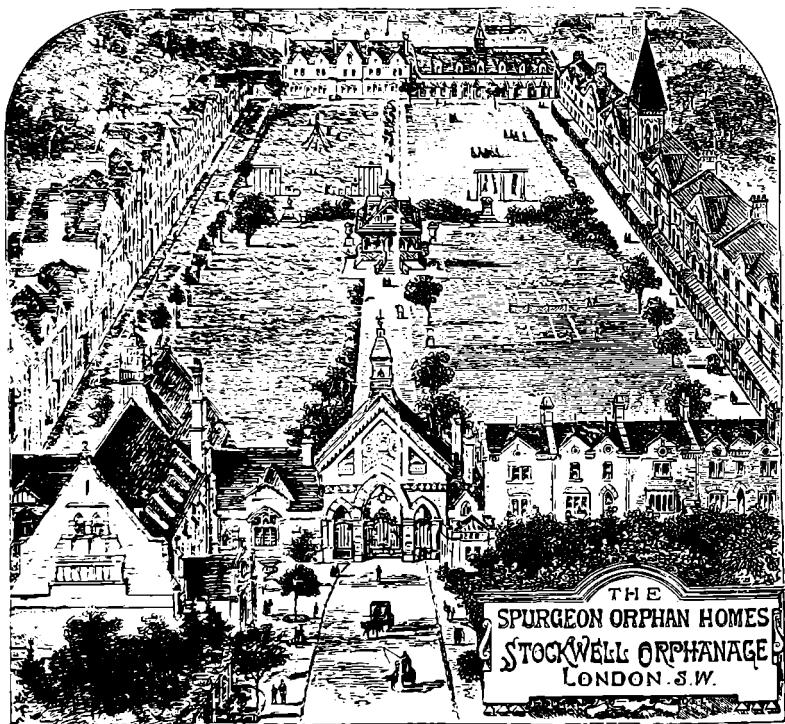
The hope is cherished that our friends, in the disposition of their estates, will not overlook the need and claims of the Orphanage, which must be regarded as a most beautiful memorial of its beloved Founder and first President, C. H. SPURGEON.

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, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

V.—CHRISTIAN AND THE ARROWS OF BEELZEBUB.



When Christian was stepping in at the Wicket Gate, Good-will gave him a pull. Then said Christian, "What means that?" Good-will said to him, "A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence both he and them that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in."

Then said Christian, "I rejoice and tremble."

IN this passage, Bunyan alludes to the fact that, when souls are just upon the verge of salvation, they are usually assailed by the most violent temptations. I may be addressing some who are just now in that condition. They are seeking the Saviour; they have begun to pray; they are anxious to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; yet they are meeting with difficulties such as they never knew before, and they are almost at their wits' end. It may help them if we describe some of the arrows which were shot at us when we came to the gate, for it may be that the darts which are being shot at them are of a similar sort.

The most common one is this, *the fiery arrow of the remembrance of our sins*. "Ah!" saith the arch-enemy, "it is not possible that such sins as yours can be blotted out. Think of the number of your transgressions; how you have gone astray from your birth; how you have persevered in sin; how you have sinned against light and knowledge, against the most gracious invitations and the most terrible threatenings. You have done despite to the Spirit of grace; you have trampled upon the blood of Christ; how can there be forgiveness for you?"

The stricken soul, crushed under a sense of sin, naturally endorses these insinuations. "It is true," says he, "though it is Satan who says it: I am just such a sinner as he describes." Then the poor soul fears whether pardon can be possible for such an offender; and, probably, he thinks of some gross sin that he has committed,—the blasphemer recollects his profanity, the unchaste man remembers his lasciviousness, and Satan whispers in his ear, "If thou hadst not committed that particular sin, there might have been hope for thee, but that transgression has carried thee over the verge of hope. Thou art now like the man in the iron cage; despair has laid hold of thee, and for thee there is now no deliverance." Poor heart! There are many passages of Scripture that ought to be sufficient to break or blunt all these fiery darts of the wicked one. These, for instance: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin;" "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men;" "him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." God grant that they may be effective in your case!

Sometimes, another Satanic temptation strikes the sinner, like a bolt shot from an ancient cross-bow. It is this, "*It is too late for you to be saved*. You had many Gospel invitations when you were young; you were 'almost persuaded' while you were but a youth; but you halted so long between two opinions that, at last, the



AN ANCIENT CROSS-BOW.

Lord lifted His hand, and sware in His wrath that you should not enter into His rest. You are, therefore, now past all hope." There are many who have been for years burdened with this terrible fear; and there are some, who seem to be like the prisoners in the condemned cell at Newgate, who could hear the big bell of St. Sepulchre's tolling their death-knell. Yet there is not a word of truth in these insinuations of Satan; for, as long as a man is in this world, if he doth but repent of sin, and believe in Jesus Christ, he shall be forgiven. There have been many sinners saved at the very end of their lives, as the penitent thief was. Many have been brought to Christ, and have been permitted to work in His vineyard even at the eleventh hour of the day. It is nowhere said, in Scripture, that God will say to any man, who truly repents, that He will not receive him. There is no limitation of age in that text I quoted just now. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." If a man be ninety years of age, and he "cometh" to Christ, he shall not be cast out. Ay, and if he were as old as Methuselah, and he were to come to Christ, the promise would still hold good.

Where this fear vanishes, it is often followed by another. Satan says, "Yes, it may not be too late on account of your age, but *you have resisted the Holy Spirit; you have stifled conscience*; you have frequently, when you were 'almost persuaded,' said, 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will send for thee.'" "Besides," the enemy may say, "you were once outwardly so religious that everybody thought you were a Christian, and you even thought so yourself. You used to teach in the Sunday-school, and you sometimes preached; but you know where you have been, and how you have acted, since then. You have returned, like the dog to his vomit, and like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire; so, now, there can be no hope for you. You may knock at Mercy's gate, but it will not open to you." Now, dear friends, sharp as that arrow is, and well aimed as it frequently is, there is no real force in it. If Christ never received those who have once rejected Him, He would never have received any of us, for some of us refused His invitations, and stifled the admonitions of conscience a thousand times, yet, when we came to Jesus, He received us graciously, and loved us freely. Yes, beloved, and if you come to Him after you have rejected ten thousand invitations, if you trust in Him after all your thwartings of the Spirit of God, you shall in no wise be cast out.

Many burdened souls have been greatly troubled concerning the *doctrine of election*. It is part of the craft of Satan to take a truth which is more precious than fine gold, and to turn it into a stumbling-block in the way of a sinner who is coming to Christ. The doctrine of election is like a diamond for brilliance; but the devil knows how to use its sharp edge to the grievous wounding of many a poor sinner. "You are not elect," says Satan; "you were never chosen by God: your name is not in the Lamb's Book of Life." How easily the sinner might answer the accuser if he were but in his wits! He might say, "How do you know that I am not elect, and that my name is not in

the Book of Life? God has never authorized you to convey to me this doleful news, therefore I shall not distress myself about it." Why should we let such a fear as this keep us from Christ, when we do not let it keep us from other actions? A man is very ill, and his wife says that she will fetch a physician. "No, my dear wife," says he, "it is no use fetching a physician, for I am afraid I am predestinated to die." Here is a man who is travelling, and suddenly he meets with an accident. Of course, he endeavours to extricate himself; but if he were to talk, as some do in spiritual matters, he would say, "I do not know whether I am ordained to escape, and therefore I shall not try." Does a shipwrecked sailor give up swimming because he does not know whether he will ever reach the land? Do you give up working because you do not know whether you will get your wages? Do you cease eating because you do not know whether you are ordained to live another day? Do you refuse to go to sleep because you do not know whether it is decreed that you are to wake any more? Nay, but you go about the affairs of life independently of any thoughts about the Divine decree, and in that way the Divine decree is realized in you. You are bidden, in God's Word, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; and I will tell you one thing, that is, if you do believe in Christ, that is proof positive that you are one of the elect, and that your name is in the Book of Life. I have never seen that Book, but I know that no soul ever did believe in Jesus whose name was not already recorded there. If thou comest to Christ, repenting of thy sin, I know that God has chosen thee unto eternal life, for repentance is God's gift, and it is a token of His everlasting love. He says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." God draws us to repentance and faith by the bands of His love because He has loved us from eternity. So, let not that blessed word "election" ever trouble you. The day will come when you will dance at the very sound of it; and, then, nothing will fill your heart with such music as the thought that the Lord has chosen you from before the foundation of the world to be the object of His special grace.

Another of the devil's fiery darts is this, "*You have committed the unpardonable sin.*" Ah! this arrow has rankled in many a heart, and it is very difficult to deal with such cases. The only way in which I argue with a person thus assailed is to say, "I am quite certain that, if you desire salvation, you have not committed the unpardonable sin, and I am absolutely sure that, if you will now come and trust Christ, you have not committed that sin, for every soul that trusts Christ is forgiven, according to God's Word, and therefore you cannot have committed that sin." Nobody knows what that sin is. I believe that even God's Word does not tell us, and it is very proper that it does not. As I have often said, it is like the notice we sometimes see put up, "Man-traps and spring guns set here." We do not know whereabouts the traps and guns are, but we have no business over the hedge at all. So, "there is a sin unto death;" we are not told what that sin is, but we have no business to go over the hedge into any transgression at all. That "sin unto death" may be different in different people; but, whoever commits it, from that very moment, loses all spiritual

desires. He has no wish to be saved, no care to repent, no longing after Christ; so dreadful is the spiritual death that comes over the man who has committed it that he never craves eternal life. We need not pray for such a case as that; the apostle John says, "I do not say that he shall pray for it." I have met with some few cases, in which there has been such stolid indifference to all Divine things, or such jeering, mocking scorn at everything spiritual that, though I would pray for the very worst of sinners, I have felt, "I cannot pray for that man." But none of you are in that condition if you long for mercy; if you hate sin, and seek to escape from it, that sin unto death has not been committed by you.

There are others who are troubled with this temptation, that *it would be presumption for them to trust Christ*. This is another of Satan's lies, for it can never be presumption for a man to do what the Word of God tells him to do. If the Lord Jesus Christ bids a man trust Him, it must be the man's duty to do so; and, consequently, it cannot be presumption. It *is* presumption to say, "O Lord, Thou hast bidden me trust Thee, but I am afraid that I may not." That is presumption of the worst possible kind. "I cannot repent as I would," says one. Who made you a judge of your own repentance? You are told to trust in what Christ has done. "But I cannot pray as I should like to do." Who told you that you were to trust in your prayers? You are to rely on what Christ has done for you, and not on what you can do for yourself. "But if I could get into a better state of mind, I should have hope." Who told you that you were to get into a better state of mind, and then come to Christ? The Gospel message is, "Come just as you are, poor sinner, and cast yourself upon Christ, resting entirely upon the person, the blood, the righteousness of the once-crucified but now exalted Redeemer." It is no presumption for thee to do this. Nobody ever did get to Heaven by presumption, but unnumbered millions have entered there by trusting Christ, and you will be one of them if you will but trust in Him, and in Him alone.

Besides all these fiery darts that I have mentioned, there are many indefinable insinuations which Satan casts into the hearts of men when they are coming to Christ. I should hardly like to tell you what they are; for I might, by so doing, really do the devil's work; but this one may serve as a specimen. Men, and women, too, have sometimes been in such trouble of soul that *they have been tempted to self-destruction*. There have been instances in which they have almost committed that awful crime; but, just at the last, there has been some Good-will to stretch out his hand, and pull them inside the door of mercy. "Ah!" thinks Satan, "if I could only get one of God's elect people to destroy himself before he believed in Jesus, I should be able to boast of it for ever." Ay, but he never has done that, and he never will. If thou, my friend, shouldst ever be tempted to commit that sin, thou mayest well say, "What good could I get by destroying myself? What! 'Leap out of the frying-pan into the fire,' as the old proverb says. To escape from my sins, shall I rush, red-handed, before my Maker's bar?" There is no insanity like that. Art thou in such dreadful haste to die, and in such a hurry to surround thyself with quenchless flames?

Oh, think not of it : but turn to Jesus, for there is hope yet, even for thee, and if thou wilt but cast thyself upon Him, thou shalt have joy and peace in believing.

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Next month's picture will be entitled,—**FORMALIST AND HYPOCRISY.**

Personal Notes on a Text.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

“*Because ye belong to Christ.*”—Mark ix. 41.

THESE words fell from our Lord's own lips during one of His talks with His disciples. Disconnecting, for a few moments, the endearing sentence from its immediate surroundings, as one might lift a special jewel from a casket in order the more closely to observe its beauty and brilliance, let us ask the Holy Spirit to throw Divine light upon it while we look, with wondering eyes, into its depths of meaning, and its mystery of love. Here is a *ruby*, rare and priceless. To our spiritual apprehension, it bears the blood-red sign of *redemption* in its heart, and flashes forth the fire of a love so great, so unspeakable, that, as we gaze upon it with amazement and devotion, we are consumed with the desire to possess it, and to realize more and more the incalculable debt of love we owe to Him who gave such a ransom for our unworthy souls.

“*Ye belong to Christ.*” What tender and heart-transferring words! HIS VERY OWN! His by creation, by redemption, by purchase with His most precious blood, His by a covenant of love, eternal and everlasting!

A man's own possessions have ties and cords in them which fasten tightly round his heart; other things may be valuable and desirable, but if they do not “belong” to him, he looks upon them,—unless he be an envious man,—with cold and indifferent eyes. They are very admirable, perhaps very charming; but they are not his property, and therefore do not claim more than a passing glance or thought; or, at most, an appreciation which does not touch a fibre of his heart.

But, *may* we thus illustrate the love of our Lord Jesus Christ to ourselves, who we know to be so undeserving and worthless? Yes, I believe we may safely do so; for, in that last blessed talk with His disciples at the parting Supper, our Lord refers again and again to His people as God's gift to Him; and touches, with tender persistence, on the fact that they are infinitely precious in His sight. What a wonder of grace and love this is! If, after redeeming us at such a cost, He had kept us as slaves doomed to sore travail and perpetual labour, it would have been a marvel of Kingly clemency, and a wonder of Divine pity; but the ransom was paid because He *loved* us, and wanted us to be His own; and He has lavished all the tenderness of His heart upon us, for Love knows no greater delight than to promote the joy and happiness of its well-beloved.

“*Ye belong to Christ.*” The transfer once made, the security is

eternal. Men may lose their most precious possessions. All they most value may, in a moment, be swept from their eager, but unavailing grasp; but our Lord Jesus can never lose the least or the weakest one of those who belong to Him. He has said, "No man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." Sometimes, in those seasons of depression which visit them, even the choicest Christians can only dimly realize the perfect safety which is assured to their souls by being "in Christ Jesus;" but His *ownership* is the sacred pledge of their absolute and final triumph. Sin and Satan may roar and rage against us, but our position is unassailable, and our eternal preservation is a blessed certainty.

"More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in Heaven."

Surely this is a salvation worth believing in!

And, oh, my soul, remember with holy joy that, if thou dost "belong" to Christ, He will never turn against thee, never tire of thee, never cease to love thee! There can be no severance of the blessed tie by which Infinite Love bound thee to thy Heavenly Bridegroom, no cancelling of the covenant by virtue of which thou didst become His, and He became thine, thus of twain making one. "And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?" Nay, verily, for too often human fidelity is like a morning cloud, which quickly dissolves under the gathering heat of the sun, or a rising mist which is dispersed by the first breath of wind which comes across it. Man's love and loyalty can never be fully trusted; a suspicious thought may disturb it, an unintentional offence may overthrow it altogether, and crush out all remembrance of past confidence and kindness. But it is not so with our God; He is steadfast and unchangeable, "the same yesternav, and to-day, and for ever;" and even "if we believe not, He abideth faithful."

"Once in Christ, in Christ for ever;
Nothing from His love can sever."

Is it not an honour thus to be Christ's personal property. His possession, His heritage?

There is a yet deeper and more marvellous meaning to this ownership of us by the Lord Jesus, for He tells us that we are *one with Him*, members of His own body, indissolubly united to Him by bonds which can never be torn asunder; and His assurance, "Because I live, ye shall live also," should be sufficient to calm every anxiety, and take away every fear from the weakest and most trembling believer. "Belonging" to Christ means grace in this world, and glory in the next; safe conduct and care through all the changing scenes of earth-life, a meetening and preparation for the Heavenly inheritance, and then—an abundant entrance into the blessedness of the Eternal Home, and a participation in "the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

* * * *

Now, after thus meditating a little on the beauty and glory of those four wonderful words which are full of grace and truth, let us look at

the important one which precedes them, but has hitherto been passed over. The Lord says, "*Because* ye belong to Christ." It points to an effect which should follow a cause. You belong to Christ, *therefore* you must do, or must not do, certain things which would meet His approval, or incur His censure. If we take this sentence as a rule of life, listen to its teachings, follow its guidance, and lay to heart its restrictions, we shall not stray far from the straight path of duty and obedience.

I once possessed a curious mechanical toy, which caused much amusement by the apparent intelligence of its movements. Underneath a covering of glass, in a small box, lay a round disc of cardboard with many serious and important questions printed on it; and an outer circle contained pithy and pertinent answers to those questions. When information was desired, the question to be answered was placed in position, then a rap on the glass caused a tiny hand, with outstretched index-finger, to swing out from between the discs. Poising itself gracefully, for a moment, over the printed replies, it would soon rest firmly and decidedly on the best and most appropriate answer to the question asked.

When I read our text, the other morning, and began to think over it, it seemed to take the appearance of the little hand with pointing finger, and to show unerringly the true reply to many vexing questions of heart and life. The only magic in my box was, I expect, supplied by a magnet and a morsel of steel; but there *is* a Heavenly divination in the use of the five short words which I desire to press upon my reader's consideration.

Almost every day of our busy lives, we find ourselves in a position of greater or less doubt or difficulty as to where our next step should fall, or the wisest course to pursue under such-and-such circumstances. We may *always* find the right guidance by following the hand which so steadfastly points to the Lord's own words, and acting in conformity to them. "*Because* ye belong to Christ," is a clue which will safely guide us out of any maze we may have wandered into.

"Why am I obliged to bear so many things which are distasteful to me?" "Why am I pursued by trial, and hunted by temptation, sorrow, or affliction?" "Why am I not allowed to have 'a good time' like other people, and to please myself in every way as some of them seem to do?" "Why must I always be fighting fears within and foes without, when others go gaily on their way, heeding nothing but the gratification of their own selfish pleasure?"

Ah, dear friends! we could each of us write out a long list of such questions, and perhaps stir our hearts to anger and rebellion as we did so; but if the lengthiest catalogue of our uncertainties were laid before my text, its index-finger would point to one answer only, and that would be a sufficient and all-convincing one, "*Because* ye belong to Christ." This unravels every mystery, interprets every perplexing experience, decides every doubtful case, lightens every sorrow, and consoles the sorest heart. Put it to the test at this moment, dear reader, and you will find that what I have said is true.

"Fear God. Honour the King."



ON the Lord's-day before June 26th, the original date for the Coronation, the Pastor of the Tabernacle preached from 1 Peter ii. 17: "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king." A few days later, the façade of the historic meeting-house bore the two closing clauses of the text in red and white letters on a blue ground, surrounded by appropriate flags. At night, the letters shone forth with the bright radiance of electricity, claiming the attention of every passer-by.

Why should not the Baptists make sign of their loyalty to King Edward, since there are none among his subjects more leal-hearted than they? Moreover, we judged that this might prove God's message to the multitudes that pass along that busy thoroughfare. Much prayer was made, in public and in private, that God would use it to His glory; and those who prayed about it helped to pay for it!

Then came the King's illness, and all the consternation and supplication it caused.

"The shadow of a hidden cross
Fell on our meditated joy. The light
Went out. As watchers sobbing in the night,
We mourned our stricken King."

We took the flags in, but the text remained. It seemed more appropriate than ever. If men did not "Fear God" after this, when would they? And, surely, the sickness of the monarch would help to crown him in his people's hearts. So the Word of the Lord shone

out at "lighting-up" time pretty constantly; and, on Sunday evenings, it illuminated the crowd at the open-air services; indeed, one of the speakers used it as his text. What an advantage it would be if every preacher could have his theme written in letters of fire behind his pulpit!

On August 9th, when, through God's great mercy, our Gracious King, though still weakly, received his crown, the flags were up again, and the exhortation to godliness and loyalty shone at its brightest.

"Isn't that good?" said a 'bus conductor, to one of his fares, after reading aloud the text, little dreaming that he to whom he spoke was one of the Tabernacle deacons. But it proved that people noticed and thought. Who can tell the purposes these words have served, and whither their line has gone out? We expect to hear, perhaps on earth, but certainly in Heaven, that our pleadings were not in vain. We already have proof that the happy thought was from above.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

A Day at the Tabernacle.

BY A CORONATION VISITOR.

TO her native sons and daughters, who have passed to her overseas dominions and dependencies, England is always Home. In the years of absence, that fly so fast as we are busy upon our farms and in our rising towns, the craving for a fresh glimpse of familiar faces and the old scenes is often very strong, it springs up with all the strength of inbred passion. Sometimes, we lapse into reverie, and find ourselves constructing reasonable pleas for a return,—pleas that turn out unreasonable on second thoughts. Then some outstanding event seems like a signal to the scattered, and from all parts of her far-reaching Empire the children of Britain crowd the homeward-bound steamers. The Coronation of King Edward VII. was just such an event. In the earlier months of this memorable year, in the cold of Canada, in the new Commonwealth of the South, and, doubtless, at the troubled Cape, a grand justification for prolonged absence from the common round of daily duty was found by many of us in the saying, "We are going to the Coronation." It was uttered with supremest satisfaction, and our neighbours heard it with ill-concealed envy. For the crowning was to be at home; and to be there, with or without imperial festival, is the exile's dearest dream.

But, in truth, to say we were going to the Coronation was only a collective term for a multitude of long-cherished plans and purposes. It included a return to the homes of childhood, to the villages of our ancestors, to the graves of our beloved dead, and to the trysting-places of our youthful faith and love toward the Saviour. Being a Baptist, and holding my rudder true to our grandly simple and Scriptural faith, in all climes, as forsooth, I would that all our people did; it was ever a part of my purpose to revisit the Tabernacle. The heather of bonnie Scotland, the meandering streams of the Midlands, and the

hop-gardens of the South might use their best enchantments; but neither one nor all combined, should turn me from this intent. "There's no place like home;" and the very hearth of our Evangelical Home in England is still where it has been for the last forty years and more, at "Spurgeon's Tabernacle." Many voices are lost in the intervening waters that join and divide us from the homeland, but Christian Colonists do know whence the chief notes of Biblical teaching are sounded in England, and they rejoice as they recollect that Spurgeon's pulpit and some others have never failed, and never deviated from the ancient message of the Cross.

I knew the Tabernacle of long ago. Full many a Sabbath morning did I stand to hear the sermon through in those days when C. H. Spurgeon was rising toward that zenith of his noble influence for God in the midst of which he was translated to Heavenly service. I saw the succession to that great heritage of responsibility and toil taken up by the unassuming son, and felt that John McNeill was a "canny Scot" when he expressed a widespread verdict in the sentence, "Time would prove that the very best successor had been chosen." That succession has often appeared to me as one of God's poems. Our minister one day explained that, in the passage, "Ye are God's workmanship," the idea is the same as if it had said, "Ye are God's poems;" and in all the Divine workmanship of public life and pulpit sequence, I do not know of anything more poetic than this. It appeals to Colonists, for that son, once one of ourselves, was recalled from afar to serve in the high places of the metropolis.

One day, the cable filled us with dismay as it brought the dreadful message, "Spurgeon's Tabernacle has been burned down." We heard afterwards how a new Tabernacle had arisen, as a phoenix from the ashes; and now, wrinkled by nights of travel, tanned by driving winds, and bronzed by the pitiless sun, in the July of this Coronation year, the longed-for privilege of a visit to the Tabernacle came, no language is at my command to say with what emotions. The opportunity of a Thursday evening service came first. With wise adaptation to the needs and convenience of modern London, the hour is now fixed for 7.30 instead of 7 p.m. There was a goodly company; the Pastor was at home, and with the zest of a spiritual hunger intensified by years of absence we waited for the message. With that clearness, simplicity, and strength, which have always characterized the Spurgeonic testimony to Bible truth, we were regaled with a Bible-reading kind of discourse on the words "For a season" taken from four different passages. There it was, as of yore, a message to the soul redolent of the grace of God, incisive in its language, and tinged with all the rainbow hues of a sacred passion suffusing the whole. As one listened, the conviction deepened in the mind that, to the preacher, God in His grace and the soul in its needs were great realities, and he was doing his best to bring them into conscious and blessed relationship. As a visitor to London, one felt vexed that this service was not announced in the daily papers. Why not? At all times, there must be many in London who would like to be informed when a Tabernacle service is to be held.

By daylight, the Tabernacle itself presents the same frontage to

London, for, as is well known, that was uninjured by the fire, but it is more grey because of the renovation carried out. The well-chosen motto, "Fear God, honour the King," arranged for illumination, also adorned the façade. It is immediately upon entrance that the visitor notes the newness and the re-arrangement that has been devised. The glass screens, the separate exits, the ample aisles, the coloured glass windows, the electric light installation, and the memorial doorway over the preacher's entrance to the auditorium, each in turn arrests attention, and altogether form the spacious and really beautiful interior of this great house of prayer. It is so like the original that one scarcely notices the slightly-diminished length of the interior. The changes are certainly improvements, and it is very gratifying to be assured by the courteous officials that all the premises form a convenient centre for the many and great institutions that have arisen throughout the years.

On the Sabbath that we were privileged to be present, there were large congregations, that of the morning being very good. If those that were there constituted the whole nucleus of the congregation, it were full of hope for the continued greatness and prosperity of the Church; but the families are so many that, on any Sunday, especially in summer, of course one guessed that a large percentage were not there.

Mr. Thos. Spurgeon looks well, and has manifestly grown stouter in recent years. His splendid voice is distinctly audible in every modulation of exposition, prayer, and sermon. Each person present could easily follow every syllable throughout the service. Mr. Spurgeon maintains intact his pulpit style as I heard him last, and appears in all the details that go to make a general impression more completely a master of assemblies than ever. The new Tabernacle and himself seem to be as perfectly adjusted to each other as the original building was to his illustrious father.

Of the sermons of this day of re-visitation, I will only say that they were more impressive than anything I have heard in London during my stay. This is no disparagement of others. There is a uniqueness about Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's ministry that surely makes it one of the great Evangelical forces of London; and, with his testimony, the Tabernacle stands for what it did from the first. In the morning, he discoursed upon "The Believer's Future," from 1 Thess. iv. 17: "So shall we ever be with the Lord," in which he paid a tribute to the late Mr. W. Payne, a deacon of the Church for many years during the pastorate of C. H. Spurgeon. It was an illustration of the happy circumstance of the son's succession to his father's work that he could thus honour the memory of a valued Church-officer who had served under the pastorates of both.

In the evening, the preacher spoke with great earnestness upon "The Believer's Present Blessedness," from Romans ix. 33: "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed," and a stirring appeal was made for instant decision for Christ. It was a day of hallowed memories and inspiring experiences; and, in the long loneliness of a far-off land, will be remembered as the most pleasant spot in a delightful visit to Old England.

The only anxiety I had, on the evening of that day, was that, if I ventured to record these impressions, and send them to the "Sword and Trowel," whether the Editor would allow them to appear.* The Pastor is the Editor, and there are personal allusions; so, in a covering note, I begged him not to use his editorial axe upon the article. I said, "Woodman, spare this little tree." I know that his first impulse will be to destroy it; but, for the sake of thousands of Colonists who envy me my "Day at the Tabernacle," I hope he will let me say my grateful word. Its appearance will show whether my plea prevailed.

The Education Bill.

BY J. W. EWING, M.A., B.D., PECKHAM.

IT is hard to realize that, in 1902, at the opening of the twentieth century, we in England are engaged in a new fight for civic justice and religious freedom. Indeed, many Nonconformists do not realize it. They are busy making money, or enjoying holidays, without any sense that, in these quiet Autumn days, our nation is passing through a crisis and our churches are being tried with fire. Were it otherwise, surely Nonconformity would rise in such indignant might as no Government would dare to withstand.

What, then, is the crisis? It is the latest phase of that educational strife which, since the awakening of Europe, has raged in every progressive land,—the struggle between the new spirit and the old, between the fearless champions of equality and the jealous conservators of privilege. Priestcraft tries once again to hold in swaddling bands a nation which has outgrown infancy. A section of a sect, aided by the party of political reaction, claims to mould the rising thought of England, and to cut off, at the fountain-head, the stream of Nonconformist witness.

The policy of to-day is no new one. We find it in English history as soon as liberty finds a voice. Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity severely restricted the right of teaching. Charles II.'s Act, in 1662, obliged all schoolmasters to accept the Declaration of Conformity, and to obtain a licence from the Bishop of the diocese. In 1714, the Schism Act forbade Nonconformists to keep any school, private or public; and not till 1779 was it made lawful for anyone to act as schoolmaster without subscribing the XXXIX. Articles. So strenuously has the Church, from the beginning, used the arm of the State to prevent the free teaching of the children of the land.

With the dawn of general education began the conflict between the "denominational" and the "unsectarian" principles of religious instruction. When the Quaker, Joseph Lancaster, founded the British Schools Society, a hundred years ago, he was at once faced by the religious question. Was he, by teaching his own dogmas, to confine the benefits of his schools to children of his own persuasion? Or should he, by teaching the Bible in a simple, undogmatic way, present

* We cannot say our correspondent "Nay." Why should we? He so evidently means all his generous estimate of us and of our work.—ED.

only those common truths and facts, in the holding of which all Christians are presumably one? He chose the latter course as leaving an open, national field for education, and avoiding the introduction into the schools of the young of those miserable divisions which are the shame of adult Christendom. His schools were welcomed by most of the denominations, and a movement commenced fraught with inconceivable advantages to the children of the time, and promising great increase of strength to the entire nation. If only Lancaster's principle had been universally accepted, England would have possessed a comprehensive and equitable school system, and the conflicts of a century would have been averted. But the success of the unsectarian schools aroused the fears of the priestly party, and a rival Society was formed for the inculcation of Church dogma, the schools of which were, with imperfect modesty, called "National."

In Mr. Forster's Bill of 1870, an attempt was made to supply the deficiencies of elementary education by the provision of new schools, supported by the State, and managed by popular "Boards", in which religious teaching was to be given on Lancaster's principle of undenominationalism. According to Clause 14, known as "the Cowper-Temple Clause", it is enacted that "in any school provided by a School Board, no religious catechism, or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination, shall be taught." The School Boards gradually absorbed most of the British Schools, and extended their influence over many neglected regions.

The results of the School Board system, during the past thirty years, may be seen in the raised standard of English education, and in the diminution of crime. But the Voluntary Schools, with their sectarian teaching and their exclusive management, have found themselves more and more embarrassed; and, of late, in spite of repeated doles from sympathetic Conservative Governments, have arrived at a critical position. As Canon Henson lamented, last January, "One after another, the Voluntary Schools are perishing; many have perished within the last few months; many more will perish within the next few years. It is a mere matter of time when the whole system collapses."

To save these Voluntary Schools, the Education Bill has been introduced, and now the battalions of Conservatism, reinforced by the phalanx of Irish Catholics, are being exploited in the interests of the Anglican and Roman priesthoods. A majority in Parliament, gained in a moment of military enthusiasm, is being used to force through the House of Commons a Bill which strikes at the very roots of all for which Nonconformity stands.

Let us, then, make clear what are our main objections to this latest assault upon the principle of liberty.

(1) *The Bill assigns State funds for sectarian purposes.*

The Romanists and the Ritualists, who are the prime movers in this matter, have the right to spend their own money as they like; but they have not the right to spend the money of the nation for the propagation of their dogmas. It seems to be forgotten that Protestant Nonconformists are citizens equally with others, that they also contribute to the revenues of the State, and that it is iniquitous to take their money and employ it for purposes which they conscientiously reprobate.

This Bill proposes to devote five or six millions a year of public money to the support of Denominational Schools. That, we say, is unjust.

(2) *The Bill assigns public funds without public control.*

One of the foundation principles of English liberty is that which joins taxation and representation. Those who pay, control. The House of Commons, as the elected assembly of the English people, alone has the power of dealing with finance. The present Bill is revolutionary in that it subverts this principle with regard to the Voluntary Schools. These Schools are to be supported by the State, and yet to be managed by a sect. Taxation is to be divorced from control. Certainly, the public is to be represented by one-third, or (according to Mr. Balfour's "concession") by "two-sixths" of the Committee; but this one-third will, by the very Act of Parliament which appoints it, be doomed to the miserable rôle of a perpetual minority. The public will pay, and the priests will control. This, we say, is unconstitutional, as well as unfair.

(3) *The Bill compels Nonconformist parents, in 8,000 parishes, to send their children to Schools where, in their judgment, false doctrine is taught.*

In these 8,000 parishes, the parents have no choice. The only School is the Denominational one. Law compels the sending of the children, and allows the priest to wait by the threshold of the State-supported School to win the little ones from their father's faith.

It may be said, "There is the conscience clause." But the conscience clause does not meet the case. Even though the children are withdrawn from the hour of the Catechism and the "Ave Maria", the atmosphere of the School, on which Lord Hugh Cecil so urgently insists, remains sectarian. As the "Church Times" has just said, "Church Schools they are, and Church Schools they must remain." We say that, to compel Nonconformist parents to send their boys and girls to such Schools, is an iniquity.

(4) *This Bill inflicts a double injustice upon Nonconformist teachers.*

One of the most important professions to which our young men and women can devote themselves is the scholastic. Yet this Bill establishes a system by which they will be debarred either from preparing for, or from serving in, it throughout a large portion of the land. First, it makes it difficult for them to obtain a training. Instead of promoting undenominational Colleges, in which promising young teachers, of whatever creed, could prepare for their life-work, this Bill subsidises sectarian Colleges of an exclusively Anglican or Romanist type, into which, as Lord Hugh Cecil claims, no "foreign element" must be admitted. It is possible, as Dr. Macnamara proved in Parliament, for Nonconformist teachers to pass in the First Division for the King's Scholarship, and yet to fail, through their Nonconformity, in getting into a Training College, while Church teachers, far below them on the list, have passed in triumphantly to Training Colleges for which the State already finds most of the funds.

And if the difficulty of training is anyhow surmounted, the Nonconformist teacher is shut out from employment in those numerous Schools, in which, though supported by State money, clerical influence is to predominate. We say that this is not only an injustice to the teachers

of Nonconformity, but an injury to the nation which is thus prevented, on theological grounds, from receiving the best service, even in secular subjects, which is, or ought to be, at its disposal. In a time of fierce international competition, England is hindered, in the training of her children, by the action of such Religious Tests as, in other respects, have been already discarded by the famous Acts of 1828 and 1871.

While other grounds of objection remain, these may be sufficient to show that the Bill violates justice, infringes constitutional liberty, outrages conscience, and threatens to injure our national life. If we allow this Bill to become law, we shall stultify our Nonconformist testimony, dishonour our brave history, and hand over our country to those who will treat her as their brethren have treated Spain, Austria, and South America.

What can we do to prevent such a calamity? The time is short. The Autumn Session will soon be upon us. We must act at once.

(1) *Let us arouse Nonconformity.* By public meetings, by private conversations, by written communications, let us bring home to the heart of our people the gravity of the situation.

(2) *Let us arouse the nation.* By protests from churches, assemblies, Conferences, let us make the voice of Nonconformity heard. Let us write to our M.P.s. Let us make the Government know that we care about the matter. Let us make "the man in the street" realize that a wrong is being done. Let us take courage from North Leeds.

(3) *If the Bill becomes law, let us resist its operation.* Let us refuse to send our children to Denominational Schools. Let us decline to pay rates for the teaching of false doctrine. Let us see our goods sold, or even go to prison, rather than bow the knee to Baal. And, above all, let us call upon the Lord God of hosts to defend the cause of right.

If, in the spirit of our fathers, we stand up for conscience and for truth, at all costs, we shall save England and Religion from the perils now confronting them both.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CV.—PASTOR GEORGE WAINWRIGHT.

IT is usual to label "our own men" with a local appendix to designate their sphere of service. If we followed this fashion, we should head our article, "PASTOR GEORGE WAINWRIGHT, OF EVERYWHERE." In some cases, this title would imply dissipated energy; but, in this instance, it means the conservation of life, and the diffusion of Gospel testimony greatly blessed.

Born in Stubbin, a colliery village near Barnsley, in 1852, our brother was bred in busy Manchester till the age of fifteen. Town and country, mine and factory were thus blended in his boyhood. In 1867, he was apprenticed to the grocery trade in Douglas, Isle of Man. Here it was that the light shone into his soul, and the lad decided to follow his Lord. Joining the Presbyterian Church under the Rev. Jas. Fettes, he became a Sunday-school teacher, and visitor to an old man to whom he read and expounded God's Word. This

proved the seed-plot of his after life, though the old man's prediction that his young visitor would be a preacher seemed an idle dream.

Removing to London, our friend's first sermon was preached, in 1873, in a room in Westminster Bridge Road, just opposite Christ Church (Rev. F. B. Meyer's). The theme—"Christ, a perfect Saviour," had been in his heart for weeks, so his tongue was "the pen of a ready writer." Without the usual trembling, he found delight in the service. There were present two members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, one of whom thus counselled the young preacher, "A good message, brother. Get a few of the corners knocked off, and you will do well."



Photo by Messrs. Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

Elders Bowker and White, were the immediate fruit. Passing on to Birmingham, our friend joined the Sunday-school at Christ Church, where Mr. Hackney (now the College Professor) was a fellow-teacher. Here he became regular preacher at Farm St. Mission Hall. At the end of this year, the inward fire had so kindled that he applied, though with much diffidence, to Mr. Spurgeon for admission to the College. Imagine again the effect of a letter from *him* saying, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

After two years in College, from April, 1874, a call to Aldershot was accepted. This sounds like soldiers, but it meant marriage. While here, God gave our brother the happy help-meet who has been his comfort and his counsellor ever since. They were married in Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham. In cold, biographical ink, the age seems young and the deed looks rash. Happy the budding pastor who secures a bride so true and faithful. The only military trace in this pastorate appears to be its short service. Dissatisfied with results after the first year, he went to happy work at Waterbeach from April, 1877, to the end of 1878, founding the first Band of Hope in the village, and working in glad concord with the vicar there (Rev. Mr. Chandler). Thence he accepted, with mingled feelings, a call to Stockton-on-Tees, where signs and tokens followed the preaching of the Word; and, in the last six months of ministry there (1884), enquirers were numerous every Sunday, and over sixty were baptized.

After a brief ministry at Grosvenor Street, Manchester, Mr. Wainwright formed the Coupland Street Church in 1886, where the work steadily grew until 1888, when the state of his health drove him to a Southern climate. In August, 1888, he began his ministry to the Westbourne Baptist Church (founded by Mr. R. Colman), and here again God's blessing rested alike on work and workers. West Cliff Tabernacle and its tasteful premises were erected at a cost of £7,000, and that without Bazaars, etc. The pastor was not only beloved by his own people, but honoured by the whole Church. He was second President of the Free Church Council (Rev. J. Ossian Davies being the first), President of the local Sunday School Union, and of the Local Preachers' Union. Here he founded the Missionary Prayer Union, adopting Rev. F. W. Hale, of Palwal, as the missionary to be supported by the Church.

After nine happy years of service here, the too-eager spirit had overtaxed its tenement, and he was medically directed to Australia. Brief ministries in Perth (Tasmania), Launceston, and Geelong, were followed by settlement at Dunedin (New Zealand). "Man proposes; God disposes." A severe attack of influenza drove our brother from Dunedin, and, more than restored in health and strength, he breathes again his native air, waiting the guidance of the pillar and cloud as to where his tent shall next be pitched. In our judgment, that church will be a happy one which secures George Wainwright as its pastor. He is faithful to the core to the old Gospel, yet without a trace of bitterness. He is a man of spiritual power and unction, yet free from airs; deeply taught in the Word (as witness his Sunday-school articles in *The Christian*), yet not bookish; understands dispensational truth, yet works heartily with those who do not; is at home at Conferences

and Conventions, with Clergy or with "Brethren", yet is an unflinching Baptist. A forceful preacher, a tender pastor, a choice friend, a brother beloved, our friend is a splendid vindication of the Pastors' College, and the men it produces. I dare not stay here. Not that aught is extenuated or exaggerated; but, to stop short here would be to miss the man. Like many of his noblest colleagues, you have not been long with George Wainwright before you forget *him* in the talk and thought of his Master. Be this the glory of the Pastors' College still, that its own men set forth, not themselves, but Christ Jesus, the Lord and Giver of life, the Saviour and Helper of men.

G. D. HOOPER.

Bournemouth West.

"Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(Continued from page 408.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(d) *Fulfilled Prophecy.*

We now proceed to consider the practically unanswerable argument of fulfilled prophecy, the cogency of which, especially as regards the Verbal Inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures, can scarcely be disputed; and, in order that all unnecessary controversy may be avoided, we deliberately refrain from touching any prediction, concerning which the allegation MIGHT be made, "This statement was written after the events occurred; and is, therefore, simply a recital of facts; or, at best, nothing more than the record of cotermporaneous history."

(1) PREDICTIONS ABOUT THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. Although we have already pleaded the endorsement of the Son of God as the strongest argument why His disciples, at least, should accept the Plenary Inspiration of "Moses, the Psalmist, and all the Prophets," yet is there nothing vicious in our making these self-same prophecies a pledge and proof of their own "God-breathed" origin, as well as of His Divinity;—unless, indeed, the utterly untenable position be alleged, that Christ deliberately fitted in and pieced his life to correspond with these predictions. Such a theory, however, scarcely merits solemn treatment, and may be, surely, summarily dismissed as incredible, since it would not only violate and destroy the character of our Lord, but also because *His birth and death experiences, at any rate, could not possibly be so manipulated* as to correspond with the utterances of Micah, David, Daniel, and Isaiah.

Accordingly, dealing with those Scriptures which, beyond all criticism, were written long before the advent of Jesus Christ, and preserved for us by that nation which crucified Him as an impostor, we find that—

[a] In the very dawn of Revelation and human history, when the shadow of death and the curse fell over our guilty, shivering ancestors as they were driven forth from Eden's garden, a coming Deliverer—

not angelic, but human—was prophesied: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and *her seed*; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel" (Genesis iii. 15); while, a little further on, His genealogy was predicted as belonging to the seed of Abraham: "And in *thy* seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (xii. 3; xxii. 16—18); thus limiting His nationality to that of the smallest and most insignificant people on the earth; and dying Israel foretold that "our Lord" should spring "out of Judah," still further narrowing the circle of probability to one tribe from among the twelve, and also defining the time of the Messiah's advent: "the sceptre shall not depart from *Judah*, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, *until* Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be" (xlix. 10); and numerous prophetic utterances force matters to a tighter conclusion still by limiting the Saviour's genealogy to the house of David: "And there shall come forth a Rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him," etc. (Isaiah xi. 1—10; ix. 6, 7; Psalm lxxxix. 3, 4, 29; cxxxii. 11; Jeremiah xxiii. 5, 6; xxxiii. 15—17). Then, again, Isaiah tells us Christ should be *born of a virgin*: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel" (vii. 14); and Micah adds that this should take place at the little obscure town of *Bethlehem*: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me, that is to be Ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from 'the days of eternity'" (v. 2); the recognition of which prediction blinded the minds of the Lord's friends and foes alike in the light of the circumstances which caused His home to be at Nazareth;—while Malachi, the last of the Old Testament prophets, after foretelling the advent of John the Baptist as the immediate forerunner of our Lord, predicts how Christ should preach and witness in the temple: "Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly *come to His temple*, even the Messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts" (iii. 1, 2; iv. 5); and Daniel, as we shall see more fully afterwards, names the exact date when "Messiah the Prince" should be crucified as Substitute for the sins of His people (ix. 25, 26).

Now let us carefully digest and thoughtfully appreciate the force and clearness of this argument. These Old Testament Scriptures, written centuries before the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, demand that His genealogy must be human, not angelic; that He must needs be an Israelite, not a Gentile;—of the tribe of Judah, not of Ephraim, or Levi, or Manasseh;—of the family of David,—born of a virgin,—in the town of Bethlehem, while the temple was still standing, but Judæa a Roman province; and remembering that *Judah was the only tribe remaining when our Lord was born, that about this time the sceptre departed from Judah* (as proven by the taxing under Cyrenius, and the subsequent appointment of Governor and Tetrarchs,—Luke ii. 1, 2; iii. 1); and *that, less than forty years after the crucifixion of our Lord, the temple no longer existed*;—let us note how each separate prediction

lessened the likelihood of an absolute and complete fulfilment of these prophecies, and rapidly narrowing the possibilities of certainty, widened proportionately the probabilities of inaccuracy, especially in the definite location of those events which so environed the incarnation, ministry, and crucifixion of our Lord, as to render His birth and death equally impossible—taking a wide margin—either fifty years before or after the date of their occurrence. Nor is this all; the Old Testament abounds with almost innumerable references to the character, ministry, miracles, sphere, teaching, audiences, and sufferings of the Messiah, all of which, both in detail and *in globo*, fit in, in the most accurate and astounding manner, with the recorded history of our Lord Jesus. His humility yet dignity, tenderness and truth, healings and despisals, the trend and matter of His Gospel, His Divinity and humanity, philanthropy and rejection, and especially the marvellous and minute predictions concerning the manner and even the comparatively trivial incidents of His death, are so graphically depicted in a series of prophetic writings spread over a millennium, that it would lay an infinitely heavier burden upon our faith to believe, in the face of such clear, specific, and unambiguous statements, that men could invent or guess at those events, (and particularly men belonging to that nation which misunderstood the Scriptures while fulfilling them,) than to accept the doctrine of definite and prophetic Inspiration;—and when we review this abundant and continuous evidence *as a whole*,—for the force of the argument is largely frittered away by dissociating one prophecy from another,—and note how apparently conflicting and discordant predictions—each having some little point of difference and truth from the rest, since no one was slavishly copied from its predecessors,—all unite with perfect harmony in the life and death of Christ, one cannot help thinking that such a chain of honest reasoning has been forged around any unbiassed or even doubting mind as to render liberation impossible from the conclusion that, after all, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (see, for example, in Isaiah alone, vi. 9—11; vii. 14; ix. 1, 2, 6, 7; xi. 1—4; xxxv. 4—6; xl. 3—11; xlii. 1—7; xlix. 6, 7; l. 4—6; lii. 13—15; liii. 1; lv. 3, 4; lxiii. 1—3).

But especially and very particularly is this the case when we trace the minute and detailed prophecies concerning those sufferings of our Lord Jesus which He or man could neither impulse nor control; how, from an evanescent blaze of popularity, Christ rode amid the ringing of "Hosannahs!" into Jerusalem as King upon an ass;—how, speedily, the dark betrayal scene followed, when Judas, "His own familiar friend," sold Jesus for "thirty pieces of silver;"—how He (the Messiah) "gave His back to the smiters, and hid not His face from shame and spitting;"—how "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep dumb before her shearers so He opened not His mouth;"—how He was crucified,—not stoned,—as "they pierced His hands and His feet;"—how "He was numbered with the transgressors;" how "they parted His raiment among them, and upon His vesture did they cast lots;"—how priests and passers-by in scorn reviled, wagging their heads, and saying, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save;"—how He cried out from the anguish of a broken heart,

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—how, in His thirst, they gave Him to "drink water mingled with gall;"—how "He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death." These and many other predictions were fulfilled in such a startling and specific manner, albeit some were apparently contradictory and mutually self-destructive, such as a king upon an ass,—the Messiah upon a cross,—the Lamb of God pierced, but "not a bone broken,"—the Redeemer numbered with thieves, yet buried with the noble;—that, were not the evidence and its preservation unimpeachable, one would imagine David, Isaiah, and Zechariah had penned their Scriptures, not before, but after* the solemn scenes of Golgotha and Calvary. When—where—how, then, did such prophecies originate? Not even one of which failed, or was discredited, although on any mere theory of probabilities the chance of all these predictions dovetailing in connection with the birth, life, and death of one person, in the places, under the circumstances, and at the time they did, was *about a million to one!* Surely our very instincts, fallen though they be, cry out in answer and amazement,—“from none other than a supernatural source,—the Almighty God Himself.” (Psalm xxii. ;.lxix. ; Isaiah l. 6 ; liii. ; Zechariah ix. 9—11 ; xi. 12 ; xii. 10 ; xiii. 7 ; etc.)

Moreover, proceeding further, we discover other paradoxical prophecies explained and unified, but always in the one self-same Person. "The Man of sorrows" is "the Lord of glory,"—"the Son of David," David's Lord ; the obscure and lowly Nazarene, "the King of the Jews;" the dead Jesus, "whom God raised up," possessed of an incorruptible body ; while, speaking generally, "the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow," are so inseparably associated in the prophetic Scriptures, that one would almost expect an immediate sequence of events as well as of ideas, forgetting that, in God's purposes of grace, "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (2 Peter iii. 8). Standing on the Pisgah height of Revelation, these old-time prophets seem, in gazing down the panorama of the future, to have only seen the two great vantage points of Calvary and Olivet,—the cross and the coming glory,—thus overlooking the intervening space or valley of some millenniums. So, for example, Isaiah prophesies concerning "the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God" (lxi. 1, 2), albeit our Lord, at Nazareth, closed the book at the end of the first sentence, and "the day of vengeance" has been, in grace, postponed now well-nigh two thousand years (Luke iv. 17—20).

We are fully persuaded that times of wonderful glory are yet in store for this old world, and that the Christ, who rode upon an ass, shall yet reign "from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth," as is most singularly predicted by Zechariah in the one passage,—that Israel shall once more enjoy, in Jerusalem and the Holy Land, a greater than their lost pristine glory, with their Messiah

* The strange silence of Jehovah, from the days of Malachi until the Incarnation, becomes invested with a profound significance when we reflect that God thus placed, between these prophecies and their fulfilment, a minimum and unbridgeable chasm of some four hundred years ; and, in so doing, prevented any possible charge of collusion being made against the writers of the Old and New Testament Scriptures.

as King, and the millennial age cause the world to laugh and sing with gladness under the beneficent rule of the God-man; but, as these thoughts lead us into the domain of unfulfilled and debatable prophecy, we must content ourselves with simply pointing out that there has, unquestionably been, at any rate, a partial fulfilment of those predictions, which had not even a vestige of fruition when Christ was crucified, and His few humble fishermen essayed to evangelize the world. Now, truly, from quiet and insignificant Judæa, the wave of grace and blessing has widened out touching all the nations of the world, and the triumphs of the Gospel of truth, duty, righteousness, and peace are manifested in every continent and corner of the earth. Outward transformations are visible over entire nations, as the humanizing influences of Christ's kingdom have overthrown idolatry, cannibalism, the suttee, heathenish bestiality, and slavery, and introduced philanthropy, justice, liberty, and the world-wide rights of man. That the change is largely superficial,—the veneering of civilization without, in many cases, moral regeneration, we readily admit, but, for all that, it is fraught with well-nigh countless and priceless blessings, and is the herald of that deeper and more lasting work, when all the prophecies, focussed in the beneficent reign of the One Man, shall be fulfilled, and the Son of God Himself shall come. (Psalm ii.; lxxii.; cx.; Isaiah ii. 1—4; ix. 6, 7; xi.; xiii.; xxxii. 1, 2; xlii. 6—10; xlix. 6, 7, 22, 23; lv. 3—5; lx.; lxii.; lxvi., etc., etc.)

Meanwhile, the "stone cut out without hands," of Daniel's vision, is rolling on conquering and to conquer, and shall yet "fill the whole earth." Already, Babylon, the first great world-power, has disappeared; and following it, the double-armed Medo-Persian Empire has fallen; Greece, the seat of poetry, philosophy, and power, has faded from the zenith of Alexander's glory, when it "ruled over all the earth," to but a fifth-rate monarchy; while Imperial Rome, "strong as iron," "dreadful and terrible," dividing the empire of the world with its Eastern and Western feet, and dividing itself, afterwards, into ten toe-like kingdoms, has lost every vestige of its ancient national and political supremacy; but Christ's Kingdom, the fifth and last great world-wide monarchy, is coming, when "the God of Heaven shall set up a Kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the Kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever" (Daniel ii. 44). *Till then, no universal empire can be established.* Charles the fifth first, and the great Napoleon later on, strove to do so, but all in vain. Where is the power of Spain to-day? Let the Republics of South America, the United States navy, and the Philippines bear witness! Where is Bonaparte's dream of a subjugated world? Seek answer from the field of Waterloo and that lone island rock in the Pacific Ocean; above all, recall that white-winged army of the eternal God as, silently, overwhelmingly, the snow-flakes massed together crush down the cohorts of the hitherto unconquerable general. Men blame the foolish obstinacy of a certain pious but stupid king, who, unmoved by the tearful pleadings of England's most illustrious statesman, quarrelled with and lost our brethren of the United States. I do not, for God was behind that invincible stupidity, since His and His alone must

be the fifth world-wide and universal empire ; and every thinking man knows well that ultra-loyal though Britain's Colonies are to-day, the impolitic act of some despotic Colonial Secretary or Prime Minister might, at any moment, lose us Canada, South Africa, Australia, or India. Howbeit, Christ's Coronation Day is coming ; and although mortals could not forecast that of His Gracious Majesty, King Edward, God has Himself ordained the time when "the stone which the builders refused shall become the head stone of the corner. This is the Lord's doing ; it is marvellous in our eyes" (Psalm cxviii. 22, 23).

Travelling down from the far North of Scotland to London, one cannot help being struck by the large number of telegraph wires, which, gathering from different districts, finally coalesce and mass themselves together towards the metropolis ; and, reversing as you journey Northwards, one after another is left behind at Crewe, Preston, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Wick. until, lost from vision, the cable sweeps under the ocean to the Orkneys ; so is it, likewise, with the prophetic communications of our God. Adown the millenniums, concerning the Messiah King, from every quarter of the Old Testament Scriptures they proceed towards Calvary, and thence, *viâ* the empty grave, on to the glories of the New Jerusalem. See how the nearest wire is laid from Malachi, away then we wing our flight to Daniel "greatly beloved", and listen awhile to seraphic Isaiah ; thence, touching the sweet singer of Israel, we proceed right on to the great lawgiver, Moses ; and, now the wires are lessening, thence to Abraham, "the friend of God." But three lines of communication still remain ; and, passing into the ante-diluvian age, we pause to hear the voice of "Enoch, the seventh from Adam," then enter the gates of Eden, as the Lord God Himself throbs, through our Mother Eve, the message of deliverance down the ages ; and, finally, standing on the shore of earth and time, see the last wire strike upwards, lost from sight amid the fleecy clouds, to find its terminus in the council chamber of the Triune God, whose purpose and programme being registered "in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," must stand until "the kingdoms of this world" shall "become the Kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ: and He shall reign for ever and ever" (Revelation xiii. 8 ; xi. 15).

(To be continued next month.)

Drink !

BY T. L. EDWARDS, GLASGOW.

"**H**E DRINKS!" We all know what this expression means, so common has the habit of intoxication become. The school-boy, who gave the future tense of "he drinks," as "he's drunk," was not far wrong. Grammatically, he was wrong ; socially, he was right. It is a gigantic evil, and has grown to such proportions that churches, newspapers, magistrates, soldiers, and politicians are all alarmed about it. They are awaking none too soon. Under the mischievous influence of drink, the progress and prosperity of the nation are threatened, the work of the churches is thwarted, and our great cities are deviled.

The habit of drinking intoxicants is an old one. Homer and Moses both mention it, and the oldest writings in Persia, India, and China, bear witness to its existence. Men seem soon to have discovered the enchanting properties of fermentation, and yielded themselves to its fascinations. These are undoubtedly great, or the victims of the habit would never consent to pay so heavy a price for them. Dreamy somnolence, and false mental exaltation, give a brief and treacherous respite from the strain and oppression of life. Even the wild and murderous fury of the drunkard seems to yield some sort of shadowy satisfaction, though afterwards he retains little or no recollection of it.

For these pleasures, the victim will pay almost any price. He endures loss of character, chastity, friends, fortune, home, skill, reputation,—everything. As a beggar, filthy, homeless, dejected, diseased, he will continue his degraded course. The little he can gain by imposing upon the generosity of others, he will spend in further indulgence, and dies, or drifts into the poorhouse, where he miserably wears out the remainder of his days, a charge upon the industry of his fellows.

The curious thing is that, in spite of all the Temperance work done during the last century, the drink bill of the country increases, not only in actual bulk, but also *per capita*. The explanation is to be found, probably, in the larger wages earned, and the consequent increase of the spending power in the hands of the multitude; so that, while many avoid intoxicating drinks altogether, the rest spend more than ever upon them. Thus the average is raised.

The amount spent by us, as a people, in this wasteful indulgence, is appalling. The cost of the South African war has scarcely covered two years' drinking. One hundred and sixty millions per annum! Did you ever try to form an idea of what that amount is? You may do so in this way. Suppose that you have received permission to go to a certain bank, every morning and every evening of every week-day, to count out five hundred pounds in gold, and to carry them off for your own use, until you have secured £160,000,000;—guess how many years it would take you to accomplish the pleasing—or shall we call it monotonous?—task. I have known persons guess as much as fifty years, but they were far from the truth. Make a calculation. Allow 300 days for each year, on which you visit the bank twice, each time carrying off £500. One year's work will result in £300,000. Now divide £160,000,000 by 300,000, and that will give you 533 as about the number of years needed for counting at the rate of £1,000 each day. To finish this year, the person counting would have had to start in the reign of Henry III. This truly awful amount is squandered every year in this country in this degrading habit.

Climate may have something to do with such extravagance. We are so frequently fighting against the depressing influences of gloomy skies, and chilly, rainy weather. Unfortunately, matters are made worse by the remedy to which so many resort. To the gloom of grey skies is added the misery of ruined and filthy homes, and crowded and repulsive slums. The return from the gaudy warmth and boisterous fellowship of the liquor saloon, to the ill-temper or depression of a dirty, comfortless home and family, arouses the latent devil in the drinker, and he aggravates the ruin that already surrounds him. If he returns

to his labour, it is that he may purchase the privilege of basking once more in the brightness of the publican's brilliant rooms. Should he have got beyond the desire to labour, he may drive his shivering children out on to the wet streets to beg enough to secure him further indulgence, under the threat of blows if they fail, or he may drive wife and daughters on to the street to secure him his coveted drams.*

One would hardly think it possible that jewelled hands, that lift sparkling beverages to dainty lips, would ever be found in the loathsome company of the low-class public-house, and lodging-house; yet so it is, and among those who fill the mournful ranks of the apparently hopeless, are not a few who have boasted of their wealth and refinement. So strong is drink, that it is quite capable of seizing a man in the ranks of respectability, and dragging him gradually but surely into the lowest of social hells.

Not in every case is the victim dragged into such social degradation. He will, in some instances, retain his social position, but lose all that is manful, and pure, and joyous. He drifts towards the grave as a wealthy sot, rotting as he goes, dead to all that is best and noblest.

Some pleasure there must be in all this, or we could not conceive of its continuance; but the pleasure appears to be, in many cases, simply an attempt to drown the misery of a diseased condition of mind and body in unconsciousness. It is a temporary suicide, ending too often in actual self-destruction.

Drink is so treacherous that many are caught by it before they seem to know what has happened. The victim is often the last to admit that anything is wrong. He is offended if anyone suggests to him that he is in danger. He is indignant if anyone says he is drunk. His friends may be deploring the degeneration that is manifest in him, but he is himself utterly unconscious of it. Even when he is exhibiting all the traits of drunkenness, he will stoutly deny that he is intoxicated. This is one of the strangest and saddest features of the ravages of drink, and makes the attempt to deal with it extremely difficult.

The loosening of the moral fibre that thus takes place, is one of the most dangerous effects of the drink habit. The whole moral nature of the subject seems to fall into looseness. The sense of refinement is blunted, the delight in truth is blighted, the horror of vice is withered, the recoil from cruelty is destroyed, the love of honesty is soiled. The whole man begins to droop. Reliance can no longer be placed in him. This being so, it is easy to see how crime, and misery, and poverty advance with bold step wherever drink becomes popular; they unblushingly put out their ensigns, and resolutely seize their prisoners.

All this is known, yet the drink traffic increases. If small-pox, or enteric, or plague claims a few hundreds of victims, a shudder passes through the community, and strenuous efforts are made, at great cost of time, energy, and money, to stay the progress of the invader, and if possible to cast him out. Why is this, when so little is done to check the inroads of drink, and its attendant horrors,—disease and death?

About small-pox and plague, there is nothing pleasant. From first

* A Bill is before Parliament at this moment, dealing with such cases in Scotland.

to last, they are painful and loathsome. It is not so with strong drink. Its appearance is pleasant; its very odour, to many, is delightful. Taken in "moderation", its effects are most enjoyable. It seems to quicken appetite; some declare, in spite of all scientific statements to the contrary, that it aids digestion; it promotes good fellowship; it helps the sad to endure or to forget their sorrow; it rouses merriment. These are the qualities that make it so attractive and dangerous. Then, too, so many succeed in using it the whole of their lives without losing their respectability. What they do, others surely also may do; at any rate, they may try to do it. In the attempt, multitudes perish, and Church and State suffer terribly.

The moderate respectable drinker, then, is surely the rock of offence over which so many fall. He thinks not so, and says it, sometimes, with a good deal of warmth. Why should his comfort be interfered with because others choose to make fools of themselves? Why should he be asked to deny himself of what, to him, is an innocent indulgence, because others fall into misery by using the same liberty? These are the only replies the moderate drinker can make when asked to abstain, unless he hides himself behind some shadowy medical certificate.

How much of Christian feeling and principle can be discovered in such questions? Not a single scrap. As well might one look for ice on a brook in a broiling July day. But the true spirit of Christianity breathes in Paul's declaration, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." In that rule, we can hear the voice of One greater than Paul. Surely, if the moral health of the community can be promoted by abstinence from that which is pleasant, but by no means necessary, such abstinence becomes the Christian. When all Christian people see this, and act upon it, we shall be on the verge of a greater reformation than we can well imagine. The average moderate drinker in our churches has not yet the faintest idea of how terribly the Gospel is handicapped by this mischief. Not simply does it, here and there, drag a minister or church-member into the mire, but it prevents the spread of the Gospel. I think the following case is in point.

A site, in a suburb of a large city, was purchased, on which to build a Nonconformist chapel, a generous donor providing the money for the whole operation, and guaranteeing the minister's salary for three years until a self-supporting congregation should be gathered. Before the building was commenced, the city authorities secured a large piece of land in that very neighbourhood on which to erect dwellings for the denizens of a slum that was being disturbed under some improvement scheme. At once, the villa residents began to flit, the chapel-building scheme was abandoned, and the whole neighbourhood deteriorated. Why was this? *Drink victims cannot afford to maintain churches, even though the buildings are provided for them.*

That is an ugly sentence to write, and I hesitated to pen it; but we may as well face the truth. Will every moderate drinker, who takes the trouble to read this article, sit for a few minutes alone, and gaze at that statement? Let him make what he can of it. Let him deny its truth if he likes; but, at the same time, let him give his reasons. If they do not crumble in his hands, I shall be surprised.

To all moral reform, drink blocks the way. Yet, while respectable and Christian people use it, others must be allowed to sell it, and still others to produce it. It is undoubtedly one of the most lucrative businesses into which a man can go. Unfortunately, the gigantic fortunes made in it pave the way to royal favour and titles, and so secure for the traffic an air of distinction that belongs to nothing else. And all this is secured by the patronage of those who use it moderately, or think they do, or say they do; while, in too many cases, they know well enough that they do not.

The moderate drinker, then, is the real difficulty. He may be a member of a Temperance (not Total Abstinence) Society, or a condescending patron of the Temperance Movement, or a magistrate bent on the reform of the public-house business in his city; yet, notwithstanding that, he is a hindrance to the reformation of the nation, a drag upon the cause of the Gospel, and—

A DANGER TO HIMSELF.

* * * *

The next paper in this series will be entitled "Drink and Womanhood."

My Lady's Garden.

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

IX.—DEPARTURES.

ONE would need to watch all his time to keep pace with the comings and goings in My Lady's Garden. Even an enthusiast must feed and sleep now and then. While he does one or the other, something interesting is sure to happen. I mean, of course, apart from himself, for few men are interesting either in feeding or sleeping; unless, indeed, you want to obtain a series of studies of primitive man. One of the best schools of Anthropology is a big restaurant. One of the most pathetic is the wards of a huge workhouse at night.

But this is a long way from My Lady's Garden. Those who sleep within the precincts of this pleasance generally stand on one leg, and tuck their head under their feathers. There are some who are like boys, whose heads are where their heels ought to be when their mothers look in at them before retiring for the night. But the part of Nature, which takes its rest head downward, does not appear to suffer from giddiness. The blue-bottle, the butterfly, or the spider might make the same reply as the sword-swallower when the lady sympathized with him over his hard fare,—“Laws, marm, you ken get used to anything.” Really, there was no intention to start our talk “phrivolously”, as the girl wrote it who wanted to improve the spelling. Rather did we intend to “begin low,” and “go on slow,” as the great Dr. Leifchild advised the preachers; to commence meditatively, dreamily, pensively, and to moralize on one's way, as becometh a soul who has seen many departures of late. It only shows to what lengths natural depravity will go when one cannot be solemn even with the company one keeps in *The Sword and the Trowel*. But, to tell the

plain truth, the writer of these sketches has made the acquaintance, of late, of a disreputable individual. Any falling off in his manners must be laid to the charge of his new friend. You know,—“Evil communications,” etc.

Hard by here, there lives a tawny owl; and of all the leering, good-for-nothing looking old fellows, he is the chief. The worst of it is, the writer has got to like him. He does not talk much; nearly all his speech is in looks. He has one very uncanny habit; his head works on a swivel; and, unlike Sir Conan Doyle's hero, he can turn it right round till he looks out between his shoulders without suffering dislocation. It's just awful to see him. No wonder we have lost the centre of gravity. However, we must persevere, like Mr. Dick, and try to keep that owl's head out of this Memorial. If we cannot be serious, we must adopt the device of Traddles, and go off a little on that tawny bird of night, and then come back, and be sober-minded, as, of course, we wish to be.

* * * *

To an observer, who can only give casual half-hours, many of the most interesting features of natural phenomena are missed altogether. Only once in my life have I seen a red admiral butterfly emerge from its chrysalis case, slowly dry its gorgeous wings in the sun, and then sail away. That was in a Surrey lane, on a Lord's-day morning, thirty years ago. But such a thing, once seen, is remembered for all time. I have never since had any difficulty in grasping the possibility of far more resplendent and far higher transformations. All the prophecies with regard to the redeemed have their embryo fulfilment, their dim and distant ante-type, in what transpires in the lower realms of being. The first rungs in the ladder of revelation are down among the ever-interesting and suggestive, but always mysterious features of bird and insect life.

For many years, I have tried to keep pace with the incomings and outgoings of birds. No one, unless he gives his heart to Nature, can imagine the thrill which wakes every nerve when some friend, of like tastes, but with more leisure, tells you, on a mid-April day, that he has heard the blackcap and the cuckoo, and seen the first swallow. You ask why such emotion should be stirred by so simple an announcement. I answer,—the imagination begins instantly to conceive of the great change which a few days have wrought. When did these immigrants arrive? Who saw them? What other wondrous changes must have happened in insect life to meet their wants? How noiselessly it has all come about! How these birds availed themselves of the soft South wind, and sailed hither on its current!

The spirit of expectation, once excited, lasts for weeks, till the spotted flycatcher, the swift, and the night-jar are heard in the land. Then the tension ceases, for you know that the last of the Summer birds have come over the sea. For eight or nine weeks you just rejoice in their visit. When the burning July sun bleaches the grasses, when leaves are at their deepest green, and the first yellow ones lie under the trees soaked with the heavy dews of the early hours, then the thought is driven home that the meridian of the year is past, and that very soon certain birds will get restless, and suddenly disappear. Day

after day, your eyes seek the screaming swift as he circles around some high tower, or shoots the lofty arch of the viaduct, hard by My Lady's Garden. August dawns. Perhaps the temperature keeps high. Your expectation remains on tip-toe. Then there comes a thunderstorm, and a sudden drop from heat to chills. You look for your swifts; but, lo, they are not. Who saw them off? Ah, who? Ask the first birds of the morning, or the bats of the night. Ask "Jacob", my tawny owl; he is awake through all the happenings of the dark hours. Did I tell before that his name was "Jacob"? I am not responsible for it, but I may say that he tries conscientiously to carry out the character. Well, while "Jacob" was awake, and most folk were asleep, or busy, the swifts left, and made their mysteriously rapid journey to a sunnier land. With them went the cuckoo, that bird saying nothing but his own name. His familiar egotism will not be heard again until another April; and then, if you live to hear it after the weary Winter, you will forgive its opinionativeness, for it will be the *recueil* of the newborn Spring.

* * * *



"JACOB."

We are getting on. But "Jacob" is on the watch with one eye. Not liking the light, he has drawn a blind over the other. But "Jacob's" open eye is enough, for, like Christmas Evans' solitary optic, it is a "piercer." He lives amid orchids and ferns; rare trees cast their shade over his house; but "Jacob" is unappreciative. He fancies fat mice and sparrows, never refusing any, but hiding up those he has not a present use for in a kind of private larder. He is as touchy as he is crafty, not unlike the Emperor Tiberius, who lived amid the lavish scenes of Nature, suspicious of everybody. But "Jacob" is a droll bird to watch. Close by, the door of a long greenhouse stands open. Within, are golden orchids from the hills of Assam, *Lælias* from Mexico, Cattleyas from Brazil,

—a wealth of colour and perfume, enslaving the senses. You slightly turn your head, and there sits the owl, imperturbable, philosophic, looking at you out of one eye. He always seems to rebuke the present writer thus,—“You should not allow your imagination so much rein, my friend; the exotics of your glass

shed are the weeds of the tropics." "Jacob" is depressing, after all. So are another couple, who live in the garden. They are a pair of sea-gulls with clipped wings. I don't believe they have a virtue between the two of them. I have never liked them from the day when a sparrow hopped on to the side of their dish of fish, just to have a bite. One of the gulls made a grab at him, and, despite his cries, swallowed him alive. Nor do I care for a male and female crow who have a ragged nest in a tree in one of the meadows. My dislike dates from the morning when I saw one of them making off with a smaller bird's egg in its beak. The mother-bird flew screaming after the crow, but the plunderer's black wings soon carried it out of sight. This is the grim side of the picture. My readers must do their own moralizing.

* * * *

I have no great love for second crops. The *antirrhinums* which flower from the sides of severed stems, October roses, and tree blossoms born out of due time, are poor things, lacking the life and scent of the proper season. The very sight of them proclaims that the prime of the plant is past. They are like books and pictures issued by masters in their dotage, over which their best friends shake their head. There are, of course, Autumn flowers which awaken no such thoughts of a past prime. They are in their glory when other things are dying. Like some geniuses, they flower late. Dr. Smiles has a most fascinating chapter, in "Life and Labour," on "Great Old Men." Have you never read "Life and Labour"? Then, borrow it, or, better still, buy it. Even if you are not very flush of cash, you could stand a "self-denial" fortnight to get such a treasure. To Christian young men, it will be a biographical encyclopædia for illustrating the Book of the Proverbs. To older men, who have hitherto done nothing particular, it will give courage to push open the final door of opportunity. Then, their achievements, in the November of their life, may be like the flowering of the many-hued *chrysanthemums*.

But, as I sit, on a quiet September day, in My Lady's Garden, I miss much. Young birds warble, like children playing scales; bees drowsily hum as they visit the multitude of grey-blue daisies; but the flute-notes of the songsters of the Spring are no longer heard, the very flittings of wings are infrequent and lazier. It is a leg-stretching time; a day when, if you can,—ah, if you can, there's the rub!—you recline on two chairs, put your hands under your head, look up to the sky, and do nothing at all.

Oh, the luxury of doing nothing! This, in spite of Dr. Watts. No office, no shop, no sermons, no scoldings; away from tongues, masculine and feminine,—tunes that are an iterated "Martyrdom",—trumpets that are right enough when blown at Jericho!—doing absolutely nothing at all but eat,—always a necessary function for a man because of the constant strain on his brain,—and sleep, to make up for the many days when one goes to the office late and leaves early!

September is like a new firm that issues a circular pledging itself to keep up the old traditions of the house. No. VIII. borrows an "I" from No. VII., sticks it on at the end, and tries to make you believe there is not much difference. September is August plus a fortnight.

So that you can luxuriate under the illusion that things are as they were, only that every day the night is longer. Soon, the winds of the Equinox will awake you, and then the enchanted land will be no more. The other birds, who have helped, by their presence, to make the Summer, will depart; the swallows will fuss about, like ladies over their luggage at a railway station; then, long-winged, will finally sneak off without saying "Good-bye" to anyone, leaving their nests to the sparrows, who, like the Arabs of Syria, will take up their dwelling in houses which their betters have built. Other birds will come in as October advances, but for these you will hardly have a greeting. Though they arrive in hosts, they will do nothing to raise your spirits, for you will know, from their arrival, that they have been driven before the Winter, fast setting in on the Northern shore. Then will you long for wings to escape the shrouding mists, fogs that sit like vampires, a goblin blackness of darkness, squeezing the smarting eyes, drooping rain-clouds, that weep, weep, weep, as if Nature were losing her nearest relatives day after day; and damps that make an inquisition of your rheumatic bones, and wring from you confessions that alarm your friends.

But where are we? Not in such a plight yet. It is still September in My Lady's Garden. We have all to die; but it is not healthy to be continually dying in imagination.

Those plums shine suspiciously tempting from among the leaves. Of course, you have tasted big, ripe plums on a hot day. Have you tried to put into language the Paradise of your sensations? You delicately remove the skin from the riper end, then you let the nectar dissolve deliciously all over the sensitive palate, the nerves of the throat welcome the succulent coolness, and convey the satisfying sense of delight to that part of your person which is supposed to appreciate all good things.

* * * *

I am afraid this article has an "out-of-work" air about it; but even you, Mr. Editor, would find it hard to be serious if you caught "Jacob" looking at you out of one eye.

A Medical Missionary and his Patients.

A LETTER TO BRITISH BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY DR. T. G. CHURCHER, SOUSSE, TUNISIA, NORTH AFRICA.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—“A man up a tree” will, I expect, be the thought, if not the words of some of you as you look at this picture; and one who goes to preach the Gospel to the natives of North Africa, gets, as the apostle Paul did, into some curious places. But the very same Jesus, who saw Zacchæus when he was up a tree, and saved him, is still our all-seeing and almighty Saviour, in whose Name we have gone to heal the sick, and to seek to win their souls for Him. The people, whose faces you can see at the bottom of the picture, are some of our out-patients whom, with difficulty, we induced to face the camera. I think the smiling one must have been photographed before, as, unlike Arabs generally, he is not afraid of a snap-shot.



But I want you to come with me, in thought, to our evening service in the Baraka with our in-patients. The sun is setting, and it is too late for photography; but, if you will sit down with me in the midst, I will try to tell you about the people we have with us to-day.

First, on my left, sits a poor old man who has been with us long, and who does not want to leave us. He is dressed in a dirty piece of cotton, like a sheet; but, though he is so poor, I believe he is the child of a King, for he has put his trust in Jesus; at least, he says he has; and he helps me much by adding his "Amen" to what I say, occasionally also saying, "I believe in God, and in Jesus Christ."

Next to him is a round-faced man, with sore eyes, who has come two days' journey to see the doctor; but, as to religion, I cannot make anything of him at present, as, to all I say, he only nods and smiles.

Next to him sits a wild-looking fellow, with very few clothes on, who *fancies* that he has a terribly bad stomach. Religion does not trouble him; his one desire is that the doctor should try to cure him by plunging a knife into him!

That man sitting next is the only one who speaks up for Mohammed as against Jesus the Saviour; and he is suffering from a disease which is the result of his own sin.

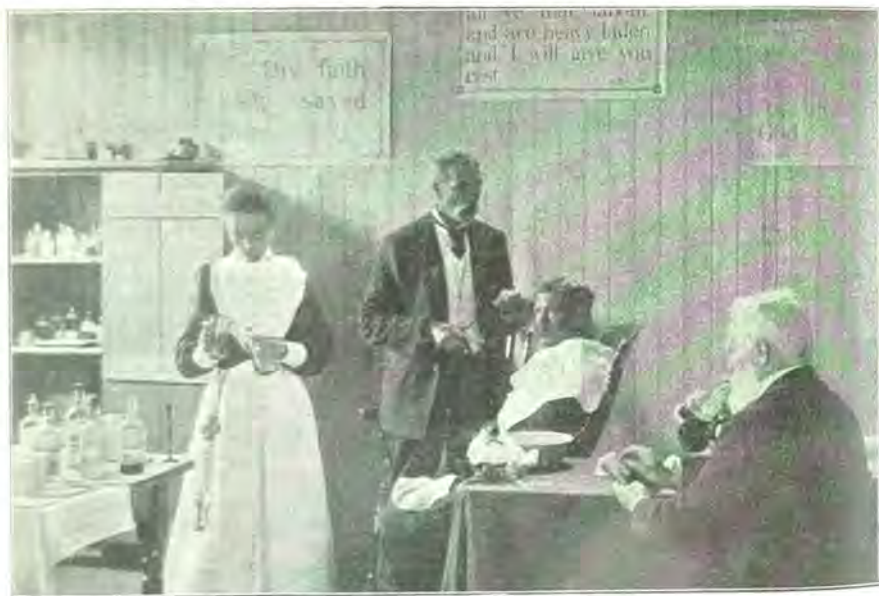
Next to him is a woman, who has come a long way, and has suffered a long time from a lingering illness; now, happily, she is getting better, and she is very grateful, and attentive to the Gospel message. Two children stand next, full of fun; and, after them, a poor woman sits,—not nice-looking, but very dirty, partly deaf, and terribly diseased, one of those wrecks of womanhood of which we see many in Moslem lands. Then there is a young man, whom we call "the red blanket man," because that is all he has on except two old dress shoes. This man has benefited much by his stay with us; his face has quite changed. This is, no doubt, partly due to rest and food, but I think there is also a spiritual change. It does my heart good, when I speak of the great love of God,

to hear his long-drawn-out "Oh—Oh!" as much as to say, "Well, that is fine!"

The last two in the circle are a woman and her boy. She says he is about ten years old; but he looked like a little skeleton, covered with dirty skin and sores, when his friends carried him into the consulting room, a few days ago. Indeed, the odour and the flies made it difficult to come near him.

His parents said that he had been ill with small-pox four months; they had left him alone to die; and, as he did not die, but began to ask for food, they brought him to me. He is getting on nicely now; and when his mother wanted to take him home, he screamed and cried so much that she had to let him have his own way, and stay with the doctor. As I spoke to him, this morning, of Jesus, his lips smiled, and his eyes lighted up, and I hope we may yet meet this poor wee laddie, "safe in the arms of Jesus," who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God."

Medical Mission to Hop-pickers.



MEDICAL MISSION WORK.

SIXTY THOUSAND hop-pickers flock, from all parts, into Kent, during August and September. As our readers well know, their spiritual interests are not forgotten. For thirty-three years, Mr. Kendon and his helpers have gone out into the highways and hedges to compel them to come to the great Supper of the Gospel. These earnest workers are to be out and about this year also. So long as there are hops to be picked, and "souls" to pick them, some of the servants of the King will be seeking to win them for God. It is a grand opportunity. True, the pickers are busy, and weary; but they have some

leisure moments. Moreover, the evangelist speaks to them as they work. The evening, however, provides the best "opening." When the meal is over, and the fires are blazing, and the dews are falling,—that is the time for singing, and praying, and gospelling.

The workers are well aware that the bodies of these poor creatures are sometimes in sore need. So they feed and clothe them, too. Lately, they have also taken to heal them, for a Doctor and a Sister are available for all the ills that flesh is heir to. This new departure is to be commended altogether. It is according to the mind of the Master, who sent His disciples forth "to preach the Kingdom of God, and to heal the sick." As on the foreign field, so here, the medical work affords the best possible opportunity for reaching the heart for God.

The "Shelter and Medical Hall," at Curtisdon Green, near Goudhurst, has proved a boon and a blessing indeed. Although last year's hop-picking season was favoured with fine weather, there were as many as two hundred patients, ranging in age from the infant of a few weeks to "a dear old Irish grannie of ninety-three." That there is room for many such dispensaries, goes without saying. Accidents will happen in the best-regulated hop-gardens, and many of those who go a-hopping are far from fit for the toil and exposure which it involves. But, for particulars, we must refer our readers to Pastor J. J. Kendon, of Goudhurst, Kent, who will gladly send the "Supplementary Report of the Medical Mission Aid to Hop-pickers,"—a brightly-written and well-illustrated brochure by Sister Rosa. Meanwhile, let much prayer be made that many of the sick may be healed, and find also "God's remedy for sin."

T. S.

"Supplies" for September.



DURING the first part of the Pastor's holiday, the Tabernacle pulpit has been well "supplied" by REV. JOHN MCNEILL, and PASTOR C. B. SAWDAY. On the first two Sabbaths in September, two other honoured brethren, whose voices have already been profitably heard in the new sanctuary, will (D.V.) again preach there. On September 7th, the great Wesleyan body will be represented by one of the ablest ministers of that denomination, REV. DINDALE T. YOUNG, whose portrait appears here, who preached one of the opening sermons in the rebuilt Tabernacle, and whose unique lecture there on C. H. Spurgeon was heard with great delight. "The Methodist Weekly" says that

"Mr. Young is, without doubt, the most popular preacher in the whole

of Methodism ;" and after a sermon, in Edinburgh, for the Commercial Travellers' Christian Union, "The Scottish Trader" wrote :—"We have heard Spurgeon, Guthrie, Candlish, Whyte, McLaren, Caird, and all the great pulpit orators, and we deliberately, and with full knowledge, place Dinsdale Young not very far from that charmed circle of great preachers." Among Mr. Young's literary works, two of the principal ones are a volume of "Sermons on Unfamiliar Texts," and "Girding on the Armour: Letters to Young Preachers."

REV. JOHN THOMAS, M.A., of Liverpool, the successor of the massive, brusque Hugh Stowell Brown, preached the first sermon in the new Tabernacle. All who have heard him, know that he is a most able and eloquent preacher of the old Gospel. Not only is he announced to take the two services on September 14th, but he is also to preach the annual sermon for the Home Counties Baptist Association on Thursday, October 16th.

With such "supplies" for the pulpit, the only difficulty should be, how to pack in the crowds that will gather to listen to them ; and at that art the seat stewards have long proved themselves proficient. On September 21st, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON expects to preach both morning and evening, and on the following day will be the Birthday Celebration referred to among the "Personal Paragraphs" in the "Notes" on a later page. During August, large numbers of the people, like their Pastor, have been away on vacation, so that the "Rally of the Tabernacle Societies and Institutions" will afford a pleasing opportunity for a joyous re-union, and a happy commencement of the autumn and winter's work.



Brother Oldring's Swan-song.

AT the last College Conference, quite a thrill passed through the assembly during the reading of a letter from our long-invalidated brother, PASTOR G. W. OLDRING. That sweet message of loving greeting is now proved to be his last letter to his brethren ; for, on July 21st, his many painful afflictions, which had been so patiently borne for so many years, ended in "the home-call" to the Land where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick." Just a month before his departure, he dictated to Mrs. Oldring the following verses ; and when he had finished, he said, "Wife dear, those few lines just express what I feel." We are sure that many of his old College comrades will read, with sympathetic interest, his swan-song, which will also, we trust, be

perused with profit by a still wider circle of friends among our general readers.

WAITING.

"I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in His Word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning."—Psalm cxxx. 5, 6.

Waiting for the home-call,
And the angel band
On bright wings to bear me
To the Better Land.

Waiting for the ending
Of the long, long night;
Waiting for the dawning
Of eternal light.

Waiting for the breaking
Of the perfect day,
When all clouds shall scatter,
Shadows flee away.

Waiting for the vision
Of the Saviour's face,
And the bright revealing
Of His love and grace.

Waiting for the white robe,
And the tearless eye;
Waiting for the palm-branch,
And the victory.

Waiting for re-union,
With those gone before;
Waiting joyous meeting
Where we part no more.

Resting on His merits,
Waiting for His call,
He, my precious Saviour,
He, my All-in-all.

Waiting, calmly waiting,
"Twill not be for long!"
Then "the no more weeping,"
And the victor's song.

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.

Ned Weeks, of Northampton. Story of his Life. By B. BARRY WAKE. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 1s.

OUR friend, Manton Smith, used to speak most enthusiastically about an evangelist at Northampton whom he always described as "My old friend Ned." Now that we have read this story of the life of Edwin Weeks, we can quite understand Brother Smith's enthusiasm, and we fully agree with the author that the facts here recorded are "very remarkable, and worthy of preservation." Mr. Wake has done his part of the work well, the illustrations are by his daughter, Miss Margaret Wake, and the book deserves a wide circulation.

From Slave to College President. By G. HOLDEN PIKE. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE material for a biography of Booker T. Washington, the ac-

knowledgeable leader of the educational movement among the negroes of the United States, is somewhat scanty; but Mr. Holden Pike sets them out with skill, and brings all sorts of information, from all sorts of sources, to enliven his narrative and to enlighten his readers. Booker Washington is doing, at Tuskegee, a work full of promise for his country, which is face to face with the race and colour question: the very fact that such a hubbub was caused by his dining with the President of the Republic shows how acute the feeling is on the subject, and how needful it is to find a solution of it with all speed. This book is a history of the man who proposes the solution.

Just in Time. By WILLIAM SAMPSON. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THIS book is named on the same principle as Artemus Ward's lectures,—the title has nothing to do with the subject. The subject is,

the mission work of the author, otherwise known as "The Cornishman on fire." He has evidently been much used of God, and the recital of his experiences is interesting, albeit he sometimes strays from his topic, and sometimes is rather startling in his titles. What shall we say, for instance, to "Undressing the devil" as a heading for one of the chapters? May the grace of God abundantly rest upon this son of nature, and upon his book!

Water, Dust, and Heat. By GEORGE SLADE. Passmore and Alabaster. (1s. net.)

WE are always glad to meet with a thorough-paced dogmatist, and Mr. Slade has earned the title. In commenting on the first chapter of Genesis, he is quite prepared to tell us how the earth was made, and he is so full of his subject, and of quaint facts which support his—we must not say, theory, and we do not know what else to say, that sometimes he scarcely makes his meaning clear. He believes the earth to be a hollow globe wherein is a raging fire, and that, above our atmosphere, in and buoyed up upon it, are *liquid* clouds which keep it from being dissipated into space. No longer must we believe that coral insects build islands; that is the work of internal fires; and much more modern science must be discarded. So, from Water and Dust, combined with Heat, the whole process of creation is described to us by one who evidently has devoted much study to the subject, and who is very jealous for the Lord of hosts.

God's Theatre. By Rev. D. L. THOMPSON. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

THE minister of Overtown is to be congratulated on this volume, which is a notable performance, not only full of smartness, but of cogency and force. The world is God's Theatre, and those who would bow God out of the world receive no mercy at the author's hands. Darwin, Huxley, and Grant

Allen are smitten to the dust; their theories being viewed through the lives of the men who propounded them, and dismissed with scorn. Mr. Thompson insists that there is, and can be, no quarrel between religion and science: we need not leave England if a new Continent be discovered, nor renounce faith if a new scientific theory is propounded. Wide reading and racy humour contribute to the success of the book.

The Kingdom of Heaven. Supplement to "What is Truth?" By Rev. ROBERT WATERS, A.K.C.L. Robert Banks and Son.

A PAMPHLET abounding in capitals and italics; its quality may be judged by an extract:—"BAPTISTS evidently are in error on the subject of INFANT BAPTISM: they have made out their case from the *New Testament Scriptures*, without considering that God's covenant with *Abraham* is an EVERLASTING COVENANT."

Hebrew Ideals. From the Story of the Patriarchs. By Rev. J. STRACHAN, M.A. T. and T. Clark.

LARGELY a story of the spiritual meaning and teachings of Abraham's life. The author knows how to make ancient history become modern, and the Old Testament appear new. To a reverent spirit, he adds the penetration of a careful student, and the attractive style of a literary man; and the result is a series of studies that will mentally charm and spiritually enrich the reader. This unassuming little volume is one of the best "Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students" yet issued.

The Integrity of Scripture. By Rev. JOHN SMITH, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

DR. SMITH has rendered yeoman service by these trenchant exposures of the much-vaunted Higher Criticism. The best proof of his success is the angry growl of the religious papers that exploit the destructive school. They hate

their idols being revealed as worthless, and grow proportionately savage with the prophet who does it. We regard Dr. Smith as having rendered valuable service to the cause of Bible truth against the wild licence of the modern theologian, and especially in his own section of the Christian Church. This is a book to be read, and pondered, and then to be passed on to others.

Criticism Criticised: Addresses on Old Testament Criticism at a Conference held by the Bible League at Oxford, February, 1902. Edited by the Rev. HENRY WACE, D.D., Chairman of the Conference. Price one shilling. The Bible League, 186, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

THE Bible League did well to hold the Conference, and to publish a verbatim report of the addresses is better still. To issue such quantity and quality at a shilling, is best of all. These papers plainly prove that, to put it mildly, it is well to hear both sides. The learned experts, whose conclusions are here set forth, say, through their Editor, that "they earnestly hope they may at least have contributed to check the hasty acceptance of opinions which they believe to be incompatible alike with true learning and with the Christian faith, and may have been able to offer some positive evidence of the substantial truth of the views hitherto received in the Christian Church on this subject." We are persuaded that a careful perusal of *Criticism Criticised* is sure, with God's blessing, to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

The New Biblical Guide. Vol. VI. By Rev. J. URQUHART. Partridge and Co.

We have already warmly commended to Bible students previous volumes of this work, and can only repeat our hearty appreciation of this new issue. Our author knows how to enlist modern scholarship

and discovery in the service of corroborating the Bible history and teaching. In his own sphere a specialist, he can also impart his knowledge in a clear and cogent fashion. Whoever buys this volume, and reads it, will be much enriched by it.

Some Vine-spoiling Foxes Taken. By A. M. HUBBARD. Hope Publishing Company.

A PRAISEWORTHY effort to expose and refute some of the popular religious errors of the day. On the whole, we think it successful; but it is a wearisome business at best. Slaying the hydra was a holiday task compared with destroying the myriad heads of modern religious nonsense. Still, the endeavour is deserving of recognition.

Baptism and Regeneration. By W. K. SOAMES, M.A. Elliot Stock.

AN elaborate attempt to explain away the statement that children are made "members of Christ" by baptism. Mr. Soames clearly proves that, to believe this, is utterly unscriptural; yet he defends its being retained as not meaning what everybody understands it to mean. A book that is "too clever by half," and that struggles between loyalty to Christ and also to an unscriptural human ordinance.

The Passover, the Communion, and the Mass. By R. B. GIRDLESTONE, M.A. Chas. Murray.

A SPLENDID refutation of both the Romanist and Ritualist teaching on the Lord's Supper. Canon Girdlestone puts, in masterly fashion, the Scriptural teaching on this thorny subject. This able pamphlet, published at twopenny, should be circulated by thousands.

The Epic of God. By A. H. M. SIME. A. H. Stockwell.

EXCELLENT moral essays, but sadly deficient in Evangelical teaching and savour. Few of our readers, if any, will need either to buy or read them.

How to Work for Christ. By R. A. TORREY. Nisbet and Co.

How to Promote and Conduct a Successful Revival. By R. A. TORREY. Andrew Melrose.

IN both of these volumes, which are reprints of American works, Mr. Torrey shows himself a master in his own particular art. The larger of the two books, "How to Work for Christ," particularizes methods of personal and public Christian service, to which are added several chapters on preaching, and a number of sermon outlines, which, good enough as they are in their way, would have been better omitted. The most useful part will probably be that which deals with the method of reaching various classes of people, or conducting different kinds of work. Here there are many valuable hints.

In the chapter on illustrations, we read with considerable surprise that "Spurgeon kept three or four men in the British Museum all the time looking for illustrations for him." The last time we met this fable, it was only one man who was said to be thus employed; but, probably, the story (and it is a *story* in the most literal sense of the term.) has taken several voyages across the Atlantic since then.

The smaller volume does not attract us by its title. At the same time, it is worthy of the attention of those who desire to see a new impulse given to the work of God. The book is a compilation, though Mr. Torrey contributes several of the chapters. Two of them are supplied from the works of C. H. Spurgeon, an address to open-air preachers, and a sermon on "The Great Revival." "Many men, many minds." Here also we could have dispensed with the sermon outlines, even though many of them are over the well-known initials, "C. H. S." A separate volume, with the outlines from both books, (there are some common to both,) would have been better.

As an example of the strident way in which some of our American cousins speak, we may quote the

statement that "London puts into her street-preaching such men as Spurgeon, John McNeill, and Newman Hall." It is undoubtedly true that C. H. Spurgeon preached in the open air, but it is scarcely a fact that he engaged in "street-preaching." The only danger from this book will be in the exact copying of the methods of other men, but the wise minister and worker, while avoiding slavish imitation, will find here many hints in practical methods.

The Bible in Modern English. Vol. II. By FERRAR FENTON. Partridge and Co.

FOR students of the language of the Bible, this is worth consulting; but we doubt whether the ordinary reader will gain much, if anything, by its perusal. "Modern English" is very well in its way, but it lacks the dignity of the Authorized Version. Still, the translator's purpose is praiseworthy.

Sermons in Brief. By J. J. KNIGHT. Arthur H. Stockwell.

IN this shilling volume, we have twelve sermons by one of "our own men," and capital sermons they are, fresh and ingenious, and full of sound Gospel teaching. The very titles are "catching," "Take a Psalm," "And He awoke," "An Unfinished World," pique the curiosity of the reader, and raise expectation, which we do not think will be disappointed. The sermons are none the worse for being "in brief."

Spirituality: the Great Need of our Churches To-day. By Pastor G. A. AMBROSE. Price 2d., of the author, The Manse, Bourton-on-the-Water.

OUR good brother has issued his Presidential Address to the Oxfordshire Association of Baptist Churches. It is a timely and faithful word to ministers and members. We thank God that one of "our own men" sounds the trumpet so certainly. This is a distinctly up-grade pamphlet.

Mr. Alfred Holness has published a penny booklet (6d. in cloth boards, gilt edges),—*God Hath Spoken*, a Testimony to the Full Inspiration of the Bible, by H. D. BROWN (London), which exactly agrees with the articles by Hugh D. Brown (Dublin), on the same subject. The more widely both booklet and articles are circulated, the better.

Mr. Holness has also issued the first four of a new series of *Messages of Welcome, Comfort, and Instruction*, consisting of reprints of sermons by JOHN CENNICK. They are a penny each, and are worthy of widespread distribution.

The Baptists of Wales and Ministerial Education. By E. K. JONES. Wrexham: Hughes and Son.

AN earnest plea for more systematic and thoroughly organized College training among Welsh Baptists. It deserves careful consideration, and doubtless will lead to some definite action being taken ere long. Amalgamation seems the drift in Colleges as in commercial spheres, and we shall not be surprised if a "combine" of tutors of theology takes place in "gallant little Wales."

Mr. Elliot Stock has issued, at 6d. net, a paper-covered edition of *The Master's Guide for His Disciples*, in the hope that it may be bought for distribution by Christian workers. It has already had a considerable sale in two more expensive forms. It is a compilation of all the recorded sayings of the Lord Jesus, arranged for easy consultation and systematic reading, and its careful study should be exceedingly helpful.

Religions of Bible Lands. By D. S. MARGOLIOUTH, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A GOOD specimen of an invaluable series to all Bible Students. Here, for a shilling, we get the ripest of scholarship put into clear, transparent form, so that the least instructed reader can be helped. With such splendid aids, no Christian worker has any excuse for poor equipping. We wish this series of "Christian Study Manuals" were more universally known. They are worth their weight in gold, though they cost only a shilling each.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON has quite recently received a letter, from a lady in Tasmania, written chiefly for the purpose of expressing the delight and interest afforded to her by reading the "Autobiography." "Most of the four volumes," she says, "have been read aloud to my children on Sunday evenings, for, as you doubtless know, here in the country, we have to *make our own Sundays*, and these books have been quite an inspiration to me, and such a help!"

She then goes on to say that a few friends have, for some time past, joined in the expense of inserting a Sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's in the Saturday issue of their weekly paper, at a cost of £1 per Sermon, and she earnestly desires that the friends at the Tabernacle will pray that this effort may be

greatly blessed to the people in Tasmania.

Lord's-day, July 27th, was the ninth anniversary of the commencement of PASTOR THOS. SPURGEON's ministry at the Tabernacle. In the morning, the Pastor preached from the 16th verse of the fourth chapter of Paul's second Letter to the Corinthians: "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." At the evening service, Mr. Spurgeon made a strong appeal to the Church for a fuller consecration.

These nine years have been full of important events. The record includes the burning of the Tabernacle, its upbuilding, and re-opening free of debt; the home-going of the Pastor's uncle and venerable grandfather, and such valued Church-officers as

brethren Joseph Passmore, sen., Thos. H. Olney, J. Buswell, J. Stiff, W. Payne, J. T. Dunn, and many other useful workers.

Further references, both in praise and in prayer, were made to this memorable anniversary at the prayer-meeting, the next evening, when there was a large attendance under the presidency of the Pastor. Dr. Churcher gave a most encouraging address concerning the Sousse Medical Mission, in the course of which he expressed his hearty thanks for the continued support accorded to him, and related several cheering instances of blessing which had recently resulted from the work in North Africa.

At the church-meeting, which followed, four new Trustees of the Richmond Street Mission (the Pastor being one of them,) were elected by the male members, and fifteen candidates came before the church, a most welcome addition to the membership.

The Pastor spent the first part of his holiday with his family at Lowestoft. He came up to London for the College re-union; and then, with Deacon James Hall, went to Liverpool in order to start on a tour round the British Islands, from which it is hoped that he will derive as much benefit as he usually does from a sea voyage. He will (D.V.) preach at the Tabernacle on Lord's-day, September 21st; and, on the following day, his forty-sixth birthday will be celebrated by a reception and by contributions for the Pastor's Birthday Fund in aid of the various Institutions connected with the Tabernacle which have, for several years, been substantially helped in this happy commemorative manner. Friends unable to be present can send their gifts to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E. He wishes specially to signalize the past year as a time of gracious restoration from serious illness, and of the Lord's continued lovingkindness to the Church and its Institutions.

The amount contributed last year was £467 os. 1d., which was distributed among thirty-one different Societies. In their letter to the members of the Church and Congregation, the Deacons say:—

"Pastor and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, assisted by Pastor and Mrs.

C. B. Sawday, will be in the vestry to welcome friends and to receive their kind gifts for the Lord's work, from 4 until 7 o'clock. This will be followed by a Rally of the Tabernacle Societies and Institutions. Deputations from these will be received, short addresses given, and prayer offered for the several sections of Christian work at and in connection with the Tabernacle. Our Pastor has now been with us for nine years, serving the Lord and the Church in all faithfulness. He has endeared himself to the hearts of us all; and there can be no better or more practical method of showing our love to him, and our appreciation of his efforts, than by helping the great work so dear to him, and to his father before him."

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Tabernacle Tidings.

On Wednesday, July 16th, the monthly meeting of the Young Christians' Missionary Union was addressed by the Rev. Leonard Tucker, M.A., of the Baptist Missionary Society, upon "Jamaica and its Missions." The story of God's work, both amongst the slaves and the free men and women, was pathetic, and the record of the conquests of the Cross in that fair island was interesting and inspiring. Mr. S. R. Pearce occupied the chair, instead of the Treasurer, who generously sent £5 for the collection.

A lady, not connected with the Tabernacle, has kindly placed her piano at Mr. Spurgeon's disposal for the Lord's work. It is a capital instrument, and has been handed over by the Pastor for the use of the Sunday-school and Band of Hope. God bless the generous donor! May she hear the sweet music of the Saviour's voice saying to her, "Well done!"

Dr. Pierce, of Pennsylvania, paid a second visit to the Tabernacle Sunday-school on July 27th, and had a busy day. After taking part in the morning school, he offered prayer in the Tabernacle at the Pastor's invitation. In the afternoon, he gave one of his popular Sunday-school "Coloured Crayon Addresses" to the senior scholars, in the College Hall, lasting a full hour, and spoke to the teachers

at the meeting for tea which followed. In the evening, Mr. Superintendent Pearce escorted him to several of the Ragged-schools, and he finished up the day by giving a short but impressive address to the crowd gathered for the open-air service upon the Tabernacle steps.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, July 31st, nine,—Alfred Beasant, Jane Wyatt, Clara Howe, Arthur Judd, William Giddings, Alice Giddings, Elsie Fermor, Edward Charter, E. M. Shaw;—at Haddon Hall, five,—Joseph Jarlett, Charlotte Budd, Thomas Potter, Thomas H. Potter, Amelia Griggs.

Mrs. C. B. Sawday has safely returned from the United States, having journeyed thither to visit her relatives, whom she had not seen for twenty-four years. She reports having had two lovely voyages, in calm seas. Mrs. Sawday came over to England, in 1878, on a visit to friends, and was married in 1879. It was not surprising, therefore, that, after so long an interval, her brothers and sisters did not recognize her, nor she them. She found her father and mother well; her six brothers and sisters came from far and near, and on July 22nd they had a joyous family re-union, the whole company being in good health. We are glad to have Mrs. Sawday back with us again.

The monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society was held on Wednesday, August 13th. Pastor C. B. Sawday presided. Brethren Hazeltine and McLaren spoke, and there were recitations and solos.

The annual meeting of this Society is fixed for Wednesday, October 1st. Pastor Thos. Spurgeon hopes to take the chair. Pastor George Freeman (of Westbourne Grove) and others are to speak, and Madame Annie Ryall has kindly promised to sing.

The Tabernacle has been lent for a great meeting of Christian Endeavourers, on Tuesday evening, September 2nd, when a public welcome will (D.V.) be given to Dr. Francis E. Clark, the Founder of the Y.P.S.C.E.

The open-air services, at the front and rear of the Tabernacle, have been

well sustained. They will conclude for the season with a week's special meetings, commencing on Lord's-day, September 28th, omitting October 1st, and ending on Lord's-day, October 5th, under the auspices of the Free Church Council.

Arrangements have been made, in connection with the Tabernacle Sunday-school, to hold a week of special services in October, to be conducted by students of the Pastors' College.

The Tabernacle Church will, in future, be represented at the meetings of the Protestant Dissenting Deputies by Mr. C. Goddard Clarke, J.P. This Society is composed of Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, and its object is to protect the civil rights of Nonconformists. If the Government succeed in forcing their pernicious Education Bill through Parliament, this Society will have important functions to perform in the great effort to withstand the encroachments upon the liberties of Dissenters, contemplated in this unwise and unjust measure.

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Concerning the College.

Mr. A. A. Harmer is removing, from Devonport, to Godalming, Surrey, to take charge of the new work started in that town under the auspices of the Pioneer Mission. We congratulate the friends there on having secured such an efficient and experienced leader.

Brother Townsend is greatly encouraged by the warmth of the reception that he has received on returning to Canada, both from his own congregation and from Baptist friends in the Province generally. At the Association meetings at St. John, he was elected clerk (that is, secretary). The manuscript of his next article came just too late for this month's Magazine, but we hope to publish it in our October number.

The students returned to College, after their vacation, on Tuesday, August 12th; and, on the following Thursday, by the kind invitation of Pastor C. Ingrem and ten of his friends, a re-union was held at Messrs. Freeth and Pocock's fields, Raynes Park, near Wimbledon. The place appointed was admirably adapted to the purposes of the gathering, the

weather was all that could be desired, and everything passed off most satisfactorily. After dinner, Bro. Ingrem briefly but cordially welcomed his guests; the President expressed the hearty thanks of the whole company to the generous hosts, and, after a touching allusion to the home-going of Brother Skinner, gave the right hand of fellowship to the eight new brethren who had been admitted, making the present number of students 54. The Vice-President, and Mr. Pocock (one of "the noble ten"), having spoken, the various games were continued through the afternoon. After tea, there were further addresses from Mr. Ingrem and another of his elders, and from Pastor G. Wainwright, Mr. T. H. Stockwell, and the Tutors, and the proceedings were happily concluded with prayer by Mr. Freeth, and the singing of the Doxology.

IN MEMORIAM.—This month, we have to record the deaths of one of our venerable brethren, who has long been a great sufferer,—PASTOR G. W. OLDING, and of another, whose settlement was only announced in our June number,—PASTOR F. J. SKINNER. Brother Olding's ministry began at Thetford, Norfolk, in 1860; but, after his College course, he commenced a new cause at Mount Pleasant, Burnley, Lancashire, in 1868. He remained there for twelve years as pastor, and afterwards entered into business, serving the churches in the neighbourhood as he had the opportunity. He was pastor at Bildeston, Suffolk, from 1890 to 1893; then at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, where he was stricken down with influenza after a ministry of a year and a half. In November, 1896, he went to Neatishead, Norfolk; but, in July, 1901, he was obliged to resign the pastorate through continued ill-health. He removed to Cromer, and there, on July 21st, he received the "home-call" of which he wrote so pathetically in the lines published on a previous page. We deeply sympathize with his sorrowing widow and other surviving relations.

On July 29th, with startling suddenness, the summons, "Come up hither," reached Brother Skinner. Only last April had he gone to be assistant-pastor to Brother E. J. Edwards, at Salem Chapel, Dover; on Lord's-day, July 27th, he had

preached, with great power, to crowded congregations; the following day, not feeling well, he had remained at his lodgings; it was afterwards discovered that he was in a most serious condition, suffering from typhoid fever, and on the Tuesday afternoon he was "at home" before his friends in Gloucestershire could reach him. Our sincerest sympathies go out to his bereaved parents and other relations, and to the lady who, under other circumstances, was to have been married to him this month. The Lord comfort them all, as only He can!

The news of our brother's departure came as a great blow to the President, Tutors, and his fellow-students, all of whom loved him intensely. He had formerly been a member of Mr. Blocksidge's church at New Brompton; and, before entering the College, was pastor of the little Pioneer Mission church at South Molton, Devonshire, where the memory of his life and work is still very fragrant. As a student, he was painstaking and conscientious; as a preacher, he was thoughtful, earnest, and Evangelical; above all, he was a good man, his piety was deep and strong. While in College, he did a good deal of pastoral work at Hoddesdon and Stotfold, and was also greatly blessed in evangelistic services; he continued the mission at the Tabernacle which Gipsy Smith began. A Dover newspaper bears this striking testimony to his brief term of service in that town:—"His ministry was singularly short, but it was signally successful."

We deeply sympathize with our Brother J. W. Davies, of Lee, and his dear children, in the great loss which they have sustained by the home-going of Mrs. Davies, at Margate, on August 1st.

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Our Fatherless Family.

With but few exceptions, the children were able to leave during August for their summer holiday.

We shall be glad if our friends will note the following engagements for the Orphanage choir:—Sept. 15, Boxmoor; 16, Bushey; 17, Hemel Hempstead; 18, Harrow; 19, Chesham; 20, Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead; 25, Southgate; Oct. 7, Eastbourne; 17, Harlow; 18-20, Waterbeach; 21, Cottenham; 22, Willingham; 23, Swavesey; 24, ———; 25, Cambridge; 26, Bur-

well; 27, Histon; 28, Wimbledon. Mr. Charlesworth will be glad to receive applications for the choir on intermediate dates.

The next quarterly meeting of collectors and friends will take place (D.V.) on Tuesday, November 18th, when the Rev. R. O. Johns, of Dalston, will give his popular lecture on "The Lights and Shades of London Life," illustrated by dissolving views. The President will be greatly cheered if every collector will arrange to be present, or to forward the amount collected in time for acknowledgment on that day.

Collecting books and boxes may be obtained by friends wishing to help the Orphanage, on application to the Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds.

The next number of the Orphanage Quarterly, "Within our Gates," will contain a portrait of the Rev. John Spurgeon, taken on his 91st birthday, together with much other interesting matter.

Colportage Chronicles.

Holidays and the Coronation have contributed to a somewhat quiet month both as to sales and subscriptions. Some signs of vitality have, however, made themselves manifest. A new District has been opened at Widcombe, Bath, where it is hoped that a substantial and lasting work may be carried on. The colporteur selected gives promise of special suitability, and friends are asked to join in prayer that he may become a great blessing.

Negotiations are also in progress, which, it is hoped, will result in the opening up of a new District at Bourne, Lincolnshire, almost immediately.



THE DEPOT STAFF.

A colporteur writes:—"Our Mission Hall lies in a very needy District, and I am pleased to say that God is blessing the Word to many. Our congregations have lately doubled; and, altogether, I think there are very hopeful prospects of coming blessing."

Another brother says:—"I have been having some happy experiences, of late, in visiting the sick. Calling upon a poor man, whom I had been asked to visit, I found him suffering from incurable cancer. After introducing myself to him in a cheerful manner, I said to him, 'I have brought a message to you from the King.' He looked at me greatly surprised, and replied, 'Have ye, zur?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'what do you think of this?' and then I told him of Christ the King of kings, and read the sweet message, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He seemed interested; and when I had prayed, I asked him to pray also, but he said, 'I aint got any edication, zur.' I told him the publican's prayer; and, with closed eyes, and faltering voice, he ventured the cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I left him in a calm and thankful frame of mind, and can but hope that my visit was really a means of enabling him to respond to the message from the King."

During the month, the Secretary visited and took Sunday services in the Barrow (Suffolk) District.

Miscellaneous Matters.

Mr. C. Wickerson, who was for eight years in charge of the Tabernacle Country Mission work at Old Southgate, and who has since been for nine years at Enfield, is now free to preach wherever friends of any denomination can give him the opportunity of doing so. All communications should be addressed to him at 56, Cavendish Road, Harringay, London, N.

Mr. H. F. Laflamme, Cocanada, India, asks us to call attention to the urgent need of supplying suitable reading matter to the many millions of English-speaking natives of India who are eager to obtain it. In a proverbial sentence, he asks that "the waste of the West" may supply "the want of the East." Not that he wants wastepaper, or worthless books and

magazines; but he will be grateful for anything that will be really helpful to our fellow-subjects in India. Mr. Laflamme says:—"Those who are interested in this form of extending the good work of the Kingdom may send any books, periodicals, picture-rolls, wall-texts, and text-cards, with any papers that do not depend for their value on freshness, to my agents, The Foreign Missions Club, 29, City Road, London, E.C., who will forward to me here with their next consignment. If the carriage charges are paid to that address, they will be forwarded to India at our expense. Papers that depend for their value on freshness may be sent by post direct to The Canadian Mission Book-room, Cocanada, India. Religious literature is most desirable; but anything

that is pure, wholesome, and elevating will be useful and acceptable."

This year, the annual meetings of the Home Counties Baptist Association will be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Thursday, October 16th. The ministers and delegates will be invited to dinner and tea; and for this service, the gracious ministry of the ladies of the congregation will be called into requisition. The proceedings of the day will be closed with a sermon by Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Liverpool.

The British Auxiliary of Pasteur Saillens' work in France will hold its first annual public meeting at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, October 28th.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. A. Bidewell	1 0 0	Collection at Shooter's Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. L. Mackenzie	2 10 0
Collection at East Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Bristow	5 0 0	Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0 12 6
Mrs. Quick, per Pastor S. J. Jones	0 10 0	Contribution from Paradise Row Baptist Church, Waltham Abbey, per Pastor G. H. Kilby	1 1 0
Collection at Wadham Street Baptist Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, per Pastor T. J. Loughurst	2 18 9	Half collection at Gold Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Davies	1 5 6
Miss E. Durrant	0 10 0	Part collection at Broadmead Baptist Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor D. J. Hiley	8 17 5
Mrs. Smith (Java)	2 0 0	Weekly offerings and collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle	72 8 2
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	2 2 0		
Part ordnance collection at West Bromwich Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. W. L. Barker	1 5 0		
Mr. S. Rogers, per Pastor W. L. Mackenzie	1 1 0		
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0		
Pastor G. K. Smith	25 0 0		
			£129 1 4

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.
For Christ's sake	0 5 0
In collecting-box	0 1 0
	£0 6 0

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	904 1 10	Mrs. Cook	0 10 0
Mr. C. Marsh	2 2 0	Miss Sarah Robinson	0 5 0
Mrs. Smith (Java)	1 0 0		
Mrs. C. Reed	0 5 0		
			£908 3 10

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th to August 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	0 10 0	Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0 5 0
Mrs. H. Browne	5 0 0	Miss F. Stock, per Miss S. Fryer ...	0 5 0
Mr. T. Field	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. W. S. Watson	0 5 1
Postal order, Dunfermline	0 4 0	Mrs. C. Evans	5 0 0
Mr. F. Hallett	0 5 0	Mary Campbell	0 1 0
Mr. P. Geeson's Bible-class	0 5 6	Mrs. Hyde	1 1 0
A. L.	0 2 0	J. E. H.	0 10 0
Mrs. Whittuck Rabbits	10 10 0	Miss M. Hughes	0 10 0
Z. X.	5 0 0	Mrs. M. Cox, a thanksgiving offering	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	2 0 0	Postal order, Harrogate	0 2 6
Mrs. C. Stopford	3 0 0	Mrs. J. Dundas	0 2 0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood	1 1 0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0
Chambermaid	0 10 0	Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. W. Andrew ...	0 2 0
Mr. J. Covington	0 2 6	Mrs. Collin	0 7 6
Collected by Mr. E. Jenner	0 10 0	K. T., a friend in Stirling	0 5 0
Collected at Intercessory Prayer-meeting, Oliver Grove Baptist Chapel, South Norwood, per Miss F. M. Lander	0 5 0	Postal order, Trowbridge	0 2 6
R. C. D.	0 5 0	Mr. F. W. Lovell	1 1 0
Collected by Miss Davis	0 2 3	Mrs. S. E. E. M.	0 3 0
Collected by Mr. B. Channer	0 12 8	A sympathiser	0 1 0
Postal order, Eastern District Office	0 5 0	Miss M. Fraser	0 5 0
Mrs. Singleton	0 1 0	Attercliffe Baptist Church, Sheffield, per Rev. J. Gyles Williams	5 5 0
Miss R. Coles	1 1 0	Mrs. S. A. Cousens	0 1 6
In memoriam, Bury St. Edmund's ...	2 0 0	Postal order, Edgbaston	0 15 0
Mr. R. J. Crome	0 10 6	Mr. W. Johnson	0 4 0
Mr. E. Chitty	1 1 0	Miss E. Kewer, per Mr. T. Round	1 0 0
Mr. T. Tippett	0 1 0	Mr. J. Pillman	1 1 0
Newtown Mission School, Norwood, per Mr. G. Willoughby	0 11 6	Anon., Kingston Blount	0 2 6
Mrs. Whatley	0 5 0	J. C. M.	1 0 0
Miss L. M. Pittman	1 1 0	Mr. S. Young	1 1 0
Mr. T. Lawrence	0 2 6	Miss Podevin	0 5 0
A friend, Brechin	0 1 6	Mrs. Walter	10 0 0
M. H. M.	0 2 0	Miss Shelton	0 5 0
Miss E. Randall	0 1 6	Mrs. Renshaw	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0 6 0	Mrs. H. Bray	1 0 0
Postal order, Welshpool	1 0 0	W. J. G.	0 2 6
Miss Adcock	0 10 0	Sermon-readers, per Mr. and Mrs. Fryer	0 12 6
Collected by Miss G. Boyce	0 7 6	Miss F. B. Farley	0 5 0
Mrs. W. H. Beeman	2 2 0	Market-gardener	3 0 0
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1 1 0	Mrs. G. Colyer	0 10 0
God's tenth	0 10 0	Postal order, Falkirk	0 1 0
Collected by Mrs. E. M. Elford	0 15 0	Anonymous, West Norwood	1 0 0
Mrs. Lawrence	0 5 0	Collected by Miss A. E. Price	0 4 0
Miss L. Jacob	1 0 0	Mrs. M. A. Banbury	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Russell	0 5 0	Mr. J. Parnell	1 1 0
A. R., Longton, Staffs.	0 10 0	Orphanage Box at Tabernacle Gates	5 15 5
Mr. F. Bullen	52 0 0	Mrs. S. Dales	2 10 0
Bessels Green Baptist and Mission Schools' Flower Service, per Mr. E. Greenway	2 3 0	Mr. C. Dunn	0 13 3
Academy Street Baptist Sunday-school, Aberdeen, per Mr. C. Watt	0 7 6	Miss E. M. Keast	0 10 6
Pupils of Grove College, Hammer-smith, per Miss L. Wiggins	1 7 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Martha Given Cameron	100 0 0
Mr. W. F. Keeble	2 10 0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLES WORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P.	5 5 0	P.S.A. and P.S.E. meetings, Christ Church, Westminster	4 4 0
S. B. S.	2 2 0	Haddon Hall, Bermondsey	2 10 0
Mr. H. J. P. Oakley	1 1 0	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Mr. D. Boyd	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	1 0 0
A sympathiser, Worthenbury	0 1 6	Mr. E. Chitty	1 1 0
Mrs. Dunster	0 8 0	S. B. S.	1 1 0
R. E. and J. S., a special thank-offering, per Pastor R. E. Sears	0 12 0	Mr. J. McKelvie	0 10 0
Mr. James Wilson	0 10 0	Miss McKelvie	0 5 0
		Misses A. and M. Payne	0 2 6
			£ 279 12 2

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM JULY 16TH TO AUGUST 14TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—25 quarterns of Bread, Mr. D. Henderson; 20 lbs. Beef, Mr. Gunn.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—16 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—11 Nightshirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

GENERAL:—2 loads Firewood, Mr. G. Boxall; 6 Aprons and a few Cards, Anon.; a parcel of Worn Clothing, Mrs. J. L. Archibald; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 1 doz. Bags and a few Articles for Sale-room, Miss E. J. Spurgeon; 1 box Flowers, Uckfield Baptist Sunday School, per Miss L. M. Dumsday.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1902.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0	Collection at North Cheam Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs	0 13 10
Tewkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies	1	0	0	London and County Banking Co., Lim., Newington Branch	2 2 0
Belfast, per Mr. F. W. Carson	12	10	0	Mr. E. Cox, per Mr. C. Gibbs	0 5 0
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	11	5	0	Mansfield Street Mothers' Meeting, per Miss Hooper (collecting-box)	1 10 3
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	1	5	0	Mr. W. Beer	0 2 6
	£36	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Weekes	0 5 0
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mrs. Browne	1	0	0	Col. R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E.	5 0 0
Mr. Hetherington, per Mr. H. Mears	0	4	0	Mr. John Gazard	0 5 0
Collected by Mr. H. Mears	0	3	0	Miss J. Wood	0 3 0
	£1	7	0	Mrs. Rennard	1 0 0
GENERAL FUND:—		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0 5 0
Miss M. McEwing	1	0	0	Overseal Chapel, per Mr. J. P. Allen	0 5 0
Mrs. John Walker	0	5	6	Mr. Job Isles, per Mr. J. Ford	0 3 0
Mrs. Browne	1	0	0	Friend, per Mr. T. Boulton	0 2 6
Mr. Henry Wood (the late)	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Dales	2 10 0
				Mrs. Smith, Java	1 0 0
					£20 17 7

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

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Avery	1	0	0	H. O. N.	0	3	0
FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—				Mrs. Calder	5	0	0
Mr. C. Padley	1	0	0				
"In loving memory"	0	2	6		£7	5	6

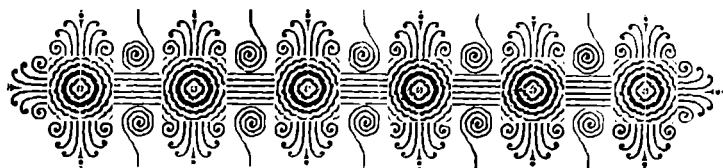
Pastor P. A. Hudgell desires very gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of £1, for Junction Street Building Fund, from "A reader of the 'Sword and Trowel.'"

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, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

VI.—FORMALIST AND HYPOCRISY.

Christian espied two men come tumbling over the wall, on the left hand of the narrow way; and they made up apace to him. The name of the one was Formalist, and the name of the other Hypocrisy. So, as I said, they drew up unto him, who thus entered with them into discourse:—

CHR. Gentlemen, whence came you, and whither go you?

FORM. and HYP. We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are going for praise to Mount Zion.

CHR. Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know you not that it is written, that he that cometh not in by the door, "but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber"? (John x. i.)

They said that, to go to the gate for entrance was, by all their countrymen, counted too far about; and that, therefore, their usual way was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall, as they had done.

CHR. But will it not be counted a trespass against the Lord of the city whither we are bound, thus to violate His revealed will?

They told him that, as for that, he needed not to trouble his head thereabout; for what they did, they had custom for; and could produce, if need were, testimony that would witness it for more than a thousand years.



AFTER Christian had been at the foot of the cross, and had been stripped of his rags, and had received a change of raiment, and a mark in his forehead, and a roll with a seal upon it, he went on his way rejoicing. He had not gone far before he came to three men fast asleep, with fetters upon their heels. These were Simple, Sloth, and Presumption. Christian woke them, and offered to help them off with their irons; but they soon lay down again, and he had to go on alone. While he was troubled in his mind by their indifference, "he espied two men come tumbling over the wall, on the left hand of the narrow way."

Possibly, there had been some revival services, and at an exciting meeting these two men had, all of a sudden, determined to be Christians. They did not take the trouble to obtain true repentance and a living faith in the crucified Saviour. They did not care about real heart work, nor about the operations of the Holy Spirit within them; but they resolved to make a profession of being Christians, and to join the church. They thought that, as Christians wore a certain style of coat, they would wear the same, but they were not concerned as to whether their hearts were right with God or not. They came tumbling over the wall.

Bunyan says that "they made up apace to Christian." It had taken him a long time to get where he was, but they caught up with him in a minute or two. None seem to grow so rapidly as those who have no roots, and who therefore are not really growing at all. A child, with a farthing's worth of soap and a pipe, soon blows some big bubbles, painted with many colours and sparkling with beauty; but they are only bubbles. They are very quickly produced, and they as speedily vanish. Beware of getting up a sham religion. You can easily paint and grain a piece of common wood so that it will be taken for oak or sandal-wood; but it would take many years to grow the genuine oak, and many months to bring the sandal-wood from the far-off land. To imitate a good thing, may be rapid work, but it will not last. You who catch up so soon with older Christians, mind that yours is personal experience, and not such as is learned from books, or picked up at an experience meeting. When a man has nothing to carry, he can run quickly. Empty drums make a great sound, and brooks that are shallow flow at a great rate. So Formalist and Hypocrisy make up apace to Christian.

I do not know to what sect Formalist belonged. I know his father very well, and he had several children. One of them used to go to the Church of England; in fact, two or three of that branch of the family, who were very happy and comfortable, always attended there. One or two of them took to going a little further than the Church of England, and made towards Rome, multiplying ceremonies, and gaudy dresses, and I know not what besides. But, if I recollect rightly, there was one of the sons who was a Presbyterian;—he could not bear anything like Romanism, but he was a great stickler for all the forms of the kirk nevertheless. Another of the sons joined the Baptists, and a mighty fine fellow he was,—as orthodox as possible. He knew what was what in doctrine, and demanded sixteen ounces to the pound, and a little over. He would fight tooth and nail for the defence of believers' baptism and the Lord's Supper. I am not quite certain, but I sometimes fear that at least one of the Formalist family is a member at the Tabernacle. If it is not one of the sons, perhaps it is a grandson who comes here. There are many of these people about, and we must not be surprised if some of them come to us.

"Oh!" say they, "we will try to be Christians; and, in order to be Christians, there are such-and-such outward actions to be performed. We will attend the prayer-meeting; we will go to the Bible-classes; we will see the elders; we will be baptized; we will join the church;

and when we have done all this, we shall have got into the right roail, certainly. Have we not received, as it were, the certificate of God's own Church that we are all right? It is true that we have tumbled over the wall; we have not been humbled on account of sin; we have not put our trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; still, we are in the right way; does not everybody say that we are? Therefore, all must be well with us." Such was Formalist.



FORMALIST.

Hypocrisy, however, was the bigger rogue of the two, for he had not any belief in the matter at all. Formalist had, perhaps, some measure of faith of a certain sort; he thought there might be something in forms and ceremonies. But Hypocrisy said in his heart, "Ah! it is all a pretty story, but then it is a very respectable story; and if I pretend to believe it, people will think the better of me." I recollect one member of this family saying, "If I join the church, possibly I may get an almshouse;" and another reflected, "Very likely I might secure a pension of so much a week." Another thought, "It would

be a capital thing to get into the ministry, and pick up a good living that way." And another said within himself, "This would increase my trade; people would say, 'He goes to such-and-such a chapel, we must deal with him, you know.'"

There is a very numerous family of this class; and there are some others who do not expect, perhaps, to get any pecuniary gain by professing to be Christians, but who feel, "Well, you see, it makes you seem to be a good sort of person, you get the respect and esteem of your friends; your mother will be pleased; your husband will be glad; all your friends will feel so satisfied, and they will make quite a fuss over you." So the man goes in for it, though, in his heart, he says, "There is nothing in it; it is all rubbish." He tumbles over the wall; he does not care about the secret power of vital godliness. It

is enough for him that he has got into the Christian Church, and there he means to stick. He sometimes says that he is as good as the most of us; and though he knows he is as rotten as he can be, yet he boasts himself above those trembling but earnest souls who cannot talk so glibly, nor fly so many colours at their masthead.

Well, these two men drew up apace to Christian, and he saluted them, for it is not the Christian's duty to suspect anybody; and when he finds people in the right road, he must treat them as if they were sincere until he has proof to the contrary. If it is the law of England that every man is to be accounted honest till he is proved to be a rogue, it should certainly be the law of the Christian Church. So, seeing them in the narrow road, in which there are so few travellers, Christian began to speak with them. He asked them whence they came, and they answered, "We were born in the land of Vain-glory." That is where all formalists and hypocrites come from. They glory in themselves. They think their own hearts are right. They conclude that their natural goodness suffices, and therefore a few forms and a bare profession will serve them in the day of judgment. Christian also asked them, "Whither go you?" "We are going," they said, "for praise to Mount Sion." Alas, for love of praise! It is a most damnable snare. We all love praise; it is useless to deny it. It has been said that—

"The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure."

We all have an eye to it at times, and no man can say that he does not more or less desire it. Of course, we do not like flattery when it is laid on with a trowel. We do not want great lumps of butter on our bread, for then we begin to suspect that it is not genuine. All of us are capable of receiving a goodly amount of praise, but it is difficult to remain in a healthy state under such circumstances.

These two men were seeking after praise. They loved the praise of men more than the praise of God. Brethren, do not we sometimes do good actions out of a desire for praise? I was thinking about this very matter to-day. I have undertaken a certain duty which I do not particularly like. I would get out of it if I dared, for I do not think I shall succeed in it, and it will occupy much of my time, and give me a deal of trouble. But, while I was murmuring to myself about what a stupid I was to venture on so ungrateful a task, I thought, "I shall receive no honour and no credit for it; but, still, if I do it with a view to God's glory throughout, and with no consideration for myself, that is enough." If I take up a difficult work that I like, and succeed in it, everybody will say, "He has done it thoroughly well," and so I get praise here, though I may not hear the "Well done!" when I get to my Master at the last. But if I undertake anything from which the flesh shrinks, with a single eye to God's glory, I shall have the sweet satisfaction that my Lord approves of my action whatever comes of it. Take care, I pray you, of "going for praise to Mount Sion."

Christian next asked these two men this very important question, "Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way?" Now, if there should be anybody here who is saying

to himself, "I am all right; I have always attended my parish church, or I have always gone to the meeting-house;" if there is one here who says, "I am all right, for I was christened," or "I am all right, for I was baptized," I ask you, "Why came you not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way?" How is it that you did not come as God has bidden you come, by a living faith in the living Saviour; by repentance; by reliance upon Him who alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life? If you have been a church-member no matter how many years, better give up that position than let a religious profession be a winding-sheet in which to envelop a corpse. Have the life Divine within you, or else, in the Name of God, I beseech you not to make a profession which you cannot by any possibility adorn, but which will be the ruin of your soul at the last!

In answer to Christian's question, "Why came you not in at the gate?" Formalist and Hypocrisy gave a reason which seemed to them sufficient. "They said that, to go to the gate for entrance was, by all their countrymen, counted too far about; and that, therefore, their usual way was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall, as they had done." Formalists think, "We do not mind being christened, confirmed, taking the sacrament, and going to church or chapel; but this repenting of sin, this believing, this clinging to Christ, this seeking after holiness,—ah! 'it is too far about.'" They would rather tumble over the wall. They cry, "Peace, peace; when there is no peace." I hope you, dear friends, are not so foolish as that. Better go never so far roundabout, and be right, than jump hastily at a false conclusion, and find yourself mistaken. Besides, it is not "far about," after all. The safe way is really a short way, and to trust in Christ is the direct road to eternal life.

Christian further very properly asked these men how, if it was a trespass against God to get into the road without coming in at the gate, they hoped to be accepted. If, without faith, it is impossible to please God, how can you expect to please Him by trusting to forms and ceremonies? Even your prayers are an abomination unto God unless you have come to Him, through Christ, for mercy and forgiveness. If you rest in your Bible-reading, or your chapel-going, or your Sunday-school teaching,—if you depend upon anything that you are, or do, or feel, you are leaning upon that which will fail you at the last. You are really making an anti-Christ of these things, and putting them into the place of Jesus. How can you be right at the end if you are wrong at the start? If you come not in at the door, rest assured that you will never reach the gates of Paradise.

These men told Christian that "he needed not to trouble his head thereabout;" and that is the answer of many formalists and hypocrites. They are harder to deal with than are the professedly unconverted. Those who have no sense of religion at all will often listen to what you have to say; while those other people, who know so much, and practise so little, tell you to mind your own business, for they are as good as you are. If you ever talk to a genuine Christian in that way, he is very thankful to you for the exhortation to examine himself. The true child of God, when he is under a searching ministry, will bear the wound, and will ask God to help the minister to probe it.

It is a sign of a good state of heart when you are willing to be probed ; but it is a terrible proof of hypocrisy and formalism when you say to others, "Let each man keep to his own religion; you go your way, and leave me to mine; I daresay I am as right as you are."

These men further assured Christian that it had been the custom for more than a thousand years. In that, they spoke truly. Men have relied on outward forms, and thought themselves something when they were nothing, from time immemorial. One who walked with Christ, and who even ate the sop out of the same dish with Him, betrayed Him. There have always been some having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. Such were "spots" in the solemn feasts of apostolic days. They were "clouds without water, trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." It is so, still. There are, indeed, most venerable precedents for formalism and hypocrisy. Go to Rome, and you will see plenty of them. Go into a large number of our parish churches in England, and you will see formality run mad. Step into our own Dissenting places of worship, and even in our decent sobriety how much there may be of dead formalism ! Alas ! this is the religion of many professing Christians all through the land, "You need not trouble about faith, or those other weighty matters which concern the soul and God ; but if you go to your place of worship, and take your seat there regularly, all will be well with you." This is false religion ; may God save us from it ! May we be sincere, in our love to Christ, and in our faith in His atoning sacrifice !

* * * *

Next month's picture will be a continuation of

FORMALIST AND HYPOCRISY.

"Fear Not."

"A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the top stair timidly,
'Oh, mother! take my hand,' said she,
'And then the dark will all be light.'

"We, older children, grope our way,
From dark behind to dark before ;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in 'Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore."—J. G. WHITTIER.

"Fear not."—Rev. i. 17.

When, awestruck, at His feet I fell as dead,
Appall'd by sight ne'er seen by man before,
He laid His royal hand upon my head,
And, to appease my terror, gently said,—

"Fear not, *I am alive* for evermore.

Behold, of death and hell I hold the key,
And where I am, there thou shalt also be."

Felixstowe, May 12, 1902.

SAMUEL THOMPSON.

C. H. Spurgeon's Vestry Clock.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.



THAT CLOCK was the object of my ceaseless wonderment as a boy, apart altogether from the marvellous creature that surmounted it. I will remember how I used to watch the movement under the XII., and wonder whether the ratchet moved the wheel, or the wheel the ratchet. It surprised me greatly, too, that a clock should do more than record the time of day, for this one noted the day of the week and the date in the month. As to the figure which crowned it, I knew only that it had some connection with the discoveries of a certain Mr. Layard,

some ponderous tomes by whom were ranged on the vestry bookshelves close by. Perhaps I had a peep at the pictures in these while dear father was receiving visitors after the services. It was much later that I found my real interest awakened in the excavations of (by that time,) Sir Henry Layard; and, consequently, in this bronze reproduction of a human-headed, winged lion from Nineveh.

When the Tabernacle was about to be opened, in 1861, some good friend was kind enough to promise the Pastor a clock for his vestry such as his soul loved. So, one fine day, he and his "better half" went shopping. It should be known that he had been, for some time, deeply interested in Mr. Layard's researches. He was quick to realize that these unearthings of buried cities and temples would surely confirm the Scripture narrative.

Well, they were wandering down the Strand, peering into goldsmiths' shop-windows, eager to light on an appropriate time-piece, but thinking nothing at the moment concerning Nineveh and its colossal bulls and lions. Suddenly, however, C. H. S. cried out, "Why, wifey, here's the very thing. See—one of Layard's lions!" The shop was soon entered, and the clock was purchased. So the story goes, from the lips of "one who was there," and from 1861 till 1898 that royal

lion kept watch and ward before the looking-glass on the mantelpiece of the Pastor's vestry.

In 1898, as all the world knows, the Tabernacle was destroyed by fire. There was no time to effect the rescue save of books, and deeds, and oil paintings, and communion plate.

When all was over, search parties hunted for relics. There were few enough. The marble bust of the preacher as a young man had fallen to the basement, and was blackened, but not broken. The clock had disappeared entirely, but the human-headed, winged lion survived! He was of true metal. Alas! his tail had suffered severely,—more than half its length being gone,—and he himself was more like a piece of old iron off a rubbish heap than anything else. But he was of bronze, not iron. So it was possible to restore and retail him, and



to remount him. See,—here is his latest portrait after he has been “done up.” He is as imposing as ever, is he not? I am persuaded that my readers will be glad to know that this relic of former days remains; and, since some of them may not be familiar with the history of Mr. Layard's wonderful finds, I propose to quote his own account of the discovery of one of these images, and his own opinion as to their significance.

“I saw two Arabs urging their mares to the top of their speed. ‘Hasten, O Bey!’ exclaimed one of them,—‘hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes!’”

“On reaching the ruins, I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. The Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head

sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of the figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw, at once, that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period.

"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies.

"The gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured, in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below.*



"One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket, and had run off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"When the Sheikh arrived, he said, 'This is not work of men's hands, but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah

—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood!'

"I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temples of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man, of strength than the body of the lion, of ubiquity

* For the block on this page we are indebted to Mr. John Murray, the publisher of "Layard's Nineveh and its Remains," from which work also our quotations are made.—ED.

than the wings of the bird. These winged, human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they had guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed, and the corn now waved.

"Egypt has monuments no less ancient, and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown; whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness, in the words of the prophet, that once 'the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. . . . His height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, where he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations;' for now is 'Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness. And flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations; both the cormorant and the bittern lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds.'"

The story of the excavations at Nineveh had quite a fascination for my dear father, and an intimate friendship sprang up between him and the wise man who digged so deep and found such treasures. Sir Henry Layard often worshipped at the Tabernacle, and his letters are preserved in the copies of his volumes in the "Westwood" library. I do not doubt that a careful search through C. H. Spurgeon's published works would reveal the fact that these majestic and mysterious images not infrequently served as illustrations. Here is one instance, at all events. Who can tell that it was not suggested by a glance at the bronze model on the vestry clock just before entering the pulpit?

"We have no reason to congratulate ourselves on what we are doing, if we only think of the great work which remains undone. The reclaiming of men in this city is like digging out those noble monuments of the past so long buried amid the ruins of Nineveh. In excavating this vast population, you have, as it were, laid bare the head of a huge winged bull, until you can observe that it has a human countenance, and will well repay you for your toils. Are you going to congratulate yourselves that you have succeeded thus far? Why, there are the

colossal feet, and the mighty wings, and all the rest of the body; all these are to be uncovered from the ruins, and the whole mass uplifted from the depth in which it lies imbedded. Because you have done a little to bless London, and have brought a thousand, three thousand, ten thousand to hear the Word of God, are you to sit down and say, 'It is done'? What is to be done with the rest of the millions? Where are the other tens of thousands who are not hearing the Word? Where is the great outlying mass of our leviathan city?"

"Semper Idem."

(GOD'S WITNESS TO HIS OWN WORD.)

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

(Continued from page 484.)

PART II.—THE ENDORSEMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

(d) *Fulfilled Prophecy.*

[b] Another line of argument, almost equally convincing to thoughtful and reverent minds, concerning definite Old Testament Inspiration, is found in the actual and literal fulfilment of the Levitical types and symbols, in the life, death, resurrection, and priestly intercession of our Lord and Saviour. Constructed after the very patterns and instructions given to Moses and David, in which every detail, however minute, was most specifically and scrupulously described (1 Chronicles xxviii. 11—19; Exodus xxv. 40; xxvi. 30; Hebrews viii. 5); we find that, in tabernacle and temple service alike, furniture, ritual, sacrifice, and worship, "every whit of it uttereth glory" (Psalm xxix. 9, margin). The gold, silver (atonement money, Exodus xxx. 11—16), and wood;—the gate, brazen altar, laver, door, curtains, shewbread, candlestick, altar of incense, veil, the ark, and mercy-seat all symbolize, in the most clear fashion, the glories and bloodshedding of our Divine Redeemer, pointing forward the believing sinner and the grateful worshipper to that cross, when atonement being an accomplished fact, "the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom" (Matthew xxvii. 51), and Jewish ritual ended because the type had merged into the anti-type;—and to that inner Holy of Holies, where "Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come," has "entered in once, having obtained eternal redemption for us" (Hebrews ix. 11, 12. See also John x. 9; Romans iii. 25; Titus iii. 5; Hebrews ix., especially verses 8, 9, 23, 24; x. 1—25, particularly verse 20; xiii. 10—12; 1 John ii. 2).

Similarly, the different unblemished victims and sacrifices, presented in their varied aspects of redemptive work to God,—the burnt offering, the meat offering, the peace offering, the sin offering, the trespass offering, the lambs, goats, birds, sacrifices offered daily, and on particular occasions, such as the cleansing of the leper and the great day of atonement,—all speak eloquently, though silently, in Jehovah's Kindergarten School of Judaism, concerning the essential and all-sufficient merits of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified;" while even feasts and holy days, to the devout reader, symbolize in distinct stages, the

cardinal truths of our common Christianity,—the Passover, resurrection, Pentecost, Gospel music, pilgrimage, and Heaven (Leviticus xxiii). To assert, as some do, that all the old-time imagery fits in *by chance*, or, rather, through some strange "faddish" perversion in the mind of the pious Bible student, with the details of the death, sacrifice, and resurrection of our beloved Lord, is to place indeed a heavy burden upon our credulity, more especially as the New Testament writers, assuming an intimate knowledge of these symbols and sacrifices, continually appeal or allude to such phraseology in their Scriptures (Matthew xxvi. 28; Luke xxiv. 27; John i. 29; iii. 10—13; 1 Corinthians v. 7; xv. 23; Colossians ii. 16, 17; Hebrews vii. 27; ix. 12, 24—26; x. 1—13; 1 Peter i. 18, 19; Revelation v. 6; xxi. 22, 23); and, indeed, one such Holy Ghost hall-mark on these God-ordained types as the *bona-fide* conversion of the two Australian murderers, who, after reading our honoured Brother Frank White's book on "Christ in the Tabernacle," lent them by a godly bishop, exclaimed, "Jesus is the Lamb of God! Jesus is the Lamb of God!" is, to our mind, sufficient in itself to contravene the irreverent and shallow criticism uttered recently, concerning these very types and offerings, by a well-known Divinity Professor, since "Jesus is the Lamb of God" remains a phrase bereft of meaning except through the symbolism of Old Testament typology.

[c] A third and final argument, though essentially and inherently defective because it is necessarily wrapped up with the imperfect symbolism of errant living, may be found in the self-evident and Divinely-asserted fact that some of the Old Testament heroes were, in part at least, shadowy outlines of the Saviour,—faint, though broken, reflections of our Lord. It is sufficient to merely mention, in this connection, Adam, Abel, Melchizedek, Isaac, Moses, Aaron (in his priestly offices and offerings), Joshua, David, Solomon; and, above all, Joseph, who, in his rejection, betrayal, sufferings, and subsequent uplifting from the pit and prison to the practical sovereignty of Egypt, where he lavished the granaries of grace upon his brethren and the world, most suggestively portrays the true Messiah. (See Romans v. 14—21; 1 Corinthians xv. 22, 45—49; Ephesians v. 31, 32; Hebrews xi. 4; v. 6; vi. 20; xi. 17—19; James ii. 21; Genesis xxii.; Deuteronomy xviii. 18; Hebrews iii. 1—6; v. 1—5; ix. 7—28; iv. 8; Acts ii. 25—36; xiii. 32—38; Matthew xii. 42; Acts vii. 9—16.) Those who are spiritual will appreciate this argument, and those who are hypercritical will probably reject it "though a man declare it unto them."

Thus have we discovered our first proof, in this connection of Old Testament Inspiration, in the definite predictions spread over a thousand years, and written centuries before their actual fulfilment in the life and death of Christ, without any possible collusion or slavish imitation on the part of the writers; and a second and equally perfect one, though linked with material things, in the ritual service and symbolic teaching of the Mosaic economy; while a third, broken and defective, yet true in part, and *in so far as it was so intended*, can be found in the shadowy outline of representative men typifying, in certain details, the character and history of our Lord Jesus Christ.

[d] There is, however, one prediction so specific and emphatic in its character, that its importance demands distinct and separate consideration. "Daniel the prophet"—so called by no less an authority than our Divine Lord Himself (Matthew xxiv. 15), received, in answer to prayer and fasting, a direct revelation, through Gabriel, from God, in which the following remarkable sentences occur: "Know therefore and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks: the street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times. And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself" (ix. 25, 26; entire passage, 20—27). Now, passing by the many intricacies and difficulties surrounding this passage, we have here most clearly set forth two great termini of the prophecy; viz., "*from the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem*" until "*Messiah be cut off*," and are definitely informed that the exact period of time intervening between these two events should be sixty-nine weeks; or, as it might be more accurately rendered, sixty-nine septenaries, or Hebdomads, or sixty-nine sevens, the word "week" not being in the original, though a perfectly correct and explanatory translation of the same. Among the Jews, it was, especially in Scriptural and prophetic matters, a frequent custom to let days count for years. Thus, for example, Jacob "fulfilled her (Rachel's) week" "seven other years" (Genesis xxix. 18, 27, 28. See also Leviticus xxv. 8); and Ezekiel was commanded to lie on his left and right side respectively: "For I have laid upon thee the years of their iniquity, according to the number of the days, three hundred and ninety days; so shalt thou bear the iniquity of the house of Israel. And when thou hast accomplished them, lie again on thy right side, and thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah, forty days I have appointed thee *each day for a year*" (iv. 4—6).

Therefore, the Book of Daniel, which, waiving all questions of present-day criticism, was undoubtedly written centuries before the birth of Christ, declares that an interval of sixty-nine sevens, or four hundred and eighty-three years, must constitute the parenthesis between "the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem" and the "cutting off" of Messiah,—our sole duty being to verify the dates in question, and thereby to test the accuracy or incorrectness of this remarkable prediction. Accordingly, ransacking quite a multitude of books and pamphlets dealing with theology and prophecy, a perfect maze of conflicting theories and statements presents itself. Amidst much difference of judgment, the majority of commentators fix the time alluded to by Daniel as occurring "in the seventh year of Artaxerxes the king,"—the commencement of that monarch's reign being dated variously from 463 to 467 B.C.; and many insist that the four hundred and eighty-three years were completed at the baptism of our Lord, others say it was at the cross, and some even at the Incarnation!

Now, a careful perusal of the three great edicts of Cyrus, Darius, and Artaxerxes, mentioned in Ezra's history, shows clearly that in none of these decrees does there occur *a word about the rebuilding of the city*, but that each of them was concerned alone with building "*the house of the*

Lord which is in Jerusalem,"—a phrase used some ten times (and "the house of God" eight times) in connection with the three edicts. Thus Cyrus says, "The Lord God hath charged me to build Him an *house* at Jerusalem;" and Darius, subsequently endorsing this decree, "Let the *house* be builded," writes, "Let it be done with speed;" while Artaxerxes, sending up Ezra "to teach in Israel statutes and judgments, and bring all the silver and gold that thou canst find," and "whatsoever more shall be needful for the *house* of thy God," calls forth this touching doxology from the pious priest: "Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers, which hath put such a thing as this in the king's heart, to beautify the *house* of the Lord which is in Jerusalem" (Ezra i., especially verse 2; vi. 1—12; vii., especially verse 27). Nehemiah, however, on the other hand, mourning over the news that "the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire," narrates how, "in the month Nisan, in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes the king," in response to his request, "send me unto Judah, unto the city of my father's sepulchres, *that I may build it*," a decree was made, and "letters given" to that effect, "according to the good hand of my God upon me" (Nehemiah i. 3; ii. 1—8).

So that "the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem" can accordingly be dated "in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes the king;" and to ascertain when he began to reign, the fairest course would appear to be, avoiding the opinions of all theological experts, to simply cite the evidence of some thoroughly respectable and unbiassed secular historian. We open, therefore, Haydn's celebrated "Dictionary of Dates," and find it stated therein that Artaxerxes ascended the throne 464 B.C., which brings us to the year 444 B.C., as the starting-point of the prophecy. Proceeding in the opposite direction, the phrase, "*Messiah shall be cut off, but not for Himself*," is surely most conclusive that neither the Incarnation nor life-ministry of our Lord can possibly be alluded to by the prophet, but rather His death. We must also courteously demur, albeit with a measure of hesitancy, to the generally-accepted belief that Christ had fully completed the thirty-third year of His life when He was crucified, since Luke tells us that, at the time of His baptism, "Jesus Himself began to be about thirty years of age;" *i.e.*, was twenty-nine, or in His thirtieth year, which would make His death take place A.D. 32; or, in His thirty-third year, in the month Abib or Nisan, the first month of the Jewish sacred year, when the first passover was ordained and held, and the definite command of Artaxerxes was given (Luke iii. 23; Exodus xii.—xiii. 3, 4; xxiii. 15; Nehemiah ii. 1). Thus we have the termini of the prophecy fixed at B.C. 444, and A.D. 32, producing, as the totalled result, a period of four hundred and seventy-six years, which would appear to give us exactly seven less than the required four hundred and eighty-three.

Here again, however, an interesting point arises. With the easy-going self-consciousness of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races, commentators, with one recent notable exception (Sir Robert Anderson, C.B., LL.D.), have quietly assumed that prophetic and Biblical years must necessarily run parallel with our own methods of chronology. On the contrary, it is a well-known fact that the Jewish year consisted of

lunar months, and the Scriptural year, as we can easily prove, of 360 days only, or twelve months of 30 days each. For example, going back to "The Book of beginnings," we find it recorded that the flood commenced "in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month," and that "the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month," a period of exactly five months, defined twice over, in other verses, as 150 days, or five months of 30 days each (Genesis vii. 11; viii. 4; vii. 24; viii. 3). Further, passing onward to the last Book of the Bible, we read how "the Gentiles shall tread the holy city under foot forty and two months," while God's "two witnesses shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days" (Revelation xi. 2, 3; see also xii. 6; xiii. 5); which again gives us a similar result ($1260 \div 42 = 30$); so that the Scriptural month consists of 30, and the prophetic year of 360 days. This demands that we should deduct from each of the aforesaid Latin years the excess amount of five and a quarter days, or ($476 \times 5\frac{1}{4} = 2499$) two thousand four hundred and ninety-nine days, and after allowing one leap year off for each century produces ($2499 - 4.76 = 2494.24$), say, two thousand four hundred and ninety-four days, which, divided by 360, results in six years, eleven months, and slightly over three days ($2494.24 \div 10 \div 3 \div 12 = 6.9284416$), or, running thus into the twelfth month, practically the seven years requisite to make the four hundred and seventy-six Latin years into four hundred and eighty-three Scriptural or prophetic ones, this being the exact number of septenaries to fulfil the prediction to the very month, it being impossible for us to discover the actual day of Abib when the prophecy commenced, and when the Messiah was "cut off"—and the Saviour crucified.

This is all so remarkable and convincing that we not unnaturally look for the appearance of some contradiction and difficulty; and, somewhat to our surprise, discover such a thing in the *uninspired* marginal note in some editions of our English Bible. "Fourth year before the account called Anno Domini" (Bagster, margin, Matthew ii. 1. Matthew iii. gives A.D. 27, and Matthew v. A.D. 31!!) Of course, if this be indisputably correct, the foregoing argument is immediately destroyed. However, as Puritan Protestants finding the consensus of vulgar opinion still holding by the current chronology, we instinctively hesitate to accept the mere "ipse dixit" of certain pious Archbishops and impious Popes without an enquiry whether the Gospels and contemporaneous history justify such a conclusion. Accordingly, looking a little closely into the matter, we discover (*a*) that, concerning the statement of Luke, "This taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria," profane history remains absolutely silent; and, with our present light, no evidence whatsoever is cast upon the time alluded to in these words (Luke ii. 1—7).

On Matthew's testimony, we also learn (*b*) that Herod the Great survived the birth of our Lord, and therefore the conclusion follows that, if the period of Herod's death can be reliably fixed, it goes far to solve the question at issue (Matthew ii. 19, 20); but here again historians, commentators, ecclesiastics, and prophetic students vary hopelessly in

their conclusions, some naming B.C. 1, and the majority B.C. 2 to B.C. 4 (ordinary chronology); expressing, however, with tolerable unanimity, the opinion that Christ was born between B.C. 1 and B.C. 4; and, preferably, nearer the latter date. This is most serious, and explains my hesitancy already mentioned.

Still, so much uncertainty prevails that the question naturally arises, *Is there, then, no other circumstance whereby the time of our Saviour's birth can be really and accurately computed?* and, to our profound delight, we find there is one incident, plain and unmistakable, so fixing the date, confronting which we have little doubt, these shiftings, findings, and deductions concerning Herod will one day submit themselves. Luke, again in language of the utmost simplicity and clearness, tells us (c) that John the Baptist commenced his ministry "in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar," and, as he some months after, solemnly immersed our Lord, if we can fix the accession of Tiberius, the time is settled when "Jesus began to be about thirty years of age" (Luke iii. 1—23); and here again we turn preferably to purely secular sources for information; and, on the high authority of the most accurate and careful modern historian, the late Professor Freeman, learn that Tiberius commenced to reign A.D. 14; and, consequently, John began his ministry and Christ was baptized A.D. 29, which we believe, as we said before, proves our Saviour's death to have taken place A.D. 32 ($14 + 15 + 3 = 32$). This date *re* Tiberius is definite and certain; and, therefore, while waiting further light, necessarily overweighs all arguments concerning Herod's death, which cannot with any assurance be fixed within some years, and thus establishes, to our mind at least, (while fully conscious of the varying merits of alternative suggestions and interpretations,) the unvarnished truth that, as God had predicted, so God fulfilled, absolutely, simply, and unequivocally, and to the very month, this old-time prophecy, delivered centuries before the birth of Christ, concerning the crucifixion and "cutting off" of the Messiah.

(To be continued next month.)

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

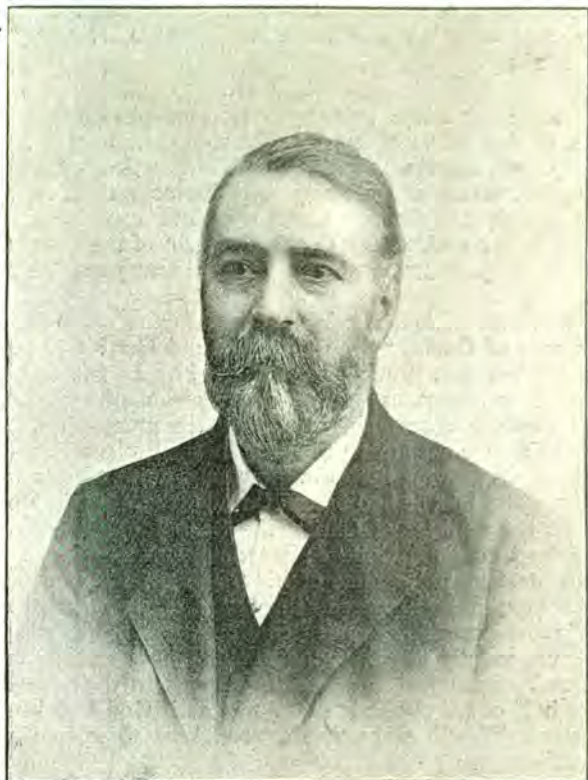
CVI.—PASTOR GEORGE WRIGHT, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

THIS worthy Baptist minister has "gained to himself a good standing, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." With one exception, he is the senior Nonconformist pastor in the district, and is held in high esteem by all the Churches of Christ. "The bishop must be blameless,"—"without reproach;"—in the local judgment, Mr. Wright satisfies that claim. Old Geoffrey Chaucer describes him exactly,—

"Of sixty years he seem'd . . .
An awful, rev'rend, and religious man.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity."

Meet him in the street, and you will note that he is fairly tall, kindly-looking, dressed in faultless black, but not out-and-out clerical. No doubt, somebody takes good care of him. Moreover, "he bears his great commission in his look,"—

"His eyes diffuse a venerable grace,
And Charity itself is in his face."



Mr. Wright was born in 1840, and was the son of a Nottinghamshire tenant farmer. Thoughtful and studious as a boy, he was soundly converted in early life; and having united himself with the Lord's people, he placed himself at the disposal of the Master. In various ways, he sought to serve his Saviour; and, at length, was constrained to preach. After correspondence with the Founder of the Pastors' College, he was received as a student in the year 1863. It has been the privilege of the present writer to read certain letters which passed between Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Wright at that period; and one hardly knows whether more to admire the modesty and zeal of the candidate for training, or the godly and probing fidelity of the President of the College. The door was not thrown open to all and sundry; but only

to men who, so far as it could be ascertained, had grace, and gifts, and fruit.

During his student-term, Mr. Wright ministered to the church at Brabourne, Kent; and, on leaving College, he settled there as pastor. In that quiet rural neighbourhood, he gave attendance to reading, and continued steadfastly in prayer, and in the ministry of the Word. Yet he was not a mere student. In connection with the Education Controversy of the time, he championed the rights of Nonconformists; whilst he also promoted the erection of a school-room and manse at Brabourne, and of a mission-church at Elmsted. It was a fruitful ten years' ministry.

We next trace our friend to Battle, near Hastings; where, however, on account of the illness of his wife, he could not long remain. His loving companion survived their removal only a few weeks.

After a short season of necessary rest, Pastor Wright accepted the call of the church at Melbourn, Cambridgeshire, and served them for three years; then he succeeded to the oversight of the Baptist Church at Walsworth Road, Hitchin, where, for about four years, he did excellent work.

At this point of his life, Mr. Wright might have made his own the touching words of David, "Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?" In the twenty years, he had held four pastorates; and in each there had been "lifting up," and also a measure of searching trial. By the grace of God, he had been enabled to live out great principles in small places; and, personally, had kept on growing both downward and upward. It was not a vain thing for him that he had passed through the discipline of a great sorrow. To the minister of Christ, the School of Affliction is even more necessary than the College; sanctified suffering has a place in the all-wise Master's programme of his training. He who is called to "dwell as a king in the battered army," "as one that comforteth the mourners," must himself have been comforted of God.

If I am not greatly mistaken, the mingled trueness and tenderness of the pastor's ministry at Kingston owe much to the varied training of the first half of his public life. It was as if God had been saying to His servant, "I will make thee a new *sharp* threshing instrument *having teeth*."

In the year 1882, Mr. Wright came to Kingston. The Baptist Church, of this ancient town, had been planted about ninety years; but it had been recently weakened by the formation of a second church. The invited pastor had been forewarned to expect financial and other difficulties; but, casting himself on his God, he undertook the charge, and the cause has prospered. For twenty years, he has "fed" the flock "according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands;" and, happily, the flock and the pastor understand and trust each other. We dare not affirm that the minister's sayings and silences, his doings and not doings, are never criticized by his people; but, should any outsider suggest a fault,—ah! then it is soon manifest that he has the people's hearts with him.

One reason of this is that Mr. Wright is straightforward. He has no selfish ends to serve. It is well known that he means right.

And then he preaches well. He ponders the Word, and sets it forth with much plainness of speech. He is a deep, clear, Evangelical preacher.

Yet another secret of his power is his care for the young. His two Sunday-schools and his Christian Band profit by his vigilant oversight; and arrangements are now on foot to erect a suitable School-chapel for the Mission at Hampton Wick.

One of the happy memories of Mr. Wright's pastorate is that, on September 2, 1884, the church was privileged to entertain the students of the Pastors' College to a day's outing on the river. The President, to his own regret, and to the sorrow of the friends, found himself unable to be one of the party. On this occasion, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon preached in his brother's stead, and a young man was savingly converted, who is still an active member of the church.

The Home Counties Baptist Association has engaged a good deal of Mr. Wright's attention; and during the five years in which he was its laborious Secretary, the income rose from £30 to £200 a year. This advance is the more remarkable because, at the time, the churches were disturbed by serious doctrinal controversy.

An incident in Pastor Wright's ministry deserves to be recorded. One day, at the close of 1892, he was passing the shop of a Kingston tradesman, when the burden of the man's soul was pressingly laid upon him. The man had once been an active member of another denomination, but had long ceased to attend any place of worship. The pastor longed for him in the heart of Jesus Christ; and this care led him to intercession, and that to effort. To avoid giving offence, he had to proceed carefully. Mr. Wright, after some days of waiting upon God, wrote a New Year's letter to the man, in which he stated his concern for his soul, and urged him to return to God in penitence. The letter was posted with sincere prayer, and reached the man on New Year's morning. After a few days, a reply came, thanking Mr. Wright for his interest in his welfare, and yet justifying his mode of living. However, the arrow had pierced his soul. One Sunday morning, soon after, he was present at worship, became a regular attendant, and a very zealous helper. It may be added that, in less than two years, he died, leaving the pastor one of his executors. In this capacity, Mr. Wright had the pleasure of paying £500 to the Stockwell Orphanage, and £500 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

* * * *

I could have wished that the Editor had invited a brother Baptist to appreciate Pastor Wright; but, though in *his* hands the sketch might have been more fitly phrased, it would not have expressed a truer affection for him than that which, for many years, has been cherished by the Methodist writer of this paper.

JOHN REACHER.

Kingston-on-Thames.

Our Alma Mater.

LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY PROFESSOR HACKNEY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Your readers are very familiar with the work of the Pastors' College; and without doubt, deeply interested in its welfare. No service for God was more dear to the heart of its Founder, your beloved father; and it has always held a place of high regard in the affections of all who loved him. As the fruitful mother of many noble sons who have gone everywhere, in this country, or in the Colonies, or in missionary lands, preaching the Gospel, and winning crowds of souls to Jesus, it has continued to claim and deserve the esteem and support of all.

I want to explain briefly a movement in connection with the Conference to contribute more effectually to the maintenance of the College. Many have felt that, to have been trained for the ministry under its genial care, has imposed upon them the responsibility of helping, so far as they are able, in sustaining its work. This they do by obtaining collections from the churches where they minister. We have therefore arranged all these churches into thirty-two districts, each with its own Secretary, who corresponds with the brethren, and seeks to secure from every one the amount proportionate to his ability. We anticipate this organization of our offerings will have the happiest consequences. It has now been in operation some two or three years. The amount raised, from January to December, 1899, was £351 14s. 9d. Last year, the same period produced £635 9s. 11d. This manifestly is a most hopeful increase, yet only about 250 churches, at most, took part, out of some 460. I fear this December will show a serious declension; for, up to June 30th, fewer churches had contributed, and one-sixth less money was sent in than in the previous year to that time. This shrinking, however, can be explained by the pressure of the Twentieth Century Fund appeals; and as quite half the churches have not yet contributed this year, it is quite possible they may surpass the total of last year.

Some churches can do but little. No church, however, can afford to neglect this infinitely-important work of providing a godly ministry. Not only rich givers, but poor ones are constrained by the love of Christ to incorporate in deeds the prayer taught by the command of their Master, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest." We are hoping and praying that the large churches will follow the example of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and devote much money and continual interest to the College. Very simply, all present requirements can be met by the consecration and accumulation in every community of **SIXPENCE EACH MEMBER PER ANNUM**. This will yield £2,000. To this grand total, the Secretaries and Remembrancer aspire.

To those engaged in carrying on the College, its work appears an acute necessity. Ten or twelve men, every year, after a course of four years' discipline and tuition, (so far as human insight can tell, men of highest character and spiritual experience, wholly consecrated to Jesus,) go forth to preach the Gospel, and to minister His grace to

men. No one can estimate the value of this service to the Church of God, nor question the solemn importance of maintaining this Institution in efficiency.

May I ask your readers to pray continually for us; and, by their contributions, small or large, to help in continuing the splendid influence and unwavering testimony of the Pastors' College?

Believe me, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours most sincerely,

WALTER HACKNEY,

College Conference Remembrancer.

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY PASTOR C. W. TOWNSEND, ST. MARTIN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

X.—"THE HOUSE OF MOURNING."

CANADA is a very healthy country. Many of its inhabitants attain a remarkable longevity. During the last winter we spent upon our former field, we were called to bury several people who had reached a great age. Quite a number were about four-score years old, one was over ninety, and another within a few months of one hundred. Since coming to our present sphere, we have buried one man of ninety; and, the Sunday before we arrived, another was committed to the earth, whose years numbered no fewer than one hundred and eleven.

Canadians not only live long; they also retain an appearance of juvenility to an unusual degree. Frequently have we been surprised when we have learnt the age of some persons with whom we have been brought into contact. They have been so fresh of face, so agile of movement, so sprightly of manner and speech, that we have not thought of crediting them with the years to which they were legally entitled.

But while this land is so salubrious, and its bright climate so conducive to youthfulness of aspect, yet here, as elsewhere upon this sin-cursed earth, the law of mortality is in force. As with the Biblical genealogies of patriarchal times, so here; we can say that such a man lived so many years, and another so many years; but we have to add, "he died," and "he died." The solemn statement of Sacred Writ is being constantly verified: "it is appointed unto men once to die." In this great and beautiful Dominion, pilgrims coming from all quarters of the world have yet failed to discover a "continuing city." In its virgin soil, millions of graves have already been dug, and still unceasingly the procession wends its way to man's long home. So, among the duties of the pastoral office here, as everywhere, is the sad one of repairing to the House of Mourning. Hundreds of times have we visited it; and, of late, scarcely a week has passed without being summoned within its sorrowing precincts.

Some of the funeral customs here are different from those in vogue in England, and may be worthy of a little notice as illustrating phases

of human feeling and fashion. Being a new country, there is less of the professional, and more of the personal element in such affairs. The people, who live near the abode of mourning, prove themselves neighbours in the best sense, and are always willing to relieve the bereaved of the painful duties incident to preparations for the funeral. One will take charge of the arrangements, and act as master of the solemn ceremonies. He will notify the undertaker and minister, and superintend the digging of the grave. In some places, it is customary for friends of the family to sit up at night with the body. It is likely that such a practice is of Irish origin, and we are glad to say that it is far from universal. We trust it will fall entirely into desuetude. Another custom, which appears to us more pleasing, is that of attiring the deceased in the clothes worn during life. Thus, a man will wear his best suit, and be fully dressed; and a woman will be gowned as for the reception of visitors, and sometimes wear her bridal costume.

The memorial service is most often held at the residence of the departed, and is generally attended by a large number of people. At such a time, the house is open, without limit, to the public, and is not seldom crowded. We have again and again seen every room below filled, many seated upon the stairs, and groups clustering about the door. The immediate mourners sit retired in a room apart. Usually, the minister will take his stand in the front hall, where he can be best heard. The service is quite full,—with hymns, Scripture reading, an address, and, indeed, in many cases, a sermon. At its close, all present file in prescribed order past the coffin, to take a final view of the remains. Young and old thus look upon the face of the dead; we have seen mothers lift up little children that they might gaze upon the still form and features. While such a custom often seemed to us to partake too much of the nature of an exhibition, yet it may, in some instances, be productive of good, and lead men to consider their latter end.

Most of those who go to the house will, if they possess vehicles, accompany the cortège to the tomb. There, the formula of interment is much the same as in the old country. It is usual, however, for the family, the minister, and as many as have the time, to stay until the grave has been completely filled in. It is not uncommon, in some localities, to carry the departed to the church which they have been wont to attend, and place the coffin below the pulpit during the service.

A part of the minister's duty is to register the death; filling in all particulars upon official forms.

We have been in some Houses of Mourning where the circumstances have been peculiarly sad. In two, at least, friends have been denied the sorrowful satisfaction of looking upon the beloved form. Among the members in our last church, was a young man who was a general favourite. He had a fine frank face, his ways were winning, and his disposition kind. He joined the Canadian contingent of the South African Constabulary, and proceeded to that distant land. Within a few weeks of his arrival there, he fell a victim to the prevalent fever. His parents were heart-broken when the news reached them, and we sought to act towards them the part of a "Son of consolation." We

arranged a memorial service; and, in the house once brightened by his presence, we paid our tribute to his memory. It was an affecting occasion; but we were sustained by the thought that, though the body was far away, the spirit was as near as though its forsaken habitation lay before our eyes.

Another pathetic service was in memory of one who had been lost at sea. In preaching, we grouped four texts which appeared to us specially suitable:—(1) "There is sorrow on the sea" (Jeremiah xlix. 23). (2) "I know their sorrows" (Exodus iii. 7). (3) "The sea gave up the dead which were in it" (Rev. xx. 13). (4) "There was no more sea" (Rev. xxi. 1).

Upon one of the wildest days of the winter before last, we set out to attend the funeral of a neighbouring minister. We had visited him during his sickness, and it was his desire that we should officiate. His home was seven miles away, and in driving towards it we had to face a fierce snowstorm. At times, so sharply did it sting us, and so blinding was its effect, that we almost felt that we could not reach the House of Mourning. Still, we persevered, and presently arrived at the Parsonage, and found it crowded with relatives and parishioners. Our friend's wife had been for years a helpless invalid,—crippled with rheumatism; therefore the service could not be held in the church where he had exercised his ministry. It was truly heart-rending to think that, for several weeks, husband and wife had been separated, as each lay, weak and suffering, in a different room. After the good man's death, his body had been lovingly carried into the sick chamber of the companion of his life, that she might take the last earthly look at the lover of her youth. It must have been an unspeakably sad meeting and parting; though she sorrowed not as those who are without hope. His form was much wasted with disease; but there was a reposeful look as of one who was sweetly sleeping in Jesus. He was a true man, and a devoted servant of Jesus Christ. He had naturally a strong will, was somewhat brusque in manner, and many thought him stubborn, for he would not yield an inch where principle was concerned. He had in him the stuff of which martyrs are made. We admired his staunchness of character, and entertained for him a genuine respect and affection.

In preparing to preach at his funeral, we instinctively thought of Paul's brave words to the elders at Ephesus, and made them the basis of our remarks. Many of those who knew him deemed such an application peculiarly appropriate. We make no apology for quoting those words here: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the Kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

We wish to bear our testimony to the truth of the wise man's words: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Nowhere have we felt a greater sense of the triumph of

our holy faith. In the presence of death, we have proved the sublime and regnant power of Christianity. The sequences of Paul's great argument have come home to us with mighty force: No Resurrection—No Risen Christ—No Gospel—No Salvation. Such a conclusion has wrought its own refutation, and from it faith has inevitably recoiled. With the flush of victory mounting to our cheeks, we have broken out into the trumpet tones of the apostle's exultant assertion, "*But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.*"

We little thought when, some months ago, we contemplated writing upon the present subject as one of a series of articles, that our own home was destined so soon to become a House of Mourning. As readers of this Magazine have gleaned from the "Notes" in a recent number, we have been called to suffer a great bereavement. A little more than a week after our return to these shores, our eldest daughter was taken from us. The blow came upon us with startling suddenness. As we journeyed from Montreal to St. John, we passed through the town of Sherbrooke, in Quebec, where she was born. Though it was midnight when we reached that point, she remained awake that she might see her native city. We knew not that she was thus passing through the place of her birth to the place of her death. After a few days in St. John, our wife and children went to visit friends upon one of our former fields, while we came to our new charge to prepare for their subsequent arrival. The day after they reached their destination, the doctor was called in to see dear Lily, and pronounced her sickness a malignant case of diphtheria. The following night, she passed to God. When the first tidings of her illness reached us, all was over, and she was buried out of sight. This was a sore affliction, but we have been graciously sustained. Though we feared as we entered into the cloud, Christ has been with us in it, and presently, when we come out, we expect to see "Jesus only."

We would like, in these pages, to pay a slight tribute to the memory of a short life. Our beloved child, though only nine years of age, had a well-balanced head, a womanly dignity, and an affectionate manner. Her mother always hoped she would become a missionary. That was our greatest ambition for her. It has pleased God to call her to higher service. When she was in London, Lily, with her brother and sister, signed the pledge in the Tabernacle at Dr. Henry's meetings. She was one of those who, afterwards, went to the platform to shake hands with him. As she lay upon her sick bed, she objected to take any stimulant, saying to her mother, "You know I signed the pledge." Her mother several times prayed with her, and once, with her utterance becoming thick, she said "Amen," and added, "I tried to say it as well as I could, Mamma."

The end came very peacefully, and "the Lord of the children" tenderly folded her in His loving arms. Presently, we hope to raise above her little grave a stone, and to inscribe upon it the words, "My Beloved is gone down into His garden to gather lilies."

A Sermonette in Stone.

BY A. W. BEAN, EMSWORTH.

"And there were set there six waterpots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece."—John ii. 6.



NOTICE that (1) they were "*there*." The trouble with some of the Lord's instruments is that, when wanted, they are found wanting; they are absentees. When the Master is looking round for vessels, are we at hand? Can we say, "*Here am I, Lord, send me*"?

(2) There were "*six*." That seems significant, for there were, at that time, only six disciples. The preceding chapter records the formation of the first links which bound to Christ these six young lives, — Andrew, Peter, Philip, Nathanael, and, presumably, James and John. Six waterpots, six disciples;—it looks like an object-lesson; it seems emblematic and prophetic of the humble yet exalted service these early friends and pupils of the Lord Jesus were to enter upon.

(3) They were "*of stone*,"—plain, long, broad, capacious vessels, probably of rude and unshapely exterior. They were the ordinary waterpots of the Jews, as serviceable for the occasion as ornamented gold chalices. So were they plain, unlettered men whom the Saviour selected for the purpose of conveying the Water of life to thirsty souls. Stonelike and unpolished, most of them appeared in the estimation of the cultured Sadducee; one, perhaps, more blunt and rugged than the rest, was "*called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone*." Men without science, without study, without reputation, were the chosen apostles, while the enemies of the Nazarene were the most learned and wise of the time. "*It was a strange mode of proceeding*," says Pascal, "*for a man who intended to establish a new religion*." But "*it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe*." "*We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us*."

(4) They were *empty*. For "*set*" read "*lying*." "*There were lying there six waterpots*." A waterpot in that position does not contain much liquid. There they were lying, and had to be filled. Christian, is not usefulness conditioned upon self-emptying? Lying low, not in formal genuflexions, or monastic and conventual prostrations, not in "*self-imposed worship, apparent humility, and ascetic mortification*," but in the true lowliness of a Christlike mind,—this is the posture which qualifies for service. Are we empty of pride, prejudice, envy, secularity? Are we content to be "*of no reputation*"?

(5) They were *clean* vessels. They were used for purifying purposes, and we do not purify with unclean vessels. The vessels of the Lord must be clean; not, however, "after the manner of the purifying of the Jews," for that was legal and external, but after the manner of the purifying of the Cross;—not the outward ablutions of Phariseeism, but "the washing of water by the Word." If a man purge himself thus, "he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work."

(6) They were *ceremonial* vessels, and Christ was glorified in them. What is this but a picture of His mission: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." Christ fills up the otherwise empty vessels of the Jewish ceremonialism. Every else meaningless form was a bearer of the glory of the coming Messiah.

(7) Lastly, they were *brimful*. With large expectations, the servants yielded a complete obedience to the Master's instructions. "They filled them up to the brim." This is essential. Capacity counts for nothing if the vessel be empty. We meet Christians with large capacities and opportunities for usefulness, but they are not filled up to the brim. You get little out of them, and that little not always fresh. A cup full is of more value than a reservoir empty in the day when thirst is burning the throats of man and beast. "*Be filled with the Spirit.*"

"O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show!"

Drink and Womanhood.

BY T. L. EDWARDS, GLASGOW.

THE evolutionist tells us that the last products of nature are her finest and best. There was evident advancement in the Creator's work; and, as woman was the last to leave His hand, may we not conclude that she is His finest work in the great realm of nature? Recalling the long ages of repression, and cruelty, and shame, to which she has been subjected, the wonder is that she retains so much that is beautiful, and gentle, and refined.

The degradation of womanhood means the corruption of manhood. When defiled and down-trodden, she takes a terrible revenge. If a nation dishonours its women, it courts defeat and everlasting destruction. Is this why the peoples that welcome the Gospel rise so rapidly, and gain in intelligence, wealth, and power? The Gospel protects and exalts womanhood as nothing else does. The woman was chosen as the point at which the Deity would ally Himself with humanity, as though the virgin mother was the loftiest peak of the race, upon which only it was possible for the Son of God to descend.

The best may become the worst; the highest may fall lowest. If there is nothing in this world higher than redeemed and purified womanhood, there is probably nothing worse or more pitiful than

degraded and corrupted womanhood. One of the most mischievous and deadly agents in her destruction is DRINK !

Unfortunately, of late years, in this country, this deceitful foe has been making sad havoc among our women. It was a dark day for us when Mr. Gladstone instituted the "grocer's licence." Not a few dishonest traders facilitated the purchase of the deadly poison by volunteering to supply it under the disguise of tea, or any other article. The moral tone of the fair customers was seriously lowered, and a system of deception was commenced that could only have most disastrous results. Unhappily, nothing has been done to undo the mischief that has been wrought by the invention of this treacherous "licence", though its deadly character is admitted on all hands.

That the danger confronting and threatening us is not imaginary, has been lately proved in a curious way. Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, who is no teetotaller, and has a pretty warm dislike of that creature, wrote to the *Daily News* expressing his alarm at the ominous tendency to drinking habits among women of the well-to-do-classes. His evidence is the more valuable as it is not likely to be coloured by prejudice. Had an ardent Temperance advocate said the same things, many would at once conclude that his testimony was of little weight, seeing that he might be too ready to make large deductions from slender premises. Here, however, we have a witness who enjoys his glass, and who would have everybody else do the same within the bounds of moderation; who distrusts the "total abstainer", and looks upon him as a mischievous fanatic. Hear what he says:—

"I do not think it is generally realized how appallingly prevalent this [drinking] habit has now become. What a tale—could they but speak, the walls of the fashionable restaurants—the Carlton, Prince's, the Berkeley, etc.,—could tell of the amount of wine and liqueurs, of whiskies and sodas, and of vermouth that is now consumed, as a matter of course, by the upper classes of both sexes.

"The modest and innocent afternoon tea has developed, with heaps of people, and with both sexes, into an excuse for two or three whiskies and sodas.

"A friend of mine—a well-known society actress,—was complaining bitterly to me of the habit, and of the way in which, only too frequently, her house on the river was, on Sunday afternoon, converted into a mere house of call by the members of the upper classes, both men and women, who refused tea, and would only be satisfied with intoxicants.

"I dined, some time ago, at a well-known private house, and the lady I took in—quite a young girl,—told me that she never liked to leave the table unless she was a little heady, and she certainly acted up to her predilection.

"Let hostesses imitate the wise example of a lady I know, who has resolved that nothing will persuade her to give intoxicants, at afternoon tea, to those who refuse the offer of tea. She came to this resolution, a few weeks ago, after seeing a lady, well known in London society, consume no less than nineteen liqueur brandies between five o'clock tea and dinner at eight."

These facts are big with disaster. Mr. Blathwayt sees it; hence he has spoken, though, unfortunately, he flatly refuses to join the total

abstainers in the interests of those endangered, for which we are sorry. But, referring to the effects on the male portion of the community, he puts his finger upon two ugly blotches that appear on the face of the commonwealth, which are the symptoms of deadly disease that may cost us dearly yet. He says:—

“The habit is working the utmost harm in all directions. The modern dinner, where any amount of champagne and liqueurs is consumed, is responsible, in political circles, for lamentable degeneration in the service of the country; and in the modern field of battle, it is even worse. A well-known soldier told me quite frankly, the other day, that battles, in South Africa, which would have been won by sober men, were lost us by drunken men. It is well known that many officers and many messes travelled to the front hampered by innumerable cases of champagne, whilst the smart dinners at Capetown would have put to shame the banquets of Lucullus.”

It was this very thing that cost us the loss of the American States. Had the rank and file been allowed the same liberty, in South Africa, that their officers claimed, we should to-day have been shorn of that magnificent estate.

Did the drinking women of Society send off their sons, and brothers, and husbands to drink us into the loss of treasure, and blood, and time in South Africa? Can there be any other answer than “Yes” to such a question? Are not our sons, for the most part, what their mothers and sisters make them? If the womanhood of our land becomes besotted, what will its manhood be but an undependable and degraded thing?

If this mischief is eating away the strength and beauty of the classes, how of the masses? The national Drink Bill, and the police columns in our newspapers, will tell us that. If any care to watch the persons who enter any given public-house, in a busy thoroughfare, for a few hours, they may make the discovery for themselves. One of the most distressing pieces of reading I have done lately is the following account of a coroner’s inquest. The picture is a hideous one, but I hope Mr. Editor will not curtail the report:—

On Tuesday, 15th July, 1902, at the Newington Coroner’s Court, Mr. G. P. Wyatt, coroner, held an inquiry respecting the death of John Alfred Turney, aged three months, the son of John Turney, a lighterman, living at 98a, Rodney Place, Walworth, who expired suddenly the previous Tuesday. The husband said that his business took him from home a great deal, and his wife used to go out drinking, instead of looking after her family, he often found her drunk when he came home.

The Coroner: Can’t you stop it?

Witness: Where we live is a complete “boozing den.”

The Coroner: Is there a public-house near?

Witness: Every two or three yards. I could go to five of them under a minute, and we live about the centre of them.

The Coroner: And when the holders apply for their licence, they say the houses are an absolute necessity.

Witness: And now they refuse to serve children, women are employed to fetch the beer.

The Coroner: Is that a trade? A fine living for them, I should think.

Witness: Yes, the women also do a bit of pawning.

The Coroner: What do they get paid for that?

Witness : A penny, and a share of the drink.

The Coroner : Have you experienced the pawning business ?

Witness : Yes, I have had to wait for a clean shirt until my wife has got it out of pawn ; when I left her money, she used to pawn the things just the same.

The Coroner : And this is a civilised country ! All you can do is grin and bear it.

Witness : It is very rough to have to work hard to supply a boozing den like this.

The Coroner : Can't you get out ?

Witness : I have spoken to my wife about it, but instead of looking for a place, she gets a drop of drink. Witness did not think she was quite right in her mind since she lost three children within two months, some time ago.

The Coroner : Then why do you not get her put away ?

Witness : I think it would be better for all of us.

The Coroner : How was she on Monday night when you came home ?

Witness : She had evidently been drinking, and was in bed with her clothes on.

Kate Ellen Turney, the mother, was then called, and cautioned by the Coroner. She said the reason that she slept partly dressed was because they had not sufficient bedclothes.

The Coroner : Where are they ?

Witness : At the pawnshop.

The Coroner : What did you put them there for ?

Witness : Some silly thing or the other.

The Coroner was then shown a pile of pawn-tickets from ninepence upwards, and after inspecting them, said, "I see the furniture goes, too ; you have no right to pawn your husband's property ; why don't you try and prevent this ? It is very easy, stop the drink. You are making your husband and home miserable."

Witness (crying) : I will be a teetotaler after this.

The Coroner : How long, ten minutes ?

Witness : No, for ever.

The Coroner : Will you take the pledge ?

Witness : Yes, and keep it.

The Coroner : This is the worst district I have got for cases of this sort. Ninety-nine inquests out of a hundred are attributable to drink, children killed, homes broken up, and public-houses as thick as private houses.

Dr. P. Brady said that death was due to pneumonia.

The jury returned a verdict accordingly, and requested the Coroner to severely censure the mother, whose conduct they considered most reprehensible. This Mr. Wyatt accordingly did.

Note carefully Coroner Wyatt's remarks at the close of the case :—
"Ninety-nine inquests out of a hundred are attributable to drink, children killed, homes broken up, and public-houses as thick as private houses."

Cannot the great army of godly women in our churches make this cause their own ? First let them abstain. If not many of the upper classes can be reached, let all be done that can be done to reach those in humbler circumstances. It may be that the reform that starts at the base of society will yet reach its summit.

But let every woman know that, in the enormous influence she of necessity wields, she holds a solemn charge from God, and is responsible for its right use. Moral reform and spiritual advance seem reduced to

a minimum just now, and I have wondered whether the consecrated womanhood within the churches of Christ throughout our country may not bring in a better day for the whole realm.

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The next paper in this series will be entitled "Drink and Crime."

My Lady's Garden.

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

X.—CONTRASTS AND COMPENSATIONS.

I AM sitting, a solitary figure, at the foot of a sea wall which separates a great tidal river from leagues of marsh. The flood-water comes up to my feet. A lonely spot, with nothing breaking the silence save the cries of a flock of terns which pass rapidly seawards, or the splash of river waves upon the shelly beach. Yet there is a fund of interest in one's surroundings, and a trained ear and eye can gather in such freshness of impression as repays the creation of a hermit's hour.

It is a far cry to My Lady's Garden, where now, in the waning Summer days, the gladioli, carnations, and picotees are in full bloom; where the dreamy heat hangs through the sleepy afternoon; where the deep green branches trail to the earth, laden with purple fruit. In the meadow lying off the garden, the goose grass may now be found, go you as far as the moist dell; the shepherd's clock, the blue-rayed succory, opens on the edge of the stony track, with the little red pimpernel and scarlet poppy for neighbours.

But it is a long way from the Marshland to the park-like beauty of My Lady's Garden. Yet it is a relief to look across the spreading flood of the noble river, and watch the ships which go down to the sea, or to let the eye wander to where the misty coast-line disappears, and the sky and the waters meet. Up from thence will nearer and nearer draw the boats which are making for home while the light lasts; for, forty miles further up stream, a mighty city lines the river's banks with miles of docks. They meet each other, do the ships, for out and home, as young and old pass along the other highway called life. From one incoming, heavily-laden vessel, the faint strains of music are borne across the flood. We might think little of either the players or the piece, if we were on board; all the sentiment might vanish at a glance; but the soft sounds that reach us, on the shore, are filtered of all vulgarity, and the swiftly-moving boat, ever going citywards, with its freight of human hopes and fears, disappearing soon in the golden sunlight hanging over the port, becomes part of a pardonable simile of grander things.

I indulge in an open-air meditation, sitting at the foot of the sea-wall. The travellers from both hemispheres little reck that a presumptuous person, lying among the stones on the low coast-line, is passing remarks upon them. It is one of the compensations of my solitude that I can ponder, undisturbed, on these passing ships till

the sun gets low. They go out on the ebb; they come in on the flood; they go by at the sunrise, when the water-way is wreathed in mist, and brown sails of fishing smacks and the white sails of yachts seem portentously large and aerial; they pass up in the evening; they seek the sea before nightfall. Winter and Spring, Summer and Autumn, come down to the sea wall when you will, and the ships will be passing by. The long dyke, which keeps the flood at bay, may be without a traverser save yourself, while the river ever flows strongly, irresistibly seawards, carrying the weal and woe of thousands.

Who could be solitary with such thoughts? We stand now upon the dyke which stretches an unbroken line till the eye loses it. Suddenly we think,—it is far away home where the limes ripen by the garden walks, where the dahlias glisten with Autumn dews, and the maple leaf is turning.

But there are compensations in the Marshland.

I have spent days in the thick of the Forest, hemmed in by horn-beam and mighty beeches. I have walked through the tangle of the bracken to waste places where the common bugle, the milkwort with its strange flowers, the lousewort, and the needle whin have their abiding places. But only a few steps, and again have the trees stood thick,—Titans of the woodland baffling sight and sound. At such times, I have come upon paths unawares, have been surprised into the near presence of roads, suddenly spied a roof overshadowed by giant branches, and heard a voice out of the midst of the trees. All this has reminded me of the crowding in of circumstances upon men,—bewildering, misleading, stoical in their immovability, hiding the heavens with their growth. Very depressing is the Forest. The sunshine comes not; strange fungi, large, red, and spotted, spring up; leaf-choked watercourses fill the valleys, and tracks go up and down, and wind and ever wind, like to the “as you were” perplexities of life. The going of the wind is heard in the tops of the trees, gusts go by with the deep sighs of the sad; the rain splashes through the sham shelter, and the night comes soon.

But the Moorland and the Marshland, how different are these! You can see, ay, you can see away, away, stretch on stretch, till the eye leaps the valley and plain, and alights on the far-distant hills. Oh, there is such a sense of largeness and freedom as you stand on the sea dyke, and look far across the marsh! Many are the intersecting creeks where the nodding rushes grow. The herons (rare birds, jealously to be guarded from the fool with a gun!) come down to the open waters to feed; rooks sit on the dyke in a black cluster, and rise, with many a caw, at the approach of the casual pedestrian; gulls lazily circle overhead; on the firm ground, cattle feed on grass ever green. Such is the marsh,—with a breeze on the hottest day, with a “wide-winged sunset” which gilds with glory the brackish pond;—the marsh with its strange birds and stranger flowers, and its long lawns of untrodden grass;—the marsh from whence the lark rises in the late Summer, singing over the oozy plain;—the marsh with its unexplored territories;—it is this—to many, an uninviting track,—that fills the writer of “My Lady's Garden” with a rush of thought, bending his mind one way, even as the unhindered wind bends the

rushes, and the way of one's musings leads to the wide, and deep, and full subjects of Contrasts and Compensations!

Used as I am to park-like scenery, bordered villas, and well-tended gardens, the wildness of the Moorland track, the bare Downs, and still more, the mysteriously elusive marge of the tidal water have a great thought-creating power; and whenever I have the opportunity of visiting them, I rejoice in their contrasts, and feel that in them I have a happy and healthy compensation.

Let me pause for a moment to pose and prose as a moralist.

No man should go for a holiday into scenery such as he is intimate with from day to day. Seek a contrast. Think not the wind-blown waste uninteresting. There, you may find the freshness the jaded mind longs for. There, amid wide prospects, your thoughts may take higher range, and wing their way, with newborn freedom, to far-away hills that are not terrestrial.

* * * *

Thinking of the contrasts which come as healthy compensations into some men's lives,—I have, in my mind's eye, a workman who comes home from the grimy foundry, in the evening, and finds his recreation in one of the choicest little gardens that can be imagined. In this garden, the clematis flourishes, also the winter jasmine and the prettiest creepers. On its borders are choice roses, *La France* among the number. Gladioli swell the glory, with carnations full of colour and odour. What an uplift this man must get when let loose among his flowers! What a contrast to the debasing rendezvous, alas, frequented by so many working-men! But the greed of speculators in land leaves little room now for the tenant workman to grow flowers. Yet, "where there's a will, there's a way;" and even a few square yards may be made to look pleasant. How often, however, is the reverse the case! Travel out of the city by what route you will, and view the back ways of a poor neighbourhood. You may not have reflected on what those many rows of shabby broken-down backyards mean. When you do, you will be a sadder man. The drink curse of this country will not be coped with till the masses are given healthier surroundings. "They will soon spoil them," says one. Perhaps not; surely not, if patience be not lost in the process of education. At any rate, do your best to increase allotments, and set up more suburban flower-shows.

I am thinking of another I know, living on the rise above the marsh, in one of the industrial villages. He is a butcher's manager, and, at the same time, one of Nature's intimates. Ask him as to the birds of the marshes. They are the familiars of his Winter half-holidays. Talk to him of rose culture, and you have discovered an enthusiast. In a back garden, very circumscribed as to area, you will find such choice blooms as the Duke of Edinburgh, *La France*, *The Bride*, and *Niphetos*. My friend takes trouble. He spies some spinney where briars grow. He there buds the briar in its native soil, taking care to identify the stem. When the stock has taken kindly to the ingraft, he transplants to his home garden his acquisition; and thus, unawares, he becomes an illustrator of spiritual processes.

How much this use of leisure means! What a contrast and com-

pensation when one thinks of the daily toil! How interesting to come across such men, who can turn a back way into a paradise! How many more could do it, if they would, and thus become more sensitive to higher things!

* * * *

Yet again have I seen another sight, very different, but illustrating the same line of thought.

I was sitting, one afternoon, when the Summer was waning, on a seat by the roadway through Hyde Park. A tall, elderly lady came along, quaintly dressed in clothes not quite of the latest fashion. Even "a mere man" could be so much wise. The lady carried a small fancy basket. Standing still, near the trees, she began to scatter crumbs. One or two pigeons came, but more sparrows, till, in a minute or two, there were seventy or eighty of them flitting and hopping round her. Still oblivious to onlookers, she scattered crumbs, walking as she went, and followed by a tribe of jumping, fluttering sparrows. It was a rare sight to watch. The birds evidently knew her. There were old cock sparrows as perky as you please, eager hens, and young birds whom the parents fed. As pedestrians came along, the sparrows flew into the trees, only to descend, the next second, at the lady's feet. She sat down, and there, around her, the path was dark with birds,—fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, aunts, and cousins,—utterly oblivious of the passing by of the British aristocracy. They had come, for the feast was spread.

As I sat there watching, I thought of the words of the psalmist, "These wait all upon Thee; that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season." Then I pondered on the contrast between the lady's appearance and the singular recipients of her alms. Was the feeding of the birds her happiest hour? Was it a soothing consolation, a compensation for a bitter past? Who can tell? Perhaps it was only a pretty fancy. Well, it was as unusual as it was taking. Surely there was a story somewhere about that quaint figure.

So we move across each other's paths, and now and then a corner of the veil is lifted which hides the most of our life from the passer-by.

"No Surrender!"

OR, ANOTHER WORD ABOUT CHINESE ANCESTRAL WORSHIP.

IN 1890, I sent to the revered C. H. Spurgeon a short article with the above title, and he very warmly thanked me for it, and gave it a place in the "Sword and Trowel" for that year (pages 527 and 528).

Not long afterwards, I was taken to task, by a missionary friend, for writing in such a strain; but I kindly informed him that I was far from being alone in my conviction; and were it needed, I should be prepared to write even more strongly concerning the point in dispute.

It would seem, from the following article, which I quote *verbatim et literatim*, that such a time has arrived; and I take the liberty of asking the new and beloved Editor of the "Sword and Trowel" to kindly give it a place in that Magazine.

My reasons for so doing are many; but I will, further on, only mention one or two of the more important, trusting that the Lord's servants,

who take stock of "the times" in which we live, will remember these vital matters at the throne of grace, and seek to warn others of the dark days which may yet test the Church of God both East and West.

The following article is from the pen of Dr. W. A. P. Martin, of America. Ex-president of the Imperial University of Peking, and is copied from the March issue of "The Chinese Recorder" for this year. It was the same writer who wrote an essay on "The Worship of Ancestors, —A Plea for Toleration," which was read, by a missionary, at the General Missionary Conference held in Shanghai in the absence of Dr. Martin. I am truly thankful that the members of that Conference most decisively rejected the traitorous suggestion. Yet the Doctor, on the eve of leaving China, has tried to impress upon the missionary body the need of such toleration as his final appeal. This is his paper:—

"HOW SHALL WE DEAL WITH THE WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS?"

"BY DR. W. A. P. MARTIN.

"This is a question for which the present crisis demands a serious reconsideration.

"Last year, a few days before the siege of the Legations, I was asked by an official of the University 'if I knew any way to prevent bloody conflicts between Christians and the people.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it is for the people all to become Christians.' Nothing, however, tends to check a general movement in that direction so much as the necessity of renouncing the worship of ancestors.

"The result of the siege, in the overthrow of Boxers, and the flight of the Court, has given new life to the course of reform. The Court itself has espoused the persecuted party, and a series of edicts has abolished the old tests of scholarship. A religious awakening is beginning to show itself far and wide, and it is worth while to ask ourselves whether it is not possible to present Christianity in such an aspect that it shall cease to be repulsive, that old objections will lose their force, and that the whole nation may unite in accepting it as their social salvation.

"Hitherto, their chief objection has been that it requires them to forsake their ancestors. In turning their backs on the family shrine, and placing themselves under the ægis of a foreign power, converts are regarded as abjuring at the same time their allegiance to family and country. Hence, the few that have come out on the side of Christ have always had to bear the odium attached to renegades and traitors. Hence, too, their neighbours have not only cast them out of their community, but they have shown a disposition to extinguish them by force of arms.

"The whole situation hinges on the attitude assumed by the Church toward the worship of ancestors. If we could once more have a court of appeal at Jerusalem, presided over by St. James, and with Peter and Paul as leading authorities, I have little doubt that the present attitude would be abandoned as promptly as was the traditional usage in regard to the imposition of the Mosaic law. That the Council abandoned the requirement of circumcision, was an astonishing stretch of liberality. Yet it is morally certain that, without such modification, the Gospel would not have worn the aspect of a new dispensation, nor could it have made headway among the Gentiles. It required more than one miracle to bring the apostles to that wise conclusion. Peter had his vision of the sheet let down from heaven, Paul had his vision of the risen Saviour on his way to Damascus, and all who had laboured among the Gentiles confessed that gifts of the Holy Ghost were poured out on them as on the Jews. Those gifts were not therefore conditioned on the observance of the law of Moses.

"In modern times, the first missionaries to preach the Christian faith in China were the Jesuits, and they met with large success among the upper classes. Their rivals—the Dominicans—discovered that they tolerated the worship of ancestors; and whether through jealousy, or from zeal for the truth, they appealed to the Pope of Rome. The consequence was, that the methods of the Jesuits were condemned, with the further consequence that their propaganda, so full of promise, was withered in the bud.

"Had the decision been otherwise, the Emperor K'ang Hsi would have promptly given in his adhesion, and China must have become at once a Christian country. Their condemnation at once aroused his hostility, and led him, in the text-book which he bequeathed, to put his people on their guard against the creed of Rome.

"In that decision, the Roman Curia made, I think, a capital blunder. It showed no trace of the breadth and liberality that characterized the Council at Jerusalem. Happily, Protestants have no Pope; and questions of this kind, each Missionary Society is competent to decide for itself; and if any considerable Society returns to the position of the Jesuits, it will, in my opinion, be casting its net on the right side of the ship, and will be sure to gather in a marvellous draught of fishes. Under the new impulse for reform, the leaders of public opinion would be strongly inclined to accept Christianity, if it no longer implied renunciation of family and country.

"But—it may be asked,—are not Protestants precluded from taking up this position by the very words of the Decalogue?

"In my opinion, they are not; for the worship of ancestors, though tinged with superstition, differs essentially from the worship of idols. They are not thought of as gods; and, though their protection is invoked, they are not supposed to have much power. It is in fact rather their merit than their power that a family relies on. As Wu Wong said, three thousand years ago, 'Should I win the victory, it will be due to the merit of my father; but if I am defeated, it will be owing to my own fault.'

"Is it idolatry to make offerings and prostrations? Both are opposed to our taste and practice, but they are not necessarily in conflict with the spirit of Christianity. A man who, at meal time, has a plate set on his table for his deceased wife, need not be a worse Christian on that account. The superstitious element is one that would correct itself with the growth of knowledge. The rites performed before the tablets have done much to cherish a faith in the survival of the soul, and they serve as a bond of family union for which we have no equivalent. So beneficent is the institution that, if we could sweep it away with the stroke of a pen, we should not feel justified in doing so.

"Wherever it becomes known that families may become Christians, and yet cleave to their ancestors, we expect whole clans to flock into the Church of Christ. Should our missions persist in condemning the worship of ancestors, it is highly probable that the Chinese government will, some day, establish a State Church which will embody the leading doctrines of Christianity, and yet leave them in possession of their ancestors."

My first reason for calling attention to this paper is, to open the eyes of the Lord's children to the seriousness of such suggestions at a time when new possibilities and opportunities call for faithful Gospel preaching and teaching throughout this idol-worshipping country.

If we look at these specious arguments, we can see that they practically mean that the grand old Gospel of the grace of God is effete, and needs something tacked on to it to give it "life" and "power" in the eyes of the Chinese. Pitiful indeed will be our position when we are content to

hand the heathen "stones" for "bread." But we are not here, in China, I am happy to know, for such a purpose as that. China's needs and claims are higher and deeper far than some people imagine. "Ancestral worship" does *not* satisfy; for none but Christ can fill up the void in the hungry soul; and if we yield to those who clamour for "toleration" on "Ancestral Worship" lines, we do not supply the real need of the Chinese, but simply pander to men who want to be half in the Church and half in the world.

My second reason for calling attention to this subject is, to remind Christians at home what is pleaded for, by Dr. Martin, and those who think as he does. The late Dr. Yates, in his pamphlet on "Ancestral Worship," says:—"They believe that those who have passed into the spirit-world stand in need of, and are capable of enjoying, the same things—houses, food, raiment, money, etc.,—that they enjoyed in the world of light (*i.e.*, this world); and that they are entirely dependent upon their living relations for these comforts; and, as the dead have become invisible, everything intended for use, except food, must also be made invisible by burning."

All this is not stated in Dr. Martin's article, but we are led to suppose that giving way to the Chinese in this matter would result in speedy accessions to the churches; in fact, "whole clans" would be found "flocking into the Church of Christ."

We are also informed that "the superstitious element is one that would correct itself with the growth of knowledge." Were the question not so serious, one might well laugh at such folly; but we cannot treat such statements with indifference. "Expediency" and "toleration" are popular cries to-day, and we do well to be on our watch-towers, and note their significance. The missionaries in China have a grand opening before them. There are many opportunities of publishing the good news,—street-preaching, private instruction, schools, conferences, etc., may all be used for the one purpose of exalting the Lord Jesus Christ as *the* Saviour of men. But to the request of those who would suggest "Ancestral Worship" as the sop to be thrown to the clamorous crowd, we distinctly answer, "No."

"None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good;"—

either in China, or in England, or in America, or anywhere else.

China Inland Mission,
Chefoo, North China.

JOHN A. STOOKE.

In Memoriam—Dr. Joseph Angus.

BY the home-going of Dr. Angus, on August 28th, one of the venerable princes of our Israel has been called away from us. He was one of the most notable Baptist scholars, authors, theological professors, and preachers; and it was a just tribute to his linguistic powers when he was appointed a member of the committee for the Revision of the New Testament. Born January 16th, 1816, he was in his twenty-second year when he was chosen Pastor of the New Park Street Church in succession to Dr. Rippon. He was only permitted to occupy that position for about two years, for the Baptist Missionary Society needed his services as Secretary, and his deeply-attached flock had very reluctantly to give him up. He afterwards became Principal of Stepney—now, Regent's Park—College, where he remained until increasing infirmities made it advisable for him to retire.



The first portion of the funeral service, on September 3rd, was appropriately held at the College where he had so long lived and laboured; it was largely attended, and the proceedings were most impressive. The interment followed at Norwood cemetery, where he was buried not far from the tomb of his illustrious successor, C. H. Spurgeon, with whose life his own was frequently and happily linked. Readers of "C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography" will remember several instances in which their names were associated, the most notable being the one described in the chapter entitled "The Lord's Hand behind the Maid's Mistake." When the younger of the two ministers was "called home," in January, 1892, one of the most touching tributes to his worth and work was that which was given by Dr. Angus at the meeting of church-members which commenced the remarkable series of memorial services in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and now, after more than ten years, other loving friends have spoken and written concerning Dr. Angus, who rests from his labours, and whose works will long continue to follow him. May all who are called to mourn his loss be Divinely comforted, and may the Lord graciously raise up others to fill the gap caused by his promotion to glory!

Medical Mission Work for Women in India.

THE picture on the following page (kindly lent by the Editor of "All Nations,") is on the cover of a neat booklet, written by Miss Edith M. Brown, M.D., to describe the work of the North India School of Medicine for Christian Women, and to bring its needs

and claims more prominently before all who are able to aid such a gracious and Christlike service. To minister to the necessities of the 150,000,000 women in India, there are only about 1,500 female missionaries and native Bible-women; and there are peculiar difficulties in their work because of the Zenana and "purdah" regulations, and all the obstacles put in their way by the caste, customs, ignorance, and often hopelessness of the poor women whom they seek to serve.

Dr. Edith Brown writes:—"After ten years' experience in India, I am convinced that medical mission work is very specially adapted to meet these difficulties." Eight years ago, at a Conference of women medical missionaries, at which seven Missionary Societies were represented, it was unanimously agreed that there should be, in India, a Medical School for Women, if possible attached to a Mission Hospital for Women and Children; and, in the Autumn of 1894, the North India Medical School for Christian Women was opened at Ludhiana, in the Punjab. In a



STAFF-NURSE AND PATIENTS, LUDHIANA.

letter, signed by Drs. W. Soltau Eccles, J. L. Maxwell, Heywood Smith, Henry Soltau, and Colin Valentine, we are reminded that "this is the only Medical School for Women in India where the students are taught entirely by women, where they can study apart from the Hindu and Mohammedan male students, and where they can receive their clinical teaching in a Hospital for Women and Children." The letter further informs us that "those students who have finished their course of training in the particular branches for which they entered,—hospital assistants, nurses, or compounders,—are now doing good work for different Missionary Societies. Three of the hospital assistants, who are working alone in different places had, last year, between them, considerably over 30,000 visits to their Dispensaries; they also had the care of 137 in-patients, and performed 14 major and 200 minor operations. Two others, working under supervision, reported over 33,000 visits to

their Dispensaries, 23 operations, and 295 visits to patients in their homes. The missionaries under whom these women work speak highly, not only of the way in which their medical work is done, but also of the real interest they take in the spiritual welfare of their patients, and of their earnestness in endeavouring to lead them to the great Physician. There are eighteen medical students, fourteen nurses, and four compounders now in training."

There is urgent need of funds for carrying on and extending this most useful work, particulars of which are given in the booklet, which records many interesting incidents which our limited space will not permit us to extract. We hope some, at least, of our readers, will obtain copies from Miss M. W. Brown, 120, St. James's Road, West Croydon, Surrey, who will be happy to receive contributions in aid of the funds. It may guide some donors if we inform them that £10 a year will support a bed in the Memorial Hospital; £15 a year will support a student; and £100 a year will support a member of the Medical Staff. Tabernacle friends will be specially interested in the fact that Miss Payne, daughter of our late Senior Deacon, is now on her way to the Hospital at Ludhiana.

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 Religious Tract Society has just published three books that ought to be put speedily into every house in the United Kingdom,—*Under Calvin's Spell*, by D. ALCOCK; and *For Crown and Covenant*, by CYRIL GREY; 3s. 6d. each: and *Within Sea Walls; or, How the Dutch Kept the Faith*; by ELIZABETH H. WALSH and G. E. SARGENT, 2s. 6d. With much else that is both interesting and instructive, they tell the true but terrible tale of what happened in France, Scotland, and Holland, when priest and prelate were in power. The reading of these volumes ought to help to keep our own dear land from coming again under the tyranny of the priesthood; and the fact that, in each case, charming love stories are skilfully woven into the narrative, will make the books acceptable to many who might not be as willing to read simply the historical records of the stirring and sad scenes here so graphically described.

The Tract Society has also issued, at 2s., *A Book of Heroes; or, Great Victories in the Fight for Freedom*; by HENRY JOHNSON, which might appropriately go with the three

just mentioned. Its range is considerable, from Epaminondas and Telemachus, to Tindale, Wishart, Penn, Garibaldi, Bishop Patteson, and Captain Allen Gardiner, and including three heroines, Anne Askew, Elizabeth Fry, and Lady Bankes, the Royalist defender of Corfe Castle.

The Society has also published, at 2s., a new edition of the volume entitled *Once upon a Time; or, the Boy's Book of Adventures*, many of which ought to be exciting enough to satisfy the most voracious juvenile appetite.

Asked of God. By L. ST. CLARE. Arthur H. Stockwell. (1s.)

ONE of the "Popular Stories" series, showing that domestic happiness was not found when that alone was sought, but that it was given when "God first" became the motto of the household.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have issued, price 6d., *Even Songs*, 17th Century, set in order by ADELAIDE L. J. GOSSET, a week's quaint slumber songs, with some choice verses by George Wither for any time "when we cannot sleep."

The Whisper of God, and other Sermons. By Rev. FRANK BOREHAM. Arthur H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

MR. STOCKWELL evidently means to make "The Baptist Pulpit" cosmopolitan, for here we have a volume of sermons by the President of the New Zealand Baptist Union, who is also Editor of "The New Zealand Baptist," and one of "our own men." On the title-page, as joint-publisher, is also the name of another of our well-beloved brethren at the Antipodes.—H. H. Driver, of Dunedin. God bless them both, and the whole fraternity under the Southern Cross!

These discourses are well worthy of a place in such a representative series; they have a sparkle and a flash which must have been very vivid in their delivery, yet are they true to the old theology which Brother Boreham has, manifestly, not forgotten.

How Jesus Handled Holy Writ. By Rev. HUGH ROSE RAE. Arthur H. Stockwell.

MUCH care and study must have gone to the making of this book. Mr. Rae well says that the Lord Jesus—the *Logos*—must ever be the chief of Christian *Theo-Logians*: we must never, by the Kenotic, or any other theory, be moved away from the infallible Word of Christ. This is a reverent attempt, and, we may say, a skilful attempt, to trace the principles on which our Lord treated Scripture both as a Critic and as an Expositor. There is a haziness about the author's conclusions, but his method and spirit are to be commended. Decidedly a book to study and to keep for reference.

Books of the Bible. By ADELINE CAMPBELL. E. Marlborough and Co.

HERE there is no criticism, but a devout and thoughtful synopsis of the contents of the Books of the Old and the New Testaments, with suggested key-notes for each, doubt-

less the result of prolonged meditation and study. Mrs. Campbell is evidently taught of God, and we can imagine nothing much better in its way than her treatment of her subject. In some places, there are touches of genius; everywhere there is much to instruct and elevate.

Samuel the Prophet. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

ANOTHER Scripture biography, exhibiting all the traits of Mr. Meyer's spiritual mind and facile pen which have become familiar to us in his other works. It is well that he has delineated the portrait of the pioneer of prophecy; though, naturally, there is not so much scope for exposition in this history as in some others. We have also a good many side-lights on the career of Saul, which, even to the end, is inextricably mixed with that of Samuel. We are not sure that we would recommend this volume to those who are not already acquainted with the author's books; those who have the others will do well to secure this volume also.

Spirits and Sport, Church and Cheer. By E. W. DAVIES. A. H. Stockwell.

A DISCUSSION of the relation of the Church to the amusements of the day. Our own view is, that the Church, as a Church, has nothing to do with them; but that Christian people, as individuals, should endeavour to raise the tone of allowable recreations. We are not sure that Mr. Davies helps greatly to a practical solution of the problem, but sixpence will enable anyone to form an opinion upon that matter.

Strange Tales from Welsh Life. By T. M. WINTLE. Morgan and Scott.

A PAMPHLET volume containing interesting and picturesque narratives of conversion, chiefly in connection with the Pontymoile Mission. But we do not care for such pictures as that on page 94, for which the subjects have so evidently "posed."

A reprint of Jonathan Edwards' famous treatise, entitled "An humble attempt to promote explicit agreement and visible union of God's people in extraordinary prayer for the revival of religion, and the advancement of Christ's Kingdom on earth," has been issued. This historic volume, which led to

the origin of the monthly missionary prayer-meeting, and the establishment of organized modern missions, can be obtained at the Baptist Mission House, 19, Farnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C., price one shilling, post free. It should be in every Baptist home and library in the land.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON has, through the kindness of the gifted translator, become the proud and happy possessor of her beloved husband's "Autobiography" in Dutch! The work is in two handsome volumes, fully illustrated, only slightly abridged from the original, and the price is 7s. 6d. per volume. It has been subscribed for in Holland, and, some time back, the number of subscribers had reached a thousand, so a very kind and warm reception has been accorded to it. All the religious newspapers were unanimous in their praise and admiration of the translator's loving labour, and of the "life" which brought such glory to God, and such blessing to men. "And this," says the devoted friend who undertook the responsible task of translation, "is saying a great deal, since English men and English books do not *now*

minds of the Dutch people against everything that comes from England, Mr. Spurgeon is still beloved by them, and already his 'Autobiography' has been read, not only with deep interest, but with a marked sense of the Divine blessing resting upon it."

Mrs. Spurgeon is, naturally, very delighted with the volumes, and has given them a chief place on the shelf which supports so many memorials and tributes to the great preacher's worth and works.

The Editor's holiday has proved happy, healthful, and withal restful, despite the fact that it was of the nomadic order.

After nine or ten days with wife and family at Lowestoft, we set sail, with Deacon James Hall, from Liverpool, for a voyage round Great Britain in the s.s. *Princess Beatrice*.



Lent by the Zinco-Collotype Co., Edinburgh.

recommend themselves to my countrymen as they did before the unhappy war in South Africa. But, notwithstanding the prejudice created in the

The trip lasted twelve days. Aberdeen, Newcastle, Hull, Lowestoft, Southampton, Portsmouth, and Plymouth were visited *en route*, and a

happy Sunday was passed with Pastor Sparks and his flock at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The weather was favourable throughout, save for a little "rough tossing" off the Northern coast of Scotland.

The Isle of Man was the Pastor's next resort, Mr. James Slater, Deacon and Treasurer of Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool, accompanying him. A delightful Lord's-day was spent among the Primitive Methodists at Port Erin. Returning to the mainland, on the Tuesday, for our better half, a great storm of wind prevented us from going back at once to the Isle of Man. So we went to the quaint city of Chester, and to lovely Windermere. When the gale had "blown itself out," we crossed from Barrow to Douglas, and had six more happy days in the charming island, including another restful Sabbath at Port Erin.

Thence we made for Edinburgh, by way of Carlisle and Duns. In the Northern capital, we had hoped to hear either Dr. Whyte, or his colleague, Mr. Black. Both were from home, but their places were well filled by Dr. Cuthbert Hall, President of Union Seminary, New York. His plea for a fuller appreciation of the office and influence of "The Spirit of Truth" for individuals and in the Church, greatly pleased us.

In all our wanderings, we were rejoiced to hear good tidings of the flock at home, and we hereby express our heartfelt gratitude to all the brethren who ministered in our absence, including our trusted ally, Pastor C. B. Sawday. Oh, for grace and power to rest on all for the winter's work!

The Pastor had a very joyous and enthusiastic "welcome home" from his large flock. On Lord's-day, September 21st, large congregations assembled at the Tabernacle, much power was manifest in the preaching of the Word, and, mingled with deep gratitude for the many mercies of the past, was a very general and earnest expectation of further favours yet to come from Him who has so long and so graciously watched over the Church during all its varied experiences.

On Monday, September 22nd, Pastor and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon and Pastor and Mrs. C. B. Sawday

were kept busily occupied, during the greater part of the afternoon and evening, in welcoming the friends who had come to wish the Pastor "many happy returns" of his birthday,—the preceding Saturday,—and to bring thank-offerings to be used by him wherever help was most needed for the Tabernacle Church and its many forms of Christian service.

The Lecture-hall was crowded at night for a "Rally" in connection with the Church and its various Institutions, at which representative speakers gave brief accounts of the different works with which they were most closely associated, all uniting in assuring the Pastor of their loving loyalty, and of their hearty desire and fervent prayer for yet more copious blessings upon every part of the Church's efforts both at home and abroad. A touching episode was the presentation to the Pastor, by a little boy and girl, of £2 as the orphans' contribution towards the Birthday Fund; and, after thanking them, Mr. Spurgeon said that, without making any invidious distinction, he felt that the gift which had come from the fatherless came nearest to his heart. Before the meeting closed, the Pastor was able to announce that about £400 had been brought or sent in, to which, no doubt, further sums would be added before the Fund was closed.

IN MEMORIAM.—Yet another faithful and true Baptist worker—REV. WILLIAM GRANT, of Bristo Place Church, Edinburgh,—has been called to his rest and reward. He was the senior minister of our denomination in Scotland, having been twenty-five years in Grantown-on-Spey, and thirty-two years in Edinburgh. He was in the latter city during the great revival at the time of Mr. Moody's visit in 1873, and was one of the eminent evangelist's most earnest and sympathetic supporters. He was a tower of strength to the Baptists in Scotland, a splendid specimen of a happy-hearted, whole-souled Christian, and a helper in all manner of good work. When the present Editor was collecting in the North for the Auckland Tabernacle Building Fund, Mr. Grant was a good friend to him, as he has often been to many more. The Lord graciously comfort all who are made to mourn by his call to the Homeland!

Tabernacle Tidings.

On Wednesday evening, August 20th, Miss F. M. Harrald addressed the monthly meeting of the Young Christians' Missionary Union. In a very delightful way, she told of the needs of the Mohammedans in Tunisia, as she had seen them, and of the work being carried on for them, as she had seen and shared in it. Specially pathetic were some of the incidents related, and the sympathies and prayers of those present could not fail to go out afresh to those who are both deceived and degraded by Islam.

We wish for Miss May Harrald such complete restoration to health that she may soon be able to return to her labour of love for the women and children of Sousse, or some other part of North Africa.

The monthly meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society was held on September 3rd, Elder H. L. Bartlett presiding. The Temperance choir, under the direction of Mr. J. Smith, rendered several Gospel choruses, and Mr. George Shepherd, a popular elocutionist, delivered the late J. B. Gough's oration entitled "Who are responsible?"

The annual meeting of the Society is fixed for Wednesday, October 1st, at 8 p.m. Pastor Thos. Spurgeon will preside, Madame Annie Ryall will sing, and the speakers will be, Pastor George Freeman, of Westbourne Grove, Pastor C. B. Sawday, and Ned Wright.

Mr. Samuel Johnson has been elected Secretary of the Elders' Court.

Baptisms at Haddon Hall, September 2nd, four,—Minnie Bridger, Rose Dunslow, Eliza Jarlett, Emily Potter.

Received into church-fellowship at the Tabernacle, on Lord's-day evening, September 7th,—Minnie Bridger, Henry Charles, Eliza Jarlett, Rose Dunslow.

The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, of Edinburgh, occupied the Tabernacle pulpit on Lord's-day, September 7th, and Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Liverpool, on the 14th. On each occasion, the sermons were powerful, and the audiences large.

Dr. and Mrs. Churcher addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting, at the Tabernacle, on Wednesday evening, September 17th. The Young Christians' Missionary Union, under whose auspices the meeting was held, collects over £100 per annum towards Dr. Churcher's support. Mr. S. R. Pearce occupied the chair, and an appeal was made for new collectors and subscribers.

Miss F. M. Payne, M.D., daughter of our esteemed and recently-deceased Senior Deacon, has started for the sphere of her life-work as medical missionary in India. She sailed in the P. and O. s.s. *Oriental*, and expects to reach Bombay about the 4th of October. Miss Payne will be stationed at the North India School of Medicine for Christian Women at Ludhiana, in the Punjab, (of which a short account appears on a previous page,) and she will be medical lecturer to the native girls. From the first, she will give Bible Readings to the students; but, as the language is learnt, increasing opportunities of work for the Lord amongst the natives will arise. We wish for her a long and successful term of happy service.

* * * *

Concerning the College.

Mr. A. C. Burley, who has been student-pastor at Newhaven, has become pastor at Victoria Street, Windsor; and Mr. G. W. Shaw has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work in India. He expects to sail on October 10th. Mr. Kerrison Juniper has passed the Dublin University preliminary examination. Several of the students are taking part in the missionary campaign among the Christian Endeavour Societies.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. H. J. Batts, from Pretoria, to Fardsburg, a suburb of Johannesburg; Mr. T. Perry, from Kingwilliamstown, to Pretoria, Transvaal; Mr. E. P. Wright, from Chalk Farm, to Downton, Wiltshire; and Mr. F. A. Jefferd, Founder of the Portuguese Mission, Madeira, has become pastor at East Street, Walworth. Mr. J. A. Soper is returning to England from New South Wales.

Mr. A. E. Johns is going, from Newport, Isle of Wight, to Bank Buildings, Weymouth; and Mr. W.

Maynard, from Syston, to Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire.

The annual public meeting of the Pastors' College will (p.v.) be held at the Tabernacle on Thursday evening, November 13th. It is hoped that all who are interested in "Our Alma Mater" will make a special effort to be present.

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

During September, Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir have visited Boxmoor, Bushey, Hemel Hempstead, Harrow, Chesham, Hemel Hempstead (Marlowes), and Southgate. In October, they hope to be at Hastings, St. Leonard's, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Cheshunt, Waltham Abbey, Harlow, Waterbeach, Cottenham, Willingham, Swavesey, Cambridge, Burwell, Histon, and Wimbledon. For November, it is proposed to hold a series of meetings in and around London. Mr. Charlesworth will be glad to receive invitations for any date except Tuesday, November 18th, when the next collectors' meeting is to be held at the Orphanage.

"The Orphanage Quarterly" says:—"We are glad to record that the opportunity, afforded by a visit of the choir, of helping the Orphanage, and thus paying a tribute to the memory of the Founder, has always met with a hearty response; and we bespeak a continuance of the sympathy and prayers of our friends, and their generous help in maintaining this beneficent memorial of his wonderful life and ministry."

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

During the past month, the Secretary has made first visits to Districts in Leicestershire and Yorkshire, making the acquaintance of Superintendents and friends, and endeavouring to stimulate interest in the work. Sunday services were conducted at Cowling Hill, near Keighley, and public meetings were held at Harden, near Bingley; and at Horsforth, near Leeds. At Loughborough, the work proceeds satisfactorily; as, indeed, it does at each place visited; and the brethren are held in esteem among the churches and inhabitants in the several localities where they labour.

The colporteurs are endeavouring

to take their part in the struggle upon the Education question, and as they go from house to house they seek to point out the serious aspects of the present situation. One brother writes:—"I have been doing my best, for some time, to instruct the villagers as to the nature and policy of the Bill now before Parliament, and am glad of good leaflet literature upon the subject for distribution."

The continued interest of friends in the Aged Colporteurs' Fund is earnestly desired. A good beginning has been made, and a sum of £1,000 is at present invested; but it is hoped that subscriptions and donations will flow in, so as to meet present disbursements without the need of touching this amount until it is considerably increased.



ONE OF THE VETERANS.

One of the colporteurs reports the conversion of a villager who had been notorious as a drunkard, and who, when in drink, would turn his poor wife out into the street. Our agent was conducting an open-air service when the Word reached the man's heart. He sought a private interview, at which he manifested sincere sorrow for the past. He has become a changed man, and now worships at the chapel with his wife and children. The same worker tells of visits to this man's father, who is in dying circumstances. Our brother states that, after a period of soul-concern, the man has avowed his faith in Jesus, and lies happily awaiting the call hence.

The Colportage General Fund is in a very needy condition; contributions will be welcomed by the Secretary,

Mr. S. Wigney, Pastors' College,
Temple Street, London, S.E.

* * * *

Miscellaneous Matters.

Mr. Ewing's able article on the Education Bill has been greatly appreciated. We are glad to see abundant evidence that, not only Nonconformists, but Protestant Churchmen, are rallying for the great fight that has still to be waged if our fair land is to be saved from the domination of the priest. It is our confident expectation and earnest hope that the Tabernacle Church, true to its noble history, will bear a worthy part in the struggle, and, if need be, in the suffering and loss that it may entail.

One of our earnest brethren has been supplying Marked Testaments and Sermons to the crews of our Lifeboats. He has just secured from the Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution a list of the stations, and finds that there are about 10,000 men. His means are far too limited to meet this demand, so, as we know him well, we gladly print his appeal for help:—*"To continue the free distribution of the Marked New Testament, and Mr. Spurgeon's Printed Sermons, to our brave Lifeboat men, your kind aid is earnestly solicited."* Remit to Mr. A. Weekes, 142, Wyndham Road, Camberwell, London, S.E., or to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, S.E.

Arrangements are in progress for the Annual Convention of the Young Christians' Missionary Union. Meetings for the deepening of spiritual life will take place on November 10th, 11th, and 12th, at the Conference Hall, Clapham Road, S.W. Amongst those who have promised to take part are Revs. R. Wright Hay, Darlow Sargeant, and Samuel Wilkinson, and Dr. McKilliam. There will be evening meetings at 7.30; and on the 11th and 12th, afternoon Bible Readings at 3.30, and early-morning prayer-meetings from 7 to 8.

The seventh annual meeting and demonstration of the Union will be held on Wednesday, November 26th, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The President, Rev. R. Wright Hay, will take the chair, and Dr. Harry Guinness will (D.V.) deliver one of his missionary lectures, with dissolving views shown by his splendid lantern.

After the notices already given, our readers will scarcely need to be reminded that the annual meetings of the Home Counties Baptist Association will be held at the Tabernacle on Thursday, October 16th, closing with a sermon by Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Liverpool; and that the annual gathering in connection with the British Auxiliary of Pasteur Saillens' work in France will be held in the same place on Tuesday evening, October 28th.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Contribution from Tabernacle Church, Worthing, per Pastor C. D. Crouch	5 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Williams	0 10 0
Contribution from Spurgeon Memorial Church, Guernsey, per Pastor J. Gard	1 1 0	Rev. H. Rylands Brown	0 10 0
Collection at Claremont Chapel, Bolton, per Pastor C. Cole	5 4 4	Mrs. Edwards	2 0 0
Mrs. G. P.	0 10 0	Mr. R. J. Beediff	0 5 0
		Weekly offerings and collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	47 11 6
			<u>£62 16 10</u>

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Missionary Union	25 0 0	Collected by Miss N. Bryan	0 1 6
For Christ's sake	0 5 0		<u>£25 6 6</u>

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	908	3	10
Mrs. March	1	1	0
Miss Jarvis	1	0	0
Mr. Davis	0	12	0

Mrs. Williams	£	s.	d.
	1	1	0
	<hr/>		
	£911	17	10

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1902.

	£	s	d.
Mrs. Manson	0	5	0
Miss Clark	1	0	0
A. D.	0	6	6
Mr. J. E. Perraton	4	0	0
R. S.	0	2	0
Mr. F. Gear	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Cole	0	13	6
Sympathy	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Cousins	0	5	0
Mr. T. Dawes	2	0	0
A cup of cold water, J.P.	0	2	6
Kennay U.F. Church Sabbath- school, per Mr. W. McDonald ..	1	6	0
Mr. G. E. Arundel	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorn	0	15	0
Mrs. M. Whiting	0	2	6
Collected by the Misses Buswell ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins ..	1	17	3
Miss G. Shaw	1	0	0
Miss M. C. Mathews	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Callow	1	1	0
Miss E. Malin	1	0	0
Mrs. K. Perry	0	5	0
Mrs. G. P.	1	0	0
Miss Mackereth	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Postal order, Fakenham	0	5	0
For the needy, with love	0	3	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Miss Pells	2	0	0
Mr. Corbett's Bible-class, Lans- downe Baptist Chapel, Bourne- mouth, per Miss M. A. Scott	1	0	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Mary Campbell	0	1	0
Miss A. C. Thomas	0	4	0
Mr. H. White	1	1	0
Bromley Friendly Bible-class, per Mr. F. J. Witham	3	2	0
Highbury Hill Baptist Sunday- school, per Mr. E. S. Darke	1	12	4
Mr. P. H. Good	0	1	6
Miss Haworth	0	1	6
Miss E. King	1	0	0
Mr. J. Millard	0	2	6
Lord and Messrs. A. and L. de Rothschild	2	2	0
Postal order, Ramsey	0	2	0
Mr. R. Graham	0	5	6
Miss Nancy Bryson, per Mr. R. Graham	0	2	0
Mr. B. Whitworth	1	0	0
Mr. A. Burchell	0	5	0
Mr. J. Batten	0	10	0
Mr. A. J. Robbins	5	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick ..	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Edwards, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Parkinson	1	1	3
Mrs. Duckenfield	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Willmott	0	6	7
Y. R. A. M.	5	4	
Anon.	0	10	0
E. C.	0	6	0
Mr. R. Rogers	0	5	0
Hirst S.S.C., per Mr. J. Wisnom	0	4	0
Mrs. Ewart, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	1	0
M. C. Hillfarrance	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Walker	0	3	0
Miss E. A. Parker	1	1	0
Bank of England Note 43/A48601	5	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Bucknell, per Mr. C. H. Shelton	5	0	0
Mr. C. White	0	10	0
Miss A. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	2	0	0
A. M.	1	0	0
Mr. T. Wakefield	1	0	0
Mrs. Cheney	0	4	6
Mr. W. Roff	1	0	0
Collected by Miss and Master Brett A friend	0	3	6
M. J. P., Newport, Mon.	50	0	0
Mr. G. H. Holt	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Mackie	1	1	0
Executor of the late Dr. J. Fortune	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mr. James Washington	360	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Mary Maxton or Ferguson	100	0	0
From the estate of the late Miss G. I. Small, per Mr. W. Quarrier	100	0	0
Mr. E. J. Martell	0	13	8
A. and M.	0	5	0
Collected by the late Miss Druce	2	0	0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, per list	0	2	1
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, per list	55	5	6
	52	10	6

MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH
AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—
Newtown Avenue Baptist Church,
Acton 3 7 0

SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE :—

Mr. H. Hills	0 10 6
Mrs. E. Mackie	0 10 0
Miss Owen	0 10 6

Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. M. J. Sutton	3	0	0
Mr. Leonard Sutton	3	0	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	2	0	0
Mr. Ravenscroft	0	2	6
Mr. Cox	0	2	6

Mrs. J. Davis.....	£	s.	d.
	0	2	6
		8	15
		£	8 12 15 2

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Adams, W., 11s; Aspden, G., 1s; Bothamley, J., 10s 6d; Buss, H., 13s; Boots, F., 10s 6d; Beazley, H., 18s; Bridgman, B., 3s; Balderston, J., 8s 6d; Brand, A., 11s 6d; Burgess, J., 1s 3d; Bedford, R., 2s 6d; Barlow, H., 11s 1s; Bingham, A., 3s; Beckett, P., 3s 6d; Bray, S., 2s 6d; Bann, F., 4s 1d; Barrett, F., 10s 4d; Brookman, R., 5s; Coombes, R., 4s 6d; Campbell, J., 11s; Campbell, F., 11s; Camden, W., 1s 6d; Carey, F., 3s; Cander, G., 10s 6d; Cooper, B., 3s; Cook, E., 4s 3d; Clayton, T., 6s 9d; Creese, B., 7s 5d; Darby, R., 7s 3d; Day, W., 1s 10d; Dawkins, L., 5s 8d; Dollittle, J., 7s 2d; Dutton, G., 4s 6d; Evans, G., 5s; Emmett, J., 7s; Edwards, P., 4s 3d; Friday, E., 2s 1d; Fuller, W. J., 5s 7d; Goodyear, F., 4s; Golds, W., 15s 2d; Geere, M., 11s 1s; Green, G., 8s; Gill, R., 1s 4d; Geard, J., 5s 11d; Griffin, W., 3s 11d; Galton, R., 4s; Golding, W., 1s; Harcourt, A., 7d; Howe, A. J., 11s; Harris, L., 11s; Heritage, W., 5s 7d; Hollobone, H., 3s 3d; Hughes, S., 2s; Horton, G., 9s 4d; Hart, C., 5s; Hodgkinson, E., 17s 4d; Hitchcock, L., 2s; Hards, P., 2s; Halsall, J., 2s; Haddock, B., 11s; Ibell, E., 7s 6d; Jones, T., 2s 9d; Jeffreys, F., 4s 4d; Jifkins, W., 2d; Kimber, R., 2s 2d; Knight, J., 4s; Kirby, M., 6s 3d; Knight, C., 7s; Kimber, T., 11s 4s 2d; Lock, T., 3s; Lowe, H., 3s 3d; Miller, F., 11s 1s; Myerson, H., 11s 1s; Moss, G., 9s; Manwaring, H., 4s; Milligan, J., 11s 2s; Mapleston, E., 11s 4d; McLeod, N., 11s 1s; Maiden, F., 7s 9d; Morgan, H., 11s 1s; Maisey, H., 8s 9d; North, W., 11s 1s; Olrod, T., 2s 6d; Pierson, H., 9s; Parker, J., 3s; Patient, T., 3s 7d; Parsons, F., 8s; Pearce, T., 9s 6d; Prichard, D., 9s 1d; Priddey, F., 10s; Pateman, R., 12s; Page, H., 11s 9s; Pratt, S., 5s; Payne, L., 3s 10d; Partridge, G., 4s 1d; Price, L., 10s; Rudd, P., 6s 8d; Rooke, H., 7s 6d; Roberts, W., 18s; Riley, H., 5s 6d; Rowlands, E., 11s 14s; Robinson, H., 6s 6d; Royal, J., 12s 6d; Samuel, L., 2s 6d; Strachan, B., 14s; Smith, J., 3s; Smart, B., 6s; Shearer, H., 3s 2d; Standen, E., 3s; Stradwick, F., 7s 9d; Stevenson, A., 1s 6d; Sharp, L., 1s; Swan, B., 7s; Swain, F., 5s 8d; Thomas, Leonard, 5s; Thornton, A., 3s; Talbot, H., 5s; Temple, A., 2s; Tarrant, H., 6s 5d; Tucker, J., 8s; Wright, W., 3s 7d; Whatley, T., 8s 5d; Willmore, H., 6d; Webster, T., 11s 2s; Wells, E., 6s 3d; Williams, A., 14s 9d; Wilby, B., 10s; Wyatt, A., 2s 6d; Weller, F. and H., 3s 9d; Warren, F. C., 15s—Total, £55 5s 6d.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS:—Ablitt, M., 10s; Atkins, F., 4s; Adams, E., 3s; Addis, E., 11s 6d; Abbott, F., 10s; Ayling, F., 4s 2d; Bedford, M., 2s; Brooking, N., 6s 6d; Birch, K., 1s; Berry, D., 4s 6d; Batchelor, B., 5s 9d; Bruns, P., 4s; Brock, A., 1s 10d; Burns, A., 4s 2d; Belton, M., 6d; Briggs, A., 5s; Brayley, M., 3s 3d; Bilson, E., 13s; Bradley, M., 9s 6d; Cutting, E., 8s; Cole, D., 5s; Civil, J., 7s 11d; Camden, D., 1s 8d; Cooper, E., 1s 6d; Coward, L. E., 10s; Cole, C., 1s; Clark, W., 14s 6d; Cunningham, E., 2s 6d; Cole, M., 6s 4d; Care, M., 2s 3d; Cook, E., 15s; Cooper, K., 8d; Chappell, S., 3s 8d; Clue, G., 1s; Campbell, A., 11s; Cavalier, M., 6s 4d; Dalton, F., 3s 6d; Duffield, L., 4s; Day, P., 15s; Dawson, E., 11s 1s; Davies, A., 6s 9d; Dines, E., 12s; Downing, E. K., 4s; Everson, L., 11s 1s; Ensom, E., 4s 7d; Edwards, M., 3s 3d; Friend, M., 10s; Friday, C., 2s 10d; Fields, M., 3s; Finch, D., 7s 6d; Goddard, K., 5s 8d; Gifford, G., 2s 1d; Geiger, K., 2s 6d; Gaylor, C., 11s 1s; Hull, D., 7s 1d; Hopson, B., 5s; Hutchinson, F., 12s; Harris, M., 3s; Hore, M., 11s 1s 3d; Haylock, F., 3s 6d; Howard, H., 3d; Hinkman, E., 8s 6d; Hopkins, D., 11s; Hiscocks, B., 6s 6d; Heagerty, K., 3s 2d; Hawkins, F., 2s 2d; Heather, A., 1s; Hearnden, E., 6s; Jeffries, L., 4s; Jordan, A., 6s; Jackson, W., 3s 4d; Jackson, N., 2s 9d; Jones, D. and R., 11s 18s 6d; Knowles, E., 3s 9d; Kent, E., 11s 1s; Kendall, E., 15s 6d; Kelsey, E., 2s 1d; Lockett, M., 18s; Lambourne, E., 4s; Lowe, E., 11s 1s; Merrifield, E. and M., 4s; Mountfield, G., 11s 1s; Martin, M., 6s 1d; Miller, A., 6s; Montford, F., 1s 6d; Morgan, L., 4s 2d; Marlow, L., 10s; Maidment, A., 4s; Maytum, G. and L., 6s 8d; Mold, M., 1s 1d; Mitchell, J., 2s; Macgregor, M., 10s; Nicholls, M., 8s 3d; Needs, E., 7s 1d; Oates, G., 11s 2d; Porter, L., 6s 6d; Peake, C., 2s; Plowright, G., 3s 6d; Peterson, L., 4s 9d; Pooley, L., 4s; Pain, E., 1s 6d; Page, M., 4s 9d; Poppe, N., 5s 7d; Perks, L., 11s 1s; Freedy, D., 15s; Pike, L., 10s; Parkins, L., 15s; Platt, O., 1s 9d; Prior, M., 5s; Rawie, E., 8s 2d; Rittman, E., 11s 6d; Rawlins, M., 4s 8d; Staples, M., 5s; Stokes, M., 2s 2d; Spurgin, G., 1s 6d; Slade, E., 7s 6d; Salmon, G., 2s 6d; Smith, Connie, 11s 1s; Smith, C., 1s 6d; Surrey, K., 5s; Smith, R., 6d; Smith, W., 3s 7d; Sadler, N., 11s 1s; Scouse, L. and M., 6s 6d; Smith, E., 6d; Siggins, W., 7s; Seaman, D., 7s 4d; Stephenson, E., 9s; Sawyer, L., 3s; Steed, E., 1s 8d; Thrower, M., 5s; Taylor, M., 4s 5d; Thomas, Lottie, 5s; Usherwood, A., 3s 6d; Vaughan, N., 8s 6d; Vince, V., 2s; White, E., 5s; Wilson, W., 10s 6d; Worsley, F., 2s; Wetton, L., 2s 6d; Wilks, D., 1s; Witting, J., 9s; Warner, S., 1s; Warr, L., 3s 8d; Waldron, N., 3s 7d; Watts, A., 1s 9d; Whitnall, A., 2s; Warrell, F., 11s 10s 2d; Walters, M., 3s; Watler, H., 18s 6d; Westcott, L., 11s; Wooldridge, E., 2s 7d—Total, £53 10s 6d.

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM AUGUST 15TH TO SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—2 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 22 lbs. Meat, Mr. W. Gunn; a box of Plums, Mr. J. Gillett.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—6 Articles, The Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Mrs. Greenhill; 6 Hats, Mrs. Colvin; 60 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 28 Articles, The South Street Baptist Church, Greenwich, Young Women's Bible Class, per Mrs. Chas. Spurgeon.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—12 Shirts, The Beulah Baptist Working Meeting, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Mrs. Greenhill; 35 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

GENERAL:—Parcel of Worn Clothing, Mr. Richardson; 3 Towels, 1 Table Cloth, Cannock, 1 Dulcimer, Mrs. Swift; a few Books, etc., A.G.B.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1902.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0			Puckeridge, per Mr. R. P. Rhodes	11	5	0		
New Winsor, per Mr. R. Beck	10	0	0								
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood, J.P.	8	15	0						£251	15	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. G. Tweddle	10	0	0			AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—			£	s.	d.
Penrhawceiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0			Mr. E. J. Martell	0	3	10		
Sellindge, per W. G. Tester	6	0	0			GENERAL FUND:—			£	s.	d.
Sellindge, per Mr. J. Swinnard	0	10	0			Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0		
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10	0	0			Mr. W. Hiley	20	7	10		
Hadleigh, per Mr. J. G. Stow	10	0	0			Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0		
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	10	0	0			Mr. and Mrs. R. Acock	0	10	0		
Ilminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	11	5	0			Mr. E. J. Martell	0	10	0		
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny	11	5	0			C. P., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	0	0		
Home Counties Baptist Association, per Mr. W. Hart	30	0	0			Mr. P. Campbell	1	0	0		
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10	0	0			Messrs. Partridge and Co.	1	1	0		
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	11	5	0			Mrs. W. Donaldson	0	10	0		
Sellindge, per Mr. J. Cloke	0	5	0			Collection at Bretforton, per Mr. T. Boulton	0	6	0		
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	11	5	0			Collections at Barrow, per Mr. F. G. Rose	1	2	0		
Bishop's Stortford, per Mr. W. Holland	11	5	0			Collections at Cowling Hill, per Mr. S. S. Parkes	3	1	4		
Cardiff, per Mr. John Cory, D.L., J.P.	11	5	0			Collection at Harden, per Mr. F. Bannister	2	4	0		
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	11	5	0			Collection at Horsforth, per Mr. John Ford	1	16	0		
Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones	11	5	0			Mrs. Thomas, per Secretary	0	10	0		
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat, F.S.S.	10	0	0						£35	18	2
Harden, per Mr. J. Snowden	11	5	0								
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7	10	0								

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

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1902.

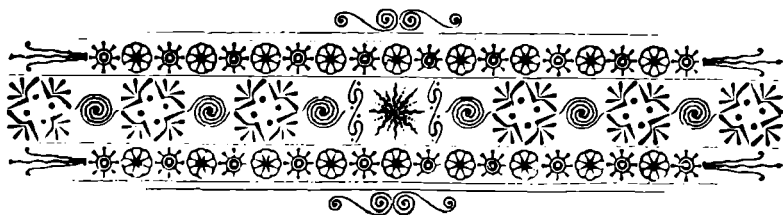
	£	s.	d.
W. S.	3	0	0
C. P.	1	0	0
FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—			
Grateful	0	8	0
	£4	8	0

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.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

VII.—FORMALIST AND HYPOCRISY (*Concluded*).

"But," said Christian, "will your practice stand a trial at law?"

LIKE Christian's way of bringing the matter in dispute to a test; and I will pass on, to each one of you, the question that he put to Formalist and Hypocrisy, "Will your practice stand a trial at law?" Blessed be God, if we are relying upon the Lord Jesus Christ, we need not fear the result of any trial at law. It is according to the law, surely, that a man should keep his promise, and that an oath should be binding upon him who takes it; and we have these "two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie,"—namely, His promise and His oath,—"that we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us" in the Gospel.

"God has promised to forgive
All who on His Son believe;"—

and that is a matter which will stand a trial at law. If we believe on Him, He must and will forgive us.

The two men could not answer that straight question, so they said to Christian, "If we get into the way, what's matter which way we get in? If we are in, we are in; thou art but in the way, who, as we perceive, came in at the gate; and we are also in the way, that came tumbling over the wall." So, many say, nowadays, "You are professors, and we are professors; you come to the Lord's Supper, and we come to the Lord's Supper; you are a Christian, and we are Christians; one is as good as another, you know; and every tub stands on its own

bottom." These people declare that they are just as good as you Christians are, and I have sometimes known Formalist to say, "I am a great deal better than you are, for you often have to complain that your life is not up to the mark that you know you ought to reach. I have heard you confess, in your prayers, that you are far from perfect. Now, I am perfect." Have you never heard Formalist talk like that? I have, many a time. I have known persons come to join the church, who, in answer to my questions, have told me that they were perfect. One man assured me that he had lived for six months without sin in thought, or word, or deed. I asked him if he was sure of that, and he replied, "Yes." "Well, then," I answered, "I could not propose you for membership in this church, because there is nobody else of that sort amongst us, and I am afraid that, if we were to begin with you, you would be unhappy amongst such poor imperfect creatures as we are." So I sent him on his way.

There are others, who are not such fools as to claim absolute perfection, but they think that they are marvellously near it. I was amused, to-day, when I read an advertisement of "an ivory church-service, with gilt edges, and lined with satin." That is for the use of "miserable sinners" on Sundays! It seemed odd to me, yet how much of our own religion is just like it! It is very fine work for those who dwell in dust and ashes. There is much of pride even in our humility.

When Formalist and Hypocrisy said to Christian, "We see not wherein thou differest from us, but by the coat that is on thy back, which was, as we trow, given thee by some of thy neighbours, to hide the shame of thy nakedness," the true pilgrim made a most suitable reply. He said:—

"It was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of His kindness to me; for I had nothing but rags before. And, besides, thus I comfort myself as I go: Surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the city, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have His coat on my back,—a coat that He gave me freely in the day that he stripped me of my rags."

This is one of the things that the formalist cannot imitate,—the robe of Christ's righteousness, accompanied by a humble sense of one's own unrighteousness and raggedness. The hypocrite will not own that he is unrighteous, and the formalist will not confess that all his righteousnesses are as filthy rags. He thinks that his own righteousness is all that God requires of him, and that it will answer his purpose as long as he needs it. But the man with a broken heart and a contrite spirit will never be ashamed to say, in the presence of all men, "Yes, I was ragged, and lost, and ruined, and you have spoken a true word, though you meant it in ridicule; for I am nothing but a beggar wearing somebody else's garments." I like that trait in Christian's character, that the very thing with which these men twitted him, was that for which he felt that he had good reason to be grateful to God.

I think that Christian was not so wise in saying to these two men what he next told them. After speaking of his coat, he added:—

"I have, moreover, a mark in my forehead, of which, perhaps, you have taken no notice, which one of my Lord's most intimate associates fixed there

in the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you, moreover, that I had then given me a roll, sealed, to comfort me by reading, as I go on the way; I was also bid to give it in at the Celestial Gate, in token of my certain going in after it: all which things, I doubt, you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

"To these things they gave him no answer; only they looked upon each other, and laughed."

Of course they did; what did they know about the mark in his forehead and the roll in his hand? They had joined the church, they had "taken the sacrament," they had attended to all the usual ceremonies; so they must be all right. "A mark in your forehead," said one, "what is the good of that?" "And the roll," said the other, "what is that?" I would not be too fast, dear friends, in telling everybody about the secret of the Lord or about your inward experience. When you meet with anyone who can appreciate these things, then make a point of glorifying God by your testimony; but when you are talking with a mere formalist, or a cunning hypocrite, it is quite as well, as soon as ever you perceive that he is trusting to what he finds in himself, to show him the falsehood of his own supposed righteousness, but do not say too much concerning what the Lord has done for you, lest you disobey the command of our Lord concerning casting pearls before swine, lest they turn again, and rend you. When you talk of walking solemnly and humbly before the Lord, they will at once begin to laugh at you.

Bunyan's next description of the pilgrim always interests me; he says:—

"Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly and sometimes comfortably."

I know that John Bunyan never saw me, but he has sketched my portrait most accurately, for that is just the style in which I talk to myself, "sometimes sighingly and sometimes comfortably." I turn my eye, and look within, and then I talk sighingly; then I look away to Christ, and that enables me to talk comfortably. I look around, and see all sorts of trials and troubles, and then I talk sighingly; then I look up to my Father's love, and I talk comfortably. I look sometimes to some of the Lord's people who are not walking as they should, and then I talk sighingly; then I think of the Lord's eternal purpose to present them faultless before the presence of His glory, and then I talk comfortably. A man passed me in the street, the other day, talking to himself so loudly that I thought he was speaking to me. It is not wise always to do that; but, still, as we go through the world, we might talk to worse people than ourselves. May I make a suggestion, as I know that there are some friends here who are very fond of talking? If they would not mind talking more to themselves, the bad reputations of their neighbours would not be known quite so fast, and it would be quite as pleasant for themselves, I should think. Some people do love gossip and scandal; but it would be better if they would do as David did, and pour out their soul in talking to themselves. To talk about Divine things to your own soul, and to hold communion with your own heart upon your bed, is a wise and blessed exercise.

After that. Bunyan goes on to say :—

"I beheld, then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty; at the bottom of which was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways besides that which came straight from the gate; one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty."

Now comes the pinch. Christian has been through the Slough of Despond, so he is not afraid of climbing Hill Difficulty. He has been to the foot of the cross, and there lost his burden, so he stoops down, and drinks at the spring, and says, "By God's help, I will climb the Hill Difficulty, too." Perhaps it was a little persecution, or maybe it was some discord in the church; perchance it was a loss in business, or it might have been some outward trial; but, whatever it was, the true Christian says within himself,—

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes."

But our friend Formalist saw that there was another course open to him. He reasoned with-



HYPOCRISY.

in himself that it really was preposterous that people should be put to any inconvenience for the sake of religion. We often hear young people talk about what an ordeal they have to go through, without knowing what an ordeal really means; for, to go through an ordeal, was to walk bare-footed over red-hot ploughshares. So Formalist said that he did not mind being religious when it was respectable, and involved no demand to give up fashionable parties, or marriage with an ungodly person; but when it brought down the anger of a father, or the opposition of one's old companions, he said he could not endure that. So he would take

the path that led to the left, and wound round the bottom of the Hill Difficulty; then he would come out on the other side, where he should

find Christian coming down with as much difficulty as he went up, and then he would say to him, "I have missed all this trouble, and yet have come where you are, safe and sound." It was not so, however, for Formalist went along the road called Danger, which led him into a great wood, where he was completely lost.

As for Hypocrisy, he took the road called Destruction, "which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more." I suppose this means that he went off into the wilds of sin. He said to himself, "I have had enough of this kind of thing. If I am going to be abused for the sake of religion, or I am going to lose trade, I shall give it all up, and do as others do; I shall take my ease, and enjoy myself; I do not see why I should go on denying myself." So, beginning with one worldly pleasure, he went on to another and another, and soon, he "fell, and rose no more." The devil did not grow to be a devil in a day, and the worst of sinners do not become so bad all at once. A man may be a very decent-looking hypocrite for a long time. The horns and the hoofs may not peep out just yet; they grow by degrees, and show themselves in due time. The course of rebellion against God may be very gradual, but it increases in rapidity as you progress in it; and if you begin to run down the hill, the impetus you get will send you down faster and faster to destruction. You Christians ought to watch against the beginning of worldly conformity. I do believe that the growth of worldliness is like strife, which is said to be like the letting out of water. Once you begin, there is no knowing where you will stop. I sometimes get this question put to me, concerning certain worldly amusements, "May I do so-and-so?" I am very sorry whenever anyone asks me that question, because it shows that there is something wrong, or it would not be raised at all. If a person's conscience lets him say, "Well, I can go to A," he will very soon go on to B, C, D, E, and all through the letters of the alphabet. When thieves want to get into our houses, and they cannot get in at the front door, they search for a little window at the back, and they put a small boy in there; and, as soon as he is in, he opens the door to the thieves, and the house is robbed easily. It is in the so-called little sins that there is great mischief. When Satan cannot catch us with a big sin, he will try a little one. It does not matter to him, as long as he catches his fish, what baits he uses. Beware of the beginning of evil, for many, who bade fair to go right, have turned aside, and perished amongst the dark mountains in the wide field of sin.

It is sad to have to speak thus concerning Formalist and Hypocrisy, who were once as good people to look upon as you and I now are, but who perished so miserably. God grant that we may be neither formalists nor hypocrites; but may we be true pilgrims to Zion's city bound, and He shall have the praise and the glory! Amen.

* * * *

Next month's picture will be entitled—CHRISTIAN ARRIVES AT THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

A Business Letter from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.

TO the readers of the "Sword and Trowel,"

My dear friends,

Not having been able to write the "Personal Note on a Text" for this month's Magazine, I thought it desirable to ask you to read an extract from the little Report of the Book Fund which I am writing, and hoping to publish as soon as I can complete it. This is really a "personal note" though it speaks of matters earthly rather than Divine. Perhaps you will think I am offering you a stone instead of bread; but, for this once, I must ask your kind consideration of a matter which deeply concerns me, and the sweet service that, twenty-seven years ago, the Lord Himself put into my hands.

For many reasons, my funds have been dwindling lately;—the many losses of good friends by death,—the ever-increasing claims upon the generosity of those who *do* give of their substance to God's cause,—the lapse of time, which, like the waters of Lethe, has made some, who once helped me, oblivious of my present need;—these and other causes have combined to lessen the prosperity which once crowned all my efforts. My long illnesses, too, have, in some instances, effaced my work from the memory of many; they think I have given it up because the Lord's hand has been so often heavy upon me. I believe, however, that I shall only lay down my delightful service with my life, for His promises of help to the weak are many and manifold, and my experience of His goodness has ever matched that of David when he said, "I will cry unto God Most High; unto God that performeth all things for me."

The quotation from the anticipated "Report" concerns the "Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work;" and, as the list of subscribers is always to be found in the Magazine, it seems fitting that the few particulars I have given of it should appear also in these pages. I am hoping, too, that, through its perusal, the Lord may incline some hearts to send me more means to continue its beneficent work.

* * * *

"In the long-ago days, kind friends used to send to my dear husband money to be appropriated as he thought best, many of them preferring to entrust the distribution of it entirely to his judgment. He valued this form of gift greatly, for it enabled him to help many cases of need which did not distinctly come under the head of other funds, and were therefore liable to be put aside. Strange to say, when he went Home, this fund showed no sign of falling off, and I joyfully embraced the opportunity of carrying on a small part of his blessed work, in lending a helping hand to some who were desolate or distressed. It prospered so much that it could soon bear some heavy burdens, one of which was the cost of the translation of the sermons into foreign languages, besides keeping up its original character of a universal treasury. Great comfort and help it has brought to me, as well as to others, while living my lonely life of waiting; and, though its strength

has much declined during these later years, there has always been enough to meet the special need of the moment, and to praise God for. I will tell you a few of the kind deeds it has done within the past months, that you may see what a useful adjunct it is both to the Book Fund and the Pastors' Aid Fund, besides being the fountain of supply for the important work of sermon translation and publication, the cost of which was £46 4s. 6d. in 1901, and to September, 1902, is £35 5s. A glance at the list of 'General uses' to which this fund has contributed, during the period I have mentioned, shows a variety of objects, and represents, in many cases, the relief of a pitiable amount of poverty and necessity.

"To begin with poor pastors;—one was helped to go for a sea-trip to restore his failing health, with the result that he returned refreshed and strengthened for further work;—another, under almost identical circumstances, suffered a complete breakdown, and had to withdraw from his church for a time, so 'General Use' contributed £5 to a sum which his friends raised for his maintenance during the interval of rest;—then one of 'our own men,' after many distressing disappointments in England, was compelled to return to his far-off sphere, with his wife and family, and had no means of procuring money for the passage, apart from the kindness of those who knew him, and this pressing need was partly met from my fund, restoring the pastor to a happy home, and a loving, waiting people. The fourth pastoral case helped was that of one upon whose heart and home God had laid a sore bereavement, and who was spared some anxiety, concerning unusual expenses, by a timely gift.

"So far, these were all personal needs, but I find items as follows;—'Minister's Thanksgiving-day;' 'Reduction of debt on Pastor K's chapel;' 'To help purchase site for chapel at Mitcham;' 'Renovation of chapel at Inkberrow;' 'Pastor W's work in Yorkshire;' 'Pastor W's work in the North of London;' and a small gift to a mission-hall in Dundee.

"Three widows left portionless had help, without which sympathy would have been a mockery; two Mothers' Meetings, struggling to help the very poor, were gladdened by money to buy material for clothing; and four Societies, long-established and deserving, (to which dear Mr. Spurgeon always contributed from the fund,) all had a share from this truly 'general' store of dispensation and blessing. Besides these, there were gifts to some of God's tried people, who 'have known better days,' as we say, but are now dependent on the benevolence and charity of others. There are *many* such needy ones; and to assist them, is not merely a pleasure, but a privilege. The amount of money represented in the items I have glanced at, comes a little under £100; but, naturally, the sum varies from one year to another; and, during the present month (September), there has been such an extraordinary influx of appeals for Chapel Building, and Renovation, and Pastor's Thanksgiving days, that the aggregate of gifts will be very large at the close of

this year. Unfortunately, the special fund for such purposes, left at my dear husband's home-going, is now quite exhausted, so many have been the demands made upon it since his decease, and I find myself heavily burdened by anxiety in the prospect of meeting these constantly-recurring claims."

* * * *

I hope that this brief epitome of the services rendered by the "Fund for General Use in the Work of the Lord" will interest and satisfy those who so kindly help to support it. If I were able to enter into full particulars of the cases I have merely glanced at above, the result would be a long narrative, abounding with pathetic and even romantic incidents. I must no longer encroach on the space which the Editor has so kindly placed at my disposal in the Magazine, yet I trust that many hearts will read a *plea* "between the lines," and not suffer this work of mercy to fail for lack of helping hands.

Sincerely yours,

S. SPURGEON.

"Name Him, Brothers, Name Him."

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the number of times C. H. Spurgeon, in a certain sermon, makes mention of His Master by one or other of His Names. Our friend has taken the trouble to count these references, and says:—"The total is a glad surprise, and yet not a surprise, when we remember who the preacher was. Shall we wonder that your late father, who honoured his Master so much, was himself greatly honoured by his Master?"

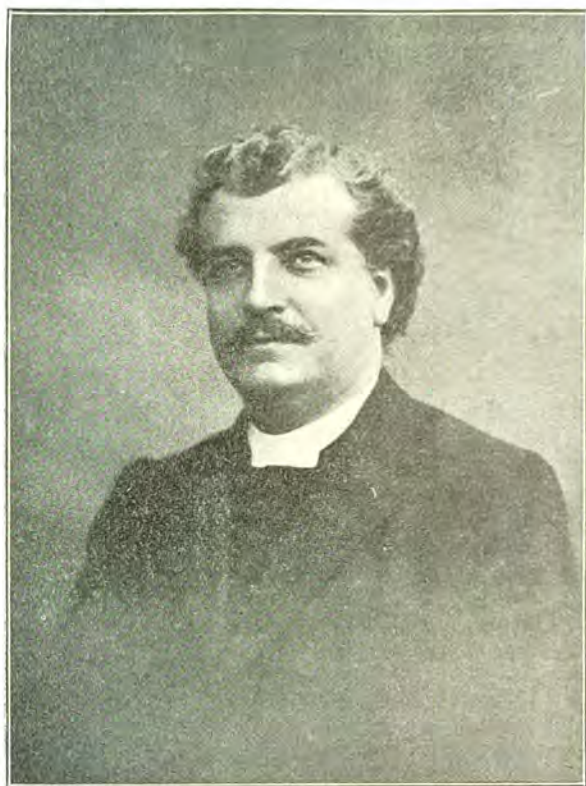
Here is the result of the counting:—Jesus, 16; Christ, 95; Lord, 10; Saviour, 8; Master, 3; Son, 1; Christ Jesus, 4; Lord Jesus, 4; Lord Jesus Christ, 1; He, His, Him, 93; total, 235. ("The Name occurs also in a number of quoted texts.")

We have not compared this result with that which any other sermon might yield. It may be that this discourse was specially enriched with the Name that is above every name; but we have no hesitation in saying that *all* the sermons are full of Jesus. "We preach Christ and Him crucified," is the text on the cover of each of the forty-seven volumes, and the contents are strictly true to that solemn declaration. Some indeed claim to preach Christ who seldom mention His Name, but how can this be? The Scriptures make much of the Name. Surely, if His love is in our hearts, His Name will be on our lips. There is might as well as music in the Name. To "make mention" of it, is a delightful duty. A sermon in which Jesus is not named is as an odourless flower, or as a songless bird; nay, it is much less to be desired than these. It is as a well where no water is. Wherefore, "Name Him, brothers, name Him."

T. S.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

CVII.—PASTOR CHARLES COLE, BOLTON, LANCASHIRE.



IT will be generally conceded that twenty years of active public work confer a kind of seniority upon pastors, for those who have purchased to themselves this "good degree" can be no longer very young. So the subject of this little sketch may well be regarded as one of the Elder Brethren of our Trinity House at the Pastors' College. His somewhat unique career and his varied gifts certainly entitle him to honourable mention among his brethren.

Like many another worker for the Lord Jesus Christ who has proved useful in our towns, Mr. Cole is a child of the village, having been born at Frampton Cotterell, near Bristol, in 1854. The influence of godly parents, together with the early loss of his father, and some dark shadows upon his first steps in commercial life, were some of the mysterious forces by which God was pleased to form

this youth "for Himself" in the saving power and consecrated service of the Gospel. His earliest religious associations were among the Congregationalists; and none of us can tell how much we owe to those first impressions that come upon us, indeed, are sent to us "ere we are aware." But the venerable Mr. Thatcher's pulpit style sometimes marred the effect of his golden counsels upon the vigilant youth who noticed that, between the divisions of his sermon, he would take a pinch of snuff with much dignity, and resume his discourse as if nothing had happened.

The great decision for Christ, that we rightly call conversion, is often the result of a process, and the issue of an unplotted conspiracy of loving labourers for the good of souls. Thus it was with Charles Cole. His mother's personal and faithful dealing, the witness of Mr. Robert Underwood, the Bible-class teacher, and a chat with Rev. W. Mends Howell, the new pastor, led to this all-important event in his history. It illustrates the sovereignty of God, in the use of His own Word, to know that the passage, "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," was instrumental to this end. Who would have thought of that verse as likely to lead a youth into the saving light of personal redemption? It is a truism, often forgotten nowadays, that "the Gospel makes people think." But it does; and when the young believer sought guidance from the Word as to his Christian life, although he knew not a single Baptist, and had never been inside a Baptist chapel, he failed, as everybody else has failed, to find any authority for infant sprinkling, and concluded that a baptism which is like a burial was enjoined upon him, and he resolved, at all costs, to be obedient to his Lord's command. After due instruction and examination by Rev. John Brown, Baptist minister of Chipping Sodbury, Mr. Cole was baptized, in his eighteenth year.

"Be useful where thou livest," says George Herbert; and as there was no Baptist church at hand, our friend began at that "Zion" in which he had been brought up. He led the singing on a German flute; he taught in the Sunday-school; at Acton Lane, near Yate station, he began to preach, and then the villagers around discerned in him "a lad with barley loaves" of Gospel bread for them, and for a while he was a village preacher. Removing to Stockport, at Greek Street Chapel he pursued his work as teacher and preacher; and then in London, under the memorable ministry of Rev. W. G. Lewis, at Westbourne Grove, further inspiration came for his life-work; and, by the kind correspondence of Mr. Lewis with Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the way was opened up for our brother's entrance into the College in 1878.

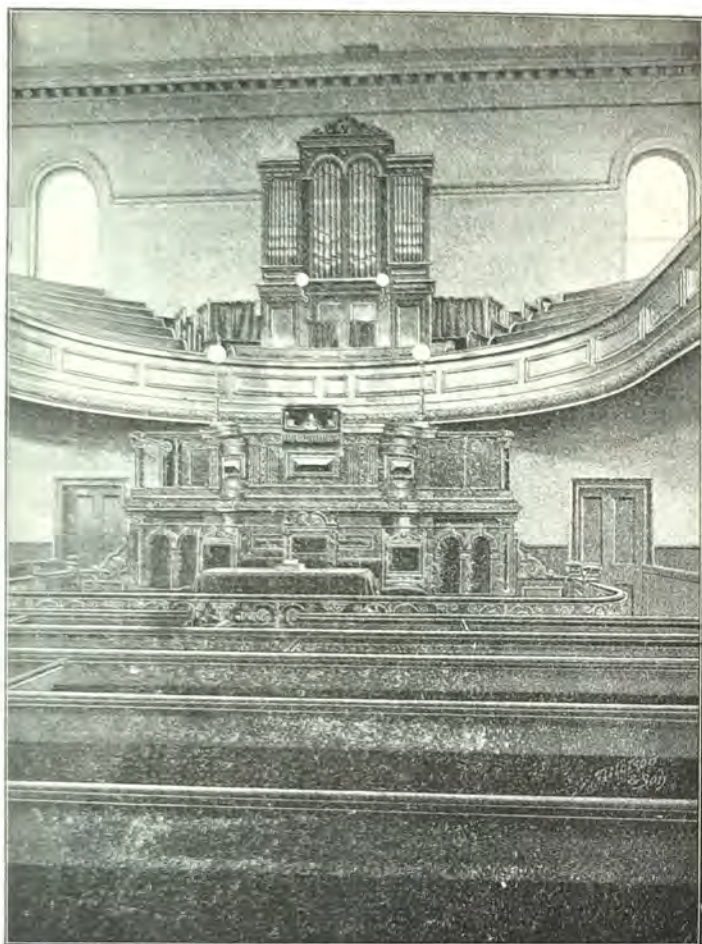
Few students of "Our Alma Mater" have such a striking and creditable episode in their College life as now fell to Mr. Cole. At the beginning of 1881, Mr. Spurgeon sent him to take charge, for a month or two, of the English Reformed Church in the city of Amsterdam. So conspicuous a success was his choice, that the period lengthened into eighteen months, and it is pretty certain that, if the church deeds had rendered it possible, the acceptable young student would have been honoured by an invitation to become its minister.

From a small nucleus, the congregation became a crowded one week by week. Wealth and culture were evidenced by the long line of carriages that brought well-to-do Dutch citizens to the church. Her Majesty, the Queen of Sweden, attended by several of her retinue, came five or six times to the services during her stay in Amsterdam, and was a most devout worshipper, and appreciative listener. Mr. Cole was further privileged, during his term of service there, to make the acquaintance of Professor Van Oosterzee, whose "Christian Dogmatics," "Practical Theology," and "New Testament Theology" are so well known; also of Dr. Kuyper, the present Prime Minister of Holland. The College and the Orphanage are sister Institutions of the great Tabernacle Church; and, during Mr. Cole's ministry, the Amsterdam congregation contributed between £30 and £40 to the Home at Stockwell. Better than any paragraph descriptive of the esteem won at Amsterdam by the young English preacher is the fact that, years afterwards, when settled in his first pastorate, the friends there, as a sign of their remembrance and appreciation of Mr. Cole's work amongst them, generously defrayed the cost of furnishing a new school-room which had been built at Windsor.

In 1882, the church at Victoria Street, Windsor, called Mr. Cole to the pastorate. In 1883, he was married to Miss M. M. King, of Bayswater, and for ten years he continued a happy and successful work in the royal borough. The school was enlarged, considerable additions were made to the church, the roll being more than three times as numerous when he left as when he began; and one very notable feature was introduced into the services, which made Mr. Cole's pastorate a memorable one in the history of that church. Our brother has ever been true to the Gospel. Its grand affirmations have pealed out as the perpetual music of his testimony. But he was gifted with "the sweet persuasive of consecrated song," and so, at his Special Evangelistic Services, he sang sacred solos, he was Moody and Sankey all in one. The chapel was crowded at these gatherings,—not an unusual experience with Spurgeon's men; but, better still, many traced their awakening and decision for Christ to them, and our friend rejoiced with his people in God's blessing upon these efforts. "John Ploughman" might have coined a proverb out of this record, something like this, "If you want a solo sung, sing it yourself."

Removing to Claremont Chapel, St. George's Road, Bolton, Lancashire, in 1892, Mr. Cole has found a fruitful sphere in that great hive of industrial activity. The building seats 1,000 people; there are over 400 members, and a large Sunday-school. £1,100 have been raised for Lecture-hall, Class-rooms, etc., in further equipment for the work amongst the young. £700 were raised for the purchase of the freehold; and, as in every progressive church, further improvements are contemplated. £600 were contributed to the Baptist Centenary Fund.

It will not surprise anyone to learn that a minister of Mr. Cole's genial disposition, and enjoying his robust health, has been often honoured by being called to serve his brethren in various ways. The Berks Association, the Christian Endeavour Union, the Sunday School



CLAREMONT CHAPEL, BOLTON (INTERIOR).

Union, and the Bolton and District Free Church Council, have called him to their Presidency, and rejoiced in his leadership. The children love him, and watch for his sermonettes more than for sweets. Considering his interesting career, his fidelity, and his Christian courtesy, the readers of the "Sword and Trowel" will surely wish much blessing upon the life and labours of Pastor Charles Cole, making mention of him in prayer when they have the ear of the King. Long may his bow abide in strength; and upon his spirit, upon his home, and upon his ministry, may that holy light shine "which never was on land or sea" in such clear radiance,—God's smile!

ALFRED HALL.

My Lady's Garden.

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

XI.—THE SLEEPERS.

WHEN the November recitative to the wintry air is heard, you may know that the wondrous "March of the Months" is drawing to a close. What a prelude to dark days and darker nights is the opening of the eleventh month of the year! How the great winds roar through the well-nigh naked trees, tearing from them the few rags of foliage left! Heavily hang the grey clouds, with their dragged fringe of misty rain. You shrink from the fishy coldness of the stile on which you sat when Summer first smiled upon the land. Melancholy as the sight of a tragedy is the patch of black beanstalks, left from the forgotten harvest; while the mildewed gables of the meadow shed, the withered grasses, empty of seeds, and the rotting flags, fallen apart by the river brink, help to deepen the depression. Yet, amid all the desolation, the robin sings, and the missel-thrush lifts his voice above the storm. The song of the former suggests the tone of the 42nd and 43rd Psalms. The conquering cry of the thrush recalls the faith of the prophet Habakkuk, which rose superior to all his adverse surroundings.

November, however, has its soft days, its still hours, like to the chimney-corner times of old people. There are mild periods when late rosebuds reflect the pale rays of the retreating sun, when a few out-of-date blossoms come forth on the struggling sweet pea, or here and there a solitary *helianthus* survives. These are but as the memories of aged folk recalling the days of their vigour,—

"Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago!"

It is easy, and it is as usual as it is easy, to libel that with which we are dissatisfied. November has a bad name; a far worse one than the month deserves. True, there are fogs which do not clear till mid-day, as there are fogs which do not clear for many days; but when the heavy mist divides into great fleeces, as the sun reaches his stunted meridian, what an expanse of blue sky is revealed! Dreamy blue, which fades off into purple-tinged mist, as though aerial shores lay on its distant borders. Against such a sky, the golden elms look like heaps of wealth; and as the leaves flutter slowly through the still air, we might imagine that invisible hands were reluctantly doling out alms to the widowed earth.

On such days as these, that frisky little gentleman, the squirrel, finishes up his harvest. He is a very good husbandman, for he never puts away his stores in a wet condition, though he, like the rest who live by the land, has to take the weather as it comes. Very industrious is the squirrel,—a gentleman-farmer who is his own day-labourer. Later on, he makes up for doing so much by doing nothing at all. However, he is not alone in the world in this respect. When the days get really cold, the squirrel goes to sleep; but he is awake again as soon as there is a sunny time with a South wind. Then he does a skip from bough to bough, though he cannot hide himself as when the

leaves are long and green. When he has stretched himself, off he goes to one of his many larders, munches his nuts, and is as happy as a schoolboy who is left alone in a well-filled pantry. When the chill of the afternoon comes on, he hops to his nest,—a marvel of natural architecture, impervious to rain, and so ingeniously secured as to defy dislodgment in the most violent gale.

Poor preachers, who are ever ransacking the book-shops for encyclopædias of illustration, can make one for themselves, and extend it to as many volumes as they please, if only they will take Nature notes. See how the high nest of the squirrel lends itself as a simile to a sermon. I am not going to preserve the effect on this page. A fresh chop is always preferable to tinned meats.

Some animals, like the bat *noctula*, hibernate early. They do not exemplify the adage, "Early to bed, and early to rise," for they go to bed early, and rise late. This particular bat retires for its winter sleep about the end of July or the beginning of August. Even within the tropics, the hedgehog-like *tanrec* falls into a three months' sleep, according to the testimony of Humboldt. We cannot go into causes here. These proceedings still continue to puzzle naturalists, though one would think that it was the failure of the food supply which induced lethargy in these strange instances. It is easy to speculate when evidence is meagre. Sure it is that both great heat and intense cold predispose human beings to sleep.

Shall I venture to say that the *noctula* is, in its way, a type of the business man who retires early, and becomes somnolent as to spiritual activities ever after; and shall I further venture to suggest that a row of hibernating bats, suspended by their legs from some dusty, rusty rod in a church tower, their respiration almost imperceptible, and their temperature down to the level of the air outside, is no far-fetched image of some church-members, or even religious communities?

But I am afraid lest the Editor should give me a bad mark. All I want to add is, that similes for sermons hang even around our November walks as plentifully as bats in winter from the beams of an old barn. Nor need you fear to gather the similes, though you might be somewhat creepy as to the bats.

* * * *

Nature's Winter sleepers are many. The bear hibernates. But we are not concerned with bears. We know a few of a different sort. It would be a mercy if the hibernation of these, to quote a naturalist's term, were "complete."

When the swallows cease to skim over the meadows about My Lady's Garden; when the house-ledges, lately crowded with martins, are as empty as the benches of the House of Commons in September; when limes turn yellow, the Spanish chestnut leaves the colour of sovereigns in circulation, and the maples are red; when luscious blackberries adorn the brambles, and the nuts are ripe;—then the little people, who have reared their furry young through the long days, and performed all kinds of funny antics on the sward and in the branches, will be busy gathering in their Winter stores of corn, nuts, acorns, beechmast, fir-cones, and a multitude of other seeds. Among these, we have already

mentioned the squirrel. This animal is gifted with a better memory than the people who cannot find the text; for, though snow cover up his stores, yet, if there come a thaw mild enough to wake him up, he will go direct to his secret hoard, scratch away the melting snow, and help himself. "Ah!" says one, "a text is an abstract affair. Did you ever know a man's memory to fail as to where he had put his money?" Oh, yes! but it must be regretfully admitted that, were there a memory contest between Scripture and silver, the latter would win easily.

The long-tailed fieldmouse is another mammal which takes advantage of the early Autumn to gather in a large supply of food for Winter use. Prodigious are the exertions of this tiny rodent. He will drag corn three hundred yards from a field. Great quantities of food are stowed away, much more than the little creature needs, so that instinct overleaps necessity. All through the golden days when the St. John's wort blossoms, and poppies blush scarlet through the constant kissings of the sun, the fieldmouse toils like any day-labourer. Not content with bringing up a big family, he lays up much goods for many days, and the result is that Autumn diligence is rewarded by Winter ease. Work in season brings rest in season.

There is a wall thick with ivy in My Lady's Garden. In the density of the ivy, many minute creatures curl themselves away, and sleep through the cold. Here, *pupa* in abundance lie in silken shrouds, waiting the time of transformation. Here, also, in the crevices of the brickwork, and at the back of dead leaves, thousands of eggs are hidden, ready to germinate when the sun returns,—dormant life waiting the great fiat to take on new shape! Yes, the Word of the Great Creator, in whom all Nature lives, and moves, and has its being,—that is our solemn conclusion on all this phenomena, as we draw toward the close of this series of sketches. For the conscientiously unconvinced, the writer has much sympathy. The subject is profound. Many of the scientific recognize law and order, but do not recognize God as we understand Him. There are not a few staggering contrarieties that the student meets with. But, over all, through all, and in all, there is, to us, not always explainable, but ever there, the presence, purpose, and power of the God of the Bible.

One more chapter on My Lady's Garden remains to be written. As we close this penultimate, the reason for all the wealth of blossom, all the dower of fruit and seed, becomes apparent. What is it but "meat in due season"?

Scenes of Life and Labour in Canada.

BY PASTOR C. W. TOWNSEND, ST. MARTIN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

XI.—WITHIN THE HALLS OF LEARNING.

WHILE England is being affrighted by the ghost of priestly intolerance in the shape of a retrogressive Education Bill, Canada is calmly enjoying the fruits of a widespread system of free and unsectarian education. As we have before intimated, the school-house is a familiar object upon the landscape. For its maintenance, the people are equably taxed, and in each district manage their own educational matters through duly-elected trustees.

In the English-speaking Provinces, perfect harmony reigns among the different religious bodies in the administration of public funds for the promotion of youthful intelligence. Those funds are wisely expended in providing suitable accommodation and efficient instruction. There is an abundant supply of teachers who have been trained in well-equipped Normal Schools, and who, according to the degree of their proficiency, receive third class, second class, first class, Superior or Grammar School licenses, and command pay in proportion to their accredited capabilities. Some places, small in population and financial resources, are content with the services of a third-class teacher; while, in others, there is a full staff of instructors, so that children can pass upward from the primary department to the High School. On the whole, no system, more equally distributed, and fair to all classes, than that at present in operation, could well be devised.

Not only does the common school prevail thus extensively; higher education, also, is receiving due attention. In this respect, Canada holds a proud place in the march of civilization. Some of her academic and collegiate institutions compare favourably with those in any part of the world. McGill University, in Montreal, for example, is taking rank with the more ancient seats of learning in Great Britain and America.

We have thought that Canada is much like Scotland in her love of education, and in the self-denial and brave perseverance of her sons and daughters as they set out in quest of knowledge. Many, who occupy the highest positions in political, professional, and social circles, have worked their way up from humble homes;—in several instances, literally from the “log-cabin.” Many have begun their career by teaching school, living frugally, and saving, out of their hard-earned income, enough to help them to secure further scholarship. Numbers have thus acquired a good education without costing their parents one cent. During the long summer vacation, students frequently toil with their hands that they may obtain the wherewithal to continue their mental labours when College again opens. All honour to these brave young Colonials!

Much of this intellectual effort and activity is due to the spirit of Protestantism. Happy is the land where Knowledge is handmaiden to Faith, and where Intelligence is fostered beneath the wing of spiritual Religion. Then shall her sons be “as plants grown up in their youth,” and her daughters “as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.” Beautiful to behold in a nation is this union of strength and grace, symmetry and goodness.

While our common school system is altogether unsectarian, yet almost every denomination has its own institutions for higher education. We are glad to state that Baptists are not behind others in this important work. They ever believe in the fullest intellectual freedom and expansion, and have such confidence in their Heaven-derived principles and practices, that they fear not to subject them to the scrutiny of the clearest light,—shining whence it may, from all ages and all worlds.

Once, in a religious association, when the subject of education was being discussed, a delegate arose, and said he was thankful for his ignorance, whereupon the Moderator, with a sweet smile, gently

remarked, "Our dear brother has a great deal to be thankful for. Canadian Baptists do not give thanks for their ignorance, rather do they mourn it, and seek earnestly to lessen it.

In the Maritime Provinces, our denomination got its first foothold on Canadian soil, it has flourished here most extensively, and here its first distinctively educational institution was founded in 1828. This was Horton Academy, which, with one exception, is the oldest Baptist preparatory school in North America. Ten years later, Acadia College was founded. This step was forced upon our forefathers in the faith by reason of the intolerance which was at that time displayed towards Baptists by other institutions. They were driven, in self-defence, to establish their own College. Little did they know whereunto it would grow!

We have not space in which to tell the fascinating story of the struggles and successes of nearly three quarters of a century; but must hasten to note the present position we occupy as Baptist educationalists. At Wolfville, in Nova Scotia, there now exists a very complete educational plant. The situation of this seat of learning is one of the most interesting and beautiful to be found in any land. It stands amid scenes made famous by Longfellow in the pathetic story of *Evangeline*. While the present associations of the locality are very different from those depicted by the New England poet, the natural features remain unchanged in their loveliness and grandeur, and later poets have found in them an unfailing spring of inspiration. Mountain, sea, and plain are still haunted by the olden spirit of beauty, which evermore retains its aspect of undying youth.

Surely, such a spot,—with magnificent outlook, brooding memories of a romantic past, and pure bracing atmosphere,—must be congenial to the highest development of body and soul; especially when, over all, hovers the benediction of our holy faith.

At Wolfville, there are three departments. There is Horton Academy, for boys and young men, where a thorough training is given to fit them for business and professional life, and from which they may proceed to the University. It has a competent staff of instructors, and possesses an elaborately-fitted Manual Training Hall. It has done excellent work, and won well-merited success.

The Acadia Seminary, for young ladies, was established in 1860. It has now commodious and convenient premises; and, amid wholesome and refining influences, the daughters of our Baptist families are able to obtain the equipment which will fit them to grace any circle, public or private.

"The crown of the educational system at Wolfville" is the Acadia University. This has been called "the child of Providence," and its history justifies the title. Among the notable men who have filled its Presidential chair, we may mention Dr. Cramp, the well-known Baptist historian. This College provides a full arts course, and receives those who desire to proceed to the B.A. degree. It has already graduated several hundreds of persons, including a large number of ministers, and many others have taken a partial course in its classes. It has ten professors, all of whom are Christian men.

One of the most pleasing features of all these institutions is the

Christian spirit which prevails in them. They are centred in Christ, controlled by those who own Him as Lord, and who directly influence for good the more than 300 students under their charge.

It seems a far cry from pastoral Acadia to the commercial stress and struggle of Toronto; but the two places are bound by close ties educationally and denominationally. For here is another Baptist seat of learning. It is on a larger scale, as befits the greater population and wealth of Upper Canada; and, with its allied schools, accommodates annually between five and six hundred students. Like its elder sister, its beginning was small. It started as the Canadian Literary Institute, in 1850, at Woodstock, in Ontario, in which theology was taught as well as subjects of a literary character. While not professing to rank as an Arts School, it did most useful service, and from it went many men who adorned the various walks of life. But modern conditions created demands in the domain of scholarship which necessitated a more elaborate system of education. God graciously raised up a man to meet, out of his abundant means, those demands. Some twenty years ago, Senator McMaster established the Toronto Baptist College, which subsequently became legally united with Woodstock College under the corporate name of McMaster University. Ten years later, that noble man died, and left for the establishment of a University, upon a broader basis, the munificent sum of nearly a million dollars (£200,000). His widow shared his generous spirit; and, in the early months of her bereavement, placed at the disposal of the University authorities the fine McMaster residence in Toronto for a Ladies' College, with sufficient means to adapt it to its new use. It became known as Moulton College, thus perpetuating the family name of the lady who founded it.

The McMaster educational scheme embraces the University proper, the Moulton Ladies' College, and the College at Woodstock, which is now an academic department for boys and young men. All these branches are under one management, and are inter-related. We cannot give details concerning their administration and achievements; suffice it to say that they are a credit to Canada, and that their graduates have won the highest distinction at home and abroad.

It is interesting to note that Acadia and McMaster have had, and still retain, pleasant relations. The former has given to McMaster her present Chancellor, the Rev. O. S. Wallace, D.D., and the latter has furnished Acadia with her present President, the Rev. Thomas Trotter, D.D. They are both men of strong and charming personality, and great ability. We may add that each University issues a high-class monthly.

We can only make bare mention of our educational work in the far West. Brandon College, in Manitoba, was organized in 1889. It has a building which cost nearly £10,000. This institution has already done good service, and gives promise of greater things in the future.

We desire to say, in conclusion, that we love most our own dear Alma Mater, are proud of the many sons she has sent forth, and are ever grateful for the great work God has accomplished through them. Long flourish the Pastors' College, and long live its beloved President!

Drink and Crime.

By T. L. EDWARDS, GLASGOW.

A POPULAR writer and lecturer has a very easy and comfortable way of dismissing the drink difficulty. He says:—"Every year, there are men who use knives to stab fellow-creatures, but there are millions who use their knives to eat their meals peacefully with. The law punishes the criminals, but would not think of forbidding the use of knives in orderly houses. Any law is bad that punishes, injures, or annoys thousands of good, innocent people in order to stop the mischief done by a few—a very few, after all,—blackguards and scoundrels. The Anglo-Saxon should, by all means, preach temperance, which means moderation, not total abstinence. What they (the Temperance orators) preach, overreaches the mark, and does no good."

You notice the use of the term "Anglo-Saxon." One cannot escape the feeling that, as "Max O'Rell" uses it in his writings, he does so with some measure of irritated contempt for the very people out of whom he has drawn such a substantial revenue. Of all the sections of that people, he seems to like least the social reformers; and of them, the total abstainers most thoroughly secure his disapprobation.

Close beside the Frenchman's statement, let me put that of another writer who has no faith in the "Temperance advocate." Mr. James Runciman* says:—"The more I think about it, the more plainly I see that, if we are to make any useful fight against drink, we must drop the preachee-preachee; we must drop loud denunciations of the people whose existence the State fosters. . . . If anybody fancies that Gothenburg systems, or lectures, or little tiresome tracts or sloppy yarns about 'Joe Tomkins' Temperance Donkey,' or effusive harangues by half-educated buffoons, will ever do any good, he must run along the ranks of my procession with me, and I reckon he may learn something."

Mr. Runciman has no patience either with legislation against the drink customs of the country, or the people who rank as Teetotal advocates. But he forms a vastly more accurate estimate of the evil to be feared and faced than our entertaining Gallic lecturer. Hear him:—"Before me passes a tremendous procession of the lost.

"Take one scene through which I sat not very long ago, and then you may understand how far the coming regenerator may have to go. A great room was filled by about 350 men and lads, all of the middle class; a concert was going on, and I was a little curious to know the kind of entertainment which the well-dressed company liked. Of course, there was drink in plenty, and the staff of waiters had a busy time; a loud crash of talk went on between the songs; and, as the drink gathered power on excited brains, this crash grew more and more discordant. Nice lads, with smooth, pleasant faces, grew flushed and excited, and I am afraid I occupied myself in marking out possible careers for a good many of them, as I studied their faces. There was not much fun of the healthy kind; fat, comfortable, middle-aged men laughed so heartily

* In "Joints in our Social Armour" (Hodder and Stoughton).

at the faintest indecent allusion, that the singers grew broader and broader, and the hateful music-hall songs grew more and more risky as the night grew onward....

"The drink got hold, glasses began to be broken, here and there the time was beaten with glass crushers, spoons, pipes, and walking-sticks; and then the bolder spirits felt that the time for good, rank, unblushing blackguardism had come. A being stepped up, and faced a roaring audience of enthusiasts, who knew the quality of his dirtiness; he launched out into an unclean stave, and he reduced his admirers to mere convulsions. He was encored, and he went a trifle further, until he reached a depth of bestiality below which a gaff in Shoreditch could not descend. Ah! those bonny lads, how they roared with laughter, and how they exchanged winks with grinning elders! Not a single obscene allusion to filth was lost upon them, and they took more and more drink, under pressure of the sweet excitement, until many of them were unsteady and incoherent. I think I should shoot a boy of mine, if I found him enjoying such a foul entertainment. It was *lèse-Humanity*. The orgie rattled on to the joy of all the steaming, soddened company....

"Now, I should not have mentioned such an unsavoury business as this, but that it illustrates, in a curious way, the fact that one is met and countered by the power of Drink at every turn in this country."

So greatly is Mr. Runciman stirred by the remembrance of that terrible scene, which is nightly repeated, that he adds:—"If the women knew enough, I sometimes think they would make a combined, nightly raid on the boozing bars, and bring their lads out." The essayist may yet join the ranks of the reformers, and prove a pretty vigorous one, too. When he starts, he may even go the length of smashing the bars, if he begins to raid them. He might do worse.

The greater part of the crime generated or fostered into fruitfulness by drink never gets into the calendar. The testimony of magistrates, judges, and prison chaplains is clear enough; so clear, indeed, that the ravages of strong drink, in this country, have been declared to be equal to those of famine, pestilence, and war combined. No one has ever seriously questioned the truth of that statement, though it has been so often quoted that, now, it wears a hackneyed look.

Take a case I stumbled across yesterday, typical of multitudes. A skilled workman, after toiling a fortnight, finds himself possessed of sixty shillings. He starts off on Saturday afternoon, and finds himself, on Sunday morning, in a police cell, without a penny of his three pounds left. On Monday, he is unable to pay his fine, and remains in prison until Thursday. He then emerges, sober, to return to his work, most of the week as well as the whole of his money lost.

Try to analyze this case. It was a crime for such a man, knowing his propensity, to enter a drink-shop; it was a crime to have robbed wife and child of the support that was their due; it was a crime against the law of his country to turn himself into a helpless or noisy nuisance, and so compel the community to maintain a police force to look after him when in his cups; it was a crime against society to rob it of his services during the time he was locked up, and compel it to find him mainten-

ance during the period of his incarceration; it was a crime, 'by this degrading indulgence, to weaken our position and prospects in the face of the keen competition of other nations; it was a crime to set such an evil example, and, probably, during the lavish expenditure of so many shillings in so few hours, to help others into the same abominable condition; it was a crime against God to rob Him of the service that was His due, and to defile the temple He had created for Himself.

Take another case quoted by Mr. Runciman:—"If I were to make out a list of the scholars whom I have met, starving, and in rags, I should make people gape. I once shared a pot of fourpenny ale with a man who used to earn £2,000 a year by 'coaching' at Oxford. He was in a low house near the Waterloo Road, and he died of cold and hunger there. He had been the friend and counsellor of statesmen, but the vice from which statesmen squeeze revenue had him by the throat before he knew where he was, and he drifted towards death in a kind of constant dream from which no one ever saw him wake."

We do not know that this ex-Oxford "coach" ever found his way to the police cell, so that he may never have helped to swell the statistics of crime arising from drink; but his crime was as real as though he had fought every policeman he met, and had added a whole column of charges to those that are tabulated against this vice. He robbed himself, his University, his country, his family, his God, of all the glorious possibilities that were in him. He moved through life a poisonous plague-spot, causing trouble, anxiety, and expense to his fellows, weakening the commonwealth, and strengthening all that was evil and worst in it.

Criminal statistics do not leave the matter in doubt. "It must be borne in mind," says Bourne in his "Taxation of Alcohol," "that at least one-half of the taxes accruing from drink are expended by the State in preventing, punishing, and repairing the evils, the result of that drink being consumed." No form of crime that disfigures the body politic, and endangers it, is dissociated from it; indeed, the worst forms of crime are facilitated, if not actually made possible by it.

One of the most terrible crimes to be laid at the door of the drunkard is that he passes on his weakness, and its accompanying loathsome and miserable consequences, to future generations. Here is a case, taken from a table in "Marriage and Disease; a Study in Hereditary Degeneration;" by Dr. Strahan, giving a diagrammatic history of eight families. This is No. 3. The father was a drunkard, his son was also a drunkard, and disgustingly drunk on his wedding-day! There were seven grandchildren; the first and second died of convulsions; the third was an idiot at twenty-two years of age; the fourth had suicidal tendencies, and was demented; the fifth was peculiar and irritable; the sixth was repeatedly insane; and the seventh was nervous and depressed. What a record! What a mass of misery lies beneath these terms! And what shall be said of the great army, who fight an uphill battle all their days, striving with hereditary tendencies transmitted to them by some drunken ancestor, who pass through life respected and useful, but who have to wage a warfare, fierce, and utterly unbearable, were it not for grace sustaining them? What dark hours they endure! What terrible

temptations they resist! Is it no crime to have contributed to such misery? To blight one's own life, is bad enough; but to blight also the lives of others that follow us, is a darker evil still.

If any imagine that I draw the picture of drink's criminal doings in too dark colours, let them hear the testimony of witnesses whose statements are beyond cavil. (For fuller quotations, see "Drink and Crime," a valuable pamphlet published by the United Kingdom Alliance.)

THE LATE RIGHT HON. EARL CAIRNS, LORD CHANCELLOR:—"There is not, on the face of the earth, any more orderly, domestic, or industrious nation,—a nation more disposed to what is good, and disinclined to what is evil,—than the English; but, at the same time, they are given to the dreadful vice of intemperance, which, like one of those black clouds that hover over our large populous towns, lies over the face of the country, intercepting the sunshine of spiritual and physical prosperity."

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE:—"Crimes of violence, which, in a large proportion, indeed, fill the calendar with which we have to deal, without a single exception, have begun in public-houses, and are due to drunkenness. . . . If we could make England sober, we might shut up nine-tenths of our gaols. . . . At a moderate estimate, something like nineteen-twentieths of the crime that has to be tried in courts is due to drink."

LORD JUSTICE KAY:—"If the people of this country would be weaned from the fatal habit of drinking, crime would be diminished one-half."

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS:—"I have thought very seriously as to what is, for the most part, the origin of crime, and every day I live, and the more I think of the matter, the more firmly do I come to the conclusion that the root of almost all crime is drink. . . . I do believe that nine-tenths of the crime committed in this country is engendered within the doors of the drinking-houses."

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM:—"I cannot help seeing, what every other judge has seen before, that drink is the great cause of the crime with which the judges have to deal. . . . The crimes of murder, of manslaughter, wounding, robbery with violence,—nearly all of these have originated in drink."

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE GROVE:—"Intemperance has destroyed large numbers of people, and will, at the present rate of increase, in time destroy the country itself. Intoxicating drink is totally unnecessary."

THE LATE LORD JUSTICE LUSH:—"I think it would astonish many persons if they knew how large a proportion of crime is traceable, directly or indirectly, to drink. I am almost afraid to name the proportion; but my own impression is derived from constant experience in every county in England, that more than one-half of the crimes that are brought before me are to be ascribed to the influence of drink."

THE LATE (HON. GEORGE) JUSTICE DENMAN:—"I might almost say the whole of the offences of violence in the land are directly ascribable to drinking to excess. . . . Burglary, poaching, housebreaking, and similar crimes are almost invariably plotted by confederates in public-houses."

THE LATE BARON RUSSELL, OF KILLOWEN :—" I observe that the diminution in drunkenness, to which the head-constable refers, synchronises with the diminution in the number of public-houses. If that is more than an accidental coincidence, if there is no relation of cause and effect, the matter suggests very grave consideration by those who are charged with the granting, withholding, or renewal of public-house licences."

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT :—" Of all the sources and causes of crime, the most fertile is to be found in drink."

The most fertile breeder of crime, disease, and poverty in this realm, is drink. He who smites it is helping to—

SAVE HIS COUNTRY.

* * * *

The next, and last, article in this series will be on "Drink and Legislation."

Clement Erskine's Dream.

CLEMENT ERSKINE was the newly-elected Baptist minister in the seaside town of N——. It was not the post he would have chosen, and he had tried, in ways of which his wife had not approved, to get a call to "a more important sphere." However, the thing was settled now; and, on a bright, sunny morning, some two months after his arrival, he was seated in the inviting-looking study which the little woman referred to made her own especial care. It was she who had planned his bookshelves, and helped to arrange his books. It was she who swept and dusted, and who cleverly managed to replace everything she handled in the selfsame position in which it had been found. The window was open, but a cheerful fire was burning in the grate; for, while the sky was blue, the wind was very keen, and the thermometer stood low.

There had been a graver look than usual on the face of the minister's young wife as she had given a minute or two to looking at a little pile of books that had arrived from London only the night before. They bore the names of authors who were highly esteemed by many, but whose writings were only too well calculated to undermine the faith of their readers in the Divinely-authoritative character of the Word of God. She had wisely put the volumes down without remark; but the quiet closing of the door, without her usual good-bye smile, had made her husband conscious that she was not pleased.

It was "preparation" morning, but he did not settle to his work. He seemed rather to be looking at the view from the open window, which was indeed a pretty one. Before him lay a stretch of gorse and heather, although it was too early yet for either to be in bloom. Away on the edge of the cliff was a large, solitary fir, whose bare appearance on the seaward side told a pathetic tale of winter stress and storm. And beyond it was the great, wide sea, looking more than ordinarily beautiful as its white-crested waves were now brightened, now shadowed, by the glorious sunshine or the great billowy clouds.

A closer observation, however, showed that the minister, this morn-

ing, was thinking neither of his sermon nor of the view that lay before him. The fact was that, for the past week or two, the winds of doubt and discontent had been spending their force against him. A deacon of the church from which he had hoped to receive a call, had been taking a holiday by the sea; and, during his visit, the two men had been for a long walk together, in the course of which Clement Erskine had received something more than a hint that the coveted pastorate might have become his had he been "more abreast of the times." There was a good deal of "advanced literature" that he evidently ignored, or had not read; and, to say the least of it, it was desirable that a young man should acquaint himself with the positions taken up by acknowledged leaders of thought. The talk had been a long one, and the poor young preacher had been made to feel himself something of a fool.

The words of the deacon rankled, and he was ill at ease. He was not without ambition, and he wanted to make his mark. He was sure that he had power, and he would like to have it recognized. Yet might not popularity be too dearly bought? He felt like one who is called from opposite directions; and, as the days went on, his trouble of mind increased. He had loved his Bible dearly, he had revered it, and received it as wholly inspired of God, a direct revelation of His mind and will. He had believed that holy men of old spake as moved by the Holy Ghost. He had thought it likely that his Master knew what He was talking about when He answered all opponents by an appeal to the authoritative Word: "What saith the Scripture?" "How read ye?"

Still, he would give the whole thing more attention. He would take from the rather small amount of his savings, and get some of the brilliantly-written volumes that would tend to check a tendency to "make an idol of the Book."

Last night, the parcel had arrived, and he had opened it, and dipped into different pages till a long time after his usual hour for rest. When, at last, he lay down, it was with the feeling of a man who, having been shipwrecked, finds the spar that he has clung to slipping from his grasp.

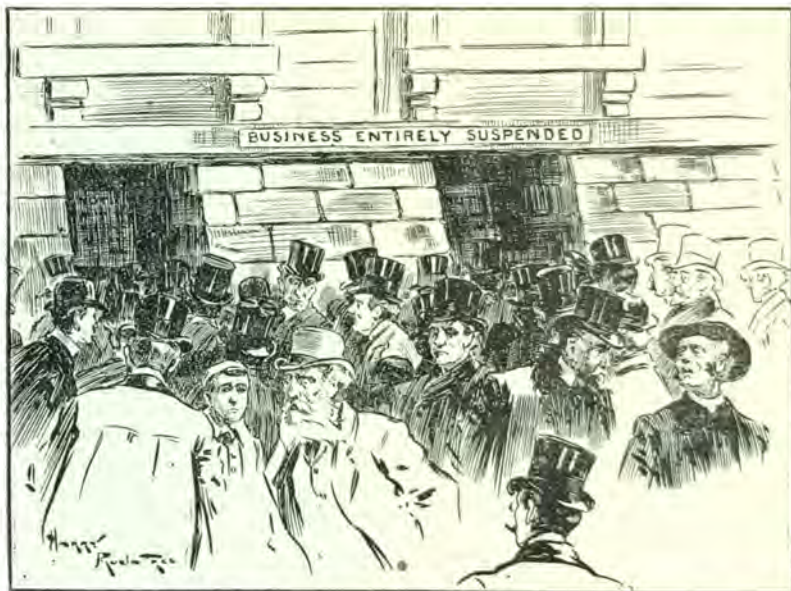
It was already morning when he fell asleep, and the sleep itself was like a waking dream. He fancied himself taken to a distant world,—a world that seemed without inhabitant. Wandering on in loneliness, amid unfamiliar scenes, he became aware of voices speaking of things beyond his ken. Looking around to see whence the sounds came, his eye lighted on a company of angelic beings whose faces all looked sad. A great longing seized him to know what they were talking about; and, as he listened closely, he began to understand. They were now speaking together of a land that their Lord had blessed. They were reminding one another that, because He had set His love upon it, He had made it to be a praise. They were recounting stories of marvellous deliverance, and gracious intervention, and signal favour shown. From these, they passed to dwell for a while upon the wondrous revelation of Himself which the Lord had given to man in His most precious Word. And, as the dreamer listened, he found that the angelic countenances were shadowed because the nation, of which they spake, the people who had had the Book, and loved it, who had been uplifted by it, and who had done more than all others to scatter it abroad, had

begun to grow weary of it, to esteem its teachings lightly, and to dare, with unholy boldness, to rule its Author out of court. He could not follow all that was being said; but, presently, the company was joined by One, to whom they all did reverence, and to whom they told their grief. A brief silence was broken by a voice which said, "*Perhaps they will learn again to love it, if it be taken from them.*"

Here the minister awoke; but he was still unrested, and he fell asleep again. His dream followed him. He thought he was in a house where the family had just risen from the breakfast table, and the father was asking for the Bible, saying, "Bring it to me quickly, or I shall lose my train." Strangely enough, it was not to be found; and the front door of the house was shortly heard to bang.

Anon, he stood in a court of law, where, as a witness, he was called to swear upon the Testament his loyalty to truth. But the soiled, worn copy had somehow gone astray, and there was confusion on account of its absence.

The dream continually grew more mixed. All classes and conditions of men stood outside the closed offices of the British and Foreign Bible



Society, clamouring for a book they could not get. The Royal Exchange presented a strange appearance, for its right royal motto had broken up, and fallen to the ground. A Coronation service came to a sudden standstill for want of the missing Book. A writer, of much distinction, left his manuscript to consult his various versions; but the shelf, on which he had placed them, was perfectly bare. Whole sentences from the books of his favourite authors had also disappeared, and there were blank spaces on many a well-thumbed page.

The sleeper tossed restlessly ; but, as yet, he did not wake. Now he thought himself at the bedside of one who had sent for him at the near approach of death. He asked for a Bible, but they could not find one. He felt for his own in the pocket of his coat, but it was not there. He tried to remember old familiar passages ;—not a verse could he recall. All had gone from him ; whatever could he do ?

Again the dream assumed another form. It was Sunday morning, but the usual hour for worship had not yet struck. Yet the house of God was filled, and there were growing crowds outside. Everywhere, through all the land, the people were going out to hear whether their ministers could tell them aught of the missing Book. But, in all the pulpits, and on every platform, there were men with streaming eyes. Dismay and grief had filled them ; and, to the anxious multitudes, they had no word to say. Then, suddenly, the dream resolved itself into a sea of anguished faces looking up towards Heaven. From myriads of lips there rose a mighty cry ; and, joining in it, Clement Erskine woke.

* * * *

It was the thought of this dream, and of the struggle that preceded it, that had so unsettled the preacher on the morning of which we write. For a long time, he sat with a troubled, abstracted look ; but, by-and-by, he rose, and closed the window, and then drew down the blinds. More than an hour passed, and the forgotten fire burned itself out. Then the study door was opened ; and, in a voice less steady than usual, he was heard to call his wife. A few minutes afterwards, they left the house together, and went for a long, long walk. Mrs. Finch, the butcher's wife, saw them, later, as they were returning through the town ; and she remarked to her husband, at dinner time, in somewhat meaning tones, that " they looked that happy, they were more like a pair o' lovers than married man an' wife ! "

The following Sunday, so the people said, their new minister preached as he had never preached before. Late that evening, when the day's work was over, the husband and wife once again went into the quiet little study. There he took the books, which had since remained untouched, and tied them carefully into a neat brown paper parcel. But, before putting it away in the farthest corner of the topmost shelf, he put a label upon it on which he wrote the words, " To be read, with riper judgment, in nineteen fifty-two." And his wife mischievously added, " And to be shown to brother-ministers as musty, fusty copies of works long out of print."

•

S. N. H.

Just a Taste.

(Being extracts from Dr. Cuyler's " Recollections of a Long Life."—See Reviews.)

IF books were not so superabundant as in these days, they would be more thoroughly appreciated and digested.

God made mothers before He made ministers ; the progress of

Christ's Kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise, and pious mothers than upon any other human agency.

The first Sunday-school that I ever attended had only one scholar, and my good mother was the superintendent.

I feel now that the happy fifty-six years that I have spent in the glorious ministry of the Gospel of Redemption is the direct outcome of that beloved mother's prayers, teaching, example, and holy influence.

Every church is as much bound to have a Temperance wheel in its machinery as to have a Sabbath-school or a Missionary organization.

The only sure cure for drunkenness is to stop before you begin.

The Church of Christ has no more right to ignore the drink evil than it has to ignore theft, or Sabbath desecration, or murder.

Our lives turn on small pivots; and if we let God lead us, the path will open before our footsteps.

Down-right earnestness to save souls hides a multitude of sins in raw young preachers.

If a minister, during his first ten minutes, can convince the people that he is only trying to save their souls, he *kills all the critics in the house*.

I found a half-hour of earnest prayer was more helpful than two or three hours of study. It sometimes let a flash from the Throne flame over the page I was writing.

I have always held that the Bible is a self-evidencing book; God will take care of His Word if we ministers only take care to preach it. We are no more called upon to defend the Bible than we are to defend the law of gravitation.

The minister who never warms himself will never warm up his congregation.

May God send into our churches, not only a revival of pure and undefiled religion, but also a revival of old-fashioned, soul-inspiring pulpit eloquence!

I am not aware of any Scriptural authority for calling a steepled house "a church."

I am convinced that, if there were more fraternal frankness between the living, there would be less hypocrisy over the departed.

It is the curse of a pessimist that he can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find nothing but barrenness.

What a poor man wants is, not only a clean shirt, a clean home, and a clean account on Saturday night; he wants a clean character, and a clean soul for this world and the next. Christianity makes a sad mistake if it is satisfied to give him a full stomach, and leave him with a starving soul.

C. H. Spurgeon rightly judged that making clean hearts was the best way to secure clean homes and clean lives.

God reigns even if the devil is trying to.

The increasing rage for novel-reading betokens both a famine in the intellect, and a serious peril to the mental and spiritual life.

My Bible is all the dearer to me, not only because it has pillowed the dying heads of my father and my mother, but because it has been the sure guide of a hundred generations of Christians before them. When the boastful innovators offer me a new system of belief, (which is really a congeries of unbeliefs,) I say to them, "The old is better." Twenty centuries of experience, shared by such intellects as Augustine, Luther, Pascal, Calvin, Newton, Chalmers, Edwards, Wesley, and Spurgeon, are not to be shaken by the assaults of men who often contradict each other while contradicting God's truth.

I have always found that a man who would build up a strong church must be constantly at it.

A sermon in shoes is often more eloquent and soul-convincing than a sermon on paper.

My journey hence to the sun-setting must be brief at the farthest. I only ask to live just as long as God has any work for me to do,—and not one moment longer.

"Count your Blessings."

[Written on hearing the hymn, bearing that title, sung at a mission.]

"COUNT my blessings!" do you bid me?
Not so easy done as said;
For their total would be greater
Than the hairs upon my head!

And if I should *try* to count them,
Try to "count them one by one,"
They would reach to such a number
That my task would ne'er be done!

But, though *all* I ne'er could reckon,
Nor their number even guess,
Yet my counting will discover
Untold calls for thankfulness.

So, I'll count them as you bid me,
Keep on counting all my days;—
So, my heart, with thanks o'erflowing,
Every day new songs shall raise.

Grateful praise my heart shall render,
As each mercy I recall,
To the loving gracious Sender,
Bounteous Giver of them all.

“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.

(d) *Fulfilled Prophecy.*

(2) THE JEWS.

There is, however, another endorsement of Old Testament Inspiration which is, in some respects, actually more irresistible in its conclusions than the foregoing testimonies concerning fulfilled prophecy in the life, ministry, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sceptics, of a certain “advanced” school, may not only repudiate the doctrine of the resurrection, but they may also bluntly impugn the honesty and accuracy of all the Gospel narratives; yet is there one objective, living, up-to-date fact which even they can neither challenge nor deny;—I mean, the continued and miraculous preservation of that unique yet scattered nation, the Jews.

It is recorded that, when Frederick the Great once suddenly turned upon his chaplain, and asked him to supply a proof of Biblical Inspiration in one word, the minister, without a moment's hesitancy, gave as his answer, “Israel;” and, indeed, the existence of the Jews, outside of prophetic explanation, is an unsolved enigma. Here we have, dispersed in every country of the world to-day, a people, whose facial, social, and religious peculiarities single them out, and differentiate them from all those other nations among whom they live, and trade, and have their being;—who, alone, after the lapse of millenniums, have retained their distinct nationality, and never merged or coalesced with the encompassing peoples;—deprived of the special characteristics of their ancient religion, without Prince, Sacrifice, or native land; not held together by any great political organization, central government, King, High Priest, capital, or special rallying-place, yet surviving every variation upon the swiftly-changing map of history, each whim of fortune, and desire of Empire-builders; albeit the continual victims of bitter and unparalleled persecution wherever they have been scattered,—harried, robbed, murdered, by Christians and heathens, Mohammedans and Romanists, Despots and Democrats alike,—the National Immortality of Israel fairly defies all allied antagonisms, and laughs at each successive attempt to destroy or merge its racial personality. This marvellous survival in the history of peoples and the world, in spite of the handicapping experiences of such a unique dispersion, confronts the Infidel and Rationalist with a fact which cannot be quietly smiled at, frittered away, gainsaid, or ignored; flashing its evidence upon us, as it does, in every portion of the habitable globe from ten millions of distinctively Jewish faces;—and all this was, with peculiar accuracy and definiteness, foretold in their own Scriptures, some fifteen hundred years before the destruction of Jerusalem, when, amid unheard of horrors, that dispersion commenced, which has now lasted over eighteen hundred years.

Let us, accordingly, look at a few of these old-time predictions concerning Israel and Jerusalem, preserved and handed down to us by the Jewish race, and uttered by their most honoured and trusted prophets. Moses, the greatest and best beloved of all their leaders, speaking on the very threshold of his death-scene, solemnly prophesied that, if Israel forsook and disobeyed Almighty God, although His elect and chosen people (Deuteronomy vii. 6—8), yet should their cities be overthrown, their land sterilized, and their nation scattered to the four winds of heaven; and, as one reads the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, with its terse but pathetically tragic forecast of the destruction of Jerusalem, when, in the straitness of the siege, men and women turned cannibals, and "the tender and delicate woman, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness," devoured her own offspring secretly, it might almost be put in parallel columns with the sad history of Josephus, *written after the event*; while the description of the conquering enemy as "a nation from far," not, as might naturally have been expected, one of the surrounding peoples;—"as the eagle flieth," suggestive of the Roman standards;—"a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young," a marked characteristic of the relentless Roman policy of extermination;—which "shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down," alluding to the peculiarity of the war, which was one of sieges rather than of open field conflicts, and the terrible battering-rams, of which Josephus gives an account still instinct with the terror which such onslaughts produced within his mind;—together with the predictions of how the unfortunate Jewish captives would be taken "into Egypt again with ships," the slave-market so glutted that "ye shall be sold," (some hundred thousand,) "and no man shall buy you;"—how "ye shall be left few in number," and "plucked from off the land whither thou goest to possess it,"—this remarkable prophecy being pronounced *before the Jews had actually entered Palestine*;—how "the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other;" and "thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations, whither the Lord shall lead thee;" "and among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest: but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind;" etc.,—*fulfilled as they were and are to the very letter*, demand and command the reverential wonder of any impartial mind, especially since they were spoken centuries before the city of Rome existed, or anyone could even forecast or conceive the possibility or trend of such events. (Deuteronomy xxviii.; Leviticus xxvi.)

Now, this literal and tragic object-lesson of the judgments, which Moses said to Israel, "shall be upon thee for a sign and for a wonder," together with many similar and subsequent predictions from the lips of Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, and Amos;—"I will deliver them to be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth for their hurt, to be a reproach and a proverb, a taunt and a curse, in all places whither I shall drive them;"—"the whole remnant of thee will I scatter into all the winds;"—"I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as

corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth;"—"they shall be wanderers among the nations;"—is written large upon the face of history. (Jeremiah xxiv. 9; Ezekiel v. 10; Amos ix. 9; Hosea ix. 17; see also Jeremiah viii. 3; ix. 15, 16; xxix. 18; xxxi. 10; Ezekiel xii. 15; Amos ix. 4; etc., etc.) With a fierce and terrible fury, inexplicable even on the ground of mediæval harshness and intolerance, the Jews have been driven from land to land, and city to city, robbed, maltreated, harried, tortured, imprisoned, slain; the victims of every brutal caprice and diabolical whim, whether on the part of Princes or Peoples, Christians or Mohammedans; and yet, unextinguished and unextinguishable, they remain "wanderers among the nations," an indestructible and imperishable witness to the truth of God, and the Inspiration of the Pentateuch. It would be well-nigh an impossibility to exaggerate the horrors of their persecutions down the centuries as they were expelled successively from Jerusalem, Rome, and Alexandria,—scourged, mutilated, murdered,—the common prey of rich and poor, learned and vulgar, pious and impious alike, in Spain, France, Austria, Germany, and even England, while, if a passing lull has come, to-day, in such countries as are dominated by the liberty-loving tenets of Protestantism and of Scriptural and Evangelical Christianity, the storm-clouds are still lowering darkly in South-Eastern Europe, and the gathering hatred in France and Russia may, at any moment, burst forth in a whirlwind of fury unparalleled by even those tragic sufferings of the past.

But this is not all. Palestine, "the delightful land," "flowing with milk and honey,"—concerning the extraordinary fertility and beauty of which profane historians have borne abundant and unimpeachable testimony,—has been also cursed; and, under the solemn judgments of God, remains to-day barren and blasted, a land of "waste cities" and "desolate sanctuaries", in fulfilment of the Mosaic prediction, "the generation to come of your children that shall rise up after you, and the stranger that shall come from a far land, shall say, when they see the plagues of that land, and the sicknesses which the Lord hath laid upon it; . . . Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? what meaneth the heat of this great anger? Then men shall say, Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers, . . . and went and served other gods, . . . the anger of the Lord was kindled against this land, to bring upon it all the curses that are written in this Book: and the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and cast them into another land, as it is this day." (Deuteronomy xxix. 22—28; see also Leviticus xxvi. 31—35; Isaiah vi. 11, 12; xxxii. 13—15; Jeremiah iv. 27; Ezekiel vi.; Micah i. 6; etc., etc.) We cannot, in this connection, do better than quote the words of Volney, the celebrated traveller, himself an infidel:—"The temples are thrown down, the palaces demolished, the ports filled up, the towns destroyed, and the earth, stripped of inhabitants, seems a dreary burying-place. From whence proceed such melancholy volutions? For what cause is the fortune of these countries so strikingly changed? Why are so many cities destroyed? Why is not that ancient population reproduced, and per-

petuated?" (Volney's Ruins, ch. ii., page 7.) Thus did "the stranger from a far land" not only bear involuntary witness to the detailed truth of these predictions; but, in so doing, himself unconsciously fulfilled the only item wanting to complete the all-round accuracy of the prophecy.

Nor did the Jews submit to God's inevitable programme without many a severe conflict. After the destruction of Jerusalem, when one million, three hundred thousand people were slain, they agonized again and again to rebuild the city, and consolidate the nation, but all in vain. In A.D. 135, for two long, bitter years, they desperately fought the iron power of Rome, losing over half a million of lives, exclusive of those who perished through famine and disease; but whether the Emperor Adrian thundered or Justinian helped, it mattered nought,—a power unseen, invincible, irrevocable, blasted all their fairest hopes, and disappointed all their stoutest struggles. Christ, the rejected Messiah, had predicted the destruction of the temple, and its charred stones were thrown down so that there was "not left one stone upon another;" and a ploughshare, driven by Terentius Rufus, tore up the foundations of the sanctuary and city, as foretold by Micah nearly eight hundred years before (Micah iv. 13); and when the loyal-hearted, under imperial favour, sought afterwards to rebuild it, no less an authority than the infidel historian Gibbon records how, on "the unexceptionable testimony of Ammianus Marcellinus, horrible balls of fire, breaking out near the foundations, with frequent and reiterated attacks rendered the place from time to time inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen" until the enterprise had necessarily and hopelessly to be abandoned. (Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," chapter xxiii.)

And all repeated efforts to retain and maintain some form of central government or organization under a definite leader were, likewise, equally unavailing, because, eight hundred years before Titus assailed Jerusalem, the Holy Ghost, through Hosea, had prophesied, "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim" (Hosea iii. 4). Thus, ethnarchs claimed power, and faded away, and "Princes of the captivity" assumed a feeble affectation of authority until the last lost head and rule together. Since the destruction of Jerusalem, no holy place exists; and, to-day, priestly intercession has given place to Rabbinical admonitions; while, even as I write, the Jews are solemnly and sadly keeping their great day of atonement, with prayers, tears, confessions, and fastings, but *no atonement*. Now, that Israel, of all nations of the world, with a God-appointed ministry and ritual, should remain still without a priest or a sacrifice;—that the people, who so incessantly grieved Jehovah by their idolatry as to bring about those curses which are fulfilled in their present dispersion and sorrows, should now refuse steadfastly, at peril of life itself, to bow down before an image or an icon;—that "their silver and their gold," which it was predicted "shall not be able to deliver them because it is the stumbling-block of their iniquity" (Ezekiel vii. 19); and which, again and again, provoked their relentless persecution, should still be held pre-eminently in Jewish hands at this moment;—that this quiet, obscure people, driven from their own land, and scattered over

the wide world, touching every shore of earth, like the fragments of a stately vessel after some mighty hurricane, should yet remain, in every kingdom, a distinct, unmerged entity, without the centralizing advantage of any unifying power, or prince, or priesthood, while Britons, Danes, Norse, and French, have melted into an indistinguishable nationality in England, and every people of the world blended into one in the great republic of the West, and Assyria and Babylon cannot produce a representative of their extinct races;—these things, and especially *the twin facts of Israel's dispersion among all the peoples under heaven, and their continued, unbroken nationality*, in spite of relentless persecution, are explicable only on the ground of God's eternal purpose detailed in the verbally-inspired predictions of the Pentateuch; and we fearlessly challenge sceptics and critics alike to afford any other solution of this standing miracle, which Hegel says, "is an enigma I cannot solve," or themselves to foretell, not three thousand, nor three hundred, but thirty,—or, for that matter, three years ahead, the changes which may take place upon the face of history, or the groupings, blendings, mergings, and overlappings of national life.

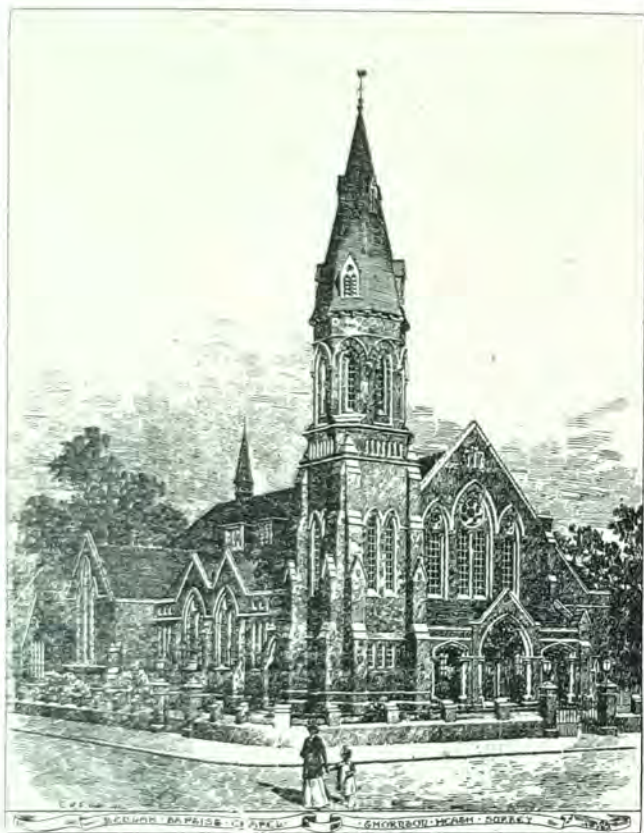
"But," someone exclaims, "are there not now, however, brighter days dawning for God's ancient people, and do not tokens everywhere herald the ingathering and consolidation of the race?" Assuredly, and very likely speedily; but, then, these blessings are also as clearly predicted as were the curses in Israel's dispersion and day of trial; and it is because of this that the Jews have been so wonderfully preserved by God, since He will yet again restore them to Judæa and Jerusalem as a nation. Nor does it matter to the believer whether the fulfilment of these auspicious prophecies be worked out through the medium of Zionist Congresses and national aspirations, or political plottings and diplomatic strategies;—whether the enforced exodus of persecution drive them, or the drawings of kindness move them "home"; since, in any case, over and above the natural and temporal will reign the Supernatural and Eternal: Thus, in the very next verse to the quotation already given, there follow the very remarkable and pregnant words, "*Afterwards* shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God, and David their King; and shall fear the Lord and His goodness in the latter days" (Hosea iii. 5). Yes, for both land and people, bright, glad, golden times are yet in store when "the vail shall be taken away" from Israel's heart, and the Gentile parenthesis of grace having passed away. Christ's prophecy concerning the Jews shall have an absolute and literal accomplishment, "They shall fall by the edge of the sword, and 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." Then shall that people, which fulfilled Isaiah's predictions regarding the Messiah in His rejection and despal, receive "the Spirit of grace and of supplication," "look on Him whom they have pierced," and, through God's covenant of grace, enjoy His overwhelming benediction in that millennial peace and glory foretold so graphically by that selfsame prophet who predicted their sufferings and shame. (Luke xxi. 24; 2 Corinthians iii. 15, 16; Romans ix. 25—36;

Zechariah xii., xiii., xiv. ; Isaiah liii. 1—4 ; lx., lxi., lxii., lxvi., etc.) The Lord hasten it in His time !

(To be continued in January Magazine.)

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath.

PROPOSED NEW CHAPEL.



BEULAH Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath,—within view of “Westwood,”—is especially and closely connected with the life and labour of C. H. Spurgeon. He personally selected the site, purchased the freehold, built and opened the present School-chapel in 1887, formed the Church in February, 1888, (under the pastoral care of his private secretary, Mr. J. W. Harrald,) became the first Treasurer of the Church and also of the Building Fund for the larger Chapel, which positions he held until his death.

The need for the larger Chapel has now become pressing. The neighbourhood has rapidly developed, and is still developing ; there is

no other Baptist Chapel in Thornton Heath with its fully 12,000 inhabitants, and the present School-chapel is often uncomfortably crowded. It has therefore been decided to make an earnest effort to complete the Building Fund which Mr. Spurgeon started, and then to erect the larger Chapel. Plans have been prepared by J. W. Stevens, Esq., of 21, New Bridge Street, E.C. Seating accommodation is provided for 600 adults on the ground floor. There will be no galleries. The great aim of the architect has been to provide a building of a distinctly Gothic type in which the minister will have an unobstructed view of every member of the congregation, who will be able to see and hear clearly. The building is to be constructed with grey-tinted Kentish rag stone, random coursed, with Monks' Park Bath stone dressings. The interior will be lighted by electricity. The subsoil being clay, a liberal allowance has had to be made for foundations. The estimated cost is £6,000.

Building operations, however, cannot be begun until the money is within sight. To the glory of God, and in honour of dear Mr. Spurgeon's memory, and in obedience to his own instructions, the new Chapel **MUST BE OPENED FREE OF DEBT.**

Who, then, will help to give fulfilment to the hope Mr. Spurgeon evidently cherished for Thornton Heath? Who will assist to make possible the completion of the purpose of his heart? Fully £1,000 is already in hand or promised. A meeting to augment this amount will (D.V.) be held, on the 20th inst., at 8 p.m., under the presidency of Sir Frederick Edridge, in connection with which this special appeal is made. It is warmly supported by the Editor, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and by Revs. J. R. Wood, A. G. Brown, W. Cuff, and others.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's health would not permit of her accepting the responsibilities of the Treasurership her dear husband held, but she writes:—"I wish much success and prosperity to the Baptist Church at Thornton Heath. My beloved husband not only took a great and generous interest in the cause when he founded it, but also anticipated for it an ever-increasing power and influence in the midst of a rapidly-developing population. I pray that his earnest efforts for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ, by the preaching of the simple Gospel of the grace of God, may have the abundant blessing which his soul desired."

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon adds:—"I am in perfect accord with my dear mother in wishing you good success both in the spiritual part of the work and in this more material but not unimportant matter."

Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. W. Kemp, 5, Heath Road, Thornton Heath; to the Bankers, London and Provincial Bank (Thornton Heath Branch); or to Pastor F. G. Wheeler, 2, Burlington Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Home Counties Baptist Association.

THE autumnal meetings of the Association were held, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Thursday, October 16th. There was a large attendance of pastors, delegates, personal members, and friends, and the proceedings throughout were characterized by the utmost heartiness, enthusiasm, and fraternal feeling.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, whose term of office as Moderator was just ending, presided at the morning devotional meeting, and also at the first portion of the business session. The Committee's Report was read by the Secretary, Rev. E. W. Tarbox, from which it appears that, including the three churches about to be received, the Association now comprises 82 churches, possessing 113 places of worship, providing

41,500 sittings. The total membership is 12,300; there are 260 lay preachers, 1,800 teachers, and 22,000 scholars. About 500 persons have been baptized during the year. (Mr. Tarbox explained that the figures were only approximately accurate, as so many churches had not sent in their statistics: will all others kindly send to him as soon as possible?)

The Association's three colporteurs, Messrs. Fifield, Gibbs, and Sayer, have continued to work earnestly and successfully at Cheam, Egham, and Horsell (Woking). The new churches at Haydon's Park, Morland Road, and Woodside, are in good working order, with bright hopes for the future.

The Report contained appropriate references to the home-going of Mr. Dunn, one of the ex-Moderators of the Association, and to the presentation to Mr. Tarbox, in recognition of his services as Moderator, Treasurer, and Secretary; and concluded with an urgent appeal for the more efficient instruction of the children in our Sunday-schools in Protestant and Free Church principles.

After the adoption of the Report, the churches at Cranford (Middlesex), Gipsy Road Tabernacle, West Norwood, and Rayleigh (Essex), were received into the Association, and the right hand of fellowship was given to their pastors, and to other brethren who had become members of the Association. The balance-sheet will appear in the printed Report; the Treasurer was only able to give an interim statement concerning the funds, as additional amounts were being paid in during the day.

Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, Lambeth, was unanimously elected Vice-Moderator, and the following officers were all re-elected, and agreed still to serve the Association:—Treasurer, Mr. Hart; Secretary, Mr. Tarbox; Minute Secretary, Pastor Percy J. Smart; Deputation Secretary, Pastor E. H. Brown. After a very hearty vote of thanks to the retiring Moderator, to which he gratefully responded, Mr. F. J. Marham succeeded to the office to which he was elected last year. His first act as Moderator was to call upon Pastor Thomas Spurgeon to deliver the devotional address which had been announced upon the programme. This consisted of a most helpful exposition of our Saviour's references to the Holy Spirit as "the Spirit of truth," and formed a fitting finish to the very delightful morning meeting.

Dinner was served in the schoolroom, where several of the Tabernacle lady-workers and church-officers, together with some of the Orphanage boys, bountifully supplied the needs of the 156 guests, on whose behalf the cordial thanks of the assembly were proposed by the Moderator, seconded by Pastor I. O. Stalberg, carried unanimously, and acknowledged by the Pastor and Deacon F. H. Ford.

At the afternoon meeting, the Secretary announced the result of the ballot for the Committee, and then Pastor George Wright (Kingston) opened a conference on the timely and important subject, "Our Interest, as Free Churchmen, in the Religious Education of the Children." He suggested five things as desirable:—(1) To enquire of God for direction; (2) to make more use of home-training; (3) to improve our Sunday school armies; (4) to supply suitable mental material for our young people; and (5) to agree upon a national policy in keeping with divine directions. After an animated discussion, the following resolution was almost unanimously passed:—"That we resolve to do all we can to protest against and resist the passing of the Education Bill in its present form, and that, in the event of its being passed we shall fall into line with those who refuse willingly to pay the rate."

It was also resolved to commend the action of "The British Weekly," "The Daily News," and "The Morning Leader," with regard to the Education Bill, with special thanks to "The Daily News" for excluding

betting news from its columns ; and a resolution of condolence and sympathy with Mrs. Kensit, and her brave son, was unanimously passed.

Tea was served in the schoolroom, when about 280 were present ; and a large congregation assembled in the Tabernacle, for the evening service, at which Rev. John Thomas, M.A. of Liverpool, delivered a powerful discourse upon Psalm cxix. 49, "Remember the Word unto Thy servant, wherein Thou hast caused me to hope." The preacher's divisions were, (1) The implication that God hath given great hopes to His people ; (2) the implication that God's providence sometimes seems to contradict those hopes ; and (3) the Royal claim upon God for the fulfilment of those hopes.

Altogether October 16th will remain as a red-letter day in the history of the Home Counties Baptist Association.

Notices of Books.

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

Will all authors and publishers kindly note that *all* books and other publications for review should be sent to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London ?

The price of all books, reviewed in the Magazine, will, in future, be given in the notice if it is supplied by the publishers.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have added three more volumes to their *Twelve Sermons Series*,—Twelve Sermons on Humility, Twelve Sermons on Precious Promises, and Twelve Sermons on the Doctrines of Grace,—making 51 volumes in this handy form, any one of which can be obtained of the publishers for a shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have ready for publication *John Ploughman's Almanack for 1903* and *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1903*, price one penny each. It is believed that both will prove to be fully equal to former issues. The pictures on the broadsheet are just the kind that "John Ploughman" used to select, the four short articles are extracts from his writings, and the proverbs still continue to be largely those that were composed or chosen by him. In the little book, five of the articles bear the familiar

initials, C. H. S.; Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has selected the daily texts, and written the letter concerning them ; the other contents of the booklet will help to keep it well up to the mark attained in previous years.

Messrs. Walter G. Wheeler and Co., 17, Paternoster Row, have sent us a large selection of their *Christmas and New Year Cards, Calendars, and Booklets*. After examining them, we can confirm their own testimony concerning them :—"The Keswick Calendars are unique . . . Years of experience have enabled us this season to produce a series of Calendars, Cards, Booklets, &c., more varied and extensive, and we also believe more excellent in every way, than any previous year's productions."

"To-day and For Ever Calendar" (3s. 6d.) is exquisite ; "The Faithful Promiser Calendar" (2s.) is admirable ; "A Year of Praise," and "The Upward Life Block Calendar," (1s. each,) are beautiful and useful. The Cards and Booklets are equally worthy of commendation.

One of the choicest Calendars we have ever seen is "The Good Shepherd," published by Messrs. Faulkner and Co. It contains four charming mezzo-tint pictures, with appropriate verses and Scripture references, daintily tied up with

ribbon, and enclosed in a strong case for transmission by post or otherwise. The Calendar is issued at 3s. 6d., and can be obtained at that price, post free, of the compiler, Mr. W. G. Harrison, Church Road, Upper Norwood, London.

Walking in the Light. Daily Readings for a Year. Arranged by J. C. WRIGHT. Nelson and Sons (1s. 6d.).

EXCELLENT extracts, mainly from American authors, mostly helpful, but occasionally not quite reliable.

Shining and Serving. Six Addresses on the Christian Life. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Andrew Melrose (3s. 6d.).

A COLLECTION of characteristic papers by this well-known author, daintily bound in a suitable form for a Christmas present to a Christian friend.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott have issued, at 3d. net, *Light upon the Lesson for Sunday-school Teachers*, which is true to its title. The booklet can be carried in the pocket, ready to be consulted whenever there is an opportunity of looking up the lesson for the following Sabbath.

The Official Handbook of the Presbyterian Church of England, published at 14, Paternoster Square, at 6d., should be in the hands of all members of that body. It is admirably compiled, though the use of asterisks shows that Presbyterians, like Baptists, are by no means perfect in the art of supplying information about their service for the Saviour.

Recollections of a Long Life. An Autobiography. By T. L. CUYLER, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Houghton. (5s. net.)

A PERFECTLY delightful life-story, full of wit and wisdom. We have been charmed with its variety and vivacity. "Just a taste" is given elsewhere, but the book itself should be read. There are many

most kindly references to C. H. Spurgeon.

Dr. Cuyler speaks of having written, in forty-two years, more than 1,800 articles. He (or the printer) calls them "lubrications." Probably, lucubrations should be the word. The mistake is not serious. All Dr. Cuyler's lucubrations are "lubrications." Who has not felt their soothing influence? This autobiography is another "lubrication."

Memories of Scottish Scenes and Sabbaths more than Eighty Years Ago. By the late Rev. ALEXANDER KENNEDY. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. (1s. net.)

HERE is a man who tells us just what he himself has seen; as a result, his narrative lives, and is well worth the re-printing. The Old Secession Church at Cumnock rises before us as we read, and not one of the eighty pages is without interest. There are several good anecdotes.

Gathered Fragments. A Memorial of Thomas Stanley Wakeley. Oxford: J. C. Pembrey.

WE are always glad to welcome a volume from our friends, known to the profane as "Hypers." If we were hyper-critical, we could find blemishes; but the simplicity and sincerity of their writings make them so interesting that, as we hear the heart-beats, we forget the critic's art. We could wish for less introspection, and more rejoicing in the fulness of Christ; but the school of which Mr. Wakeley was such an earnest exponent has borne a good testimony, and the book is a worthy memorial of a useful life.

Seed-Time and Harvest. Autobiography of JAMES RENNIE, Colporteur. Morgan and Scott.

A MAN who left Scotland by steamer, with a full pack as part of his luggage, and who reached Bedford without a book or leaflet in his possession, having sold them all to the sailors and steerage passengers, certainly proved that he was called

to be a colporteur, a fact which this brightly-written and well-illustrated little volume abundantly confirms. In addition to much that is interesting concerning Mr. Rennie's own life and work, there are many references to Colportage in general, our own Society being specially mentioned.

Just Beyond, and other Poems. By Rev. F. A. JACKSON. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. net.)

Yes, poems indeed, and not mere pleasant verse. There is the poet's insight, tender and lofty feeling, and, in almost every case, the poet's perfect expression.

This little volume should be the prophecy of a greater, and one that should make for its author a place among our best lyric singers. It has been a surprise of delight to come upon this choice volume, and we shall eagerly look for the next by the same hand. Well done, Brother Jackson! The laureate's bays may yet be yours!

Bible Treasures in English Measures. By O. F. ROUTH. Elliot Stock. (2s. 6d.)

ADMIRABLE in intention; but we very much doubt whether it will command a sale. The mass of readers of the Bible prefer it in verses rather than in verse, and those who do not read its inimitable prose diction will not be lured towards it by rhyme. We fear it is both ability and devotion somewhat misapplied.

The Free Churchman of To-day. By J. COMPTON RICKETT. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d.)

THE Free Church position, stated by a layman of marked ability and sturdy principle. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the many questions involved, and will convince some that our Nonconformist propaganda is not a ministerial conspiracy. The historical spirit and grasp of large principles are features of special worth in a capital volume as a whole.

Nineteenth Century Preachers and their Methods. By Rev. JOHN EDWARDS. Charles H. Kelly.

PREACHERS will always read with avidity books upon preaching. We confess that we agree with Mr. Watkinson, one of the fourteen sketched in this volume, when he says, "I read with eager expectation the last published lectures on the art of preaching, trusting to know how to do it before I die." We very much doubt, however, whether any book can tell a man, who is not a born preacher, "how to do it"; but we cannot fancy anyone, however skilful, reading this volume without learning "to do it" better. We congratulate Mr. Edwards very heartily, though we do not think the chapter on C. H. Spurgeon by any means the best in the book.

All the preachers laid under contribution agree in the necessity laid upon the man, who would declare the truth of God, to cultivate himself, to study the Scriptures, and to work hard. Dr. Carpenter recommends the three Rs,—Reflection, Reading, and 'Riting,—to the man who seeks material for a sermon. Dr. Guthrie says that, in preaching, he should mind the three Ps,—Proving, Painting, Persuading. Dr. John Ker and F. W. Robertson insist upon *Oratio, Meditatio, Tentatio*, as the three requisites for success. Archbishop Magee declares that pulpit efficiency can only be achieved by nerve, fluency, and memory; while Mr. Edwards himself sums the matter up in the three qualifications of Careful Preparation, Constant Prayer, and Consuming Desire. There is a great abundance of good things in this treatise.

A First Century Message to Twentieth Century Christians. By G. CAMPBELL MORGAN. Fleming H. Revell Company. (3s 6d. net.)

"THE style is the man," might almost be said as to Mr. Campbell Morgan, in whose great work and growing influence we are deeply interested. He speaks, like his Master, with authority, and not as the scribes,

and he has a distinct message to utter. What wonder, then, that hearers wait upon his preaching, and readers upon his books. In this volume, he treads a well-worn path in dealing with the Epistles to the seven churches; but he points out things which have before escaped notice, and, avoiding prophetic pitfalls, brings us to pause where we can best see the direction of the road, and wistfully descry its terminus. The qualities in the book, that strike us, are:—the skill of the analysis, the comparative absence of illustration, and the reverent acceptance of *the very words* of the Exalted Christ. Mr. Morgan speaks as a man who knows, to people who, he believes, desire to know, and we are thankful both for his voice and for his pen.

The Century Bible. Revelation. By C. ANDERSON SCOTT. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

WE thank Mr. Scott for this hand-book, which we have examined with much interest and profit. That we disagree with many of the editor's conclusions, detracts nothing from our praise of the sane and scholarly guide to the mysteries of the Apocalypse which he has given us. He occupies the *preterist* standpoint, and insists strongly that the visions of Patmos were for the age when they were given, or, at most, for the succeeding age. Even if this be granted, surely it does not preclude other, and perhaps more definite meanings for ages beyond. Isaiah's messages were doubtless for his own age; they were also for the time of the Messiah.

We are also at issue with the editor when he insists that there is no chronology in the Book of Revelation, though the many faulty and sometimes irreverent attempts to fix dates for events hidden in the mind of God might almost drive a sensible man to that conclusion. But we cannot believe that the various "times" mentioned are nothing but symbols; at the end, we shall find that God's mathematics are the same as ours, and that the

times are before appointed, though their exact points of departure and fulfilment are to us unknown.

Mr. Scott's Bibliography also seems most scanty. Surely more than two English works on the Revelation deserve mention. If we must keep to modern authors, we should certainly find a place for the curious posthumous work of the late Archbishop Benson. His remarks on the Greek of the Apocalypse, as well as other things in his book, are worthy of the attention of scholars. And are there not, besides, other writers who ought to have been named?

But we heartily agree with the editor in ascribing the authorship to John the Apostle, and are quite prepared to accept his suggested date. We welcome his sketch of Apocalyptic literature, and we have no doubt that his idea of the construction of the Book approaches the truth. Each series of visions culminates in the end; and yet, when we arrive at, say, the sixth seal, we find that the end is not yet, but that a new series of visions intervenes; and yet again, at the end of the trumpets, the final judgment is postponed. If this volume fixes this point, something very decided will be gained in the vexed exposition of this wonderful Book.

Whatever our view of times, or of structure, or of authorship, at least this is certain, that the Lamb is the centre of all the movement both in Heaven and in earth; and so it happens that, while expositors have warred over the Book, simple souls, in all ages, have walked here among green pastures, and afflicted saints have been kept from despair by the thought of coming triumph.

And now our salvation is nearer than when we believed, and we will not allow either the past or the future to rob us of the present consolation which we receive as this Revelation of Jesus Christ sheds its light on the history of our own age, and the climax of our own hope.

(There is an evident misprint on page 70.)

The space available for *Story-books* is so limited that we can only notice them very briefly.

From the Religious Tract Society, we have received the following volumes in addition to those mentioned last month:—*Alwyn Ravendale*, by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN (3s. 6d.), a well-written tale, marred by some dubious doctrine;—*The Blessedness of Irene Farquhar*, by EGLANTON THORNE (2s. 6d.), and *David and Jonathan*, by JULIA HACK (2s.), both of which are largely concerned with the late Boer war;—*A Scots Thistle*, by LESLIE KEITH (2s. 6d.), which tells of a Scotch lassie's experiences in gay London society;—and *Aneals Motto*, by B. E. SLADE (1s. 6d.), which shows how faithful testimony and a consistent life bear good fruit, even though it be "after many days."

From Messrs. Nelson and Sons, we have several handsome-looking volumes:—*At the Point of the Sword*, by HERBERT HAYENS (5s.), a stirring story of the Peruvian War of Independence;—two at 3s. 6d.,—*Stanhope*, by E. L. HAVERFIELD, a charming tale of love and war in the days of Cromwell;—and *Salé's Sharpshooters*, by HAROLD AVERY, a lively narrative of schoolboys who caught the war fever;—*Two Little Travellers*, by RAY CUNNINGHAM (2s. 6d.), a pretty story of children who set out to find the "Happy Land, far, far away;"—*The Lost Squire of Inglewood*, by DR. JACKSON (2s.), rather far-fetched tales of boys'

wanderings in the haunts of Robin Hood;—and *Our Little Patients*, by ELLEN A. FYFE (1s.), which gives an interesting peep into the wards of a Children's Hospital.

From the same publishers comes a profusely-illustrated volume, *The Friend of Little Children* (3s. 6d.), which we might have commended if it had not contained a picture of John the Baptist pouring water on his Lord's head out of a scallop shell!

Messrs Nelson and Sons have also issued a number of *Coloured Picture-books*, ranging from 3d. to 1s., which will be a source of great delight to the youngsters who get them.

Omosville. An Unconventional Novel. By W. GOURLAY. A. H. Stockwell.

TEMPERANCE truth woven into a story, such as many will read who would fly from a pamphlet. It deals with the grim evils of drink in trenchant fashion; and where read and pondered, must surely bring conviction.

The Alabaster Box, and other Addresses. By Rev. JOSEPH PEARCE. Arthur H. Stockwell.

THERE is sound, solid teaching in these addresses. They might not be pronounced brilliant by lovers of pulpit fireworks, but hungry souls will find good nourishing and satisfying food in them. The more of such discourses, the better for the many souls that are famishing for the Bread of Life.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

The Editor greatly regrets to have to say that it is impossible for him to consider any further requests to preach, etc., during the coming winter and spring. He would willingly serve all his dear brethren if he could; but he finds his hands too full, and his strength too small, for the task. He would be glad to be spared the pain of saying "Nay."

The Pastor's Birthday Fund keeps on growing. The total has already

exceeded that of last year. To anyone who has not yet contributed, we may say, in the words of David to Solomon, "Thou mayest add thereto."

C. H. SPURGEON'S sermon, "Pray, Always Pray," is No. 2,800 in the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," and it is well worthy of that high position. It is a remarkable exposition of our Saviour's words in John xvi. 26, 27, and deserves the widest possible circulation, and the most careful and prayerful perusal.

We desire to call special attention to the "Business Letter" from Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON in this issue. It is a great joy to us that our dear mother is able to continue her glorious work in connection with the Book Fund, and to learn that another Report is in progress. For this part of her service for the saints, as well as for the Fund of which she speaks particularly in this article, we ask our readers' practical sympathy. We hope she will have many a "business letter" in reply.

IN MEMORIAM.—If C. H. Spurgeon had been spared until now, he would have been certain to make a graceful and sympathetic allusion to the home-going of Miss SHIRREFF, of Rothesay, who passed away, at the close of September, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. Happily, in his Prefatory Memoir to her father's "Lectures on Baptism," published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, he has given this testimony concerning the venerable lady who furnished funds for the re-issue of that scholarly and valuable treatise upon this ordinance of Christ:—"True daughter is she of the man who left all things for Christ's sake: her memorial abides in the hearts of the members of the Baptist Church in Rothesay, to whom she has long been a mother in Israel."

The "Lectures" can still be obtained of our publishers for 2s. 6d.; and Norcott's "Baptism Discovered," which Mr. Spurgeon also republished, can be procured from them at 2d., 6d., or 1s.

The tragic death of Mr. JOHN KENSIT is a sad indication of the general spirit of lawlessness that is so prevalent nowadays. We are not able to approve of all his methods of attacking Ritualism and Romanism, but we greatly admire the zeal with which he has sought to make the Church of England more Protestant, though we fear that he and his co-workers have attempted too difficult a task. It is, however, most deplorable that, while he was carrying on his campaign in the very district where his brave son had been unjustly imprisoned, he should have been so brutally attacked as to lose his life for the sake of the cause he had espoused. Still, he will not have died in vain if his death helps to keep "Latimer's candle" burning in England, and to open the eyes of our

fellow-countrymen to the perils that surround us as a nation.

We tender our sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Kensit and all the members of the bereaved family, and we rejoice exceedingly that the King, in his royal clemency, has unconditionally released the son who is pledged to perpetuate his father's noble protest.

A marble tablet, bearing a suitable inscription, is to be placed in the new hall of the Richmond Street Mission, Walworth, to perpetuate the memory of the life and labours of Mr. J. T. DUNN, who established that work in the year 1858, and for forty-four years took an active, personal interest in its many agencies. Contributions towards the cost will be gratefully received by Mr. C. G. Barr, 67, Aytoun Road, Brixton, London, S.W.

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Tabernacle Tidings.

On Wednesday evening, October 1st, the annual meeting of the "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, which was almost filled with an interested and enthusiastic audience. Pastor Thos. Spurgeon presided; and, in the course of his address, heartily thanked the members of the Society for their generous gift of £5 towards his Birthday Fund; and, in alluding to the honourable name included in the Society's title, mentioned that nearly 600,000 copies of "John Ploughman's Talk" and "Pictures" had been sold, while the "Talk" had been recently issued, unabridged, for sixpence, a step which should ensure a still larger sale for it.

The Report, read by the Secretary, Elder J. H. Savager, mentioned Dr. Henry's mission in the Tabernacle, at which 400 persons signed the pledge, and also the following meetings, conducted by the Pastors, and some of the students, when 136 more pledges were taken. Special attention was called to the visitation work carried on by Messrs. Haseltine and Vincent, and Mrs. Soper, which had been exceedingly helpful to the work; and an earnest appeal was made to all abstaining members of the church to join the Society. The Treasurer's account showed a balance in hand of nearly £5.

Stirring speeches were made by Ned Wright, and by Pastors G. Freeman (Westbourne Grove), and C. B. Saw-

day. Madame Annie Ryall sang some solos in her usual charming and pathetic style.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, October 2nd, eight,—William Hitchcock, Lily Gregory, Harriet Herbert, Gertrude Cutter, Ann Roberson, Joseph Vincent, Beatrice King, John N. Boorne.

Deaths reported:—Mary A. Thompson, Jane Alltimes, Catherine Paton, Mary A. Johnson, Richard Phillips, John Bullivant.

The Officers of the Tabernacle Sunday-school recently called for a revival in the matter of the morning attendance, and fixed Lord's-day, October 5th, as the rallying day. The teachers and scholars responded heartily, and doubled the average attendance. This increase has since been well maintained and further improved.

The days of Universal Prayer for Sunday-schools were observed by our workers as usual. The teachers met for prayer at half-past seven in the morning, and continued their meetings throughout the day, and upon the evenings of the following week. The services were conducted by Messrs. Davies and Lower, of the Pastors' College.

The annual address to Sunday and Ragged School teachers was delivered by Dr. Dowen, on Monday evening, October 20th.

The Late Gospel Services, arranged specially to suit our neighbours who have domestic duties earlier in the evening, were commenced in the Tabernacle on Lord's-day, October 12th. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and Pastor Wm. Williams, who is always a ready and efficient helper, gave the address. Similar meetings were held, in the lecture-hall, upon the following Sundays at 8 o'clock, and these will (D.V.) be continued throughout the winter. Friends able and willing to help are asked to apply to Mr. J. H. Savager for literature to be circulated throughout the densely-populated districts surrounding the Tabernacle.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Maternal Society was held, on Monday evening, October 13th, under the chairmanship of Pastor C. B. Sawday.

After tea, the Report was read, which showed substantial progress. The number of women helped was 140, and the cases reported upon were sad and needy. The speakers were Pastor E. Roberts, Mr. Wm. Olney, Mr. Gregory, and Mrs. Hall. Miss Lane sang sweet melodies. The object of this Society is to render temporal assistance to poor women in the time of their weakness and necessity. An annual subscription of six shillings constitutes membership, with the privilege of one presentation. The Secretary, Mrs. Bartlett, or the Collector, Miss Pearce, will be grateful for help.

On Tuesday evening, October 21st, a large and enthusiastic audience assembled at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, under the presidency of Mr. Alderman Dickinson, L.C.C. (in the unavoidable absence of W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P.) After able addresses by Dr. Guinness Rogers, J. Ellis Griffith, Esq., M.P., and Revs. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., Thomas Spurgeon, and J. Tolefree Parr, the following resolutions were unanimously carried:—

"That this meeting of Free Churchmen and Women assembled at the Metropolitan Tabernacle for the purpose, indignantly protests against the Education Bill now before Parliament, as a retrograde measure inflicting upon them great injustice, by seeking to compel them to pay for Ecclesiastical Teaching in Public Elementary Schools, which is repugnant to their consciences, and in direct opposition to their principles.

"Further,—that there is no provision in the Bill for the protection of Teachers from Ecclesiastical tests, whilst it also fails to provide for the effective popular control of schools in receipt of public money, it further does a great injustice to women by preventing them taking that part in Public Elementary Education, which they have so successfully done, upon the present effective and popularly-controlled School Boards, which this Bill will destroy."

"That this meeting calls upon the Government, seeing they have no mandate from the Country on the Education question, but were elected for quite a different purpose, which is now accomplished, either to withdraw the Bill or appeal to the Country."

The annual election of Elders took place on Thursday evening, October

23rd, at a special church-meeting called for that purpose. All the old names re-appear, and there are no new ones.

The annual meeting of the Men's Bible-class will (D.V.) be held on Tuesday evening, November 4th. Pastor Thos. Spurgeon will preside, and Revs. W. R. Mowll, M.A., and W. Fuller Gooch will speak. It is hoped that the Battersea Gospel Male Choir will sing during the evening.

The members of this Class are earnestly praying for guidance in the selection of a leader in succession to their late respected President, Mr. J. T. Dunn.

The Young Christians' Missionary Union Convention is to be held, at the Conference Hall, Clapham Road, on November 10th, 11th, and 12th; and on Wednesday, 26th inst., Rev. R. Wright Hay will give an address at the annual meeting in the Tabernacle, and Dr. Harry Guinness will deliver a lime-light lecture on "Toil and Triumph on the Congo." Numbered reserved-seat tickets, free of charge, will be issued for parties from Sunday-schools, C.E. Societies, Bible-classes, etc., who apply early enough to the Honorary Secretary, Y.C.M.U., Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

* * * *

Concerning the College.

The annual tea will (D.V.) be held, at the Tabernacle, on Thursday, November 13th, at 6 o'clock; tickets, which will ensure admission to the evening gathering before the doors are open to the public, 6d. each. The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) will preside at the public meeting, and addresses will be delivered by the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), Professor Gaussen, Pastor C. Joseph (Cambridge), and three of the students. Will all our brethren help us to secure as large an attendance as possible both at the tea and at the public meeting?

Mr. R. Smathers has removed, from Eye, to Thurleigh, Bedfordshire; and Mr. G. Wainwright, of whom we gave a portrait and sketch in September, has accepted the pastorate at Crewkerne, Somersetshire.

Mr. Walter Owen, who has been for two years and a half assistant-pastor at Wellington, Somersetshire, has become pastor at Penzance.

We are very sorry to learn that Brother E. Dyer has been obliged, through continued ill-health, to resign the charge of the church at Earl's Colne. He asks us to intimate that his address now is "Normanhurst," Claremont Road, Westcliff, Southend-on-Sea.

On Friday afternoon, October 17th, the President presided at a specially-interesting gathering at the College. A tablet, in memory of our martyred Brother Whitehouse, was unveiled; a view of it, with an account of the ceremony, will appear in a later number of the Magazine. Then, Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Liverpool, delivered to the students a most helpful lecture on preaching, which he has promised to revise for publication in the "Sword and Trowel," so that other preachers may profit by the wise counsels which were so highly appreciated by his audience.

Among the many missionaries, who have recently returned to their spheres of service in the foreign field, are Dr. and Mrs. Churcher, at Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa, and Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, at Gulzarbagh, Patna, India.

Pastor J. A. Soper is returning from the Antipodes, where he has done excellent work for many years. He will be glad to preach as a supply, or with a view to the pastorate. Letters for him may be sent to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

* * * *

Our Fatherless Family.

At the collectors' meeting, at the Orphanage, on Tuesday evening, November 18th, the chair will (D.V.) be taken by Alderman Nevill Strange, J.P., ex-Mayor of Eastbourne; an address will be given by Pastor F. J. Feltham (Putney); and Rev. R. O. Johns, of Dalston, will give his popular dissolving-view lecture on "The Lights and Shades of London Life."

The Secretary is always glad to supply collecting cards or boxes to friends willing to solicit contributions for the Institution.

Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir hope to visit the following places during their Southern tour next month:—December 5, Guildford; 6—8, Waterlooville; 9, Lake Road, Portsmouth; 10, Elm Grove, Southsea; 11, Portland Chapel, Southampton; 12, Shirley; 13—15, Cowes, Isle of Wight; 16, Winchester.

Colportage Chronicles.

Several new Colportage Districts are under consideration, and it is hoped that, within a few weeks, arrangements will be settled, and colporteurs appointed. Just now, the Secretary will be glad to hear from a few earnest Christian young men, who desire to be wholly engaged in the Lord's work.



VISITING THE BOOTMAKERS.

Smart business capacity, geniality, tact, and plodding industry, are indispensable, and there should be some gift for preaching.

A few of the older brethren are laid aside by sickness at the present time; but, for the most part, the colporteurs are rallying to the winter's work, the busy season has commenced, and it is

anticipated that the bookselling, etc., will be more active than in recent months. Reports from the Districts, concerning the spiritual aspect of the work, are on the whole encouraging.

A brother writes:—"When away upon my summer holiday, I was invited to give an address at the open-air meeting arranged by the Free Church Council of the District. I was pleased to do so, and a friend has since written to tell me that the word I was privileged to speak was the means of leading two young people to the Saviour."

Another report tells of a copy of C. H. Spurgeon's "Around the Wicket Gate" becoming the means of help and blessing to a dying man, whose end was peace.

The Secretary has made brief visits to several Districts,—in one direction, to Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, where Mr. W. Ford has been labouring acceptably for some twenty-four years; and in an opposite direction, to Sittingbourne, Kent, and Eastchurch, Isle of Sheppey. At the latter place, Sunday services were taken. Several colporteurs are arranging local meetings with a view to help the General Fund, which greatly needs augmenting; and, in other cases, lantern lectures are being planned. An illustrated article upon "Spurgeon's Colporteurs" will appear in the monthly part of "The Sunday Magazine" for December.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Evening collection at Baptist Chapel, Hertford, per Pastor				" N. B. "	25	0	0
Martin Ashby	1	11	4	Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	0	0	Contribution from German Baptist Church, East London, South Africa, per Pastor Hugo Gutsche	5	10	0
Rev. J. J. Turner (China)	10	0	0	Collection and weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle	37	7	10
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0				
Contribution from Sunnyside Baptist Church, Crawshawbooth, per Pastor R. M. Hunter	0	11	9		£93	13	5
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6				

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
For Christ's sake	0	5	0	In memoriam	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Barrett	0	15	10				
Collected by Mrs. Gibson	0	4	11		£1	9	9

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	911	17	10	Dividend on $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Consols	4	15	5
Mrs. Parker	1	0	0	Mr. Barfoot	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Soncs and family	2	0	0	Mr. Seaton	2	2	0
Mr. A. Cochrane	0	10	6	Miss S. Earl	0	5	0
Mr. Frank Thompson	10	0	0	Mr., Mrs. and Miss Blackford	3	0	0
Mr. C. Blackshields	0	10	0	Miss E. Ellis	0	10	0
Mr. T. Heath	0	5	0	Mrs. J. E. Scott	1	0	0
Miss L. Lewis	0	10	0	Mr. A. Pearce	2	2	0
Mrs. Rye	0	7	6	Mr. C. W. Clarke	0	10	0
Mr. T. Albany	2	0	0	Miss L. E. Bailey	2	0	0
Per Pastor C. B. Sawday				Miss A. M. Bailey	2	0	0
Mr. T. Priest	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren	5	0	0
Mr. W. Taylor	1	1	0	Mr. G. Freeman	2	0	0
Pastor C. B. Sawday	4	0	0	Miss Amy Burn	0	5	0
Miss F. Sawday	0	10	0	Mr. Lowe	0	10	0
	10	11	0				
Mr. Emmett	0	10	0				
Miss Fullerton	0	5	0				
					£966	16	3

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Grundy and friends	2	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell	5	0	0
Miss E. B. Thorne	1	0	0	P.O., Edinburgh	0	2	6
Rosebery Park Baptist Sunday-school, Bournemouth, per Mr. D. Banks	0	8	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Miss E. S. Husband	5	0	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Leeks	0	2	6	Mr. C. Foster	0	5	0
A friend, Blackall, Greenock	0	10	0	Mrs. Best	1	0	0
God's tenth	0	10	0	Mr. A. Le Poidevin	0	2	6
H. N. B.	0	2	6	Mr. H. G. Chalke	0	10	6
Mr. D. Macintyre	0	11	6	Mrs. Pucknell	0	2	0
Re J. Whybray	11	0	6	Mr. M. Morris	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. C. R. Madge	0	10	0	Miss M. Johnson	0	5	0
H. B.	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Carveley	0	5	0
Mr. B. Fielden	0	1	0	Mrs. P. Tarbutt	2	0	0
Codicote Mission Hall, Harvest thanksgiving service, per Mr. H. Bowden	1	2	6	Mr. J. C. Toovey	0	10	0
P.O., Swindon	0	11	0	Miss Harding	0	1	0
Stamps, Birkenhead	0	1	0	A friend and well-wisher	0	2	6
A friend (proceeds of sale of watch and chain)	3	0	0	Mr. J. T. James	0	15	0
A friend, Donegal	1	0	0	Mr. T. Field	0	5	0
Mr. H. Strachan	0	7	6	Mrs. E. Williams	1	0	0
Mrs. S. R. Reed	3	0	0	Mrs. Burrows	0	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	Readers of "The Life of Faith," per the Editors	2	2	6
P.O., Welshpool	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Beard	0	12	0
Mrs. Keevil	10	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0	2	6
Bessie	10	0	0	An old member of the Tabernacle	0	3	0
Mr. Neil McVicar	2	0	0	G. B. B.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Smithyes' children	0	6	2	Two friends, per Miss A. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Fryer	0	14	0	Mr. J. D. Barrett	0	5	0
Mr. H. Gibbs	2	2	0	Mrs. E. Dobson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wickham	0	10	0	Rev. W. P. Peck	1	1	0
Mr. T. Vincent	0	5	0	Mr. P. Geeson's Bible-class	0	4	6
Mrs. H. Windmill	0	10	0	Mr. A. D. Jackman	0	5	0
Mary Campbell	0	1	0	Miss Gregg	0	1	6
Mrs. Pilling	0	10	0	Rev. G. Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Wright	0	1	0	Miss Q. Jackson	0	1	7
Miss Barrett	0	5	0	Mr. T. F. Bromham	0	5	0
Miss M. Hayward	0	10	0	Mr. A. A. Stephens	1	0	0
Miss Poole	1	1	0	Mrs. Ray, sen.	0	5	0
Devonshire Square Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. J. Shepherd	4	11	7	Mrs. J. L. Bradley	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	26	2	0	Railway Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. J. W. Gooding	1	1	0
				John and Ann Potts	1	0	0
				Mr. J. Othen	1	1	0
				Mr. S. Popplestone	1	0	0
				Mrs. Jefferis	2	0	0
				D., Aberdeen	0	5	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. D. Davies	1 0 0	Mrs. Mason	0 10 0
Mr. W. Barker	0 3 0	Mr. G. Sargent	0 2 0
Mrs. E. Boggis	0 5 0	Mr. B. Fielden	0 1 0
Mrs. E. Bowden	0 5 0	Mr. C. T. Amherst	1 1 0
A friend, Blaina Gwent	0 2 0	Mrs. E. A. Munton	0 2 0
Mrs. Morris	0 1 0	Mr. A. Marshall	2 0 0
P.O., Combe Down	0 7 6	Mr. J. Toon	0 10 6
Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 6	Mr. W. B. Wearing	1 1 0
Harvest thanksgiving service, Corton, per Mr. J. T. Few	1 0 0	Miss M. Morrell	0 2 0
Mr. W. Wyles	1 1 0	P.O., Northampton	0 10 0
Miss Letchworth	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Robertson	0 9 7
Mrs. Latta	1 0 0	Onslow Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Snelling	1 0 0
Mrs. Blundell	1 0 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
Mr. O. Rodway	1 0 0	Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A. ...	2 0 0
Mrs. J. Le Feuvre	0 10 0	Mr. E. Mounsey	3 0 0
Mrs. Hoult	0 10 0		5 0 0
Mr. H. Evans	0 5 0	Mr. W. Park	1 1 0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0 3 0	Mr. W. Biggs	1 1 0
Collected by Miss E. Smith	0 16 0	A. and M.	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Moore	0 6 0	Executors of the late Miss E. M. Lloyd Roberts	1,000 0 0
Mr. C. Freeman	0 4 0	Box at Orphanage gates and office box	3 1 3
Miss Dunn	2 2 0	Mr. D. Sullivan	0 2 6
Miss Priestley	0 5 0	Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, as per second list	9 13 2
Mrs. Willcox	0 5 0	Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, as per second list	7 9 7
Miss M. Montgomery	0 5 0		
Miss M. C. Mathews	0 5 0	MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
Mrs. Brookes	0 2 6	Boxmoor, Bushey, Harrow, Hemel Hempstead, Chesham, Kings Langley, Marlowes	66 1 2
Mr. R. Culyer	0 2 0	Bexhill-on-Sea	11 0 0
Master S. W. Finch	0 1 6	St. Leonard's-on-Sea	7 4 11
Mary Campbell	0 1 0	Hastings	17 6 6
Miss Scarfe	0 0 6	SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
Mr. S. Cornish	0 2 6	A friend and well-wisher	0 1 0
Mrs. E. Netting, a thankoffering for the little ones	1 0 0	Mrs. S. A. Cousins	0 1 6
Miss Kemp	0 2 0	Mrs. E. Bowden	0 5 0
A friend, Sheerness	0 5 0	Mr. G. Wellstood	0 2 6
Mrs. S. Priddy	0 10 0		£1,298 9 8
Mr. D. Thomas	0 2 2		
Mr. J. Bishop	0 2 6		
Mr. O. Barfoot	0 2 0		
Mr. J. Patmore	0 2 0		
Collected at Mr. C. Humphreys' Anti-Infidel meeting, Peckham Rye, per Mr. A. Haile	11 11 0		
Mrs. E. Green	2 0 0		

ORPHAN BOYS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST):—Bowers, C., 3s; Baldwin, S., 6s; Boddy, W., 7s 6d; Ennor, V., £1 1s; Freed, C., 14s; Fulton, B., 2s; Fudge, F., 7s; Greene, A., £1 1s; Gaylor, W., 3s; Harries, R., 16s; Harris, H., £1 1s; Locke, S., 10s 1d; Neat, W., 10s; Rowe, A., 4s; Stannard, H., 5s; Wakeling, H., 4s; Willmot, J., 2s; Walklett, B., 10s; White, H., £1; Watson, S., 1s 11d; Wells, F., 5s.—Total, £9 13s 6d.

ORPHAN GIRLS' COLLECTING CARDS (SECOND LIST):—Atfield, F., 5s; Bolton, A., 10s 6d; Cottrell, M., 3s; Greene, D., £1 1s; Gibson, B., 2s 6d; Glover, V., 6s; Henton, A., 4s 7d; Halls, M., 2s; Lever, E., 1s; Morley, M., 6s; Morley, D., 4s; Peerless, F., 3s; Price, V., 3s; Plumley, W., 15s; Roylance, M., 12s; Spall, L., 2s 6d; Warrell, F. (second amount), 12s 6d; Williams, Maggie, 15s; Williams, Mary, £1 1s.—Total, £7 9s 7d.

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM SEPTEMBER 14TH TO OCTOBER 13TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 20 bushels of Beans, Mr. W. Roberts, 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. W. Cutter; 24 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; a quantity of pears, Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie.

PROCEEDS OF HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES:—North Cheam Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. Gibbs; Green Street Green Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. M. Higgs; Cheam Baptist Chapel, per Mr. A. D. Cox; Ewhurst Congregational Chapel, per Mr. G. Woodward; Palmer's Green Mission, per Mr. G. Dudley; Stowupland Congregational Church, per Mr. F. Carter; Diss Baptist Band of Hope, per Mrs. Studd; Corton Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. T. Few; Chitterne Baptist Chapel, per Mr. F. Maidment.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—40 Night Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Oxford Shirts, Mrs. Curtis.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—7 Articles and a quantity of Worn Garments, Mrs. B. Davis; 14 Articles and remnant of Cloth (4 yards), Mrs. Spooner; 41 Articles, a Friend, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 35 Articles, Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 45 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 16 Articles, Tonbridge Working Meeting, per Mrs. Stockbridge.

GENERAL:—1 Child's Rocking Horse, Pastor C. B. Sawday; 2 Bed Spread, Mrs. Overbury; 1 Worn Coat, Mr. D. Price.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1902.

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—		£	s.	d.	GENERAL FUND:—		£	s.	d.
Melksham, per Mrs. Hester Keevil		11	5	0	Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., per Mrs.				
East Dereham, per Mr. T. Phillips		11	5	0	C. H. Spurgeon		1	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—					Mr. George Cadbury		1	1	0
Mr. Kingsmill		1	1	0	Mr. E. Rawlings		5	5	0
Mr. Hanceck		0	5	0	Mr. W. Oldershaw		0	2	6
Collected by Miss Southee		0	18	6	Mr. and Mrs. John Mead		0	10	6
Mrs. Maycock		0	1	0	Readers of "The Christian," per				
		2	5	6	Messrs. Morgan and Scott		3	2	0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood		10	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Calder		5	0	0
Mendlesham, per Mr. S. J. Harwood		12	10	0	Messrs. Cassell and Co., Lim.		2	2	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P.					Miss M. M. Smith		1	0	0
Evans and Sons		10	0	0	Mrs. Evans, per Secretary		1	1	0
Cowling Hill, per Mr. F. J. Wilson		10	0	0	Mr. F. Whittle		1	1	0
Loughborough, per Mr. G. J. Levers		11	5	0	Miss Annie N. Price		0	10	6
Widcombe, Bath, per Mr. J. A.					Miss E. Sharpington		0	5	6
Brewer		20	16	8	Mrs. Richard Rodgett		2	10	0
Bourton-on-the-Water, per Mr. J.					Mrs. A. Mott		0	5	0
Reynolds, J.P.		10	0	0	The Misses Buswell		0	10	0
		£109	7	2	Mr. Joseph Grout		0	10	0
AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—		£	s.	d.	Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits		2	2	0
Mr. E. Rawlings		5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Ackland		5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per					Miss Halls		0	5	0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott		2	2	0	H. A. B.		0	10	0
Mrs. Morton		0	10	0	Mrs. H. Windmill		0	10	0
Mrs. E. Williams		0	10	0	Miss Wynne		0	5	0
		£8	7	0			£34	7	6

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

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1902.

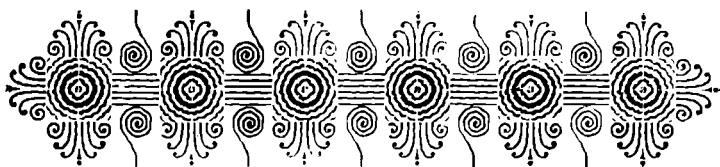
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
M. J. B.	0	5	0	P.O., Northampton	0	10	0
Thankoffering for blessing received							
on Notes on a Text, G. A. T.	0	5	0		£1	0	0

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.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

DECEMBER, 1902.

Pictures from Pilgrim's Progress.

DRAWN BY C. H. SPURGEON.

VIII.—CHRISTIAN ARRIVES AT THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

WE are now to consider John Bunyan's own description of Christian joining the church. He pictures one true pilgrim, namely, Faithful, who never did join the church, but went on his way alone until Christian overtook him. He was a great loser by doing so, as Christian said to him, when speaking of the Palace Beautiful, "I wish you had called at the house, for they would have showed you so many rarities, that you would scarce have forgot them to the day of your death." Still, Faithful, being an eminent saint, with great depth of knowledge, and experience, and with much firmness of conviction, served his Master well without joining the church; and you remember that Bunyan depicts him as being carried up, from the blazing faggots of Vanity Fair, in a chariot with a couple of horses, "through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate."

But Christian, and Christiana, and Mercy, and almost if not all the other pilgrims, stopped at the Palace Beautiful, by which Bunyan means the place of special Christian fellowship,—the Church of God on earth. This Palace Beautiful was a little beyond the top of the Hill Difficulty. Christian wasted some valuable time through sleeping in the arbour, losing his roll, and having to go back to find it; but, at last, says Bunyan,—

"while he was bemoaning his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and, behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the highway side.

"So I saw in my dream, that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered

into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the porter's lodge; and, looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way."

When a person is about to be united with a Christian church, it often happens that he sees difficulties ahead, like these "two lions in the way." He begins to say to himself, "I cannot pass through such an ordeal." It seems to him such a trial to have to talk with a Christian brother about his experience, and a truly awful thing to have to come before the church, and a still more dreadful thing to be baptized; and, so, poor Mr. Timidity begins to quiver and quake. Sometimes, even worse fears than these come up, and the perplexed soul cries, "Shall I be able to hold on if I profess to be a follower of Christ? Shall I continue to bear a good testimony for Him in after years as well as now? What will my husband say about the matter? What will my father say? What will those I work with say when they hear that I have avowed myself to be a disciple of Christ?" That was poor Christian's trouble "he espied two lions in the way."

"Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.)"

Unbelief generally has a good eye for the lions, but a blind eye for the chains that hold them back. It is quite true that there are difficulties in the way of those who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. We do not desire to conceal this fact, and we do not wish you to come amongst us without counting the cost. But it is also true that these difficulties have a limit which they cannot pass. Like the lions in the pilgrim's pathway, they are chained, and restrained, and absolutely under the control of the Lord God Almighty.

"Then he was afraid, and thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, 'Is thy strength so small? (Mark xiii. 34-37.) Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.'"

Watchful means the good minister, who ought to be ever watchful for souls. He told the pilgrim to "keep in the midst of the path;" and we give you the same advice. Live consistently, walk carefully;—not right at the edge of the way, as though you were half inclined to wander from it; but, as we say, keep to the crown of the causeway, right in the middle of the King's highway. Walk in integrity and uprightness, whatever may be the consequence of doing so. For a while, difficulties may dismay you, but they really cannot hurt you. The lions are chained.

What is the difficulty in the way of any of you who desire to make a profession of your faith in Christ? I ask you earnestly to look it in the face; and, I believe, if you do so, that it will soon vanish. Consider the difficulty carefully, and then consider the far greater difficulty in your way if you do not profess the faith which you say that you do truly hold. Remember these words of the Lord Jesus, which you can never explain away, "He that denieth Me before men shall be denied before

the angels of God." "Oh!" you say, "I do not deny Christ; I merely do not confess him." Yes, but that is just what our Saviour meant by our denying Him, for He had just before said, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God;" so that the expression, "He that denieth Me before men" is evidently intended to apply to him who does not confess Christ. Therefore, see to it that you do come forward, and testify that you belong to Christ, if you really are His. When Israel turned aside to worship the golden calf, "Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him." May there be many such who will now come, and avow their faith, because the Lord has, by His grace, called them unto Himself!



"Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions; but taking good heed to the directions of the porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said Christian to the porter, 'Sir, what house is this? And may I lodge here to-night?' The porter answered, 'This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and He built it for the relief and security of pilgrims.'"

The purpose for which the Palace Beautiful—the Church of the living God—was established, is that "pilgrims to Zion's city bound" may there find rest, refreshment, shelter, and protection. I wonder what some of us would have done if it had not been for the Sabbath services of the sanctuary, the gathering of ourselves together for worship in its varied forms of preaching, prayer, and praise. When I am away from England, travelling on the Continent,—in places where there is no public assembly for worship,—as the Sabbaths come round, I always try to meet with two or three Christian friends, that we may read the Word of God together, and pray, and sing, and, if possible, remember our Lord in the breaking of bread; and we have found Christ

very precious at such times. Yet, for all that, I always miss this Tabernacle, and its hallowed services; nothing can fill their place in my heart. I have often felt just as the psalmist did when he was away from Jerusalem; it seemed almost more than he could bear, and he longed to enjoy even the meanest place within the courts of the Lord's house. I feel sure that it must be so with all of you who love the Lord; if you were banished from the place where God's name is specially recorded, and where you have so often been fed with the finest of the wheat, what would you do? Perhaps it is night with some of you, as it was with Christian when he came to the Palace Beautiful; and, therefore, you want shelter, and much beside. Well, the Church of Christ is ordained for this very purpose,—that, by the use of the means of grace, and by mutual fellowship, Christians may be comforted and relieved.

"The porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going.

"CHR. I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

"POR. What is your name?

"CHR. My name is now Christian, but my name at the first was Graceless; I came of the race of Japheth, whom God will persuade to dwell in the tents of Shem. (Genesis ix. 27.)

"POR. But how doth it happen you come so late? The sun is set."

Ah! that is a question I often have to ask pilgrims,—Why have you come so late to join the church? Why did you not confess Christ sooner? So many put off this very important matter for a long while, as though it were of no account. I notice that, if they postpone it for a month or two, they are very apt to put it off for a year or two; and if they do that, they are most likely to put it off for a still longer period. They have been truly converted, they are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet, because they do not join the church at the first, they have continued postponing and postponing until some of them have actually died out of membership with the church. I do not say, of course, that they have been lost through this neglect; but I do say that they have lost many blessings, and many opportunities of glorifying God by the way, through their disobedience to His plain command:

Christian had to make a very sorrowful confession:—

"I had been here sooner, but that, 'wretched man that I am!' I slept in the arbour that stands on the hill-side; nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that, in my sleep, I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill; and then feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced, with sorrow of heart, to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it: and now I am come."

He gave the true reason for arriving so late at the Palace Beautiful, but it was a great pity that he had to admit that he had been slumbering, and so had lost his evidence, and was obliged to go back for it. When you and I fall into a sleepy state, we are very liable to lose our evidences, and to think that we are not children of God at all. In this way, we lose our first love, our highest joys, and the unwavering confidence in God that we once possessed; and we feel, and very rightly feel, that we cannot join the church till we get these blessings back; so, like poor Christian, we have to go down Hill Difficulty, and to toil up the steep

ascent again,—treading the same road three times instead of only once, just because we went to sleep in the arbour when we ought to have been pressing on towards the Palace Beautiful. Thrice happy shall we be if, like the pilgrim, though late, we safely reach the gate of that holy house “built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims.”

* * * *

Next month's Picture will be entitled—“COME IN, THOU BLESSED OF THE LORD.”

A Resolute Stand.

“THE BRITISH WEEKLY” was kind enough to call a recent utterance of ours, concerning the Education Bill, “a resolute stand.” We all thank God for the position of so influential a periodical on this momentous question. Its own resolute stand has done not a little to fashion ours, and that of thousands of others who, perchance, might have faltered.

To pay, or not to pay?—that is the question. For ourselves, we have no qualms of conscience in taking our stand so resolutely as to declare that we cannot willingly contribute to the support of doctrines which are in diametrical opposition to our cherished beliefs. We take exception to the Bill *on several grounds*, but we decline to pay the proposed rate simply because we dare not use our substance for the propagation of what we are convinced is deadly error. Shall we subscribe for the spread of principles and practices—among children, too!—which our fathers detested and denounced, and which we also abhor? God forbid! The blasphemy of baptismal regeneration, the figment of apostolical succession, the abomination of the confessional, the unholy alliance of Church and State, the veneration, not to say adoration, of images;—these are some of the ill weeds, for the growing of which our silver and gold are to provide an atmosphere; say rather, these are the component parts of the atmosphere itself, an atmosphere which can produce nothing but tares and briars.

If these relics of Rome must be proclaimed in this enlightened (?) century, let those who love them subscribe the cost. It is monstrous that those who believe they make for the subversion of Divine truth, and the undoing of the nation, should be expected to find the wherewithal. “As for me and my house,” we will do nothing of the sort.

“But,” says one, “would it not be well to suffer meekly?” That is exactly what we intend to do. They may do what they will. We are not threatening, nor advising violence and revolt. We shall pay the rate, of course; but only compulsorily, and under protest. That is to say, the law must seize our goods. It must thrust its hand into our pocket, and help itself; for, if we handed out the rate, we should virtually say, “We have great pleasure in forwarding herewith our subscription for the spread of Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism, and Romanism, throughout an erstwhile Puritan and a still nominally Protestant England.”

“But you will be breaking the law,” says another. Non-compliance

is not identical with defiance. Yet, even in non-compliance, we do not rejoice. It is not our choice. We have ever proved ourselves law-loving and law-abiding folk. We would go great lengths rather than contravene the legislation of our country, whichever party might happen to be in power. But there is a limit to our consent. Not our patience, but our conscience draws the boundary line. We are not our own; nor are our possessions. We shall have to give account to God for the use of our pounds and our pence. If our goods are wrested from us for purposes we do not approve, the responsibility is with others;—*and what a responsibility!* Some will persist in calling us law-breakers. So be it. We are in good company. Daniel, and Shadrach, and Meshach, Abednego, and Peter and John are our comrades. Moreover, there have been not a few in later days who, “having a good conscience,” have considered its freedom “the most indispensable of liberties,” and have suffered the spoiling of their goods; “and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment,” rather than rob God to pay Cæsar. “We ought to obey God rather than men.”

Do any waver? Are any convinced that their duty is to refuse the unjust demand, and yet fear to say they will? It means no little sacrifice. One does not readily defy, even in a slight degree, the powers that be. “Moreover,” say others, “what may result from such a course?” Disenfranchisement is not a consummation devoutly to be wished. But may not the question as to results weigh too heavily with us? Is it not better to leave this with God? “Do the next thing;” and what is that? Why, definitely to pledge yourself to passive resistance. If you have even a suspicion that it would be wrong to aid and abet this Rome-ward movement, wash your hands of it. “Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.” Lose no time in enrolling yourself in this solemn League and Covenant.

The man with the inkhorn is not far to seek. The Pastor or Secretary of your Church, or the Secretary of your District Free Church Council, will welcome you. Find him out; and, despite the fact that, *in the doorway of the palace, stand many men in armour to keep it, say to him, “Set down my name, Sir.”*

THOMAS SPURGEON.

In Prospect of Christmas.

WITH the return of Christmas, the hope of the scattered members of our families is an unspeakable joy in its realization. Wherever our lot may be cast, the home-spell never loses its power of attraction; and the home-coming leaves an abiding memory. If there are absentees, they are not forgotten; and the story of their toils or triumphs is rehearsed with an added interest as the years go by. As memory recalls those who have passed to the Home beyond, Heaven seems as near to the assembled guests as it did to the wondering shepherds at Bethlehem.

If gratitude glows in the heart, for the mercies of a year which is wearing to a close, it will seek expression, not only in loving or friendly

greetings, but in the language of substantial gifts. However serious the tax may prove, very few complain of its imposition; for the tax, after all, is but the freewill offering of love.

Christmas means much to the world; and any sacrifice we make in its observance is but the faintest echo of the sacrificial life which, enrobed in our humanity, "was manifested" by a beneficent ministry, and culminated in "the death of the cross." And He has left us an example, that we should follow in His steps.

Whatever may be the claims of kinsfolk and acquaintance at Christmas, the heart is not satisfied until some offering is made for those who, in the bitterness of their need, are the objects of our compassion. The aged poor in lonely homes, the inmates of our workhouses and asylums, the widows and fatherless in their affliction,—these are selected as amongst those to whom we delight to "show the kindness of God;" and the ministry of an unostentatious charity is a gospel which appeals to the heart, and awakens a psalm of thanksgiving.

And to the donor, is there not a joy in the thought of having lightened another's burden, thus adding a ray of sunshine to dispel the gloom of saddened hearts and shadowed homes? "It is," as it ever has been, and ever will be, "more blessed to give than to receive," although the recipient considers he holds a monopoly of blessing. Those who minister to others, however lowly the deeds, or however poor the gifts, are following in the footsteps of the Saviour, "who went about doing good;" and the thought of His approving smile is the inspiration of a pleasure which leaves no pang of regret.

While desiring our friends to have due regard to the claims of others, we are, of course, concerned for the family of nearly five hundred fatherless little ones who are the special objects of our care. Every penny required for their maintenance must come in loving gifts, and every penny so contributed goes direct to supply their need. That the orphans "Within our Gates" have never lacked a meal, and that the Institution has never been burdened with the incumbrance of debt, attest the faithfulness of the God who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless. Many are the instances of Divine interposition recorded in the history of our work, or treasured in the memory of the managers. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

As is well known, we have no paid canvassers, so the gifts of our friends are not discounted by the payment of commission. Willinghood is the charm of benevolence, and we prefer the gifts which come from the impulse of the heart, to those which merely follow in response to promptings and appeals. The statement of the fact that nearly five hundred orphans are seated at our table every day, is an eloquent appeal in itself: our friends have so regarded it, and we trust they will continue to do so; but, as one and another pass away, our funds must decline unless the gaps, thus occasioned, are filled by successors, who will esteem the privilege of sharing the burden of our orphan charge. And now, in prospect of Christmas, the memory of past years awakens a hope in the hearts of all the boys and girls sheltered "Within our Gates." Those who have been admitted this year, are as anxious as the rest; for they have heard from their schoolfellows the happy traditions of Christmas-day at the Orphanage.

We do not, for a moment, believe they will be disappointed. As the day approaches, postmen and carmen will be the bearers of generous gifts from loving hearts; and the table will be spread, as it has been every year since the beloved Founder established the custom of observing Christmas at the Orphanage. So we believe, and we are glad to know that many friends share our faith and hope.

Then, on Christmas-day, the orphans at Stockwell will not be forgotten in many a home where the happy guests will sanctify their own meal by

A DINNER-TABLE COLLECTION.

And what can be more beautiful than that the fatherless should be thus remembered?

For the convenience of friends, we have prepared special envelopes for the Christmas-day Dinner-table Collection; and we shall be glad if friends will undertake their distribution, collect them as soon after the day as possible, and then forward the amount so received to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

Applications should be made to the Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W., and a supply of envelopes will be sent by return post.

V. J. C.

Jehovah's Ransom.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Hebrews ix. 22.

NOT Thy life, O blessed Saviour,
 Could a guilty sinner save;
 Not Thy tears, or groans, or sorrows,
 But Thy cross, Thy blood, Thy grave!

No Gethsemane could ransom,
 Thou must climb Mount Calvary;
 Thou of God must be forsaken,
 Thou must hang upon the tree.

Not Thy righteousness, though spotless,
 Even though it was Divine;
 Thou must know Jehovah's bruising
 Ere the healing could be mine.

Justice claims a faultless Victim,
 Man's rebellion to efface,
 And a perfect expiation
 Of the guilt of Adam's race.

Praise be Thine, ascended Saviour,
 All is answered in Thy blood;
 Grace, through righteousness, is reigning,—
 Holy, harmless, Lamb of God!

Newport, Isle of Wight.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

My Lady's Garden.

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

XII.—THE MASTER BUILDERS.

I LOVE to see the giant ivy climb, covering the face of an old wall, appropriating the trunks of great trees, which, in their turn, strive to rive the wall with their roots;—a strange association of forces! Mighty monarchs of the forest, ready to displace all else, annexing the ground around and the sky above, becoming the prey of a parasite which never attacks a tree until something has begun to go wrong with it; the same parasite throwing its long arms over solid blocks of flint, iron cement, and Roman tile on its way to the tree; its stems on the underside a very maze of fibrous roots, clinging to and feeding upon whatever can be held,—evergreen, overspreading,—speaking woe to the tree and weal to the wall. Such is the ivy.

I know a wall, built by the Romans during their occupation of Britain. Within a wide space, now filled with trees or stretching far into the meadows, a great city once spread out into populous life. Nothing is now to be seen of the city but the boundary wall,—thick, enduring,—a monument, to this day, of the honest builders. Many a time I have stood before these great blocks of flint and Roman brick, musing what manner of men they were who reared that wall. How looked the country then? What weather had the builders as they toiled? What of the trees and the ivy of those days? What of the long ridge, now covered with a modern city, including a cathedral and a model gaol? What of the birds that then screamed overhead,—the falcons, and the herons, and the high-poised eagle? What of the beasts which the wall kept at bay,—the bear, the wolf, and the great deer from the heath? And the wall;—did some famous pro-consul come and declare the first stone well and truly laid; or his successor ride out and in, through the Gorham gate, to the bray of horns when the wall was finished? Who overseered the work, and were the little children watched along the Watling Street as they brought their fathers' meals? Ah! the knots of forward boys who made remarks on the rearing of that wall, near 1,900 years ago, when the Roman ruled the land, and the Iceni bands, sore with defeat, roamed the forest and planned the raid. Now the wall, sunk deep in meadow grass, sleeps in honoured age, or shows, above the fosse, its time-worn face, stern in its abiding strength, while the ivy hangs in masses from above, shaggy as the eyebrows of a sage.

The trees have tried to ruin the wall; and had it not been builded masterfully, it would have crumbled into dust long ago. The ivy has twisted and turned about, hiding the grim face of the masonry altogether at times with young leaves, or standing in front in the green of its prime, shielding the furrowed wall from Winter storms, and, in turn, taking toll where its roots could cling. The wall, then, has seemed to me to represent the hoary past, the trees the nearer generations, and the ivy the evergreen people, appropriating antiquity and recent centuries alike.

But the Master Builders, who reared the wall, come uppermost in my imagination. They meant their work to last. No Iceni hordes,

hurling themselves against the boundary, could bring it down. Broad enough to give sure foothold to defenders of the fosse, the structure was firm in itself;—type of the Truth of God, this city boundary, giving scope enough for all who would repel invaders, and strong enough, in its enduring fabric, to resist whatever onsets may be made upon it.

* * * *

So, on a wintry morning, with the wind East, and the sky steely blue, I stand where the sun shines upon the Roman wall, and I lift my hat in memory of the men who did their work so well. Theirs was a Trades' Union for the purpose of "efficiency",—a catchword of to-day, but by them embodied in solid building which has withstood the destroying powers of nineteen centuries. And while Ostorius, the pro-prætor, was covering the newly-founded Colonies with forts, and protecting the acquired land with solid lines of flint and brick, one Paul, the Hebrew, was writing at Corinthus his Epistle to the Romans;—a production which proved the author a workman needing not to be ashamed; for, while the wall by the Watling Street is now but a relic, the line of Truth, built by the apostle, is a rampart still, holding the hostile at bay, and preserving the Church, around which it is cast, safe for evermore.

So think we as we walk on up the old road that has borne the imprint of human feet, Winter and Summer, since the time of the apostles. Oh, on what errands have men and women trodden this highway! Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, at last welded into the great English people! It is reflection enough to make one ponder. The great oaks, which flank the road, are infants in comparison with the way itself,—children of its old age. The pines in the plantation, and the hollies in the hedge,—what are these but as of yesterday? Ah! the way was carved through the wilderness by force of arms; though, possibly, following the line of an immemorial track. When made, it was held by the strong hand of the legion. It knew the comings and goings of love, and trade, and war. It felt the decaying influence of neglect, and it also had its periods of revival. It is the highway, still, along which "man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening;"—suggestive, to some degree, of the highway of our God, cut through the wilderness of prejudice and sin with spiritual weapons, and transforming the morass on either side into the garden of the Lord.

How wonderful to think that the quiet fields were once resonant with human life, the life of a great city;—the cries of birth and the gasps of death, the prayers of martyrs and the love-words of the young! Under the shadow of the wall, bargains were struck; there, in some angle, the youth waited for the maid; while, out of the gates, walked the confessors of the new faith,—that faith which had come to the Roman world from Galilean hills, and for which men were already willing to die. And the streets were over there, where now the plough stands in the furrow; and along them the throng went its way to heathen temples, the amphitheatre, the obscure Christian meeting, or to a thousand homes, the representatives of an Empire stretching from the Euphrates to the Northern Sea.

Now the life has gone; it is obliterated as if it had never been, abraded away in the every-day tragedy or overwhelmed in the catastrophe wrought by Baltic hordes. The fields are silent, swept by the East wind, bent on struggle with the weak rays of the wintry sun. There is nothing left of the Roman but his road, and the wan relics of the mighty wall,—great blocks of adamant with gaps between, as if a line of Titans, decimated by battle, stood up to answer the roll-call.

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Over on the opposite hill stands a grand cathedral, built as enduringly as the wall. Much of the material for the mighty church was obtained by the monks from the heathen city. Of course, this fact might be pressed into the service of the moralist, but it is not worth while. The ecclesiastics may have rifled the temple of Venus or the amphitheatre; it matters little which. Those stones in the oldest parts, those Roman bricks in the massive square tower, have been where they now are for 900 years. If they were base once, their church history has redeemed them long ago. So says some tender sentimentalist. But that great church has itself been put to some very base uses. If we begin examining pedigrees, we shall soon get dissatisfied. The shilling, which a lady drops into the alms bag, may have been, a little previously, a "bob" in the palm of the irreverent. Whatever we may think of the monks, this is clear. When they built for God, they built well. And whatever we may think of the heathen Roman, when he cast a wall around civilization, he made it to endure.

From the point where we stand, we can see that the modern "restorer" has been busy on the cathedral front. How does his work compare with the earlier builders'? He has been careful to bring out the beauties of style hidden up by the plaster and shoddy work of previous unappreciative, prejudiced, or parsimonious generations. Deep trowelling has been done to show up flint, stone, and Roman brick; and, now, not a finer piece of pointing can be seen anywhere than in the cathedral tower. So the first builders receive their due, which is as it should be. Therefore do we say that this modern is of the ancient faith and guild, a thing that cannot always be said of moderns. But so should it be, oh, ye that have to do with another edifice! This man has not covered up the work of the Master Builders with some daub of to-day, or superseded it with some style of his own; but reverently has he brought out its ancient glories, that they may appeal to the eye and mind of this generation. Herein is he an example to men who have to do with the Word of God.

On these old hills the generations meet. Over the ridge, there used to be a Quakers' burial-ground. Now, the site is covered by a busy street, full of warehouses. Beneath the soil on the slope over yonder, squire and pikeman, who fell in the Wars of the Roses, received hurried burial. Streets of houses now cover the spot. In the hollow, there used to be a "holy" well; but the well is dry, and villas have almost obliterated its memory. The speculative builder cares nothing for "holy water." If he is made to supply pure water, that is something. Higher up the hill, a man was hanged for Socialism 600 years ago.

He was altogether "too previous." But the first, the greatest, and the truest Socialist was crucified. It is never safe, in any age, to be a Radical; that is, one who goes to the very roots of things.

One more item of observation, and then we will take our leave. Away to the left rise the walls of an old Grammar School. Far up the stone work, worn with age, succeeding generations of boys have cut their initials. Some have only scratched the stone; others carved deep, and in the grooves the soot of the city has settled; while yet others, not content with the obscurity of initials, have left their full names to be pondered over. Poor boys! Some must have climbed on others' shoulders to gratify their ambition. When boys become men, they do the same thing, and are not always duly grateful for the hoist.

The ages come and go on this historic ground, like ships seen through a morning mist. It is difficult to grasp the reality of things. We think of Watts's grand hymn,—

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away."

Grand, but inadequate! Speech is, at best, but a clumsy attempt to express thought.

"Vague words! but, ah! how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach"—

the sum of human life. So we think as, once more, our eye comes back to the massive remains of the Roman wall. The sun shines. It shone on these fields when a long-lost city's throngs passed through them. The vault above expanded, and men looked up for solutions then as now. Every morning since, that great Astronomer Royal, the sun, has set the clock of time. Every season, the lesser wain has twisted round the polar star. And men have come and gone, leaving more or less of impress, but not much when one thinks of the numberless feet that have trodden the Roman road, bearing scheming brains and throbbing hearts. What, then, is the most of man;—ephemeral, or ethereal? Which? Or, shall we add, translatable? Can anything relating to accountability be called ephemeral? Has not human action a moral side? Do not the purposes and performances of men come into judgment? Therefore, there can be nothing, which stands in moral relation to God, that can be called ephemeral.

* * * *

The day is passing;—the Winter's day, charged with the East wind. We leave the work of the Master Builders with regret, wondering whether we ourselves have built anything that will stand the test of time, let alone Eternity.

It is a long walk home; but, at last, we pass My Lady's Garden in the gathering gloom of the encroaching night. We have long been exiled from the Garden's pleasant paths, for stranger feet have trodden its ways for months. Yet are we sure that other Summers sleep upon its trees, as beautiful as those we knew; and even as sure are we that better work for Master Builders lies ahead, for opportunities wake before the tread of them that set their face toward the morning.

Drink and Legislation.

BY T. L. EDWARDS, GLASGOW.

QUITE recently, we have been told again, by no less a person than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, that we cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament. How difficult it is to do so, may be seen from another statement by the same gentleman, quoted by Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell in "The Temperance Problem." He said:—"The Watch Committee, of Birmingham,—finding that drunkenness was by far the most frequent offence in the force under their control, and that, while they were compelled, weekly, to fine and dismiss constables for intoxication while on duty, the persons supplying them with drink escaped undetected and unpunished,—determined, in February last, to appoint five special inspectors, carefully selected and highly paid, to see that the provisions of the Licensing Acts were carried out in the borough. Already, this appointment has resulted in the prosecution of twenty licensed persons, in two months, for supplying drunken people and police constables on duty with drink, and for permitting gaming, against ten, the total number proceeded against for these offences in 1875. But the action of the Watch Committee has roused the bitter hostility of the publicans, who have held indignation meetings, and formed an electoral association to secure the return to the Town Council of representatives pledged to the support of the 'righteous privilege' of the liquor-seller to set the law at defiance. In boroughs where parties are equally divided, it is too much to expect that either side will incur the reprobation of a powerful trade which furnishes one householder to every thirty, and each member of which boasts that he can bring five voters to the poll."

The picture Mr. Chamberlain draws is a very terrible one, for we see a whole community in the clutches of a powerful and deadly enemy, whose object is to secure full liberty to degrade and debauch the commonwealth without let or hindrance. In a foot-note, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell tell the story of the attempt made by Miss Phillips, in February, 1893, to check the supply of liquor to a man whom she supposed to be drunk. No good was done, and she was involved in law costs to the tune of £150. I myself, some years ago, was returning home, one Sunday morning, after service, when I met a man who had, I hoped, abandoned the drink. He was drunk and unkempt. I spoke to him. After leaving him, I looked back, and saw him make for the door of a public-house. I turned back, and quickly followed him. I was, however, too late; as I entered the door, he tossed off the dram that had been supplied to him. "You should not have served him," said I to the publican, "he is drunk." "He was not drunk when he came in here," retorted the drink-seller; and a booser, on the point of leaving the house, added, "I can swear he was sober." What could I do, but continue my way defeated and sad?

Here is an extract from a letter that appeared in "The Glasgow Herald" on 30th October last:—

"A young fellow, respectably dressed, apparently a student at our

University, was celebrating Mr. Wyndham's victory in Woodlands Road to-day. He sported a blue favour, and I am glad to say he was alone, for his conduct was just what might be expected of a drunken man with a garrulous tendency. Poor fellow! he was as fou as a fiddler, and it was but one p.m. A number of urchins made sport of him. As he reeled along, an attractive corner shop-front obtruded itself on his muddled consciousness, and soon he observed the legend—'wines and spirits'—to his evident satisfaction. He opined that he was sadly in need of some liquid refreshment, and staggered into the public-house. To my surprise and disgust, he found the entertainment he desired. For the space of twelve minutes, the youngsters played pranks with the double swing-door by which he had entered. Once their hero appeared with a glass of spirits, and toasted them. He managed to nearly empty the glass,—some of the spirits went down his throat, some found a way to his shirt collar, and the remainder he threw to his audience. I waited those twelve minutes in the hope that a policeman might appear, for I badly wanted to make a case against the licensee of that public-house. But history again repeated itself."

Fortunately, the Glasgow police have now received instructions to follow any drunken person they see enter a public-house, and warn the publican. But why should this be necessary, if the publicans are so anxious to keep their customers sober, as we are told they are?

The recent attempts, on the part of the magistrates of Glasgow, to lessen the drink evil in this splendid, but drink-cursed city, have roused the wrath of the trade, and strenuous efforts are being made to rid the Corporation of those who are unfriendly to the traffic. Oh, yes! it is impossible to make all men sober by Act of Parliament, and extremely difficult to assist the cause of sobriety in that way. Yet it would strike the nation with horror, if it was seriously suggested that all parliamentary restrictions should be removed from this terrible trade. We might, with greater advantage, open all sewers, and insist that their fumes be directed into all dwelling-houses. The latter would be the less dangerous measure of the two. For four centuries, the Government of this country has been endeavouring to direct, and curb, and make comparatively harmless, this trade, yet it still defies us.

Were we sufficiently Spartan-like, we could make the whole community sober. That portion which is shut off in asylums and prisons is sobered by Act of Parliament; and, to a large extent, that section that mournfully gathers in our workhouses; but we could make the whole commonwealth sober if we enacted a law by which every man, convicted of drunkenness, should receive, for the first offence, one month's imprisonment, with one lash of the cat at the beginning of the term, and another at the end; for the second, two months, with two lashes at each end of the term, and so on, each offence being marked by a corresponding increase of the sentence. Very few would come back for the third term, still fewer for the fourth, hardly any for the fifth; and if any came back for the tenth time, it should be considered that their cases were hopeless, and the victims placed under lock and key for the rest of their days, or until such time as they appeared to recover self-mastery. If, after being set free, they again reached the

maximum of ten offences, they should be counted as utterly hopeless, and treated as such.

Were we sufficiently heroic to adopt such a method, in less than a generation we should be the most sober people under heaven. Many will say, "That is quite an impossible remedy." I suppose it is; but were we courageous enough to adopt it, it would make men sober by Act of Parliament, and that very quickly.

What, then, can be done? Lord Peel, who has become a Temperance Reformer since acting as Chairman of the Commission appointed to enquire into the question, presiding, on October 28th last, at a meeting of the Central Temperance Legislation Board at Westminster, strongly urged the municipalization of the drink traffic. That, on the face of it, looks like a fair advance on present methods. It takes the trade out of private hands; but, alas! it then gives the whole community an interest in the profits made, and places a bar—a very strong bar—in the way of its abolition. Until something better can be done, it might be an interesting experiment, as Lord Peel suggests, for some big city to take over all its public-houses, and do with them as it pleases. And yet, if it were found that respectability were thus given to the trade, and the big city could reduce its rates by thus providing its citizens with strong drink, the last state of that municipality might be worse than its first.

My own feeling is that, sooner or later,—and the sooner the better,—the matter must be placed in the hands of the citizens themselves. Each district must be allowed to say whether it desires drink-shops; and if so, how many. Were this measure of local option passed, the result would, I firmly believe, be simply astounding, and the members of "the trade" know it. They profess to be the friends of the people. but they dare not trust them with such power, lest it should ruin the prosperity of their destructive business.

Objections to this method of dealing with the question can undoubtedly be found, but its advantages outweigh all its drawbacks. In rural districts of the United States where it has been established, it has worked admirably. Its application to crowded centres is more difficult and uncertain. If a given district determines to abolish all public-houses within its area, then they are multiplied on its outskirts in adjacent wards. But, in course of time, the matter rights itself. Those districts have the remedy in their own hands. As soon as they see the folly of entertaining such pestilential establishments, they can take the necessary steps to rid themselves of their presence.

It is impossible, in a democratic community such as ours, to legislate to any advantage beyond the convictions of the large majority of the people. Everything turns upon the steady and persistent education of the public mind. If the nation wants to be drunken, debauched, and destroyed, it will have to be; if, under the influence of the teaching and example of the more enlightened and advanced of its citizens, it desires to progress, and cleanse itself, it should have the opportunity of doing so. At present, it is denied that right.

Some time ago, I was speaking to the Chief Inspector of an English town. He was anxious to abate the drunkenness of the place. By resolutely putting into operation the legal powers he possessed, he had

brought not a few both of drinkers and drink-sellers to book. But he found his greatest difficulty with the magistrates; it was so hard to secure convictions. He gave me an instance. On a Saturday night, a helplessly drunk young man was brought into the station, and locked up. His father came to bail him out. The fellow was so hopelessly intoxicated that the officer did not dare to let him go, but had him cared for till Monday morning. Then, quite sober, he appeared before the magistrates. Half a dozen witnesses were brought up to swear that the man was not drunk; and, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the case was dismissed!

The magistrates grant the licenses, often in defiance of both the wishes of the inhabitants and the evidence of their own police-officers, and then refuse to convict the cases that are brought before them. Happily, at the present moment, there are not a few, who occupy seats upon the bench, who are honestly endeavouring to grapple with this evil. Alas! very little comes of it all, and the nation's drink bill, and drunkenness and crime continue to ominously increase; while, on the other hand, the influence of the churches is proportionately decreasing.

Let the people, then, deal with this question themselves. Give both the trade and the reformers a fair field and no favour. Let the brewers, distillers, and publicans send, if they please, their apostles through the length and breadth of the land to preach up the elevating effects of their trade; let them show how it helps (!) the prosperity of the people, by filling asylums, workhouses, prisons, and slums. Let the reformers go their way, too, and instruct the people in the harmful and devilishly degrading powers of the traffic. Then let each community settle for itself how much of this thing they will allow to be carried on in their midst. Nothing can be fairer, and it leaves the destiny of the country in its own hands. Already, landowners protect themselves and their tenants; why should not those who are most directly concerned be permitted to

PROTECT THEMSELVES?

Light Shining in Darkness.

WHEN Day departs, and with him takes the light,
 And Night her sable curtain doth outspread,
 As she would hide Earth's pleasant things from sight,
 Then come the Stars, and hang their lamps instead;
 So that the very darkness shows us more
 Than all the brightness of the Day before!

When Joy departs, and Life's sun seems to set,
 And Grief her sombre mantle doth outspread;
 When, with heart-breaking tears our eyes are wet,
 Then come God's promises, *their* light to shed;
 And Sorrow's blackest night doth often prove
 But *the dark background to God's lamps of love!*

Liza's Christmas.

IT was two days after Christmas. As the short afternoon drew to a close, a heavy sleet began to fall, making the outdoor prospect as uninviting as could be. This, however, had not the slightest effect upon the children in the neighbourhood of a certain mission-hall in one of the poorest parts of London, for was it not the children's Christmas treat there, that very afternoon? The doors were to be opened at five o'clock; but the children had arrived an hour earlier, and had been enlivening the waiting time by showing off the garments they had donned for the occasion. This tea, and the summer outing, were to them the two great events in the year; so, one girl had tried to cover her rags with a large purple sash; another had real ostrich feathers drooping from a battered straw hat.

Only Liza, generally the foremost in all fun and mischief, was in her ordinary dress. This caused great surprise, but the others knew her better than to question her about it. She was their acknowledged leader, boys and girls alike bowing to her despotic will. The workers at the mission regarded her as the blackest sheep of all their flock; but her own teacher, Mrs. Bryce, had watched her narrowly for weeks, and had discovered that she had strong feelings which she often took pains to hide, and realized that she would probably become a power for good or evil among those with whom she lived. This made her pray specially for her that God would make her His own before she had given herself up to the sin and wickedness around her.

Up to the present time, however, no visible change had taken place in her. Liza loved her teacher with the whole force of her nature, but this did not keep her from often yielding herself to the promptings of the spirit of mischief which was so strong within her. "I don't know 'ow it is," she said to her, one day, "I makes hup my mind, as I come along, to be like a hangel, and not bother yer a bit; but, as soon as I sets down, I 'ave to throw Jane's 'at into the street, or make a rabbit with my 'an'kerchief, to make 'em all larf. You'll think I don't love yer one bit 'cos I got be'ind yer when yer was singin', and imitated yer; but I jest 'ad to do it, I couldn't 'elp it no 'ow."

This sort of thing went on Sunday after Sunday; but, one afternoon, when Mrs. Bryce had been ill, and had sent a stranger to take her place, Liza had been, as she would herself have expressed it, "like a hangel." She said, "Please tell teacher I remembered wot she sed about bein' good wen she weren't 'ere, and I'm sorry she's hill, and 'opes she'll soon be better."

When this message was repeated to Mrs. Bryce, she was very much encouraged. She felt that the heart of the wayward child was won. She had given love for love to her teacher, might she not presently give love for love to her God?

It was the feeling of love and respect for her teacher that had kept Liza from decking herself out in hired finery, and had made her mend her rags as best she could.

The doors were opened at last, and the children rushed in, seating themselves at the long tables with all possible speed. One little girl seemed to eat piece after piece of cake more quickly than any of the

others; and, after a while, the superintendent spoke to her about it. The poor child burst out crying, and at last sobbed out, "I ain't heaten it all, really I ain't; I'm takin' it 'ome for my Kitty; she ain't 'ad nothink to eat all day, and she's so cold and 'ungry; so, when you wasn't lookin', I put it in my 'at." And there, sure enough, were four or five pieces inside her hat, fast breaking up into crumbs, and covering her hair.

Tea really came to an end at last, and the room was quickly cleared for half-an-hour's game, after which there was to be a magic lantern. This exhibition was divided into two parts,—the first comprised country and seaside scenes, which were as fairyland to the children watching; the second part consisted of pictures of the life of Jesus Christ. The speaker was a young man,—a stranger to the children,—who earnestly but simply told to those before him who knew so little of human love and care, the old sweet Christmas story of the Father's greatest gift. He dwelt upon God's knowledge of them, upon the fact that the smallest incident in each life was a matter of interest to Him, and spoke upon the love of Jesus in such a way that the roughest there felt a great



longing rise up in their hearts to taste it for themselves. There was silence in the room as he explained why Christmas was kept, and asked if there were not some present who wanted to give Jesus a birthday gift of themselves, and their love.

Then, after some singing, the meeting broke up, and the children, regaining their noisy spirits, began to go out into the wet streets.

"Wy, jest look at Liza," exclaimed one, "she's goin' to cry I do believe."

"I ain't, and if yer don't clear hout of this 'all this very minute, I'll

make yer cry, yer see if I don't." The offender disappeared quickly, and Mrs. Bryce turned round in time to see two great tears roll down Liza's face.

"Can you stay and help me put the cups and saucers away, Liza?" she asked, taking no notice of her tears.

"Can't I jest!" was the girl's quick reply, her whole face brightening; and, in her eagerness to be of some use to her teacher, she snatched up a tray, full of cups and saucers, much too heavy for her, and nearly smashed them all.

In the little room where the crockery was kept, she was very quiet; but, as the last cup was put away, she asked, with a jerk, and with her face averted, "Was it true?"

"Was what true?" asked Mrs. Bryce, sitting down near her.

"Why, all that the gent said about—about Jesus lovin' me, and carin' what becomes of me. I didn't think there was nobody that cared for me."

Mrs. Bryce was silent, wondering how she could best help the poor child, when Liza said suddenly, "Do yer remember 'aving all yer class to tea in yer garding last summer?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bryce, trying to see the connection.

"Well, do yer remember yer little gal 'ad been pickin' somethink yer 'ad told 'er not to, and she come to yer cryin', and sayin' she was sorry, and yer just put yer arms round 'er, and sed, 'Don't cry, darlin', I forgive yer?' Does God love me enough to do that? Ef I thought as 'ow there was anybody that loved me enough to call me 'darlin'', and put their arms round me like that, I should jest bust for joy."

The child was too much in earnest for Mrs. Bryce even to smile just then; but, afterwards, she could not help laughing at the emphasis with which this sentiment had been delivered. But the tears were near, too, as she thought how this poor starved heart had treasured up that little scene.

"Yes, dear," she said, "I know God loves you quite as much as that, because He says, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;' and then, in the Bible, it says of Jesus, 'He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.' You know, the lambs in a flock are the young ones, the little helpless babies that can't look after themselves, and the shepherd always takes special care of them; and so it is with Jesus, the Good Shepherd, He takes special care of the little ones, most of all if they have no one on earth to look after them. Do you know, sometimes I wish I were a young girl again, because there are so many beautiful texts for the little ones. Don't you remember the story of the 'prodigal son' that we had the Sunday before last? His father ran to meet him directly he saw him coming back, and forgave him before he even had time to say he was sorry. Jesus told us that story to show that God is ready to forgive us even before we ask Him, and is only waiting to see us turn back to Him."

Liza was silent for a long while, and then said, "Well, I can't understand 'ow 'e can care for the likes of me, or want me to love 'im; but I believe 'e does, and I will love 'im, and I'll ask 'im to forgive me, and make me a good gal."

With that she ran out of the room, leaving Mrs. Bryce alone to thank

God for having heard and answered the many prayers presented by her for poor little Liza.

E.

"I have had Enough of Bones."

BY PASTOR HARRY WOOD, TASMANIA.

DURING my ministry at Latrobe, I was privileged to see many brought to the Saviour. Among others, was one who was known as the wit of the district. He could fill the largest hall in the town when he gave an evening of his wit and humour and stump orations. He came out boldly for Christ, one Sunday evening, after I had given a Gospel address. As he went into the vestry, I asked a brother-minister, who was on a visit to us at the time, to go in, and speak to this anxious one, while I conducted the after-meeting. We had the joy of seeing the light break in upon his soul, and he rejoiced that God, for Christ's sake, had "blotted out, as a thick cloud, his transgressions, and, as a cloud, his sins." He, and his good wife, (who had been converted some weeks previously,) were baptized, and joined the church.

Soon after this, he handed me a letter, which he had received from a minister, asking him if he would give them an evening of his stump orations to raise funds for their church. I read the letter, and gave it back to him. He said, with a peculiar expression on his face, "What do you think of that, Pastor?" I replied, "I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy. This is a temptation of the devil, even though it has come through a professed minister of Jesus Christ." He was of the same opinion, and requested me, as I was about to visit the township where the minister resided, to tell him that J— C— had done with stump orations, they were numbered with the things which were behind.

This dear brother, prior to his conversion, had been a leading spirit in an amateur minstrel troupe. The secretary called on him, at his place of business, to say that they were about to re-form for the winter's season, and would he, as usual, take *the bones*. He declined with thanks, telling his friend that he was converted, and saying, "I have had enough of *bones*." He has been a happy, consistent Christian for some years now, and is a deacon in the church where he was brought to the Saviour.

It would be a grand thing for themselves, for the Church, and for the honour of Christ, if all young converts made the same clean cut from the world as did this good brother. He had had enough of bones. What is the world, with its pleasures, its power, its wealth, its shows, its sins, but so many bones? What are the forms and ceremonies of a mere empty religious profession, but *bones* and very dry bones, too? Thus saith the Lord, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live." Whether we be

saints or sinners, our true and real satisfaction can be found only in Christ.

Praise God, some of us can sing,—

“O Christ, in *Thee* my soul hath found,
And found in *Thee* alone,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown!
Now, none but Christ can satisfy.”

If we accept the Lord Jesus in all His fulness as our soul's satisfying portion, we shall have no difficulty in giving up the *bones*.

One of God's Deliverances.

IN a volume,* which we reviewed last month, we are told of the difficulties experienced in the building of the Secession Meeting-house at Cumnock, in the year 1777. Those residing in and around the town put every obstacle in the way of its erection. “Such was the enmity and inimical influence of Lord Dumfries, that for a time a site for a church could not be obtained.” Nobody who possessed land would sell it, until a lady, in a neighbouring parish, “herself attached to the Established Church, had compassion on the conscientious and ill-treated Seceders,” and allowed them to have a small piece of ground which she owned at the “toun fit,” but just outside the parish boundaries.

“Having thus obtained ground on which to erect their church, another serious difficulty presented itself. With what were they to build it? The same enmity and influence that had kept them for a while from obtaining land, now prevented them getting building materials at anything like convenient distance. The quarries in the neighbourhood were all closed to them. The stones had to be brought from the next parish, and I presume the lime also. As much sand was got, when digging the foundation, as served to make mortar till the walls rose a little, perhaps a foot or two, above the level of the ground; a further supply of sand was not to be had, though in the channel of the river or stream close by, not many yards distant, a sand-bed, bared by the summer's drought, lay as if laughing and mocking at the wants of the builders. But though quite at hand and tempting to their shovels as it must have been, yet it was legally beyond their reach. My Lord Dumfries claimed the channel of the stream and all its contents. Of course, the masons had to cease operations for want of sand to manufacture mortar.

“Thus the work stood for a time; but whether for a few days only or for weeks, I cannot tell. However, in no great time, Providence supplied them with abundance of sand without putting them to any trouble or cost, not even the cost of cartage, and by means as little expected by the friends as by the foes of Dissent. The Lord sent ‘a

* *Memories of Scottish Scenes and Sabbaths more than Eighty Years ago.* By the late Rev. ALEXANDER KENNEDY. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. (1s. net.)

plenteous rain,' causing an unusually high flood,—in all likelihood a 'Lammas flood.' The two streams, which here united, overflowed their banks, covering the low walls of the arrested building. When the waters subsided, it was found that a large quantity of sand, brought down by the rushing stream, had been deposited within and around the walls,—amply sufficient, it was said, to complete the building. In this there was no miracle; but what Christian can doubt, or refuse adoringly and gratefully to acknowledge, that the Lord, in this case, commissioned His ever-obedient servants, the elements, to do a timely service to His struggling people?"

Daybreak in Argentina.

"THE darkest hour precedes the dawn." To some of us, it seems as though the darkest hour has passed for the Argentine Republic. True, it is still very dark; but red streaks tip the Eastern clouds, and fill our hearts with hope. We cannot yet see the sun, but we think we can perceive the morning star. Rays of light quietly steal over the Pampas, and there is the widespread rustle of an approaching dawn. There is movement, there is unrest, as though sleepers were just awakening. In Congress, there is movement; in the Press, and amongst the people, there is a measure of movement, giving indications of life. There is no general acceptance of the truth, but there is a widespread throwing over of error. Rome's power is declining, whilst Liberty gains ground every day. God is gathering out the stones, so that, when the day breaks, we may the better cultivate His vineyard. Anti-clericalism is a popular "ism." There is a distinct feeling against Jesuitism. Many blame its teaching for the prevalent lack of confidence that exists in business circles. No man trusts his neighbour. "All men are liars," is not an uncommon belief here. "If Romanism has produced such fruit, the sooner we cut down the tree, the better," is what many think.

So common is this feeling, and so firm is the hold it has upon many Congressmen, that the priests are alarmed. One prominent cleric—the Bishop of Cuyo, Monseñor Benavento,—has recently been preaching about it, and saying sensational things. He advocated a complete change in Parliament. He urged all Romanists to take part in the elections, and to send to Congress only pronounced Romanists. He said that Liberalism was progressing because the Government had fomented laical teaching, sanctioned civil marriage, and the secularization of the cemeteries; and he denounced, in the strongest terms, these signs (as we think) of real social progress.

Here, the clerics are just losing what, in England, they are trying to regain. Here, Clericalism has been "weighed in the balances, and found wanting," and the people are *beginning* to realize that it is so. In England, they realized it years ago; but it seems as though they had *begun to forget it*. But this "*beginning*" here looks like streaks of light.

Then there is a movement in favour of recognizing Sunday as a day of rest. It is a distinctly secular movement. The Evangelicals are doing little more than look on, and clap their hands in joyous approval. In most places here, all days are alike. For a few, Sunday is a holiday; but, for "the many", Sunday brings even harder work than other days. In the "camp" towns, it is "market day", and farmers and Gauchos flock to town to do their shopping. But those who have to work have tested the "seven-days-a-week-labour" in the balances, and found it

wanting; and they have risen up against it. So, whilst in England hundreds of innovators are trying to secularize the Sabbath, and throw away their liberty, here, in Argentina, last month, a petition, signed by over 40,000 shopmen, was presented to Congress, pleading that a law should be passed making it compulsory to close all shops on Sunday. Those who have suffered here know what they are doing, and are fighting hard for what so many in England seem not to value to-day,—liberty on the Lord's-day. True, many of those who signed the petition only want a holiday; yet some of us think that their petition helps to colour the Eastern clouds. Whilst shut up in shops, they cannot attend religious services; once free, all will have the opportunity—and some will take advantage of it,—of attending meetings for the preaching of the Gospel, *if there are any*.

Further, there is a movement against Alcoholism. Dr. Cabred, a man of no mean influence in Buenos Aires, has been lecturing on it, and advocating instruction concerning the evils of Intemperance as a compulsory subject in all schools. He has made some startling revelations, that have been as alarm clocks to awaken some from sleep. Some are beginning to fear that, ere long, the Argentines may become as drunken as the English. Alas! that our loved nation should have gained such a reputation here. Whether justly or unjustly, it has it. Even in our school, we hear it. If a son of English parents has a quarrel with one of another nationality, the latter will probably yell out at him, "borrachito Inglis" ("drunken Englishman"). This by the way.

Dr. Cabred has told us that, in 1869, there were 40 breweries for a population of 1,877,490 inhabitants; whilst, in 1895, there were no less than 562 factories of "fire water" for less than 4,000,000 people. In 1869, there was one brewery for 46,937 people; in 1895, there was one for every 7,037 people; or, in other words, whilst the population has increased 110 per cent., the breweries have increased by 1,400 per cent. He further says that, in the Republic, there is a public-house for every 170 persons. In the Province of Buenos Aires, there is one for every 102 people; whilst, in some districts, there is one for every 34 inhabitants.

He has given the alarm. The Press is keeping it ringing, and so are the few missionaries who are here. Thus, not a few are awaking. This awaking, this rustling, seems the harbinger of dawn.

Bible colporteurs have visited almost every corner of the Republic, leaving, in nearly every town, a few copies of that Book that is "a Light." Gospel literature is being circulated in many parts. A few souls are being led to Jesus, and testify of Him to others. Some, who were converted where there is a Mission, have had to move to towns where there is none. There, they let their tiny light shine, and pray every day that God will send them a pastor.

Whilst there are many adversaries, God has set before the Church an open door. Whilst there are many discouragements, things were never more hopeful than they are to-day. There never were better opportunities, there never was less prejudice, there never was more liberty, there never were so many converts, as can to-day be found in the Republic of the Silver River. When will some of "our own men" come over and help us?

ROBERT F. ELDER.

"My Faithful Martyr."

TO one man only of the 1,040 who have gone from the Pastors' College is the above Scripture applicable. It is fitting that his memory should be perpetuated.

Those of us who were privileged to know MR. SILVESTER FRANK WHITEHOUSE have his name written upon the tablet of our heart. All who were present, on the recent Friday afternoon, when the President



unveiled the marble tablet placed in the desk-room, felt his example brought very near to them. We sang,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,"—

with perhaps more feeling than ever before. The closing verses of Hebrews xi. with their sequel in chapter xii., never seemed so meaningful as when read that day. When Pastor W. J. Mayers led us in prayer, we thanked God that one from our ranks had been added to the roll of the faithful. The President expressed the feeling of all when he said that, by the martyr's death, a new honour had been conferred upon our Institution. As he drew aside the curtain, and the tablet appeared before us, the solemn hush, that was already upon us, was intensified, and we listened to the inarticulate message which seemed to come from the unseen world.

The Principal and the Vice-President each paid a loving tribute to the memory of Mr. Whitehouse, and testified to the good work he had done, to the high esteem in which he had been held in College, and to the fearlessness with which he went forth to the mission field over which he saw threatening clouds gathering.

We have seen the College emblem in many connections, but nowhere has it seemed more fitting than at the top of the memorial tablet. There, the hand grasps the cross. At the foot, there is the significant complement, "Faithful unto death." Bounded by these two is the martyr's record. To us, the cross seems to be handed on. With the

memory of him who exchanged it for a martyr's crown ever before us, successive generations of students, as well as ourselves, will be inspired to grasp the cross ever more firmly, while by it we are also held.

Mr. Whitehouse closed his last College sermon with an abruptness somewhat characteristic, and said, repeating his text, "Brethren, 'have faith in God.'" That was really the motto of his life, and with its abrupt ending, there came to us, once again, the message, "Brethren, 'have faith in God.'"

JOHN REID (Students' Secretary).

British Auxiliary of Pasteur Saillens' Mission.

THE first anniversary of the formation of this Auxiliary was celebrated on Tuesday evening, October 28th, when a large company of friends assembled in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, under the able presidency of F. J. Marnham, Esq. This public gathering had been preceded by a smaller meeting, in the College, at which those who are specially interested in the missionary circle which helps to support our Brother Blocher, in Paris, were entertained to tea, and afterwards addressed by Pasteur Saillens, who, in heartily thanking the collectors and contributors, bore very high testimony to the excellence of his young colleague as a pastor, an evangelist, a teacher, and a visitor in the homes of the people. Pastor Thos. Spurgeon also expressed his own cordial thanks, and those of the College Trustees, for the aid given to Brother Blocher.

At the Auxiliary meeting, Mr. Marnham, in commending the work to the practical support of the audience, spoke of the deep indebtedness of British Protestants to the Huguenots, who fled from France, and found refuge in this land, which they had greatly enriched by the industries they brought here, as well as by their love of the Gospel, and the gracious lives by which they had commended it to our forefathers.

Pastor E. H. Brown, the Honorary Secretary of the Auxiliary, gave an outline of the arrangements for Pasteur Saillens' tour; addresses were also delivered by Pastors A. G. Brown and Thomas Spurgeon, both of whom warmly commended the work in France to their hearers; Miss Ada Rose, and a choir of girls from the Stockwell Orphanage, sang sweetly at intervals; and a collection was taken on behalf of the Auxiliary; but the greater part of the evening was rightly left for Pasteur Saillens' report of the progress of the movement, and his powerful plea for its further development. He believes that, from the Evangelical and Baptist standpoint, his beloved country presents a more hopeful aspect than, perhaps, it has ever done before. As an instance of the invitations that are constantly reaching him, he mentioned that, only eleven days previously, he had been at Neuchâtel, in response to the urgent request of the pastors of all the churches in that city, who had pleaded with him to answer an infidel lecture which had been recently delivered there. He could spare only one night for the important task; but 2,500 people (one tenth of the whole population,) listened for an hour and a half to his proofs of the existence of God, the newspapers gave long reports of the lecture, and he has been urged to publish it for the benefit of other people as well as those who heard it. If he could be relieved from the strain of some of his present service, he might do even more effective work for the Kingdom of God in France and other French-speaking countries.

Pasteur Saillens said that, during the past year, a great part of his time had been spent in visiting the churches which had been started in the provinces, as well as in exercising a general oversight of the work

in the three halls in Paris. There are now 16 churches, with 1,220 members; and, of the 80 believers baptized during the year, most had formerly been Roman Catholics. He gave a thrilling account of some ex-monks who have been converted and baptized, and who are now earning their own living, and preaching the Gospel as they have the opportunity. A most encouraging work is also proceeding among the French soldiers in Algeria; while the two Pioneer Mission stations, at Rouen and Nîmes, under the care of our Brethren Gross and Dubarry, are fully justifying their establishment.

In closing, Pasteur Saillens said that, during the year, they had received £450 from England,—about £80 more than in the previous twelve months; and, while they were deeply grateful for all that had been given to them, if ten times as much could be placed at their disposal, they could use it well in the cause of God in France. Mr. Oriol, one of Pasteur Saillens' converts, also spoke. He is studying in the Pastors' College. Meanwhile, he has inaugurated a Mission to his fellow-countrymen in Soho. He told a glad story of growing interest and numerous conversions and baptisms.

* * * *

The night before he spoke at the Tabernacle, Pasteur Saillens had commenced his tour by addressing a meeting at Salem Chapel, Dover; and the following is a list of the places he has since visited:—Ferne Park Chapel, Hornsey; Kingston-on-Thames (four churches uniting); Pastors' College; Oaklands Chapel, Surbiton Hill; Upper Tooting Chapel, Battersea Park Tabernacle, and Grafton Square Chapel (for the Pioneer Mission); Aldersgate Street Noon Prayer-meeting; Haddon Hall, Bermondsey; Chatsworth Road Chapel, West Norwood; Salisbury; Wellington (Somersetshire); Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Marylebone; Broadmead and City Road Chapels, Bristol; Weston-super-Mare; Devizes; Westbourne Grove Chapel; Woodberry Down Chapel; Devonshire Square Chapel; Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road; East Dereham; East Hill Chapel, Wandsworth; and Eastbourne. Pasteur Saillens also preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Lord's-day morning, November 9th.

All contributions and communications should be addressed to Pastor E. H. Brown, Surbiton Hill, Surrey.

Dr. Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible.*

THIS elaborate work has now reached completion; and, doubtless, in many respects, it is a valuable repertory of solid information.

We feel, however, that the serviceableness and accuracy of such a work as this are seriously compromised by the endorsement of Higher Critical views on the subject of Inspiration and the Canon of Scripture.

In our judgment, it is a crucial error to view Holy Scripture as the gradual evolution of man's conceptions on religious questions from comparative darkness into comparative light: to explain the accruing and enlarging content in the Word, as one might a nation's political progress in history, or as a mere aspect of an evolutionary scheme which virtually makes naturalism, under God, the ground of all human development. The effect of this cardinal assumption is, that Holy Scripture is more a tentative approach to truth than the Revelation of it; and that the very words of Holy Scripture are, themselves, in innumerable cases,

* *A Dictionary of the Bible*. Vol. IV. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. (Cloth, 28s.)

to be taken rather as a record of what men thought, and felt, and believed, than as a genuine transcription of actual event or of Divine communication. In other words, the effect of the application of the Higher Critical methods to Scripture, is to make of it an out-of-date Book,—the record of views which grew with man's growth, and which, in his development from childhood to man's estate, he has outgrown.

The difference that this makes, and will go on to make, in the general attitude to what is, in fact, a Divinely-inspired and Infallible Book, is by far the most serious calamity that has ever befallen the Church and the world. We all need an Infallible Book; we all need a Divinely-inspired Record; we all need to feel the absolutely authoritative force of a writing which God Himself has penned; and if this be taken from man, or left to him only in a partial, qualified, and uncertain form, such as he can only dimly trace out, or find after much searching, like some blackened article that has survived the fire;—then, nothing, so far as we can see, can prevent a general retrocession into Rationalism and Infidelity.

Our feeling, in this matter, is all the stronger because the whole system of Higher Criticism is gratuitous. It assumes to assess what any given period in human history is competent to produce, and sits in judgment on the Canon of Scripture accordingly;—fixing, *e.g.*, “the post-exilic date of the Pentateuch in their present form,” and making it the amalgam of conflicting tendencies. How this affects the various histories in the record, is a matter that varies; but the action seems to us invariably destructive;—in the case of advanced criticism, extremely so. The result is the more gratuitous in that it is due, not to scholarship, but to “a priori” assumption,—such assumption as contravenes the very essence of Scripture's own witness to Itself, and makes even Christ Himself to be the sharer “in the cosmic presuppositions of His times.”

Leaving aside the questions that concern Inspiration and the Sacred Canon, there are, in this volume, various articles of distinguished merit, such as Laidlaw's contributions on Psychology and Adamson's able paper on Reconciliation.

J. D.

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. XXXVIII of *The Sword and the Trowel* will be published almost immediately, by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, price 9s. It behoves us to speak with modesty of our own productions, yet we may surely say that we have herein made honest endeavour to abide by the motto of the Magazine, and that we have evidence of some success. Comparisons are odious, so we will only mention that the paper of this volume is better than that of preceding years. Whether the papers are better, is another matter. We are sure, however, that each month's issue was worth perusing, and that the twelve numbers are worth preserving.

Other Annual volumes, which have already reached us, are as follows:—*The Sunday at Home* and *The Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society); and *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co.), all excellent as usual, and equally worth the price charged for them, 7s. 6d. each.

Similar commendation can be given to all Messrs. Partridge & Co.'s serial publications, — *The British Workman*, *The Band of Hope Review*, *The Children's Friend*, *The Infants' Magazine*, *The Family Friend*, and *The Friendly Visitor*, ranging in price from 1s. to 2s. 6d.

The Child's Own Magazine (Sunday School Union, 1s.) is all that can be desired. As for *Young England* (5s.),

Boys of Our Empire (7s. 6d.), and *The Girls' Empire* (5s.), there is far too much of the sporting and fighting element in them to suit our taste, and too little of the sterling and spiritual.

The Trial Trip, and other Readings, "The Herald of Mercy" Annual (Morgan and Scott, 1s.), cannot be too widely circulated.

The Gist of the Lessons, by R. A. TORREY, Nisbet and Co. (1s. net), is a most helpful exposition of the International Sunday School Lessons for 1903, issued in a very compact and convenient form.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons have sent us four *Calendars* for 1903, 1s. each,—*Daily Calendar*, *Poetical Daily Calendar*, *Proverbial Daily Calendar*, and *Shakespearean Daily Calendar*. As with previous issues, the figures are distinct, and quotations appropriate, with sufficient variety to suit the different tastes of intending purchasers.

Mr. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row, sends us *The Golden Text Calendar*, 1903, price 1s. It is slightly larger than the previous year's, and we have no doubt that the selection of texts will prove as admirable as in former issues.

The China Inland Mission and Messrs. Morgan and Scott have published a twopenny booklet, containing a reprint of Dr. A. J. GORDON's article on *The Ministry of Women*, which should be carefully studied by all who desire to know what the teaching of the Scriptures upon this subject really is,—at least, so far as Dr. Gordon understood and expounded it.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons have sent us more *Story-books*:—two at 5s. each, *A Hero of the Highlands*, by E. EVERETT-GREEN, the tale of the Young Pretender, as told by one of his faithful followers; and *The Last of the Cliffords*, by ELIZA F. POLLARD, a stirring story of Royalists in the time of Cromwell;—one at 3s. 6d., *Fallen Fortunes*,

by E. EVERETT-GREEN, a narrative of the times of the great Duke of Marlborough, and combining the attractions of love and war;—one at 2s. 6d., *Ralph Wynward*, by H. ELINGTON, which records a boy's experiences during the sack of Youghall in Queen Elizabeth's day;—four at 1s. 6d., *Three Scottish Heroines*, by ELIZABETH C. TRACE, and *A Happy Failure*, by ETHEL DAWSON, both of which are intended to commend to girls devotion to duty; *Fifine and Her Friends*, by SHEILA E. BRAYNE, which will delight lovers of adventure and mystery; and *A Little Cockney*, by S. G., which is hardly striking enough to interest other little Cockneys;—and one at 1s., *The Cruise of the "Katherina"*, by JOHN A. HIGGINSON, a story of hidden treasure lost and found in a most remarkable way.

From the Religious Tract Society, we have a 3s. 6d. book, *Stories of the Abbey Precincts*, by AGNES GIBERNE, describing various characters worthy to serve as examples to youthful readers;—one at 2s. 6d., *Old Miss Audrey*, by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, a capital story for girls, showing the blessing of having a faithful friend;—and one at 2s., *Little Maid Marigold*, by E. H. STOOKE, who depicts a brave young overcomer in the good fight of faith.

From Mr. Andrew Melrose, we have a 3s. 6d. book, *Torn from Its Foundations*, by DAVID KER, which begins in a Brazilian forest, ends in the terrible earthquake at Lisbon, and abounds in adventures of a startling sort;—also a lively school story, *The Boys of the Red House*, by E. EVERETT GREEN (1s.), which will be of equal interest to boys and their sisters, too.

The Upper Currents. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, (3s. 6d.)

DAINTY binding, helpful writing, and apt quotation, make up a most appropriate volume for a Christmas or New Year present.

The Distant Lights. A Little Book of Verses. By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE. Religious Tract Society. (1s.)

VERY good, but not equal to the previous series.

Holy Sentences for Every Day, in Eight Languages. Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, Palestine House, Bodney Road, London, N.E. (4s. 6d.)

The eight languages are Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German, French, and English. A dainty present for anyone who can read such a polyglot volume.

The Teaching of Jesus Christ in His Own Words. By the EARL OF NORTHBROOK. Religious Tract Society. (1s. 6d.)

AN admirable compilation, first arranged by the Viceroy for the natives of India, but now adapted to readers everywhere.

Memories of Zenana Mission Life. By S. F. LATHAM. Religious Tract Society. (1s.)

A BOOKLET which throws much light upon various phases of missionary work, especially among the women of India.

The Diary and Journal of David Brainerd. Edited by ALEXANDER SMELLIE. Andrew Melrose. (2 vols., 5s.)

THE story of the inner life, as well as of the life-work of this truly consecrated man of God, must help its readers to a closer and more prayerful walk with God. These volumes are truly "Books for the Heart."

Night and Morning in Dark Africa. By HARRY JOHNSON. London Missionary Society.

A MOST interesting account of the country, industries, customs, and needs of the natives of Central Africa, on whose behalf eighteen missionary workers have already laid down their lives. The results of the good seed sown there call for much praise, and ought to encour-

age many more to plough, and sow, and reap a harvest for the Lord. With seventy illustrations, the book is cheap at 2s. 6d.

Brief Talks with Busy People. By C. H. PERRY. A. H. Stockwell. (1s. net.)

USEFUL lessons, given in a chatty style specially suited to young people.

Lord Shaftesbury, Peer and Philanthropist. By R. E. PENGELLY. Sunday School Union. (1s.)

A FAIR outline of the career of the great and good Earl, who is fully entitled to a place in the "Splendid Lives Series."

The Lamp of Friendship, and other Sermons. By ISAAC O. STALBERG. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d. net.)

VOL. XXV. in "The Baptist Pulpit" worthily occupies an honourable position in that representative series. We are glad that another of "our own men" delivers such discourses as the dozen here selected as specimens of the ministry so faithfully discharged at Bunyan Baptist Tabernacle, Kingston-on-Thames.

The Child for Christ. Manual for Parents, Pastors, and Sunday-school Workers. By A. H. MCKINNEY, Ph.D. With a Prologue by A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. (1s. 6d. net.)

WILL doubtless prove useful to the workers into whose hands it may come, but something better than this should have been produced by such "Degreed" writers.

Glimpses of the Gloryland; or, Heaven Described. By Rev. ROBT. MIDDLETON. Jarrold and Sons. (1s.)

MUCH saner, because less speculative and more Scriptural than some other works on the Heavenly state. There are a few beautiful fancies in this book, but the author has his imagination well in hand, and does not assume to be wise above what is written.

The True Cross. A Narrative. By CÆSAR MALAN, D.D. Partridge and Co. (6d.)

TRUE to its title, this booklet contains the true doctrine of the Cross.

Heaven's Light our Guide. Elliot Stock.

EXTRACTS from varied writers for the wise ordering of life,—neither very original nor highly stimulating. The compiler has singular views as to the practical nature of theology, or he would not quote with approval the saying, "There is very little theology in the Bible." This is one of those shallow errors that many receive and transmit to others without thinking as to its meaning. Theology is the Queen of the Sciences, and the Bible is her royal palace. The "light" of this volume is not all from Heaven.

Gospel Temperance Anecdotes. By C. W. SCRIMGEOUR. Dundee: J. and P. Matthew and Co.

AN admirable collection of simple and telling illustrations, which have been of service during the author's twenty-five years' connection with the Cherryfield Mission in Dundee, of which this volume is a souvenir.

The Never-changing Creed. By K. A. MACLEAY, B.D. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d.)

SERMONS above the average; and though not brilliant, far from commonplace. The preacher aimed not to be admired, but to be practically helpful, and he has succeeded. The book is fair change for half-a-crown.

"After This Manner." By H. C. WALLACE. A. H. Stockwell. (2s. 6d.)

TEN sermons on the Lord's prayer, full of human sympathy, but not very Scriptural in their doctrine.

The universal Fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of man, in their broadest sweep, are here; but the special unction of a Spirit-taught preacher is looked for in vain.

The Bane and the Antidote, and other Sermons. By Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. C. H. Kelly. (3s. 6d.)

SIMILAR sermons to these have won their way to great popular appreciation, and these are even finer than many already issued. We warmly welcome them for their thoughtful Evangelical tone, their splendid power of luminous illustration, and their impressive application of Gospel truth to daily life. We rejoice in Mr. Watkinson's growing spiritual force, and congratulate our Methodist brethren on possessing so eminent a preacher.

Shall we Know our Friends in Heaven? By Rev. CHARLES LEACH, D.D. "Another King, one Jesus." By FREDERICK TODD. Arthur H. Stockwell. (1s. net each.)

PRETTYLY got up books, but containing nothing very striking. Sensible talk, which will be welcomed by the authors' friends, and do good wherever it is read.

Did Jesus Claim to be God? By Rev. J. MOFFAT LOGAN. Arthur H. Stockwell. (3d.)

TWO controversial sermons of the best type, which may usefully be placed in the hands of those who have any doubts as to the Deity of our Lord Jesus. The message of Mr. Logan is like a Highland slogan.

Scientia Christi. By HENRY VARLEY, B.A. Elliot Stock.

A CAREFUL and well-informed argument on behalf of Christianity, along three lines:—The New Testament, Christian History, and Christian Experience. We should be inclined to say more concerning the Gospel records than Mr. Varley does, and we think he is somewhat unfortunate in his reference to the seeming discrepancy between Matthew and Luke in the story of the Centurion, which, to our mind, can be easily explained. But there is a brilliancy about the book, and a beauty in its binding, which commend it to us.

The Death of Christ. By JAMES DENNEY, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (6s.)

OVER this admirable treatise there is written large one great word—SUBSTITUTION, and we welcome Dr. Denney's strong and convincing argument, which seeks to set the death of Christ in the central position of the Christian faith; that is, the place which it has occupied in all ages when the Church has had a living Gospel to preach to the world. "We see," he says, "that the whole secret of Christianity is contained in Christ's death, and in the believing abandonment of the soul to that death in faith." "We are not," he says in another place, "in the sphere of mystical union of dying with Christ, and living with Him, but in that of love transcendently shown, and of gratitude profoundly felt."

Dr. Denney has scant patience with those who profess to believe in the death of Christ as an atonement, and who are yet without a doctrine on the subject. He insists that, unless we know the meaning of the sacrifice, it cannot be a motive in our life. His enquiry ranges throughout the New Testament; and we rise from the perusal of this volume more entirely assured that the old doctrine of Christ's death is the true one, and grateful to the author for setting forth with such brilliance and recent knowledge this primary article of the Christian faith.

The Teacher and the Child. By H. THISLETON MARK, B.A., B.Sc. T. Fisher Unwin.

EIGHTEEN pence will be well expended by every Sunday-school teacher in the purchase of this volume, which we praise unreservedly. It becomes more and more important that we should have efficient instruction in our classes, and nothing that we know of is more likely to conduce to this end than a study of Mr. Mark's chapters. He proves himself an expert even while he acknowledges his indebtedness to Herbart and Froebel. As

a specimen of printing and binding, this book is cheap; as a treatise, it is invaluable. We cannot help saying that we wish all our ministers, who have degrees, would be content, like the author, to give them a subsidiary place, instead of parading them on the level of their names. The title-page of this volume might teach some of our teachers a lesson.

By Way of Illustration. By J. ELLIS. H. R. Allenson. (1s.)

MR. ELLIS has already done good service in providing little hand-books for preachers and teachers, and here is another, containing indeed some old things, but also many new incidents and suggestions. It strikes us as a capital collection.

A Concise Bible Dictionary. Cambridge University Press. (1s. net.)

IN 160 closely-packed pages, Sunday-school teachers and other Christian workers have here a very serviceable book of reference. We have tested it in several places, and are on the whole satisfied; though, of course, there is the modern trend, which, in some instances, goes beyond us. The compilers have tried to treat, in a non-controversial manner, some doctrinal subjects, but we can scarcely credit them with complete success when, on Baptism, we find such sentences as these:—"The New Testament contains no direction as to the age for receiving baptism; but, as Jewish children were circumcised at eight days, we naturally conclude, in the absence of direction to the contrary, that infants are also proper subjects for baptism." "Naturally," yes; spiritually, no.

In Flora's Realm. By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. Nelson and Sons. (3s. 6d.)

STORIES of flowers, fruit, and leaves, told by Uncle Jack to his niece, who greatly prefers them to the botanical lessons of her governess. Many of the wonders of nature are described in this interesting, instructive, illustrated volume.

Notes.

Personal Paragraphs.

We make bold to ask our readers to help us to make the Magazine widely known. The Programme for 1903 is an inviting one. It is set forth in the Preface of the present volume. The special attractions begin in the January issue with a Floral Greeting for the New Year from the Editor, by way of frontispiece. The publishers will always send Prospectuses and back numbers where they can be wisely distributed.

Our dear brother, PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON, has informed his people that his ministry among them must terminate in six months' time. Two letters are before us; one from the Pastor, who for twenty-three years has fed the flock of God in South Street, Greenwich, to his people, announcing his decision; and another from the Church-officers to their fellow-members expressing their grief, and their hope that he may yet be prevailed upon to continue his work among them.

We feel deep sympathy for all concerned. He may well be "loth to leave" who has stayed so long, and wrought so successfully, but "the constant strain" has tried him sorely. They who have for nearly a quarter of a century rejoiced in his light may well pressingly entreat their beloved leader to remain, and the officers are wise in pointing out to their fellow-members that "a united and continued effort in maintaining both the Sunday and week-night services would be one of the surest tokens to the Pastor that they desire him to remain." (There are fellow-members in all our churches who need such a reminder.) We can only pray that the great Head of the Church will guide in this matter. His will be done. For our beloved brother we wish complete restoration to health, and very many years of happy service for Jesus.

IN MEMORIAM.—A considerable company of the officers and members of the Tabernacle Church attended at Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wimbledon, on Thursday, October 30th, to take part in the funeral of Mr. J. R. THOMAS, of Beckenham, which was conducted by Pastor Thomas Spur-

geon, assisted by Pastors W. Stott and C. Ingrem. Our departed friend literally "fell asleep" after only a short illness, and to his widow and family the bereavement is all the more trying as it follows so soon after the death of a son in the United States. Mr. Thomas was for 17 years connected with Bloomsbury Chapel, and for nearly 30 years at the Tabernacle, being also a seat-steward there for 15 years. We pray that the whole of the sorrowing household may be graciously sustained and Divinely comforted.

The sadly sudden death of the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A., has filled other ranks than those of Wesleyan Methodism with profound sorrow. His years seem to us to have been all too few, but they were *crowded* years, and they have been crowned by an "in harness" death. To his like-minded wife, and the band of devoted men and women with whom he was associated, we tender our sincerest sympathy. Another leader has fallen on the field,—a leader with some of whose views and methods, it is true, we were not in complete accord,—but a leader whose tireless zeal, whose boldness of speech, and whose love for the souls and bodies of men, we could not fail to admire.

The Editor was among the throng of ministers of all denominations who attended the solemn funeral service at Wesley's Chapel.

Our latest news of DR. PARKER is far from re-assuring. We desire to have our part in the tide of sympathy and prayer that rises round his sick-bed. May its murmur bring him some relief!

We hear, on all too sure authority, that MR. IRA D. SANKEY is somewhat seriously ill. Our prayer for the sweet singer is, that the music he has made for others may echo in his own soul.

The Lord in mercy heal His wounded warriors, and help those who "a little longer stay" to do all that in them lies to fill the gaps caused by the sickness of some of the veterans, and the decease of others!

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Tabernacle Tidings.

On Lord's day, October 19th, a ten days' mission was commenced at Haddon Hall, Bermondsey. Instead of seeking outside help, by the earnest request of the Sunday-school teachers and other workers, Mr. William Olney took charge of the special services, with the help of his colleague, Mr. F. Spencer Johnson. Although the Mission is thirty-two years old, God has never favoured it with such a remarkable manifestation of His saving power as during these gatherings. From the first, the attendances were very large, both at the meetings for children and at the services for adults all of which were followed by enquiry meetings. Cards were issued to those who desired to make a definite profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, but the converts were urged to wait a day or two before filling them up, so as to avoid excitement or mistake. Up to the last day of the mission, 120 persons had returned their cards, 96 of whom came to the converts' meeting on October 29th. In addition to these, quite a number of young children went into the enquiry-room set apart for them. The mission was preceded by some weeks of earnest prayer, and by a carefully-organized system of visitation superintended by Mr. S. Taylor, in which 120 distributors of bills and tracts took part, and all the workers desire to unite in the ascription of praise to God for the great blessing He has bestowed upon them.

The Pastors and Deacons met the seat-stewards of the Tabernacle, on Wednesday evening, October 29th. A social hour was followed by a conference. Two sacred solos by Miss Permain, and some light refreshments, enlivened the proceedings, which were pleasant and profitable throughout.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, October 30th, thirteen,—Maud Tesh, D. Skinley, J. Skinley, Chas. E. Bradt, Rosa Crews, Beatrice Jones, Beatrice J. Haddleton, Edward W. Webb, Elizabeth A. Round, Sarah E. Round, Chas. Wagstaff, Louisa M. Wood, Bertha Coward;—at Haddon Hall, on the same date, two,—Eliza Abbott, Annie Abbott.

The monthly communion service, held on Lord's-day evening, November 2nd, was an occasion of special rejoicing and thanksgiving. The friends

whose names are given below were received into church-fellowship, and these include the son of Deacon Charles Wagstaff, the two daughters of Elder Thomas Round, the wife of our estimable chapel-keeper, Mr. Haddleton, and three young friends from the Sunday-school. Rosa Crews, Beatrice Jones, Beatrice J. Haddleton, Edward W. Webb, Elizabeth A. Round, Sarah E. Round, Louisa M. Wood, Bertha Coward, Chas. Wagstaff.

Deaths reported at the same service:—Sarah Wilson, Alice Hilden, John R. Thomas, Mary A. Marriott.

The annual meeting of the Men's Bible-class was held, in the lecture-hall, on Tuesday evening, November 4th, under the presidency of the Pastor. Over 200 friends had partaken of tea in the schoolroom, and that number was largely augmented for the public meeting. The announcement that there would be addresses by Revs. B. J. Gibbon, W. Fuller Gooch, and W. R. Mowll, M.A., and solos by Miss Pickworth, together with the special interest taken in the gathering by the members of the Class, sufficed to draw a numerous and deeply interested audience.

The Report, read by the Secretary, Mr. R. H. Thorn, commenced with an appropriate reference to the great loss which the Class had sustained by the home-going of the late President, Elder J. T. Dunn, and a grateful allusion to the Lord's continued presence notwithstanding the removal of the earthly leader. There are 76 names on the roll,—a decrease of one during the year,—and the Class is, as its name implies, distinctly devoted to the study of the Scriptures. Mr. W. Jones has been *pro tem.* President, and the Report contained a thankful mention of his help, and also of the mission work carried on by the members in various parts of London.

The Treasurer, Mr. Boulter, presented to the Pastor £21 for the College, and £20 for the College Missionary Association, for Brother Wigstone, in Spain, and both amounts were very gratefully acknowledged. It was mentioned that, since a record has been kept, the Class has contributed £475 to the College, and £527 to the Missionary Society, making the truly magnificent sum of £1,002 given to these two funds.

Pastor D. H. Moore delivered a lecture to the "John Ploughman"

Gospel Temperance Society, on Wednesday evening, November 5th, entitled "Simple Division." The address was educational and interesting. The Vernon Chapel choir sang several pieces. Pastor C. B. Sawday occupied the chair.

The next meeting will be held on December 3rd, when the Tabernacle Band of Hope will entertain the members.

Mr. David Hyslop, of the Protestant Alliance, gave a lantern lecture, in the College Buildings, on Tuesday evening, November 11th. The subject of the address was "God's Heroes; how they Kept the Faith." Mr. R. N. Tomkins was the chairman.

IN MEMORIAM.—MISS FRANCES BURDETT was laid to rest, in Norwood cemetery, on Thursday afternoon, November 13th, the service being conducted by Mr. S. R. Pearce. Miss Burdett was a very old member of the Tabernacle Church, and was for thirty years a teacher in the Sunday-school. She was also actively engaged at Richmond Street and Townsend Street Missions. When near her end, Mr. Pearce requested her to send a message to the teachers; and she said:—"Tell them to be more earnest than ever; I am afraid they may lean too much upon one another, but they must wholly lean on Jesus,—trust Him more fully, and He will bless them."

The Pastors, Deacons, and Elders met for prayer and communion on Monday evening, November 17th. It was a profitable occasion, and a time of spiritual feasting. Church-officers are frequently too busy, at the public services, to obtain that quiet meditation and personal blessing which their fellow church-members enjoy. To break bread, therefore, in the little company, is very delightful to them.

Members of the Church will be interested to see the communion cards for 1903. They are in booklet form, and contain a short address by the Pastors, with a text and verse for each month, and the New Year's Motto, in addition to the usual tickets and information. They will be ready for distribution on Lord's-day, December 7th. Please apply early!

A special appeal is made to the members of the Church and congrega-

tion to secure additional sittings in the Tabernacle at the commencement of the New Year. It is well to encourage the younger members of families, as they grow up, to regard the House of God as their spiritual home, and to have their allotted place therein. The charges are varied to suit the means of all.

A Watch-night service will (D.V.) be held, in the Tabernacle, upon the last night of the year, Wednesday, December 31st, at eleven o'clock. Many persons, who seldom enter the House of God, are willing to come upon this solemn occasion, and they should receive a hearty invitation. Handbills will be printed, and be ready for the workers about December 21st.

Secretaries of mission-stations and Sunday-schools connected with the Tabernacle will oblige by sending in the usual yearly statistics by the first week in January.

Friends who may be desirous of commencing Christian service, with the opening of the New Year, are invited to communicate with Pastor C. B. Sawday, who will be glad to advise them as to suitable spheres of usefulness. Letters may be addressed to him at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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Concerning the College.

At the re-union, after the Michaelmas vacation, the Vice-President welcomed a newcomer, Mr. S. M. Potter, from Australia.

Mr. William Rankine, who left College through serious illness in January, 1901, died at Glasgow on the 16th September last.

On Friday afternoon, October 31st, Pasteur R. Saillens, of Paris, lectured to the students upon "The Existence of God."

In the evening, Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., delivered a lecture to the Haddon Literary and Debating Society upon "Cromwell."

On November 14th, Pastor Chas. Joseph, of Cambridge, gave a lecture upon "Christ and the Higher Criticism."

Mr. W. J. Hurlow has accepted a hearty and unanimous invitation to assist Mr. G. T. Bailey in the joint-pastorate at Vicarage Road, Leyton, and Blackhorse Road, Walthamstow.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. G. B. Bowler, from

Grantham, to Sutterton, Lincolnshire; Mr. R. E. Chettleborough, from Leighton Buzzard, to Whitstable-on-Sea, Kent; and Mr. G. Dunnett, from Halesowen, to Carleton Rode, Norfolk.

The annual public meeting of the College was held, in the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening, November 13th. T. A. Denny, Esq., and the President jointly discharged the duties of the chairman. After the opening hymn, and prayer by Mr. William Olney, the President read the list of brethren who had completed their course since the last anniversary, and expressed his thankfulness that, all these years after his dear father was summoned to his rest and reward, the College still keeps on keeping on; and, so far as he could see, there was no sign of its ceasing to keep on, and no evidence that the Christian public wished it to cease keeping on. It seemed to him that there was an ever-deepening necessity for the work of such men as the College trained and sent forth. Other addresses were delivered by Mr. Denny, the Vice-President (Pastor C. Spurgeon), Professor Gausson, Pastor C. Joseph, of Cambridge, and three of the students, Messrs. Cartwright, Lower, and Hodge, and a collection was taken on behalf of the funds of the Institution.

A pleasing sequel to the meeting was the receipt, by the President, of the generous gift of £50 for the College from Mr. Denny.

COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Churcher, writing on November 8th, says:—"We are happily back at our work in Sousse, and have just welcomed our friend Miss Loveless, from the Tabernacle. The Arabs soon found us employment, and some 200 visits have been paid us in about two weeks.

"Just as I sat down to write to you, my wife came in, saying, 'There is a man at the door, very bad; he thinks he is dying.' Of course, I went at once; and when I had returned, and sat down again, I could not but think how, spiritually, not merely one man, but millions of men, are lying at our doors, very bad, and dying eternally; yet how few care for their souls!

"Standing by the wayside, the other day, I saw a young girl begging; and in her hand was a penny loaf. Next to her stood another, with a piece of cotton stuff neatly folded, lying on her hands. My friend told me they

were begging for these things; they could not satisfy their hunger, nor cover their nakedness, because the things, though in their hands, were not their own; they only hoped to get the price of them by begging. So, too, these people seem to possess a religion and righteousness; yet these are really just what they lack. There has been no purchased salvation, no satisfaction for violated law, no Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; and, therefore, there is no real pardon, peace, or power.

"We have been shocked by the news of the murder of a member of our Mission in Fez. He was shot by a man quite unknown to him, who simply wanted to kill all Christians. As the martyr for Jesus sank into his last sleep, he murmured, 'It is all dark now, but I am with the Lord.' What a blessed testimony! What could be happier than that? And if, as a Mission, and as individual missionaries, we are called to walk with God in the dark,—if we are truly 'with the Lord,' all will be well; for, surely, to be with the Lord, whether in life or in death, must be Heaven begun."

* * *

Our Fatherless Family.

Special attention is asked to the article by Mr. Charlesworth, on a previous page, entitled "In Prospect of Christmas."

The collectors' meeting was held at the Orphanage, on Tuesday evening, November 18th, under the presidency of Alderman Nevill Strange, J.P., ex-Mayor of Eastbourne. Addresses were given by the President, and Pastor F. J. Feltham, of Putney, and an interesting lecture, with dissolving views, on "The Lights and Shadows of London Life," was delivered by Pastor R. O. Johns, of Dalston Junction.

ORPHANAGE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The day of International Prayer for Sunday-schools (October 19th) was celebrated by a special united service in the Memorial Hall, attended by all the orphan children, with teachers and staff, and a most helpful and earnest address was given by Rev. W. H. Parsons, M.A., of St. Matthias, Tulse Hill, which was listened to with rapt attention. Having eulogized the work of C. H. Spurgeon, and expressed the pleasure he still derived from reading his sermons, he took for his text the two questions in John vi. 67, 68,—

Christ's, "Will ye also go away?" and Peter's, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" He emphasized the privilege the children were enjoying in the Orphanage, and pointed out the temptations to which they would be subject, especially upon leaving the Institution, and urged them to hold fast to the Sabbath, the Bible, and prayer, and not to listen to the insidious teaching of sceptics and of infidels, who sought to undermine the whole foundation of the Christian faith. A collection was taken for the Continental Sunday-school Mission, and a wish was heartily expressed for another visit from Mr. Parsons at an early date.

On October 22nd, Rev. R. Baily, of Anerley, gave his lecture, with dissolving views, (exhibited by the splendid apparatus of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union,) on "My Visit to Teneriffe, South Africa, and Madeira," which greatly delighted the children.

* * * *

Colportage Chronicles.

The Secretary is still wishful to hear from devoted Christian young men, with suitable gifts, who are desirous of being engaged in Colportage work. Just now, several new Districts have to be provided for; but, in every case, some experience in evangelistic work is required.

Some of the colporteurs have shown their loyalty to the Association by securing collections in their Districts to help the General Fund, which greatly needs replenishing, and others are planning to do so before the year closes.

The Secretary has made visits to the Districts at Great Munden, Hertfordshire, and Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, at both of which places meetings were arranged in connection with the Colportage work of the locality.

Two public meetings have been held by Mr. Henry Mears, in different parts of his District, to celebrate the completion of twenty-five years' successful labour; the first was at Brentford, and the second at the Town Hall, Ealing. Both of the gatherings were very representative in their character, and at the latter assembly the Secretary handed to Mr. Mears a handsome presentation time-piece as a mark of warm regard from the members of the Committee.



COLPORTAGE IN THE SUNSHINE.

A brother writes:—"Great blessing still attends the sale of the late President's sermons. A young woman told me that she had been enabled to endure the trials and temptations of her daily life much more successfully since reading the sermon on 'Comfort for the Tempted;' and it had been helpful also to some of her friends."

A glimpse of a colporteur's toils and trials is given by the following extract recently received:—"I had the painful duty of burying one of the deacons at our chapel last Saturday. Then, on Sunday, I was up at 6 a.m., to prepare for the day. At 9.15, we left home; I conducted morning service at the chapel four miles away. Then came the funeral of a little child, with a six mile journey on foot, the coffin being carried on my cart to the graveyard. After this, I went with my cart for the widow of our late deacon, conducted the funeral service at the chapel, took the widow home again, and then made for my own abode, arriving about 10 p.m., when, to my dismay, I found that a burglar had ransacked every drawer in the house. It was a relief to find that nothing had been taken away except the money which was in our Colportage collecting-box, which was about five and sixpence."

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Motto for 1903 is ready, a neat intaglio card, about 9 inches by 7, price 3d. The issue is limited, so those who wish to possess them should purchase them soon. Contributions for the General Fund are earnestly invited by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Smith (Java)	2	0	0	Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. J. Billing	0	10	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Men's			
Collection at Gladestry Baptist				Bible-class	21	0	0
Chapel, per Pastor G. P.				" Erin "	1	0	0
Edwards	0	15	3	Sir Fredk. Howard	2	2	0
Collection at Evenjobb Baptist				A. and M.	1	0	0
Chapel, per Pastor G. P. Edwards	0	7	6	Contribution from Bulwell Baptist			
Mr. J. Hosie	0	10	0	Church, per Pastor W. Slater ...	1	1	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0	Collection and Weekly Offerings at			
Part collection at Bloomsbury				Metropolitan Tabernacle	35	6	4
Chapel, per Pastor B. J. Gibbon	4	7	6				
Contribution from Hounslow Baptist							
Church, per Mr. C. Hayes	3	10	0				
					£83	12	1

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Billing	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Scudder	0	6	1
M. McS.	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Haddock	0	6	8
For Christ's sake	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Sowden	0	13	2
Collections at Bexhill-on-Sea Baptist				Collected by Miss Grant	0	9	6
Chapel	5	14	0	Collected by Mrs. Gibbon	0	1	3
Metropolitan Tabernacle Men's				Collected by Miss C. Hurley	0	4	11
Bible-class, for Spanish Mission	20	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Higgs	0	13	3
" Erin "	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. F. Fuller	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Harris	0	8	6	Collected by Mrs. M. L. Smith ...	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Atkinson	0	4	10	Collected by Mrs. T. Spurgeon ...	0	3	1
Collected by Miss Underwood	0	4	3	Collected by Mrs. Ballantine	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Hancock	0	7	6	Collected by Mrs. Harris	0	7	6
Collected by Miss N. Haseltine ...	0	10	3	Collected by Miss Partington ...	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Oborn	0	6	5				
Collected by Miss Higgs	1	0	0				
					£35	7	1

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Extension Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged...	966	16	3	Miss M. Vincent	0	10	6
Mrs. Smith (Java)	2	0	0	Miss E. A. Vincent	0	10	0
Mr., Mrs. and Baby Webber	0	10	6	Mr. F. Sexton	2	0	0
Miss E. Stallwood	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Easton and			
Mrs. Haddock	1	0	0	family	3	3	0
Mrs. M. E. Fern	0	10	0	Mrs. M. A. Drake	3	0	0
Miss White	0	5	0	Miss M. E. Jones	0	5	0
Miss R. F. Cook	2	0	0	Mr. J. J. Cook	5	0	0
Miss Woolgar	0	10	0	Mrs. M. L. Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. E. A. Newland	1	0	0	Mr. R. Woolnough	0	10	0
Mr. W. Coleman	0	10	0	Mr. A. Weekes	1	0	0
Mrs. Coleman	0	5	0	Mr. T. Uden	1	1	0
Miss C. Fullerton	0	5	0	Miss F. Chapman	2	0	0
Mr. Percy J. Ling	0	10	0				
Mr. E. A. Pearce	3	0	0				
					£1000	13	9

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1902.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Pascall	5	0	0	Mr. T. Penny	2	2	0
Miss M. Hall	3	3	0	Mrs. Brazil	2	2	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. Wright	0 3 0	Anchor Line (Henderson Bros.) half-	
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0 6 0	year's interest on £200, redeem-	
Miss N. Potter	0 10 0	able 1st Mortgage Debenture	
Mrs. H. Storm	0 2 6	Stock at 4½ per cent., less tax (Mr.	
Mr. E. Reynolds	0 2 6	R. Cory's Gift)	4 4 4
Mr. W. Nichol	0 2 0	Mr. W. Cordrey	5 0 0
Miss R. Ireland	0 5 0	Mr. J. Cutler	1 1 0
Mr. G. Tolley	0 10 0	Mr. A. Lawes	0 10 0
Collected by Miss E. Stevens	0 18 0	Miss Walton	0 2 6
Postal Order, Pewsey	0 10 0	Mr. A. Andrew	0 1 0
A poor Widow	0 1 0	Poor Joe's wedding collection	0 1 6
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1 1 0	Mr. J. Hosie	1 0 0
E. E.	5 0 0	Mr. James Wilson	0 10 0
Mr. J. Covington	0 2 6	A friend, per Mr. A. Marnham	1 1 0
Widow Adlem, Produce of pear-tree	0 9 0	The Trustees of the Delmar Charit-	
J. H., In memory of our dear		able Trust, per Mr. Henry Verden	5 5 0
mother	0 10 0	Miss M. Hadfield	10 0 0
Girl's Card:—G. Wright	0 7 6	Mrs. E. Parsons	0 2 0
Collected by Mrs. G. Parker	0 2 6	Mrs. Riching	0 10 0
Mr. H. Terry	1 0 0	Mr. T. Lunham	5 0 0
Mrs. Fordham	0 5 0	Mrs. Curtis	0 5 0
Miss S. E. Hall	2 10 0	A Widow's mite, Aberdeen	0 3 1
Miss A. Collins	0 5 0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0
A friend, per Mr. J. Covington	0 10 0	Vicarage Road Baptist Sunday-	
Miss M. M. Thomas	0 0 3	school, Leyton, per Mr. H.	
Mr. D. Rippet	0 2 0	Wagon	0 18 0
Mrs. Cutlack	0 1 0	Mr. T. Costgan	1 1 0
Mr. D. Thomas	2 0 0	Lavender Hill Sunday-school, per	
Mr. H. Jones	0 7 6	Mr. W. Clement	2 2 0
Mr. A. C. Malley	0 10 0	Miss E. Turpin	1 0 0
Mr. R. Dawson	0 5 0	Joseph Street Sunday-school, Wool-	
Tabernacle Church, Pontypidd,		wich, per Miss A. E. George	0 17 0
per Mr. J. Crockett	0 13 3	The Cowfold Mission, Horsham, per	
Collected by Mrs. S. Zuber	0 1 0	Mr. E. L. Humphrey	0 8 6
Mr. J. Watt	0 2 0	Mr. C. Ibberson	0 3 0
Girl's Card:—A. Rawlins	0 3 0	Miss Winckworth, per F. R. T.	0 5 0
Mr. T. G. Green	1 1 0	Mrs. Jeffreys	0 5 0
Mr. A. H. Wheeler	10 0 0	Miss M. H. Donaldson	0 5 0
Lance-Corporal H. Burnley	0 2 6	Postal Order, Welshpool	1 0 0
Mr. J. Rowlands	0 2 0	Mr. D. Foord	5 0 0
Mr. G. Rendall	0 4 6	Mr. A. Lowe	0 2 6
Mr. F. Hicks	0 2 6	Mrs. J. Morgan	1 0 0
Mr. C. W. Bull	0 10 0	Mr. W. Wright, Junr.	1 1 0
Boy's Card:—P. Northcott	0 15 0	Collected by Mrs. F. Whittaker	0 13 0
Glastonbury Adult Bible-class, per		Boy's Card:—H. Howard	0 0 9
Mr. J. Gillmore	0 10 0	An old member of Falmouth Baptist	
Rev. E. S. Neale	1 1 0	Church	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Lockwood	0 11 6	Master F. Needham	0 2 0
Collected by Mr. S. Patrick	0 8 2	Mr. J. H. R.	0 5 0
The Trustees of the Thomas Porter		Miss S. Green	0 5 0
Equipment Fund	160 0 0	Mr. S. Hart	0 5 0
From a Baptist Family, per Mrs.		Mr. T. Wright	0 1 0
L. Shorey	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Lumley	0 4 6
Miss M. Ross	1 10 0	A country minister	0 5 0
Mr. J. Billing	5 0 0	J. B. C.	1 0 0
Postal Order, Liverpool	2 0 0	Collected by M ^{ss} Roe	1 0 0
Mr. F. Holmes	0 3 0	Mr. T. Stearn	1 1 0
Sutton Baptist Sunday-school, per		Mrs. J. E. Maunder	2 0 0
Mr. G. S. Garden	2 10 0	From one who loves the Lord,	
Mr. R. K. Puckle	0 10 0	Chieveley	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Harrs	5 5 0	Mr. P. Davies	0 9 3
Mr. A. Clyde	0 2 6	Collected by Miss M. H. Sharp	7 8 0
Hirst Cottage Sunday-school, per		Miss M. Horn	5 0 0
Mr. J. Wisnow	0 4 0	Collected by Mr. H. H. Kingsnorth	0 12 0
Mrs. Matcham	0 1 0	Collected by Mr. A. Wilkinson	0 6 0
Miss S. E. Mannington	0 1 0	Mr. J. Pearson	1 0 0
Mrs. Brooks	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. Mapleston	0 3 0
Collected by Mr. A. Sizeland	0 3 10	Mr. T. Smith	0 3 4
Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton	2 3 0	Miss E. Williams	0 5 0
Anonymous, <i>Devizes</i>	0 1 0	Mrs. A. Thomson	0 10 0
A friend, per J. Nicholson	0 5 0	Miss Hasler	0 10 0
Miss Harding	0 1 0	Miss E. S. White	0 5 0
Mr. W. Hiner, Junr.	0 1 0	God's tenth	1 0 0
Mrs. C. Thomson	0 2 6	Henri	0 4 0
Collected by Mrs. H. Freestone	0 5 0	Readers of "The Christian	
Mr. W. Smith	0 3 0	Herald," per The Christ-	
Mr. J. Lamont	5 0 0	ian Herald Co., Ltd.:—	
Mrs. Eastmead	0 5 0	Inasmuch	0 5 0
Mr. J. Aubrey	0 2 6	M. R. T.	0 10 0
Mrs. Faulconer	100 0 0	F. P. and E. B.	0 5 0
Pastor G. W. Linneear	0 12 6	M. T. O.	0 2 0

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
J. M. H. D.	0 2 6		MEETINGS BY MR. CHARLESWORTH AND THE ORPHANAGE CHOIR:—	
J. J.	5 0 0		Cambridge Auxiliary:—	
K. A. D.	1 0 0		Cambridge (including meet- ing at Zion Chapel).....	21 6 6
Miss A. Thomas	7 4 6		Histon (including Mr. J. Chivers, £10)	25 10 0
Collected by Mrs. W. Coward	0 5 0		Waterbeach	18 4 10
Mrs. Clark, In loving memory of W. T. Clark	0 4 6		Burwell	15 10 0
Miss M. A. Jennings	1 0 0		Swavesey	8 14 2
Miss E. R. Reid	0 3 0		Willingham	5 10 10
Mrs. Gardiner	0 5 0		Cottenham	12 11 0
Mrs. M. L. Porter	2 2 0			107 6 11
Girl's Card:—M. Reynolds	0 10 0		Harlow	6 7 4
A poor weaver, per Rev. A. F. Mills Mrs. and Miss Underwood	0 2 6		Eastbourne	18 1 0
Zion Y.P.S.C.E., Bacup, per Mr. J. H. Sharp	0 3 0		Boxmoor (2nd amount)	2 2 0
Collected by Miss Horner	0 13 6		Southgate	4 4 0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	0 1 3		Penge Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society	4 19 9
Mrs. Poole	2 2 0		SEASIDE HOME, MARGATE:—	
A well-wisher	1 0 2		Mr. D. Rippet	0 0 6
			Mr. R. Dawson	0 2 6
Miss E. Durrant	3 2 2		Mr. A. Clyde	0 2 6
Mr. J. Lovatt	0 10 0		CHRISTMAS FUND:—	
Erin	0 2 6		Mrs. M. L. Porter	0 10 0
A. and M.	0 10 0			
Executors of the late Miss Rebecca Dickins Knight	1 0 0			
Executors of the late Mr. Daniel Cooper	93 1 3		Total £1374 11 3	
	706 12 4		Executors of the late Mr. George McMinnies	4000 0 0

LIST OF PRESENTS RECEIVED FROM OCTOBER 15TH TO NOVEMBER 14TH, 1902.

PROVISIONS:—A quantity of Fruit and Flowers, Pastor F. J. Feltham; 2 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. P. McFarlane; 16 lbs. Beef, Mr. W. Gunn; 1 Cask of Apples, Mrs. A. Emmett; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Scale Haslam; 10 cwt. Jam, Mr. G. H. Dean.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—36 Articles, Mrs. Watling; 15 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. Flear; 47 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 28 Articles, Mrs. H. Proctor; 14 Articles, etc., a few Friends, per Miss Daniell; 19 Articles, 3 Remnants and a few oddments, Mrs. Hinton; 112 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), The Reading Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. J. Withers.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—17 Shirts, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 8 Shirts, Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Church, per Mrs. Down; 3 pairs Socks, a Widow; 2 pairs Socks, Miss E. B. Reid.

GENERAL:—480. Coronation Cups, Messrs. Doulton and Co., Ltd.; 1 dozen copies of "Our Heritage," Mr. J. Chase; 1 Educational Diagram of Natural Ventilation, Messrs. Robert Boyle and Co.; 26 vols. Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, 6 vols. New Park Street Pulpit, 6 vols. The Treasury of David, 4 vols. Jay's Readings, 64 miscellaneous, Mr. Alchin.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1902

DISTRICT SUBSCRIPTIONS:—	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Horsforth, per Miss C. E. Bilbrough	11 5 0	Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7 10 0
Penrhawceiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	11 5 0	Chard, per Mr. T. Penny	11 5 0
Bishop's Stortford, per Mr. W. Holland	11 5 0	Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	8 15 0
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart	11 5 0	Bourne, per Mr. W. R. Wherry	11 5 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Jones	11 5 0	Belfast, per Mr. F. W. Carson	12 10 0
Home Counties Baptist Association	30 0 0	Maldon, per Rev. C. D. Gooding	4 0 0
Ilminster, per Mr. F. Harcombe	11 5 0	Axbridge:—	
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	11 5 0	Collected by Miss E. A. Wall	5 13 0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, D.L., J.P.	11 5 0	In memory of the late Mr. C. Masters	3 3 0
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	10 0 0		3 16 0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10 0 0	Bingley, per Mr. J. Snowden	11 5 0
Repton and Swadlincote, per Mr. E. D. Salt	40 0 0		£266 16 0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	1 5 0	AGED COLPORTEURS' FUND:—	£ s. d.
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Tester:—		One who loves the colporteur for his work's sake, per Mr. H. Mears	1 0 0
Mr. H. Rigden	10 0 0	A dear friend from Reading, per Mr. H. Mears	0 10 0
Mr. T. Wilson	0 5 0		
	10 5 0		

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. G. H. Dean, J.P.	10 0 0	Mr. C. F. Allison	2 0 0
Mr. A. G. Sadd	10 0 0	Mr. Hermann M. Wayne	0 10 0
Mr. T. F. Fearnley	1 0 0	Mr. C. Gibbs (collecting-box)	0 1 5
	£22 10 0	Mr. Tinniswood	0 5 0
GENERAL FUND:—		Mr. William Edwards	1 1 0
	£ s. d.	Mrs. J. B. Mead	1 1 0
Collection at Great Munden, per Mr. J. W. Harvey	0 13 6	Mr. W. H. Tyndall	1 1 0
Mr. A. T. Reeve	1 0 0	Mr. H. S. Colman	0 10 0
Collection at New Winsor, per Mr. E. Piercey	2 3 0	Mr. T. W. Ransford	0 10 0
Mr. H. Donkin, per Secretary	0 10 0	Mrs. Samuel Derham	0 10 0
Miss Hooper	1 1 0	Lady Risdon Bennett	0 10 0
Mrs. J. E. Keen	0 10 0	I. M. O. M.	0 10 0
Mr. J. H. Savager	0 10 0	Mr. W. Hart	1 1 0
Collection at Willington, per Mr. C. Payne	0 14 3	Mrs. Hannah Knight	5 0 0
E.	0 6 1	Mrs. Gardiner	2 2 0
Collection at Brentford, per Mr. H. Meers	2 7 0	Mr. James Clark	1 1 0
Mr. C. H. Price	1 0 0	Collection at Eastchurch, per Mr. T. M. Mead	0 16 0
Collection at Roke, per Mr. W. Bird	0 3 3	Mr. F. Fearnley	1 1 0
Surrey Mission, Pirbright, per Pastor E. Roberts	6 0 0	Collection after service of song, per Mr. E. Piercey	0 13 6
		Mr. F. Fisher	1 1 0
		Mrs. Smith (Java)	2 0 0
		Mr. J. Billing	1 0 0
		Miss Dransfield	0 10 6
			£42 13 6

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

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1902.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. M. Hewkley	1 0 0	Miss Young	5 0 0
Pastor J. Mitchellson	1 1 0	Mrs. Oyler	0 10 0
Miss Dransfield	1 1 0	M. B. P.	0 7 6
Miss Drake	1 0 0	"A friend, Maidenhead"	0 5 0
A well-wisher	0 2 6	Mrs. Dales	0 5 0
Mrs. Hill	2 0 0	FOR TRANSLATIONS OF SERMONS:—	
Alice Hunt	0 5 0	"Grateful"	0 7 6
"Tewkesbury"	1 0 0	"Erin"	0 10 0
"A friend"	2 0 0		
Miss C. Poate	1 0 0		£18 14 6
Mrs. Shoosmitts	1 0 0		

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Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, 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.